Bygone Lancashire

ERNEST AXON

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No. 602

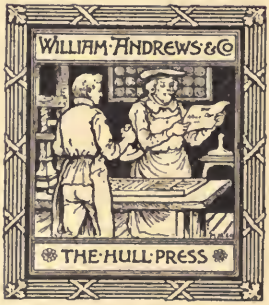
BYGONE LANCASHIRE.

EDITED BY

ERNEST AXON.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LD.
MANCHESTER:
BROOK & CHRYSTAL.
HULL:
WILLIAM ANDREWS & CO., THE HULL PRESS.

1892.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THE·HULL·PRESS

Preface.

"LANCASHIRE fair women," says the old proverb, but the County Palatine is famous not only for its witches, real and imaginary, but also for the memorable historic events that have taken place within its borders, for the quaint and curious customs that have survived from past ages, and for the quick life of its populous industrial districts. These varied interests are reflected in the pages of "Bygone Lancashire," by the good-will of a number of Lancashire authors and antiquaries who have contributed papers in elucidation of the annals and associations of a county memorable alike in the past and the present.

The best thanks of the Editor are tendered to his contributors, to Mr. William Hewitson for the loan of the engraving of the Covell brass, and

to the Council of the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society for permission to use Rosworm's portrait.

"Bygone Lancashire" is sent forth in the hope that it will prove a not uninteresting addition to local literature, and that it may encourage the local patriotism which is such a striking characteristic of the Lancashire lad.

ERNEST AXON.

47, DERBY STREET, MOSS SIDE,
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Contents.

BYGONE LANCASHIRE.

Historic Lancashire.

By Ernest Axon.

LANCASHIRE is now so largely devoted to manufacture and trade that many scarcely think of it as a county full of historic interest.

The county palatine of Lancaster is one of the youngest of English counties. It grew out of the Honour of Lancaster, mentioned in Magna Charta, and was made a county in 1267. Its history, however, goes back into the most remote period of which we have any knowledge. Manchester indeed is said, but on doubtful authority, to have been a British station before the Romans came. The earliest reliable history of Lancashire is to be read in the Roman remains that have been found in many parts of the county. At Lancaster, Manchester, Ribchester, and other places, altars, tools, and coins have been dis-

covered which show that the Romans were in Lancashire as early as A.D. 74, and remained until about the conclusion of the fourth century. The Roman station of Ribchester was of considerable magnificence, and an old Lancashire rhyme that

> "It is written upon a wall in Rome
> Ribchester was as rich as any town in Christendom"

is to some extent justified by the numerous articles of artistic beauty found there.

After the departure of the Romans, Lancashire formed part of the British Kingdom of Strathclyde or Cumbria, but little is known of what took place during the fifth and sixth centuries. The Arthurian romances mention two battles which appear to have been fought in Lancashire, one at Wigan and another at Blackrod. The former battle lasted through the night, and when in 1780 a tunnel was cut on the alleged site, three cartloads of horseshoes were found. The battle on the Douglas has also been assigned to the Lancashire Douglas. Another legend connecting Lancashire with Arthur, is that Tarquin occupied the castle at Castlefield, Manchester, and was slain there by Sir Lancelot du Lake.

In 607, Ethelfrith, the Northumbrian king,

marched upon Chester, and, upon his victorious journey thither, passed through Southern Lancashire. Eadwine, King of Northumbria, conquered the greater part of the county, and, in 620, entered Manchester, which he permanently added to his dominions. In 627, he embraced Christianity, and, in consequence, the people of Lancashire became, nominally at least, Christian. Several battles were fought in Lancashire during the Saxon period, and Lancashire men took part in the rebellion against Tostig, Earl of Northumbria, in 1065.

The Conquest would appear to have had little effect in Lancashire beyond its transference from Saxon to Norman lords. Domesday, which mentions several towns and villages in the county, shows that it was thinly populated and very poor. Most of the county was given to Roger of Poictou, and afterwards passed to the Earls of Chester, and, on their extinction, to the Ferrers family. In 1267, the Honour of Lancaster was given to Edmund Crouchback, who was created Earl of Lancaster the same year. The title of Duke was granted to Henry, Earl of Lancaster, in 1351, and in the patent of creation, the dignity of an earl palatine, was also conferred upon him.

When Lancashire attained the dignity of a county palatine, its duke became a king in all but the name. He could pardon treasons, murders, and felonies. He held a separate court of chancery, court of common pleas, and court of criminal jurisdiction. He could summon his own barons, and the king's writ did not run in his dominion. When Henry, Duke of Lancaster, came to the throne as Henry IV., the county palatine came directly under the crown, but it retained its privileges, and it was not until this century that the administration of justice was assimilated to that of the rest of England.

In 1316-17, Lancashire had a little civil war of its own. One Banastre, a servant of the Earl of Lancaster, had, in order to ingratiate himself with the king, invaded the earl's land. Banastre was defeated in battle near Preston.

Lancashire returned two knights of the shire to the parliament held at Westminster in November 1295. The boroughs of Lancaster, Preston, Wigan, and Liverpool, returned two members each, and the Sheriff added to his return that there was no city in the county of Lancaster. The two latter boroughs soon ceased to have members, being excused after making two returns.

Preston ceased after making seven returns, and Lancaster, after sixteen returns, discontinued early in the reign of Edward III. From 1359 to 1547, a period of nearly two centuries, no Lancashire borough sent members to parliament, and the county was represented only by the knights of the shire. In those days, the members received from their constituents, a salary and their expenses, and the poverty of the Lancashire boroughs rendered them unable to afford even that expense.

Though the Wars of the Roses were between the sympathisers of the houses of Lancaster and York, the county was not the site of any battle during that contest. There can be no doubt that the Stanley influence would take many Lancashire lads into the field.

The reign of Elizabeth was marked by the persecution of the Catholics, who were particularly numerous in the northern parts of the county. Early in the seventeenth century, the county earned an evil notoriety by the number of witches who were discovered in it. This epidemic of superstition resulted in the cruel death of many poor old women. Another form of the superstition was satanic possession, of which alleged

cases were by no means uncommon in the county.

The outbreak of the Civil War found Lancashire very divided in opinion. The great influence of the Earl of Derby was thrown in the king's favour, and the Parliament was supported by a large body of Puritans. The siege of Manchester, in 1642, was the first local event of importance, and the battle of Preston, when Cromwell broke the backbone of the Royalist power, was the last.

Two incidents in the Civil War are deeply engraved on the history of the time—the heroic death on the scaffold at Bolton of the great Earl of Derby, and the equally heroic defence of Lathom House by his Countess. After the Civil War, the dominant party endeavoured to establish Presbyterianism, and with a certain amount of success, and the Parliamentary representation was re-arranged. The Restoration was welcomed throughout the county, and in Manchester the coronation of Charles II. was celebrated by processions, dinners, and the filling of the conduit with wine instead of water. The Restoration resulted in the disfranchisement of the town. The Act of Uniformity drove from their livings

many Lancashire ministers, some of whom carried their congregations with them into dissent, and when the persecution abated, founded bodies of Dissenters, who have ever been numerous in the county. The accession of William III. was followed by some discontent amongst the Catholics, and Government spies had so magnified this trouble that a "Lancashire plot" was imagined. The plotters were to make war upon the Government and restore James II. A number of the Lancashire gentry were indicted on a charge of high treason for being concerned in the conspiracy. Their trial at Manchester made it quite evident that their accusers were perjured, and that the "plot" was non-existent. The gentlemen were acquitted amidst great rejoicing. The Stuart cause was long a living power in Lancashire, as the part the county took in the two rebellions of 1715 and 1745 proves. In the 1715 the Scots were joined by many Lancashire men. Perhaps the "Royalists" were in a minority, for Wood, the nonconformist minister at Chowbent, found no difficulty in raising a force, which he led against the Scots. In the '45, the Scotch army were joined by a few Lancashire men, much fewer than they had expected.

The majority were content to stand by, and, after secreting their valuables, watch the contest. Those who were faithful to the Stuarts marched with the army to Derby, shared in the disastrous retreat, and a few of them lost their heads, which decorated the principal buildings in their native town.

The '45 was followed by a long period of rest, and Lancashire subsided into a money-making county only, with very small taste for martial glory. The Lancashire men improved and extended their system of navigable canals and rivers, and they revolutionized the cotton industry. The French wars brought about a revival of the martial spirit, and the county was one of the foremost in the first volunteer movement. Early this century Lancashire attained notoriety by the part it took in politics. As a result of very inadequate Parliamentary representation, and the war policy of the Government, the county was full of men rendered almost desperate by poverty and oppression. Luddites went about smashing machinery, which they regarded as the cause of their troubles. Blanketeers assembled to march to London to petition for reform and help, and each man carrying the blanket which was to serve

him for a tent on his journey. A few years later wiser councils prevailed, and the reformers met peacefully to petition for reform. One of these meetings, at St. Peter's Fields, Manchester, was dispersed by the military, and several of the unoffending crowd lost their lives. The Chartists found many aiders in the county, and to Lancashire belongs the honour of having started the Temperance Reformation and the Anti-Corn Law Agitation. The county is a sort of epitome of the whole country, embracing within its boundaries mining, commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural districts; moorland, woodland, mountain, and lakeland, small hamlets, large towns, and great cities. This may explain the position the county claims in most social and political matters, as summed up in the well-known phrase—

"What Lancashire thinks to-day, England thinks to-morrow."

The Religious Life of Lancashire during the Commonwealth.

By W. A. Shaw, M.A.

THE religious life of Lancashire during the Commonwealth period furnishes a curious illustration of the weakness, as well as of the strength, of that Puritanism which Carlyle would have us regard as the only great and memorable force in modern history. If Puritanism anywhere had scope to live and act, it was here; if anywhere in England it was actually a force, it was in Lancashire. There is no other part of England that can furnish so complete an illustration of the true spirit of this seventeenth century Puritanism as it was manifested in actual practice, and it is this that gives such a peculiar value to the records of the religious life of the county during the years 1643-60.

Lancashire was not, as might be supposed, among the first to feel the effects of the Revolution. The work of settling the government and

liturgy of the Church of England had been entrusted by the parliament to the Westminster assembly; and following the advice of the assembly, the parliament passed successively the Directory for public worship, and the ordinance for Church government. Independently of this, changes had been made in particular parishes by the parliament ever since the commencement of the war. Royalist parsons had been sequestered or ejected for their royalism (or "malignancy,") or for alleged scandalous life, and "learned, godly, and orthodox divines," substituted for these "dumb dogs." But the direct change effected in the religious life of the people before 1645 was small. One priest had taken the place of another at the parish church, and sermons were preached as never before—nor since, and sound "doctrine" was taught. But even this change was not general. Many parish churches retained their royalist parsons and the common prayer, and openly or tacitly ignored the parliament and its ordinances. It was not until the parliament had sanctioned the Directory and the form of church government drawn up by the Assembly, that the county was really brought face to face with a new institution. A new form

of worship was imposed, which must have sounded very strange in the ears of parishioners who had listened to the prayer-book from their youth. The "piping on great organs" and the "squeaking of chanting choristers" were done away with, and church music was reduced to the simple chanting of psalms. When, on the Restoration, this beautiful music was brought back into the church it seemed to many a novelty and a curiosity. "We came to Manchester," says a simple diarist of the time, "and in the first place we went to the church, and looked about us, and anon the quiristers came, and we stayed morning prayer; I was exceedinglie taken with the mellodie." The rest of the service accorded with this severe plainness. The congregation were authoritatively commanded to abstain from all private whisperings, conferences, salutations, or doing reverence to any persons present or coming in, as also from all gazing, sleeping, and other indecent behaviours. The prayers offered up by the minister were to be "conceived," or extemporary, and so directed as to get his hearers' hearts rightly affected with their sins, that they might all mourn thereof with shame and holy confusion of face. But

even greater stress was laid upon the sermon—the centre and core of the whole service,—"the preaching of the word being the power of God unto salvation, and one of the greatest and most excellent works belonging to the ministry of the Gospel." Only those acquainted with the literature of that period can form any idea of the stress that was laid upon the sermon or of the character of it, the opening and endless dividing of the word, the doctrinal defences, and the hundred and one "uses" and "applications." Not content with preaching the sermon in public worship, the typical Puritan was accustomed to "repeat" his sermon, recapitulating the chief "heads" and "uses" to a private audience at the close of the Sabbath, either in his own home or in the house where he happened to be entertained.

Following this new form of service came a new form of Church Government "by Presbyteries." Hitherto the parish had been regulated by the parson and his wardens, the parson by the bishop and his ordinary, and parsons and bishops alike by convocation. All this organisation was now abolished. The affairs of the parish and the morals of the parishioners were to be regulated by elders—a small council, which was to meet

weekly, and was to consist of the minister and a number of elders elected from and by the congregation. This body was to be styled the Parochial Presbytery. A number of contiguous parishes were to be united into a higher organisation styled a "classis," the affairs of which were to be regulated by the "Classical Presbytery" —a body meeting monthly, and formed by a delegation of two or more elders and one minister from each Parochial Presbytery.

Thirdly, the various classes of each county were to send delegates of three ministers and six elders to form the synod of the province or county, which met half-yearly.

All the bodies here prescribed were actually got to work in Lancashire. Sixty-two parishes in the county were arranged into nine classes, each classis holding its meeting at some place of central importance, Manchester, Bury, Warrington, etc., and these classes sent delegates to form the provincial synod, which met half-yearly at Preston.

There was a further step prescribed by the ordinance for church government. It was intended that delegates should be sent from the various provincial synods to form a National

Assembly, which would thus replace the convocation, and stand to the Church in the position in which the Parliament stood to the nation at large. But in England this last step was never reached. There were never enough provincial synods formed to enable a National Assembly to be called —fortunately enough for the nation; though it must be confessed there would have been something very curious and instructive in the sight of an English National Assembly standing side by side with the Parliament.

The interest attaching to the experiment of working this Presbyterian form of church government is extreme as regards the clergy, and still more as regards the laity. But as to these latter —the parishioners—we have to guess a good deal. We do not know for certain that in any single case they expressed any desire to submit to the new system. In every instance, the first steps were taken by the Parliament. In the month of September, 1645, letters were sent by the Speaker of the House of Commons to the commissioners of the various counties, requesting them to call together "divers Godly ministers and others of the county to consider how the same may be most conveniently divided into

distinct classical presbyteries, and what ministers and others are fit to be of each classis." The replies to these letters either give the proposed division into classes, or state that the county is in such a condition as not to be able to furnish sufficient ministers for the classes. These replies were then referred to the Committee of Parliament for Scandal, and from this committee the suggested classification was proposed to the House of Commons to be passed as an ordinance.

In all this there is no trace of any independent action or expression of opinion on the part of the laity of the county. In the case of Lancashire, there exists a petition which was presented some nine months after these various letters had been sent out by Speaker Lenthall. It purported to come from many thousands of the inhabitants of the county, and, immediately after its presentation, the Parliament passed the ordinance dividing the county into nine classes. Nevertheless, it is quite certain that this petition contained nothing in the shape of a demand for the erection of classes in the county. It was nothing more nor less than one of those purely formal petitions with which the Parliament was at the time besieged. We can trace no independent act on the part of the

laity of Lancashire, no independent expression of desire on the part of the parishioners at large in favour of the new system of church government. Accordingly, we shall not be surprised when we find the people of Lancashire by no means unanimously in favour of it, or favourably impressed by it. This is noticeable from the very beginning, for it appears that many parishes were quite reluctant to elect elders for the parish as they were required to do. In the first place, in order to set the curious machine in motion, the Parliament had named elders in its ordinance, but these were simply to act till the various parishes had elected their elders for themselves. But when the time came they were loath to do this. At the first meeting of the Manchester classis only four parishes were represented by elders, and in the minutes of the classis there are most interesting proofs of this reluctance on the part of the laity, *e.g.*, one "James Chorlton being called to shew cause why he doth not execute his office of elder, alleged that they have never setled to an eldership, that he is unfitt, and desires to be freed from his office." At Oldham, the congregation desired that they might not be pressed to set up the government at present, because of some

obstructions. The Chapel of Didsbury was repeatedly urged by the classis to elect elders, and, when at last that step was taken, the elders refused "to undergoe their office, and certifyed the same to the classis by a note under their hand." Not less than seven other chapels in the Manchester classis alone manifested this same unwillingness, and doubtless in other parts of Lancashire where the population was not so ardently Puritan as in the southern and eastern portions, the number of disaffected was still greater. The matter was several times brought before the provincial assembly at Preston, and in May, 1649 (more than two years after the system had been supposed to be working), that body issued an exhortation to the various classes to procure the settling of congregational elderships and their acting in every congregation. It was only after this exhortation that several of these disaffected congregations proceeded to elect their elderships, *e.g.*; Denton, Oldham, Salford, Gorton, etc., and it is plain that this act of compliance was not sincere. In the following year the Manchester classis ordered the members of "the particular elderships to show cause why they doe fall off from their offices," and again, two years

later (1652), two ministers were requested by the classis "to go to Flixton to speak to Mr. Woolmer and the elders there, to demand the reason of their withdrawing from the offices."

In the following year, the classis, in despair at the state of things, ordered every particular eldership within the classis to come provided against the next classis to give account of their meetings and other things to be inquired of, especially of these three things :

1. Whether they keep up their constant meetings. 2. Whether they register their most material acts. 3. Whether they have given or doe give in their delegation to the classis under their minister's hand.

Still more interesting than the question of the attendance of the eldership is the question of its exercise of jurisdiction. The chief duty of this body was to safeguard the Sacrament, to see that persons admitted to the Lord's Supper were sufficient in point of knowledge, and unblamable in morals. Ignorant and scandalous persons were to be excluded, and there are many curious notices as to what degree of ignorance or scandal was to be considered sufficient ground for exclusion,

e.g., the eldership was requested to take notice of scandalous gamblers; also it was determined that "sittinge and drinkinge unnecessarily in an ale-house or tavern on the Lord's Day was to be censurable."

In addition to this, the Presbytery was to observe whether or not the communicants came constantly to the Lord's Supper. Indeed, all the duties of the eldership centred round this ordinance, and it was their action in this particular that gave the greatest offence in many places. In the works of Oliver Heywood there is a graphic description of the troubles that were caused at Bolton by the determination of the eldership to dictate to the parishioners. "At Bolton," he says, "where my father had joined in communion, there were two ministers, with whom were associated twelve elders chosen out of the parish. These sat with the ministers, carried their votes into effect, inquired into the conversation of their neighbours, assembled usually with the ministers when they examined communicants, and though the ministers only examined, yet the elders approved or disapproved. These together made an order that every communicant, as often as he was to partake of the Lord's Supper, should come

to the ruling elders on the Friday before and request and receive a ticket, which he was to deliver up to the elders immediately before his partaking of that ordinance. The ticket was of lead, with a stamp upon it, and the design was that they might know that none intruded themselves without previous admission. The elders went through the congregation and took the tickets from the people, and they had to fetch them again by the next opportunity, which was every month. But this became the occasion of great dissension in the congregation, for several Christians stumbled at it, and refused to come for tickets, yet ventured to sit down, so that when the elders came they had no tickets to give in. My father was one of these ticketless persons, and because they judged him to be the ringleader of this faction of Schismatics they singled him out, and summoned him to appear before the eldership. They sent several times for him, he went, many disputes they had on the subject solely, for they had nothing else to lay to his charge. At last they admonished him, and when they saw him still resolved not to revoke his error, they suspended him from the Lord's Supper for contempt, as they construed it, because he could not

in conscience comply. They said he laughed them to scorn, but he, having naturally a smiling countenance, might possibly smile in his conversation with them. His tender-spirited wife would have had him yield for peace sake, but he durst not in point of conscience. Others, though they approved what he did and encouraged him, did not much appear, but held off, out of policy or cowardice, so that he was left alone to struggle with his opponents, which he did manfully." This affair was carried before the classical meeting at Bury, and finally before the synod. The latter body ordered the eldership at Bolton "to revoke the sentence and receive him again into communion, after the controversy had continued some years, occasioned many animosities among good people, and opened the mouths of those which hated religion. It divided the whole society into parties, and greatly affected the heart of his good wife, who was all for peace and submission, but he insisted upon his integrity, and often alleged Job xxvi., 2-6."

There was indeed nothing about which the clerical mind of that age was so agitated as about this question of admission to the Sacrament. In many parishes the celebration of the Lord's

Supper was discontinued for years, the minister being unwilling to administer it "promiscuously" to all the congregation, and the congregation revolting against the idea of being catechised and examined before the eldership. Most of the diaries of the time that have come down to us were written by ministers, and it is strange to notice with what gusto they record the fate of those persons who opposed their pet scheme. "At Gorton," writes one, "Mr. Rootes himself catechised all that came to the Sacrament. And a man and his wife and daughter came, and he began to catechize the daughter. 'What! (says the man) Will you catechize her?' 'Aye (says he), and you too.' He forthwith calls his wife and daughter away, and said they would never come there more, *and before the next Lord's Day he and his wife were both dead.*" The same diarist gives another curious instance. "One Mr. Higinson preached against promiscuous communion in these words, 'give not that which is holy unto dogs.' A man in the congregation reviled him sadly about it. *He was shortly stricken sick.* After a time he got up again, and thought he mended, went over the way to a shop window, and his neighbour was congratulat-

ing his recovery. He said he hoped he should be well again now. Suddenly the hiccup took him, and, being very extremely on him, says he, 'now I am gone to the dogs,' *and went home and died.*"

Truly, the clerical spirit of this period was somewhat lacking in charity. Many of the funeral sermons, which were the delight of the age, were preached expressly with the object of "improving" the sudden death of some drunkard or confirmed sinner, and they have an odd look.

One old man who had lived penuriously, and was said at his death to have died £50 in debt to his back and £100 to his belly, had left his money to a young man, who naturally enough made merry with such unsanctified gain. Before the twelvemonth he was dead. The minister who was asked to preach his funeral sermon, did so on the understanding that he should be at liberty to "improve" the occasion. Accordingly, he chose for his text Luke xii., 20: "This night thy soul shall be required of thee," adding in his diary the simple words, "a lively instance of Eccles. iv., 7, 8."

Sooth to say, these men believed that they had a mission to perform—that they were called to

correct the immorality and gross-mindedness of the age. They were, it is true, clergymen first—partisans of an ecclesiastical system which the parishioners found intolerable—but they were also social reformers, and it is no true estimate of their success to judge it in the light of the alleged return of immorality at the Restoration. In the records of one of the Lancashire classes alone, there are almost numberless instances of the correction of persons for uncleanness of life. The entries give one an idea of the blunt and inquisitorial nature of the proceedings of these religious bodies :

"*Agreed*, That Wm. Hardy and his reputed wife are bound in conscience to consummate their marriage. She absolutely refuseth to marry him. Voted, that they are guilty of fornication. He acknowledgeth it a great sinne in him, but asserts she is his wife before God."

"*Agreed*, That the pretended marriage between Thomas Rudd and Sibill Rudd is incestuous and null. Thomas Rudd appearing acknowledges his fault, and submits to censure. Agreed, that he be suspended, and so declared to be in every congregation solemnly within the classis the next Lord's day but one."

"George Grimshaw made public acknowledgement of his comittinge the great sin of incest, in the church of Manchester, upon the next Sabboth, the 10 Feb., according to order."

As an instance of the power of the ordinance of suspension from the Sacrament, Newcome relates the case of a man in Ashton parish who was excommunicated by the classis for such an offence. He remained hardened, and went away into Ireland, and was there some time, and yet God so owned his ordinance that he never had quiet till he came back again to Ashton parish, and submitted there to open acknowledgment of his offence.

Any account of the religious life of Lancashire under the Commonwealth would be incomplete which left out this most important and peculiar feature. It had so practical a bearing on the morals of the parish, and this is the only justification that can be offered for such militant Puritanism. For assuredly the Puritan clergy did *not* succeed in that higher function which Carlyle ascribes to them of *spiritualising* their age, of giving them a vivid conception of, and belief in, an immediate God. Such a conception comes not to a nation by the teaching of men, but only by revolution,

by national calamities. The preaching of the Puritan clergy was dogmatically too narrow ever to accomplish such a result. But though their work thus occupies a lower plane, it was, for all that, the more valuable, because the more intensely practical. One of the duties most strongly urged upon the parishioners was that of family prayer and worship. The two sins most frequently inveighed against by the clergy were swearing and drunkenness, nor was it merely by word of mouth. An Act was passed, in 1650, for the suppressing of the detestable sin of profane swearing and cursing, and not unfrequently entries are to be found in the church registers of Lancashire of fines paid under this Act. "Received of the wife of George Hulton for swearing and other misdemeanours, 16s. 8d.," an enormous sum, one would think. A Puritan minister, before whom an oath was uttered, records his secret humiliation that his presence had inspired so little authority as to prevent it. It is on this point of *personal* influence that the estimate of the practical good accomplished by Puritanism really turns, and it was on this point that the clergy manifested the greatest jealousy of zeal. "I remember," says Newcome, "Mr. Constable, a known famous

epicure that was a retainer to a gentleman. He was prophane and very bad, yet was as civil and tame to me as could be. One time, coming from a sermon of mine wherein he was touched, he told Mr. Hardy that it might be I might think he was an atheist, but, for his part, he did believe there was a God, and that he ought to be served, etc., but he was forced to drink to please the gentlemen that maintained him. Another time, on a Lord's Day, at night, in the winter, before prayers, he told the lady there was excellent ale at——, and moved he might send for a dozen, some gentlemen of his gang being with him. I made bold to tell him that my lady had ale good enough in her house for any of them; especially I hoped on a Sabbath Day she would not let them send for ale to the alehouse. The lady took with it, and, in her courteous way, told him her ale might serve him, but, notwithstanding, after duties, he did send, but durst not let it come in whilst I stayed. That evening, not thinking of any such thing, we fell into some good discourse that held us long talking under the window, whilst the other gentlemen stood at the fire. Mr. Constable longed to be at his ale, but durst not let it come

in whilst I stayed, but stood murmuring, 'Will they never have done; what can they find to talk of all this while?' and the like. At last I took leave, and then he said, 'Now he is gone! Fetch in the ale.'"

It was this sense of the importance of their personal influence that led the ministers to insist so rigidly upon their duty of catechizing their congregations.

"I had a very pretty and considerable discourse," writes one, "with James Bancroft, servant then in the yarnecroft. He was affected with the word, but most grossly ignorant (as it was ordinary for the children and servants of such as had run the way of Separation). I asked him how many commandments there were, and he told me ten, but could not tell me one of them. I then asked him what he thought of such and such duties and sins, and he could tell all these." The records of the time abound in curious references to such direct and authoritative interference on the part of the minister in the daily life of their parishioners, and the respectful acquiescence in it is really a worthy vindication of their proceedings, and of the superiority of moral tone assumed by the clergy. "I had occasion," says Newcome, "in exposition about the gesture of prayer, to declare for either kneeling or standing, and that sitting

was not a fit posture, and I could not but observe the obedience of that great congregation (at Manchester), that of all that day I could scarce see any sitting in prayer, whereas they had many of them (and of the better sort) much used it before." It is very instructive to contrast the moral strength of this Puritanism with its doctrinal weakness, and its dogmatic narrowness. These very men who were fighting for our liberties introduced a bill into the House of Commons to put a man to death for denying the Trinity, and these very clergy who stood thus morally head and shoulders above the laity, showed little real intellectual advance upon them. It sounds like an extract from a fifteenth century record when one reads such an account as Newcome gives of a contest with the devil. "I received a letter," he says, "from Mr. Hough, which gave an account of a poor maid's condition that had by promise given her soul to the devil, and such a day was to meet him. He desired prayers for her. I got a few together in the morning by six, and we kept to prayer till after nine on her behalf, yet it proved in the end a kind of drawn battle. Satan did not prevail in this gross contrivance upon her, but she proved

melancholy, idle, and would follow no business. The servants of God which had striven for her had not that joy in her which they desired."

But, let it be clearly understood, the only claim which Puritanism makes in history, is on the score of its moral teaching. The men themselves were probably not fully aware of this, they were so bound down by doctrine, but, looking back upon the epoch, that fact becomes clear. They have done what in them lay to preserve in its full force in English life what has to some extent been always characteristic of us as a nation—a stern moral earnestness and uprightness. The question as to the *method* by which they sought this end, is after all a subsidiary one. In Lancashire, they proceeded with the high hand, and attempted to rule the private life of the parishioners through the inquisitorial proceedings of the Presbytery. Looking back on it, we can see that it failed, and we feel that it deserved to fail, but its effect for good on the life of the people was valid for all that, and, however blindly, through zeal or insufficient knowledge of human nature, these men acted, the result achieved,—not immediately, but only by the slow lapse of generations—was unspeakably beneficial.

Kersal Moor.

By Janet Armytage.

FROM the earliest periods, Kersal has been an important portion of historical Manchester, and yet there are people about Manchester who hardly know even its name. Of its early history little is known. Of course, it was not always as it is now; it was a portion of a forest. Manchester was formerly a Roman camp, and in the lists of the Roman roads round Manchester, one is given as crossing Kersal Moor. This road was a part of the old racecourse. Whitaker, the historian of Manchester, says that "the moor of Kersal was in the time of the Romans, perhaps in that of the Britons before them, and for many ages after both, a thicket of oaks and a pasture for hogs; and the little knolls that so remarkably diversify the plain, and are annually covered with mingled crowds rising in ranks over ranks to the top, were once the occasional seats of the herdsmen that superintended these droves in the

woods." Kersal Moor has changed since then. The last of the trees was burnt about twelve years ago.

But if the early history is vague, its later events are more certain. In 1730, were established the Manchester races, and the moor was fixed upon as being the most suitable for a racecourse. Dr. John Byrom, the owner of Kersal Cell, was greatly opposed to this, and he wrote a pamphlet against it, but the races continued for fifteen years, when, probably through Dr. Byrom's influence, they were stopped in the year of the Jacobite rising. Another fifteen years passed, and the races recommenced, and were held every year till 1846, when they were transferred to the Castle Irwell grounds. The last race at Kersal was marked by one or two accidents. The front rail of one of the stands, which had too many people in it, gave way, and thirty or forty of the pleasure seekers fell into the dust. No bones were broken. Another, later in the day, was more serious in its character. A man named Byrne was riding in the hurdle race when he fell, receiving so much injury that he was removed to the Manchester Infirmary, where he died next morning. So ended the races on Kersal Moor,

and then, to use the words of one of the newspapers, "the stands were allowed to stand no longer, the posts were made to cut their sticks, the distance chair and the seat of judgment were levelled to the ground, and all the distinctive features of a racecourse were cleared away, save and except the grand stand, which still rears its head on high." It is a curious fact that the first school on this side of Manchester was held in the grand stand, after the departure of the races. Since then, other schools having been built, the grand stand school was cleared away.

The "correct card" of the second of the race meetings after their return to Kersal is now scarce, and is reprinted below.

"A true and exact List of all the Horses, &c.,
That are Enter'd to Run
On Kersal Moor, near Manchester,
On Wednesday the 21st, Thursday the 22nd, and Friday the 23rd of October 1761

On Wednesday the 21st, for £50 by four year olds carrying 8st. five year olds 8st 8lbs. six year olds 9st. 5lb. and aged Horses 10st. saddle and Bridle included, four mile Heats.

Philip Egerton Esqr's Bay Mare, Rockatina, 5 years old, Rider Robert Collins, in Blue

Mr. Pearson's Chesnut Mare, Lashing Molly, 5 years old Rider John Cotesworth, in Green

William Broome Esqr's Bay Horse, Hector, 6 years old, Rider unknown.

On Thursday the 22nd, for a Whim Plate of £50. by Horses. &c. 14 Hands to carry 9st. higher or lower weight in proportion, and all under 7 years old to be allowed 7lb weight for each year, according to their Ages, four mile Heats.

Mr Williams's Bay Horse, Moscow, 6 years old, 14 Hands 1 inch 3qrs. 9st. 5lb. 4oz. Rider, Robert Collins in Blue.

Mr Stanhope's Bay Horse, Short Hose Aged, 14 hands 9st Rider, Thomas Clough in Blue.

Dr Bracken's Chesnut Horse, Dismal, 6 years old, 14 hands 8st. 8lb. 12oz. Rider, Matt. Wilson, in Red.

Mr Eyre's Chesnut Mare, Pretty Bess, 5 years old, 13 hands 3 inches 7st. 7lb. Rider, John Eyre in Red.

(To be sold)

And on Friday the 23rd for £50. by 6 year olds carrying 9st. 7lb. and Aged Horses 10st. Saddle and Bridle included, four Mile Heats.

Philip Egerton's Bay Horse, Dionysius. Aged. Rider, Robert Collins, in Blue.

Mr Peter's Bay Horse, Orphan, 6 years old, Rider, Robert Bloss, in Yellow.

William Broome, Esqr's, Bay Horse, Hector, 6 years old, Rider, unknown.

Mr Williams's Bay Horse Moscow, 6 years old, Rider, unknown.

To start at 12 o'clock. There will be an ordinary every day immediately after the races, provided by Mr Budworth, in the Exchange, which will be properly air'd for the Purpose.

THE HORSE RACE, A POEM.

The Signal's given by a shrill Trumpet's sound,
The coursers start, and scour the ground:
While for the palm the straining steeds contend.
Beneath their Hoofs the Grass doth scarcely bend;
So long and smooth their strokes, so swift they pass,
That the Spectators of the noble Race
Can scarce distinguish by their doubtful Eye,
If on the ground they run, or in the Air the[y] fly.
O'er Hills and Dales the speedy Coursers fly,
And with Thick clouds of dust obscure the Sky.
With clashing whips the furious Riders tear
Their Coursers sides, and wound th' afflicted Air,
On their thick manes the stooping Riders lie,
Press forward, and would fain their steeds outfly.
By Turns they are behind, by turns before;
Their Flanks and sides all bathed in sweat and gore,
Such speeds the steeds, such Zeal the Riders shew,
Upon the last, with spurning Heels the first
Cast Storms of Sand, and smothering Clouds of Dust.
The hindmost strain their Nerves, and snort and blow,
And their white foam upon the foremost throw.

Manchester—Printed by Jos Harrop, opposite the Exchange, by Order of the Stewards."

In 1789 and 1790 there had been many highway and house robberies. Gangs of armed men entered houses in the middle of the night, and carried away with them whatever they could take. The authorities placed armed patrols about the neighbourhood, but this did not diminish the number of outrages. At last a man

named James Macnamara was arrested with three others for a burglary at the Dog and Partridge Inn, in Stretford Road. Macnamara was tried at Lancaster, and sentenced to be hanged as a warning to other burglars. Kersal Moor was selected as his place of execution, so that everyone might see him. Joseph Aston, in his *Metrical Records of Manchester*, expresses his opinion on the execution in verse :—

"It was in the year that Macnamara was hung,
When the heart that was feeling, by feeling was wrung.
For the wretch, whom the law had with justice decreed
Had made forfeit of life by a wicked misdeed,
Was from Lancaster dragg'd, for the idle a show,
By mistaken policy, adding to woe
Severity, such as the sentence ne'er said ;
Nor tortur'd before death—but hanged till dead, dead.
To the wicked, example like this had no gain,
And the sight of the wretch to the virtuous gave pain."

The number of persons attracted to the place was immense, "but after all," says Aston, "no one could suppose the example had any use. In proof that it had not any good effects, several persons had their pockets picked on the ground within sight of the gallows ; and the following night a house was broken into and robbed in Manchester." In the Chetham Library is pre-

served a programme of this execution, giving the order of the officials who attended it.

From this dismal scene we turn to one of more cheerfulness—a review of the Rochdale, Stockport, and Bolton Volunteers. This having been fixed for Thursday, August 25, 1796, on the Wednesday evening they assembled on the moor for the purpose of viewing the ground, and settling other necessary preliminaries, after which they marched into town, and were quartered for the night. On the Thursday morning, about ten o'clock, they again marched to the ground, preceded by all the loyal associations, who, in compliment to the corps, had determined to show them that tribute of respect. The *Manchester Mercury* mentions that the loyal associations "had their various flags, and wore blue favours in their hat." It goes on to say :—

"The appearance of the associations was most respectable; and the officers and privates of the Volunteers, dressed in elegant uniforms, were truly military in their style and order. At the entrance on the moor, the Ayrshire Fencible Cavalry (who are stationed in our barracks) formed on each side the road to clear the way; they were of the greatest service and highly increased the interest of the scene. Major-General Barnard now appeared on the ground, attended by his aides-de-camp and other officers. The Volunteers were put in motion, and the review began. Their marching and military

appearance were most excellent, and would not have been exceeded by any regiment on the establishment. The manœuvres were continued with various marchings and countermarchings, in the course of which they fired in platoons, by divisions, and in lines. From no part of their discipline did they gain more credit than this—their firing was such as the oldest regiment in the service would have been honoured by. When the business of the day was finished, the General, in the most polite manner, addressed each corps separately, and, in terms of the strongest approbation, expressed the great pleasure he had received from their excellent discipline, and the order with which they had conducted themselves through their arduous task. It was late in the afternoon before the review was over, and to finish the day there was a horse race which afforded tolerable sport."

The *Manchester Mercury* says that there were no fewer than 60,000 persons present, but with due respect for the departed pages of that most useful paper, it is not necessary to place implicit faith in this statement.

The next item of importance in the annals of Kersal Moor is a duel between two worthy gentlemen of Manchester. A meeting took place one afternoon in July, 1804, between Mr. Shakspere Philips and Mr. Jones. Mr. Philips was attended by a Mr. Fosbrooke. Mr. Jones fired at Mr. Philips without effect, and Mr. Philips discharged his pistol in the air, upon which the seconds interfered, the parties shook hands, and

separated after mutual expressions of satisfaction, which they would do all the more amiably as neither was hurt. Two other Manchester men had been quarrelling in the newspapers for some time past, and about a fortnight after the duel mentioned, that is on July 25, Mr. J. L. Philips and Colonel Hanson met on Kersal Moor to get satisfaction. Information had been given to the magistrates, and when the duellists came to the spot they found a portion of the Manchester peace officers awaiting their advent. They were arrested, and so ended the second duel.

Three years pass by, and Kersal Moor assumes another character. One James Massey was imprisoned in the New Bailey, and in a fit of despair hanged himself. He was buried near the "distance chair" on Kersal Moor. This distance chair has since been spirited out of existence. There appeared to be some difficulty in disposing of the body of this unfortunate man; his body was removed and re-interred in the ditch at the place where the murderer Grindrod was gibbeted. This, however, was not considered satisfactory, and he was again removed to another part of Salford.

In 1812, there was a camp stationed at Kersal Moor; the Militia regiments, numbering about 3000 persons, were reviewed in June by General Acland. The camp was under such military regulations and arrangements as were requisite for immediate service, so that the routine of camp duty was strictly observed. To complete the preparation for such a service, a telegraph,—*i.e.*, a semaphore,—was fixed on elevated ground, from which any necessary information could be communicated all through the district in a few minutes. There were two pieces of artillery upon the ground; six horses were attached to each of these pieces; a driver to each pair of horses, two men stationed on the gun, and about twelve men on horseback in attendance. *Cowdroy's Manchester Gazette* gives this account of an incident:—"Last Sunday, at the camp on Kersal Moor, was exhibited a solemn and impressive scene, that does credit to the liberality of the times, and, we trust, will be a presage to the return of tolerating and unbigoted principles. The Roman Catholic part of the highly-respected regiment, the South Militia, with other soldiers of the same faith, were brigaded on the ground and marched round an altar, raised for the

purpose of celebrating mass. The sight of so many hundred warriors, with their wives and children, on their knees supplicating the Almighty for their country and themselves in a way most congenial to their inborn feelings, imposed a religious silence, and interested every spectator." This camp was visited in August by the Duke of Montrose.

Some years ago, Kersal Moor was much frequented by naturalists and botanists, as it was then perhaps the most favourable ground near Manchester for the study of botany. This has been changed since the ground has been protected by the Corporation. One of the botanists of the time, that is, the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, was Richard Buxton. His life was rather a curious one. His family was very poor, and could not afford him any education beyond teaching him the letters of the alphabet. But, at the age of sixteen, he was dissatisfied with this; so with the idea of teaching himself to read, he procured a spelling-book. After some trouble, he was completely master of it, and was able to read the New Testament. But the pronunciation and meaning of most of the words troubled him, and to mend this, he got a

pronouncing dictionary, and went steadily through it from beginning to end. Then, in his leisure moments, he went excursions a little out of the town, and Kersal Moor came in for a good share of his attention. One June day he was quietly botanizing there, on the bank of a brook at a part now drained and cultivated. A number of his favourite plants grew there, and he immediately became interested in his work; when, at a short distance from him, he saw another man engaged in botanizing. They struck up an acquaintance, and the stranger turned out to be John Horsefield, a hand-loom weaver, who was the president of the Prestwich Botanical Society. He became interested in Buxton, and introduced him to several other working botanists. Buxton afterwards wrote a *Botanical Guide to Manchester*, which contains a memoir of himself, and shows how carefully he had examined the country round about the city. The flora of Kersal Moor is interesting, as showing what flowers may still be found in the outskirts of a city like Manchester. Mr. Cosmo Melvill contributed an article to the *Journal of Botany*, in which he gave a list of the plants and flowers, not including mosses, that are to be found on Kersal Moor. There are no

fewer than 240 different kinds, or at least there were a very few years ago.

Perhaps the most crowded time on Kersal Moor was during the day of a large Chartist gathering, which took place on September 24th, 1838. Placards were placed on the walls in every town or village within ten miles of Manchester, and invitations were given to all the trades to attend the meeting, which was, as the placards stated, "in favour of universal suffrage, annual parliament, and no property qualification." The principal procession started from Manchester about half-past ten, and moved down Shudehill, Hanging Ditch, Cateaton Street, Hunt's Bank, and Bury New Road. Kersal toll-bar had not then been taken down, and the procession occupied thirty-five minutes in passing through. The principal banner of the Manchester procession was said to have cost £30, though this may have been an exaggeration, like many other things that were said in connection with the meeting. The inscriptions on some of the flags and banners showed that the Peterloo massacre was not forgotten; one banner with a representation of Peterloo field, bore the inscription "Murder demands justice," and on several others

were portraits of Henry Hunt. At the time proclaimed for the taking of the chair, that is eleven o'clock, few people had arrived, but about half-past eleven came the Bolton procession, which had several bands of music and some curious remarks on the banners. On one of these was worked the lines :—

"Those jealous reptiles we have not forgot,
How they did strive a patriot's name to blot ;
Despite of their dungeons,
Their fines and decrees,
Who would ever bow down
To such reptiles as these ?"

Another had on it a representation of three dead clergymen, and Fame with a trumpet, and the words "They trafficked in the people's rights ; their characters are as black as hell." One flag, carried by a Bolton lad, may be said to be unique ; it was a copy of the *Bolton Chronicle*, pasted on a board, with a broom held above it. At half-past twelve the Manchester procession reached the moor, and was immediately preceded by an important-looking individual on horseback, who wore a white hat and a snuff-coloured coat. This gentleman came to herald the approach of the procession, and, on its arrival, the chair was taken by

Mr. John Fielden, M.P. As this was at ten minutes to one, the chairman was only two hours late in opening the meeting. The chairman's address occupied forty minutes; this and all the other speeches were fully reported in the *Manchester Guardian*, though the reporters were rather hardly treated. All that was provided for their convenience was a piece of board to write their notes against. After the chairman, there were speeches by Mr. Hodgetts of Salford, the Rev. J. R. Stephens, and Mr. Feargus O'Connor. The two last-named were next year sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for similar speeches made at Hyde, though the Manchester police took no notice of the Kersal gathering. Towards the close of the meeting, there was a drizzling rain, and the last speeches were drowned by the sounds of the various brass bands as they were going home. The reports as to the number present were numerous and dissimilar, but the *Manchester Guardian*, for that date, says that there were probably 40,000 persons present.

A still larger demonstration was held on May 25th in the following year, when Mr. Feargus O'Connor and other Chartist orators treated their audience to some violent speeches. Mr.

O'Connor stated that he came there because the Queen and the magistrates declared the meeting to be illegal and unconstitutional. The later annals of Kersal Moor include several more military camps and reviews. Nor must the Jubilee bonfire be forgotten.

The ground is now in the possession of the Corporation. It was a part of the property of the Byroms and the Clowes family, and their trustees not being able to give the moor to the town, it was leased for twenty-one years, and the trustees returned the money as a contribution towards the expense of keeping it as a public recreation ground. The moor was not always as small as it is at present. Quite near to it are the two old houses, Kersal Cell and Kersal Hall. A tradition of the hall may be given in Mr. R. W. Procter's words: "Eustace Dauntesey came as chief of the fated mansion. Dauntesey wooed a maiden—no doubt a beautiful young lady, with a handsome fortune, who was ultimately won by a rival suitor. The wedding-day was fixed, and the prospect of their coming happiness was utter misery to Eustace. Having in his studious youth perfected himself in the black art—a genteel accomplishment in the dark ages—he drew a

magic circle, even at the witching hour, and summoned the evil one to a consultation. The usual bargain was soon struck, the soul of Eustace being bartered for the coveted body of the maid, the compact to close at the lady's death, and the demon to remain meanwhile by the side of Dauntesey in the form of an elegant "self," or genteel companion. Eustace and his dear one (in a double sense) stood before the altar in due course, and the marriage ceremony was completed. On stepping out of the sacred edifice, the elements were found to be unfavourable. The flowers strewed before their feet stuck to their wet shoes, and the torch of Hymen refused to burn brightly in a soaking shower. Arrived within his festive hall, the ill-fortune of Eustace took another shape. His bride began to melt away before his eyes. Familiar as he was with magic, here was a mystery beyond his comprehension. Something is recorded about a holy prayer, a sunny beam, and an angel train bearing her slowly to a fleecy cloud, in whose bosom she became lost to earth. Taken altogether, the affair was a perfect swindle in its bearing upon Eustace. Awakened to consciousness by a touch from his sinister companion, Dauntesey saw a yawning gulf at his feet,

and felt himself gradually going in a direction exactly the reverse of that taken by his bride of an hour."

Nor has Kersal Moor been without literary associations. In the last century, it was one of the haunts of the witty and wise John Byrom. In this generation, Edwin Waugh had for years his home close by. This last remnant of moorland Manchester may possibly have suggested his fine poem of "Wild and Free:"—

"I wish I was on yonder moor,
And my good dog with me;
Through the blooming heather flower
Ranging wild and free.
Wild and free,
Wild and free,
Where the moorland breezes blow.

"Oh, the wilderness is my delight,
To foot of man unknown,
Where the eagle wings his lordly flight,
Above the mountains lone;
Wild and free,
Wild and free,
Where the moorland breezes blow.

"Sweet falls the blackbird's evening song,
In Kersal's posied dell;
But the skylark's trill makes the dewdrops thrill
In the bonny heather bell;

"Wild and free,
Wild and free,
Where the moorland breezes blow.

"Oft have I roved yon craggy steeps,
Where tinkling moorland rills
Sing all day long their low, sweet song
To the lonely listening hills;
And croon all night,
In pale moonlight,
While mountain breezes blow.

"In yon lone glen I'll take my rest,
And there my bed shall be,
With the lady fern above my breast
Waving wild and free;
Wild and free,
Wild and free,
Where the moorland breezes blow."

A Lancaster Worthy—Thomas Covell.

By William Hewitson.

THE oldest brass in the ancient parish church of St. Mary, at Lancaster, is inscribed to the memory of Thomas Covell. A portion of the brass, showing the figure of the deceased in his robes of office, was broken off some years ago, and only that part which bears the epitaph remains fixed in the pathway along the middle of the nave. The figure as engraved on the brass is about twenty-five inches long. It is broken across the middle, and much worn—the features being practically obliterated—but the appended sketch conveys a tolerably good idea of it.

The epitaph runs as follows :—

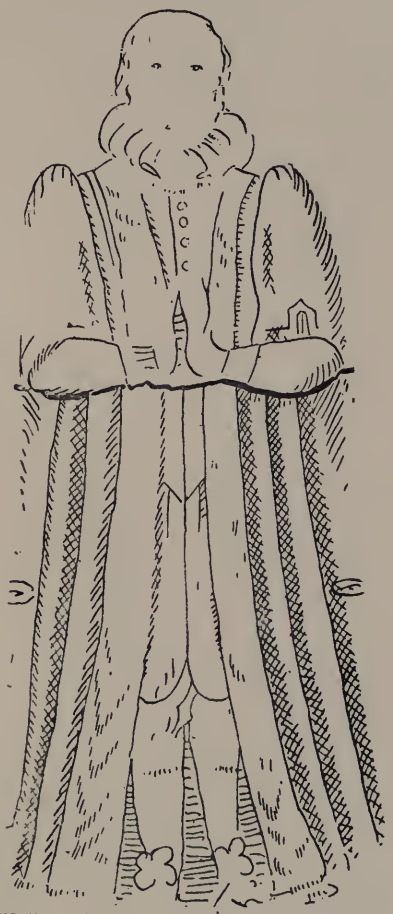
"HERE LYETH INTERRED
THE BODY OF THOMAS COVELL, ESQ.,
6 TYMES MAIOR OF THIS TOWNE,
48 YEARES KEEPER OF THIS CASTLE,
46 YEARES ONE OF Ye CORONERS OF Ye COVNTY
PALATINE OF LANCASTER,

"CAPTAINE OF Y FREEHOLD BAND OF THIS HVNDRED OF
LOINSDALL
ON THIS SIDE Y^e SANDS,
AND IVSTICE OF PEACE AND QVORVM THROVGHOVT
THIS SAID COVNTY PALATINE OF LANCASTER,
WHO DYED Y^e I OF AVGVST, 1639,
ÆTATIS SVÆ 78.

Cease, cease to movrne, all teares are vain and voide,
Hee's fledd, not dead; dissolved, not destroy'd:
In heaven his sovl doth rest, his bodie heere
Sleepes in this dvst, and his fame everiewhere
Trivmphs; the towne, the covntry farther forth,
The land throvghovt proclaimes his noble worth:
Speake of a man soe kind, soe covrteovs,
So free and every waie magnanimovs,
That storie told at large heere doe yov see,
Epitomiz'd in briefe Covell was hee."

"So far as we can ascertain," says the writer of a handbook published in my native town, "there is no record of the exploits of this eminent Lancastrian other than is found in his fulsome epitaph. The panegyrics of the tombstone are not always reliable." It is surprising that the spirit of local patriotism has not saved the memory of Thomas Covell from the sneer of a Lancastrian whose lack of knowledge on the subject is self-confessed. Whatever opinion may be formed on the Covell epitaph, standing by itself, evidence is not wanting to show, at any rate, that he was one of the most substantial citizens of

Lancaster during a period of which local historians have said very little.



ANCIENT BRASS IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH, LANCASTER.

Whether Thomas Covell was a native of the town in which he lived so long is not known.

His name appears in the list of Freeholders in the hundred of Lonsdale, in the year 1600. He became keeper of "Gaunt's embattled pile" in the days of the most famous Duchess of Lancaster, Queen Elizabeth, and in one way and another held high office in the ancient borough for well nigh half a century. He had seen some thirty summers, and the Virgin Queen had been three-and-thirty years on the throne, when he was appointed keeper of the Castle. Another dozen years saw the end of the Tudor and the beginning of the Stuart dynasty. Two-and-twenty years he lived under the "the wisest fool in Christendom," some fourteen under Charles the First, and then, full of years and local honours, he made his will and next day died. Many visitors to the Old Church in which he worshipped and at last was laid to rest have been disposed to smile at the rhymed part of his epitaph.

But, making allowance for the posthumous exaggerations of the time—exaggerations not confined to the seventeenth century—there can be no doubt that Thomas Covell was a man of excellent qualities. At any rate the Corporation of Lancaster went the length of six

times electing him Mayor, and civic honours did not go a begging in those days.

In connection with the Castle, Thomas Covell had, of course, many disagreeable duties to perform, and it is hardly to be wondered that he incurred the ill-word of some of the persons committed to his charge. One of these, a distinguished clergyman, has left it on record that his personal comfort was disregarded by the keeper. Then we have it on the authority of a Bishop that too much leniency was shown towards certain of the prisoners. These seem to be the worst things that have been said of Covell in his administrative capacity. Leaving the complainants, it is gratifying to note that two contemporary writers bear testimony to his genial, hospitable nature.

John Taylor, the "Water Poet," visited Lancaster in his "Pennylesse Pilgrimage or Moneylesse Perambulation" from London to Edinburgh, in the summer of what he describes as "the yeare of grace, one thousand, twice three hundred and eighteene," that is, 1618. Leaving Manchester, he tells us :—

"The Wednesday being Iulyes twentynine,
My Iourney I to Preston did confine,

"All the day long it rained but one showre,
Which from the Morning to the Eue'n did powre,
And I, before to Preston I could get,
Was sowsd and pickled both with raine and sweat,
But there I was supply'd with fire and food,
And any thing I wanted sweet and good.
There at the Hinde, kind Master Hinde mine Host,
Kept a good table, bak'd and boyld, and rost.
There Wednesday, Thursday, Friday I did stay,
And hardly got from thence on Saturday.
Vnto my lodging often did repaire
Kinde Master Thomas Banister, the Mayor,
Who is of worship, and of good respect,
And in his charge discreet and circumspect;
For I protest to God I neuer saw
A Towne more wisely Gouern'd by the Law.

. . . . . .

Thus three nights was I staid and lodg'd in Preston,
And saw nothing ridiculous to iest on.
Much cost and charge the Mayor vpon me spent,
And on my way two miles with me he went;
There (by good chance) I did more friendship get,
The vnder Shriefe of Lancashire we met,
A gentleman that lou'd and knew me well,
And one whose bounteous mind doth beare the bell.
There, as if I had bin a noted thiefe,
The Mayor deliuered me vnto the Shriefe.
The Shriefes authority did much preuaile,
He sent me vnto one that kept the Iayle.
Thus I perambulating, poore Iohn Taylor,
Was giu'n from Mayor to Shriefe, from Shriefe to Iaylor.

The Iaylor kept an Inne, good beds, good cheere,
Where paying nothing I found nothing deere:

"For the vnder Shriefe kind Master Couill nam'd,
(A man for house-keeping renown'd and fam'd)
Did cause the Towne of Lancaster afford
Me welcome, as if I had beene a Lord.
And 'tis reported, that for daily bounty,
His mate can scarce be found in all that County.
Th' extremes of mizer, or of prodigall
He shunnes, and liues discreet and liberall,
His wiues minde and his owne are one, so fixt
That Argus eyes could see no oddes betwixt,
And sure the difference (if there difference be)
Is who shall doe most good, or he, or shee.
Poore folks report that for relieuing them,
He and his wife are each of them a Iem;
At th' Inne and at his house two nights I staide,
And what was to be paid, I know he paide;
If nothing of their kindnesse I had wrote,
Ingratefull me the world might iustly note:
Had I declar'd all I did heare and see,
For a great flatt'rer then I deemd should be:
Him and his wife, and modest daughter Besse,
With Earth and Heau'ns felicity, God blesse.
Two dayes a man of his, at his command,
Did guide me to the midst of Westmerland,
And my Conductor, with a liberall fist,
To keepe me moist, scarce any Alehouse mist."

In Taylor's "Wit and Mirth," published in 1630, the Water Poet tells a quaint story for which he was probably indebted to his Lancaster host. "A poore woman's husband," he says, "was to be hanged at the towne of Lancaster,

and on the execution day she intreated the Shrieue to be good to her and stand her friend: the Shrieue said that he could doe her no hurt, for her husband was condemned and iudged by the Law, and therefore hee must suffer. Ah, good master Shrieue, said the woman, it is not his life that I aske, but because I haue a farre home, and my mare is old and stiffe, therefore I would intreat you to doe me the fauour to let my husband be hanged first."

The other witness in Covell's favour is the author of "Barnaby's Journal," Richard Brathwaite. This Westmoreland genius was related to Sir Francis Bindloss (son of Sir Robert Bindloss, of Borwick Hall), who represented the borough of Lancaster in Parliament in 1627-28. For some years between 1620 and 1630, Sir Francis Bindloss resided at Ashton Hall, near Lancaster, and describing his passage through the county town on a visit to his kinsman, Brathwaite writes :—

> "First place where I first was known-a,
> Was brave John a Gant's old towne-a;
> A seat antiently renowned,
> But with store of beggars drowned;
> For a Jaylor ripe and mellow,
> The world has not such a fellow."

Further mention of Thomas Covell is found in an account given by three military officers of a visit to Lancaster in 1634:—"We entered [from the north] into the famous County Palatine of Lancaster, by a fayre, lofty, long, archt bridge over the river Lun. Wee were for the George in Lancaster, and our host was the better acquainted with the affayres of the shire for that his brother was both a justice of the peace and a chiefe gaoler there, by vertue whereof wee had some commaund of the Castle, w'ch is the honr and grace of the whole towne." In the Castle they found "stately, spacious, and princely strong roomes, where the Dukes of Lancaster lodg'd. It is of that ample receit, and is in so good repayre, that it lodgeth both the judges and many of the justices every assize." From this record it appears that the landlord of the George Inn (for many generations one of the best-known hostelries in Lancaster) was Thomas Covell's brother—probably Edmund Covell, who was Mayor in 1631, and died in 1634.

Touching the complaints against Covell's keepership of the Castle, I find that on January 29, 1598 (about seven years after his appointment) the Bishop of Chester, Dr. Richard

Vaughan, wrote as follows to Sir Thomas Hesketh, Attorney of the Court of Wards and Liveries, and M.P. for, and Recorder of, Lancaster:—"I hear that the prison at Lancaster is very ill kept; that the recusants there have liberty to go when and whither they list; to hunt, hawk, and go to horse races at their pleasure; which notorious abuse of law and justice should speedily be reformed. If no means be used to keep them in, and to bring in the chief in this faction, it will breed in the end not mischief only but a public inconvenience." Lancaster was then, and till nearly two hundred and fifty years later, in the diocese of Chester.

In "A Narration of the Life of Mr. Henry Burton," published in 1643, some strictures are passed on Thomas Covell by the Rev. Henry Burton, B.D., of St. Matthew's Church, Friday Street, London, who was for twelve weeks a prisoner in Lancaster Castle. Burton was a victim of the Star Chamber, and, along with William Prynne and Dr. Bastwick, had his ears cut off in the pillory, was very heavily fined, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. He was removed from London to Lancaster in the first week of August, 1637, and on November 1st

following he was transferred to the prison in Guernsey. Covell and Burton appear to have fallen foul of each other immediately on the arrival of the latter at the Castle. "There he" (Covell), writes Burton, "sitting in John of Gaunts old chaire, fell to speak his pleasure of me and to censure me for what I had done: To whom I said, 'Sir, it is your office to be my Gaoler, not my judge.'" Burton complains bitterly of the inattention of Covell to his comfort, and of the "extreme coldnesse" of the prison. He describes the aged keeper as a "beastly man," and complains of the "hellish noise, night and day," made by "five witches with one of their children" who were lodged in a dark room under the one occupied by himself. As he passed out at the Gateway Tower on his way to Guernsey, Burton had a parting shot at Covell, who, he says, was "vexed at this."

It is not improbable that Thomas Covell managed the refreshment department at the Castle, and at the High Sheriff's house "neere adjoininge," at the assize times, in connection with his brother of the George Inn. At any rate, he had the means at his command of acting the part of "mine host" on an extensive scale. For

instance, during the shrievalty of Mr. William ffarington, of Worden Hall, in 1636, an agreement was entered into on his behalf with the keeper of the Castle, for making provision for the Lent Assizes, in these terms: "Agreement betwixt John Rowe and William Somner, yeomen, in the behalf of William ffarington Esq., Sheriffe of Lancashyre on the one pte, and Thomas Covell of Lancaster Esq., on the other pte, viz.—ffirst it is agreed that the said Thomas Covell shall upon his own cost and chardge p'vyde dyett lodginge and horsemeate (p'vander excepted) for the said Sheriffe and XLtie men at the said assyzes, and also dyett for XXtie gentlemen att the sheriff's table every dynner and supper duringe the said assyses. And yf there bee more gentlemen at the sheriff's table, or more servingmen than aforesaid, then the said sheriffe to allow for every gentleman above that numb xiid a meale, and for every serving man or other vid., and the said Mr Covell to fynde all lynnen and naperie for all the tables (except the sheriff's table.) It: The said sheriffe shall at and upon his owne chardge p'vyde wyne, sugar, and venyson for both Judges and himself, and plaite only for his owne table. In considera'con where-

of the said sheriffe is to pay the said Thomas Covell LXXXV£ out of the which the said Thomas Covell is to allowe to the said sheriffe for the gaole at Lancaster this next assyzes XV£ and XV windles of oats. In witness whereof the parties above said have interchangeably subscribed their names," etc.

Some interesting but ghastly chapters might be written concerning the criminal business which the Judges of Assize transacted and the sentences which were carried out at Lancaster during Thomas Covell's keepership of the Castle—the whole assize business of the shire being transacted at that time in the county town. It may be assumed that he was present when Edward Kelly, the seer and associate of Dr. Dee, had his ears cut off. In his official capacity, Covell would give up to the Sheriff the reputed conjuror, Edmund Hartlay, who was executed in 1597 for witchcraft alleged to have been practised by him on the family of Nicholas Starkie, at Cleworth, or Clayworth, in the parish of Leigh—this being the first execution for witchcraft in Lancashire of which there appears to be any record. In July, 1600, the keeper of the Castle gave up to the Sheriff, for execution, Edward Thwing and

Robert Nutter, two of the many Roman Catholics who were laid upon a hurdle at the Castle gates and drawn through the streets of the old town to the Tyburn-shaped gallows on the Moor, there to be hanged, "bowelled," and quartered, their dismembered remains being afterwards exposed on the Gateway Tower at Lancaster, or on church towers in other parts of the county. Two more Roman Catholics, Thurstan Hunt and Robert Middleton, suffered in like manner in March, 1601, and another, Laurence Baily, in September, 1604. A year afterwards, a woman named Anne Waters was burnt to death for complicity in the murder of her husband, at Lower Darwen—a murder which is said to have been discovered by a dream. A few years later, in 1612, Lancaster was the scene of one of the bloodiest events in the assize history of the town. On the morning of August 20, ten prisoners, of both sexes, were given up by the gaol-keeper and carried to "the common place of execution," where they were put to death for having "practised and exercised divers wicked and devilish artes called witchcraftes, inchauntments, charmes, and sorceries." These were the poor "Pendle witches," whose trial had concluded only the day before. In his

famous work, "The Lancashire Witches," Harrison Ainsworth makes it appear that these victims of superstition were burnt to death "in the area before the Castle," and according to an illustration in the 1803 edition of Challoner's "Memoirs of Missionary Priests," published by Thomas Haydock, in Manchester, this open ground immediately in front of the Castle was also the spot on which at least one Roman Catholic priest was executed. There is nothing, however, in the records of the town to warrant the supposition that a death sentence has ever been carried out on the site in question. In Thomas Pott's "Wonderfull Discoverie of Witches in the County of Lancaster," originally published in 1613, it is stated that the Pendle witches suffered the death penalty at a place "near unto Lancaster," and no doubt this refers to the then open moorland about a mile eastward of the Castle, now included in the workhouse grounds. William Yates's map of Lancashire, published in 1786, shows a gallows at this particular point; and this was the place of execution down to the close of the eighteenth century, when a scaffold was first used at the back of the Castle, close to the Crown Court. It is said that after the arrest of

the so-called witches, in the Forest of Pendle, some of their friends met at the Malkin Tower, and among other things decreed that Thomas Covell, by reason of his office, should be slain before the ensuing assizes, and that Lancaster Castle should be blown up. But the keeper of the Castle was a tough customer; he lived for twenty-seven years longer, and died in his bed; and it was not until the Civil War, some four years after he had passed away, that any real attempt was made to blow up the Castle in which he had spent so much of his life. Besides having to do with the reputed witches in his capacity as gaol-keeper, Covell had two of them before him in the exercise of his other functions. It is on record that the confession and examination of old Alice Whittle (the alleged rival of "Old Demdike," who died in one of the Castle dungeons before the trial came on), and the confession and declaration of James Device ("Old Demdike's" grandson), were taken before "Mr. William Sands, mayor of Lancaster, and Mr. Thomas Covell, district coroner and keeper of the Castle." In March, 1616, two more Roman Catholics, John Thulis and Roger Wrenno, or Warren, were hanged and quartered at Lancaster;

and in March, 1618, eleven prisoners were executed, but for what offences does not appear. The last executions of Roman Catholics with which Covell was officially concerned, but, unhappily, not the last of the kind at Lancaster, took place in August, 1628, when Father Arrowsmith (of "dead man's hand" fame) and Richard Herst were put to death and dismembered after the barbarous manner of the time.

In 1630, a man named Utley was executed for having, as it was alleged, bewitched to death Richard Assheton, son of Ralph Assheton, of Middleton, near Manchester. Three years afterwards, the Castle was again the scene of a great witch trial, the prisoners hailing from Pendle and the neighbourhood; but although seventeen of the accused were found guilty and condemned, the sentences were not carried out, and eventually the whole of the prisoners regained their liberty.

Several alleged witches lay under sentence of death in the Castle in the early part of 1635. Four of them were women from Wigan, and when Dr. John Bridgeman, Bishop of Chester, proceeded to the Castle by royal command to

examine them, he found that two of the women had died in gaol. In the summer of 1636, Covel had ten persons accused of witchcraft in his custody, these being mostly from the Pendle district, whose sentences had been respited. Probably it was some of these same prisoners to whom the Rev. John Burton refers as having "continued a long time there," and who "made such a hellish noise" in the "dark room," immediately under the one in which he was confined for three months, in 1637. These, however, were not the last "witches" imprisoned there. Writers on this subject have failed to make an exact record of the last case of execution for witchcraft in Lancashire. The point is thus vaguely referred to by Dr. Webster, in his "Display of Witchcraft," dated February, 1673: "I myself have known two supposed witches to be put to death at Lancaster within these eighteen years, that did utterly deny any league or covenant with the devil, or even to have seen any visible devil at all." A woman named Isabella Rigby was executed for witchcraft at Lancaster, in October, 1665, and this is the last execution of the kind on record in the County Palatine. Probably the last person sent to

Lancaster Castle for trial on the charge of witchcraft was an aged woman named Katherine Walkden, of Atherton, who died in gaol before the case came on for trial—this being in the early part of the eighteenth century. In April, 1636, a batch of ten prisoners passed from Covell's custody to the moorland gallows. It will be seen that a total of thirty-one persons were executed, as the outcome of three assizes alone, during Covell's term of office. As regards the number of culprits executed on any one occasion, he appears to have established a "record," so far as the County Palatine is concerned. By way of comparison, it may be noted that, on April 25th, 1801, seven prisoners were hanged together on the new scaffold at Lancaster, and on April 19th, 1817, nine were put to death in the same "Hanging Corner," these being the most numerous simultaneous executions in Lancaster since the days of Covell.

With regard to Covell's "modest daughter Besse," mentioned by the author of the "Pennylesse Pilgrimage," the only other reference to her is found in the pedigree of an old Lancashire family, the Brockholeses of Heaton and Claughton. In this, she is mentioned as having become the

second wife of John Brockholes. The two children born of this marriage died in 1654 (about twelve years after their father), and were buried at Garstang Parish Church. By his will, dated July 31st, 1639, Thomas Covell bequeathed to his grandson, John Brockholes, £50 and the "chief lordship" of Torrisholme; and to his granddaughter, Elizabeth, two houses in Lancaster, with their appurtenances and certain goods, and also all his interest in his "new house and new stables" in the same town, after the death of his wife, Dorothy. Covell's inventory amounted to £3,047 7s. 3d. His widow died the year after him.

There is reason to believe that Thomas Covell built the front part of the very substantial house at the higher end of Church Street, Lancaster, which has been for many years known as the Judges' Lodgings; and that Thomas Cole (of The Cote, Bolton-le-Sands), father of the Edmund Cole who was High Sheriff of Lancashire in 1707, built the addition (north-west corner) abutting on St. Mary's Gate, placing his initials and the date (1675) on the door head stone at that side, and his crest on the pillars of the main entrance, as it still exists. Mention is made of

this house in the latter part of the seventeenth and early in the eighteenth century, as "Stoop Hall." This name may have been given it much earlier, and seems to have been derived from the pillar or cross which is shown in Speed's plan of the town as standing in the middle of the street, immediately fronting the house, in 1610. Since the days of the venerable gaol-keeper, it has been known as Covell Cross. All that is left of it now is the round foundation stone, level with the pavement. For some unknown reason, what remained of the shaft or "stoop" was taken down about the year 1826, and placed in the garret at the Judges' Lodgings. Twelve or fifteen years ago it was removed thence to the corridor under the Nisi Prius Court at the Castle, and not long afterwards it was "cleared out as rubbish!" Such was the ill-fate of the cross at which (as well as at the Market Cross, which has also disappeared) new Sovereigns were always proclaimed by the civic authorities, with the accompaniment of "the town musick and four drums"—a cross to which, on all occasions of public rejoicing or thanksgiving, the mayor and his colleagues were accustomed to walk in state, "with musick playing and drums beating."

The purpose of this somewhat discursive article will be abundantly served if it should lead to a better regard for local antiquities, and for the memory of the men who, in one way and another, have rendered service to "time-honoured Lancaster."

Some Early Manchester Grammar School Boys.

By Ernest Axon.

THE Manchester Grammar School possesses an excellent register of its boys from 1730 to the present time, and the admissions from that date to 1830, have been printed under the able editorship of the Rev. J. Finch Smith; but scholars anterior to 1730 have, to a large extent, been ignored. Yet they include men who, in various capacities, have done service to their country. The difficulty of compiling a list of the early scholars is great. Biographical writers rarely think it necessary to state where their subject was educated, and the difficulty is not lessened by a different class of writers, who say that the person whose career they are recording "probably" received his education at the free school of the town in which he was born. Guesses of this latter kind must always be accepted with caution. If we did not know that

Dr. John Byrom was educated at Chester first, and afterwards at Merchant Taylors' School, everything in his history would point to his having been at the Manchester Grammar School, and Byrom is only a specimen of a large class who went far from home for their education. Even what appears to be a distinct statement requires to be carefully examined. An interesting character, the Rev. Peter Walkden, is stated by his biographer to have removed from a village school to "ye famous school of Manchester." The "famous school" here referred to is not the Grammar School, but a Nonconformist academy kept by Mr. Coningham, one of the early Cross Street ministers. As the early admission registers of the Grammar School have disappeared—if, indeed, such registers ever existed—knowledge of the names of the earlier pupils of the school has to be sought amongst the records of the various colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, in the lists of school exhibitioners, which date from fully half a century previous to the printed school register, and from a variety of miscellaneous sources, such as Newcome's "Diary," and Calamy's "Lives of the Ejected Ministers." The college admission registers give the names

of the undergraduate's school and schoolmaster, and so a list, accurate but not complete, might be compiled from this source alone. The portion of the St. John's College, Cambridge, register that has been printed, gives the names of thirty or forty Manchester students, and it is much to be wished that the registers of Jesus and Emmanuel Colleges, and of Brasenose College, Oxford, were printed, and thus rendered more easily accessible than they are at present. It must not be forgotten that only a very small percentage of the scholars would go to the University, and that of the majority of those who went into commerce, not a trace is now to be found that would connect them with the school where they were taught, and of which they were, doubtless, very proud.

Amongst the earliest Grammar School boys John Bradford, the martyr, is usually reckoned. He would be only a young boy when the school was founded, having been born in 1510. Being brother-in-law of Bishop Oldham's nephew, there is every probability that he benefited by the munificence of his kinsman. His life and his martyrdom by burning at Smithfield are too well known to need telling over again. Another eminent man, Laurence Vaux, Warden of

Manchester, is reputed to have attended the school in its early years. He lost the Wardenship upon the accession of Queen Elizabeth by refusing to take the oath of supremacy. He fled to the Continent, but afterwards, as a seminary priest, returned to England. Here he shared the sufferings that fell to the lot of the Catholics in England, and was thrown into the Clink Prison, where he died in 1585, being, as it was said, "famished to death." Vaux's successor in the Wardenship of Manchester, William Birch, was also probably educated at Manchester School. In his case, the probability is considerably strengthened by the fact that the mother of Warden Birch was one of the Becks, and a close connection of the founder of the school. Birch, who was an ardent reformer, held the Wardenship for only one year, when he resigned it, but he obtained several good benefices in the diocese of Durham. He did not forget the school, and in his will bequeaths "to xx poor scholars in Latin in Manchester School xls apiece." William Chadderton, a later Warden of Manchester, is also numbered amongst the Grammar School boys. He was born in 1538, and when quite a young man secured the friendship of several of

Queen Elizabeth's most powerful Ministers, and by their patronage became, at the age of forty, Bishop of Chester. Holding both the Bishopric of Chester and the Wardenship of Manchester, he was one of the most important men in the two counties; and, fixing his headquarters in Manchester, began, under a Royal Commission, a campaign against the "Popish recusants." In this apparently congenial work he spent several years of his life, and it was during his time that the heads of Bell and Finch, two Roman Catholics who had been executed at Lancaster, were exposed on the Collegiate Church. Hollinworth describes him as "a learned man and liberal, given to hospitality, and a more frequent preacher and baptiser than other bishops of his time." In 1595, Chadderton was translated to Lincoln, and in 1608 he died. Humphrey Chetham, who is yet lovingly remembered by thousands who have benefited by his will, either as boys at the Hospital or as men at the Library, was at the Grammar School under Thomas Cogan, author of the "Haven of Health," a physican as well as a schoolmaster. Chetham was born in 1580, and probably left school in 1597, in which year he was apprenticed to a linen-draper.

Having made a large fortune in business, he was called upon to serve the office of High Sheriff, which he did with considerable detriment to his pocket. One result of this honour was an amusing correspondence with the heralds as to his coat of arms, and there is little doubt that he had to pay considerable fees to the heraldic authorities ere they allowed such a prize as a rich merchant to slip through their fingers. Humphrey Chetham is remembered as one of the most generous benefactors that Manchester has known, and as founder of Chetham's Hospital and Library he will continue to be reverenced as long as Manchester exists. A schoolfellow of Chetham's was Rowland Dee, one of the earliest exhibitioners of the school, and son of the "wizard" Warden of Manchester. William Langley, the author of a scarce book entitled "The Persecuted Minister, in Defence of the Ministerie" (1656), and one of the clergy who suffered for loyalty to Charles I., is also considered to be a Grammar School boy. The autobiography ascribed to Langley says: "I was borne at Prestwiche anno Christi 1596, my father, M. Langley, being at that time curet to his cosen, who was parson there. I was brought up there in my youth, and

went to ye Gram. Schole at Manchester, where I receyved good instruction in Gramar learninge before I was entred at Brazennose Colledge, Oxon." A cleric of some importance in his day was Richard Hollinworth. He was born at Manchester, in 1607, and educated at the Grammar School and at Cambridge. He became a fellow of the Collegiate Church, and was an active upholder of the Presbyterian system. In 1651, he was imprisoned at Liverpool for complicity in Love's plot, and was afterwards a commissioner for ejecting scandalous ministers and a feoffee for carrying out Humphrey Chetham's will. He died in 1656. He wrote six theological books and a history of Manchester. John Booker, the astrologer, also received a portion of his training at the school. He was born in 1603, and went into a trader's shop in London, but finding the work uncongenial, he became a writing master and astrologer. In the latter capacity he was thought by one of his rivals to be "the greatest and most compleat astrologer in the world." Booker, who died in 1667, had the reputation of being "a very honest man." Ralph Brideoake, the only Mancunian who was successively pupil, master, and trustee of the

school, was born in 1613. He went to Oxford, distinguished himself as a Greek scholar, obtained the high mastership of the school, and returned to his native place, where, in addition to clerical and scholastic duties, he undertook the office of manager of the estates of Lord Derby and of Humphrey Chetham. During the Civil Wars he was, as became a servant of the Stanleys, a Royalist, but under the Commonwealth he made his peace with the Parliament, and was comfortably provided for. At the Restoration he again became an enthusiastic Royalist, and eventually, by bribing one of the King's mistresses, obtained the Bishopric of Chichester. A man of a very different type to the pushing and unscrupulous Bishop Brideoake was Dr. John Worthington, whom both school and town have reason to honour. Of the time he spent at the Grammar School he seems always to have had a kindly recollection, and when he was applying for the Wardenship of Manchester he referred to his connection with the school as one of his reasons for desiring the appointment. From the school he went to Cambridge, where he became Master of Jesus College, and subsequently Vice-Chancellor of the University. He died in 1671. Dr.

Worthington's "Diary and Correspondence," edited by Mr. James Crossley and Mr. Christie, is a monument alike of the learning of Dr. Worthington and of the vast erudition of the late and present presidents of the Chetham Society.

One of the comparatively few distinguished lawyers educated at the school was Sir Robert Booth, member of a family distinguished in the annals of the neighbourhood for its charity. Booth was born in 1626, and became successively Judge and Chief Justice in the Irish Court of Common Pleas, and eventually Chief Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland. He died in 1681, and was buried at Salford. An interesting character was Jeremiah Marsden, a sectary, who was at the school for a very short time; being a lad of very weak health, he found his master "too rigid," and so he left. In 1654, he became a clergyman, and, though a successful preacher, he had not the faculty of remaining long in any one place. He declined to take the oath of allegiance to Charles II., and in consequence spent a few months in York Castle. In 1662, he was ejected from a benefice he held, and became more unsettled than ever. As he frequently rendered himself liable to the penal laws against Dissenters,

he was often in trouble, and, like the Jesuits under similar circumstances, adopted an *alias*, passing as Ralphson. Marsden died in Newgate prison, in 1684, after he had been confined some months for his theological heresies. In striking contrast to Marsden's career, is that of Edward Kenyon. Kenyon early succeeded to the family living of Prestwich, and that appears to have been his only cure. Other clergymen were the Rev. John Mather, D.D., President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, who was a scholar of Mr. Barrow's, and, by virtue of his position as head of Corpus Christi College, appointed Mr. Barrow's successor in the high-mastership; the Rev. John Lees, incumbent of Saddleworth from 1663 to 1712; and the Rev. John Heginbottom, incumbent of Saddleworth from 1721 to 1771. Lees was curate of Salford and assistant librarian of Chetham's Library for five years. At Saddleworth, his life was one of steady usefulness. He taught the village school in the chancel of the church. While teaching the young, he endeavoured to dissuade the adults from their savage amusements, a bull bait or dog fight being to him a source of "lamentation and woe." Thomas Martindale, who died in 1680, in his

thirtieth year, was the son of Adam Martindale, whose reflections on his son occupy an important place in his "Diary." Thomas was one of the pupils of Wickens, and after graduating in Scotland, and mildly sowing his wild oats, almost breaking his father's heart by marrying a wife without dowry, settled down as a country schoolmaster. He died after a few months of schoolmastering, and his father, in his "Diary," seems quite as much troubled about having to provide for Thomas's infant daughter as by his son's early death. The sons of Henry Newcome, the celebrated Nonconformist, were at the Grammar School, and the "Diary" has many references to the school and its master. Henry Newcome, junior, one of these sons, was author of a curious work entitled the "Compleat Mother." Another son was Peter Newcome, vicar of Hackney, who published a "Catechetical Course of Sermons for the Whole Year," which must have been a godsend to the country parson. It contained a sermon for each Sunday of the year, and passed through two editions. The Rev. Thomas Cotton, M.A., was a well-known minister in London early in the eighteenth century. He was born in Yorkshire, and, to quote his

biographer, "the greatest advantage he had for school learning was under the famous Mr. Wickers, of Manchester." He became a Dissenting minister, was a strict observer, in the Puritanical fashion, of the Sunday, and, it is said, declined the offer of a benefice in the Established Church. Father Thomas Falkner, one of the earliest of medical missionaries, was a Grammar School boy, and was born of Protestant parents in 1707. Having studied medicine, he became a ship surgeon. On one voyage he fell ill at Buenos Ayres, and was tenderly nursed by the Jesuits. Gratitude paved the way for conviction; he became a Catholic, and in 1732 entered the Society of Jesus. For thirty-six years he led a self-denying life, striving to civilise the Patagonians. In 1768 he, with 1000 other Jesuits, was expelled from South America. Falkner returned to England, where he spent the remaining years of his life as a domestic chaplain. Falkner's "Description of Patagonia" was edited by an incompetent person, who omitted from it all the anecdotes which Father Falkner is said to have delighted in telling, thus leaving only dry geographical detail.

The Rev. John Clayton, one of the

early Methodists, was at the school for several years, and obtained an exhibition at Brasenose College when he was only fifteen. At college, he made the acquaintance of the Wesleys, with whom he remained on intimate terms all his life, his pulpit frequently being occupied by John Wesley, on his visits to Manchester. Clayton was a Jacobite, and when the Pretender came to Manchester, in 1745, it is said that, in the words of the Lancashire novelist, he "threw himself at the Prince's feet, and, in most fervent tones, implored the Divine blessing on his head, praying that the enterprise on which he was engaged might prove successful. As the chaplain was in full canonicals, the incident caused a great sensation, and was particularly gratifying to the Prince." Clayton was Chaplain, and afterwards Fellow, of the Collegiate Church, and died in 1773. Robert Thyer, Chetham's Librarian, was educated at the Grammar School. He was a man of great learning, and edited the "Remains" of Butler the poet, besides helping Bishop Newton with his edition of Milton.

One of the most distinguished scholars of the eighteenth century was Dr. Samuel Ogden, who, born at Manchester in 1716, went to the Grammar

School, and thence to Cambridge. In 1744 he was appointed head master of the Grammar School of Heath, Halifax, a post he held with credit till 1753, when he resigned. On leaving Halifax he went to reside at Cambridge, held several preferments, and became a wealthy man. In 1763 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the mastership of St. John's, and in the next year was elected Woodwardian professor of geology. It appears that this professorship cost Dr. Ogden about a hundred guineas to obtain, and it has been cited by his biographers as a disgrace to the University that it should have been necessary to bribe so extensively for a University office. At the present time the disgraceful part of the proceeding appears to be that Dr. Ogden was ever elected to the professorship of a subject of which he, it was acknowledged, had not even an elementary knowledge. But though he knew nothing of geology, he deservedly had a great reputation as a classical and Oriental scholar, and his rise in the Church was only hindered by his unpleasant manners and uncouth appearance. Ogden's reputation did not extend to verse, which he occasionally attempted. On the accession of George III. he wrote three versions of a poem,

in Latin, English, and Arabic respectively. This *tour de force* produced the following oft-quoted lines by Lord Alvanley :—

"When Ogden his prosaic verse
In Latin numbers drest,
The Roman language prov'd too weak
To stand the critic's test.

"In English rhyme he next essayed
To show he'd some pretence ;
But, ah ! rhyme only would not do—
They still expected sense.

"Enraged, the Doctor swore he'd place
On critics no reliance,
So wrapt his thoughts in Arabic,
And bade them all defiance."

Ogden died of apoplexy in 1778. James Bradshaw, the Jacobite, was a Grammar School boy. Born in 1717, the child of Catholic parents, he was apprenticed in London in 1734. In 1740 he returned to Manchester, where he engaged in business for a few years. In 1745 he was a captain in Colonel Towneley's regiment, and after being in several battles, was taken prisoner at Culloden. He was tried in London for high treason, convicted, and executed on Kennington Common, 28th November, 1746, being only twenty-nine years old when his sentence was carried out with all the barbarity that distinguished

the punishment of high treason. James Heywood, a local poet, was at the Grammar School. In his solitary book of poems, published in 1726, Heywood gives a poem on an epigram of Martial, "imitated when at Manchester School." When Barrow, his old schoolmaster, died, Heywood wrote a eulogistic notice of him, which appeared in the "Post Boy."

Amongst those who have been mentioned as probably educated at the Grammar School may be named the Rev. John Prestwich, the founder of a library in Manchester, now incorporated with Chetham's Library; William Crabtree, the friend of Horrox, and fellow-observer with him of the transit of Venus; Charles Worsley, first M.P. for Manchester; the "poet" Ogden, and indeed most of the natives of the town and district who have obtained celebrity. Hamlet Winstanley, perhaps the earliest Lancashire artist, has been claimed as a Manchester schoolboy, but there can be no doubt that he was educated at Warrington, his native place.

The Sworn Men of Amounderness.

By Lieut.-Col. Henry Fishwick, f.s.a.

WITHOUT venturing into the question of the origin of parishes, it will be sufficient to state, that as early as the twelfth century, the Parish was looked upon as the integral sub-division of the Hundred ; and that for the purposes of assessment of taxes, men were selected from each parish to assist the Hundred jury, and also, that these chosen men, being under oath, were sometimes called sworn men.

In many of our old cities and towns, inhabitants were selected to assist the Mayor or Bailiff, and were designated as sworn men.* Although these customs may, in some measure, account for the title given to the sworn men in the parishes of Amounderness, they do not, in any way, satisfactorily show why this peculiar form of local government should, for over three centuries,

* English Guilds, E. E. T. Soc., p. 349.

have been common in this particular part of Lancashire, and entirely absent in the surrounding districts. In the hundred of Amounderness, there are nine parishes, viz.: 1. Preston; 2. Kirkham (with Goosnargh); 3. Lytham; 4. Poulton; 5. Bispham; 6. St. Michaels-on-Wyre; 7. Garstang; 8. Lancaster; and 9. Ribchester (of which part is in the Blackburn Hundred).

In seven of these parishes, the "sworn men" are known to have been established, and in the other two, viz.: Lytham and Bispham, there are special reasons for their absence; as Lytham is a very small parish of only one township, and Bispham was, originally, a chapel of ease to Poulton.

Ribchester, though now in the Deanery of Blackburn, was, until comparatively recent times, in the ancient Deanery of Amounderness, and was so classed in 1291.* Indeed, there is a tradition that, at an early date, it was included in the Hundred.

As Ribchester, at the time when this institution of "sworn men" was in full force (say the end of the sixteenth century,) was in the Deanery, but excluded from the Hundred, it appears clearly to

* Pope Nicholas, Tax. Eccles.

indicate that the origin of this peculiar form of Vestry was ecclesiastical, and not civil.

No reference to these "sworn men" in Amounderness has been discovered of earlier date than the latter part of the sixteenth century, and they probably were first elected soon after the Reformation. The oldest and most perfect records of the transactions of these vestries are found at Kirkham and Goosnargh, the former extending back to 1570, and the latter to 1625.

At Preston, Lancaster, Goosnargh, and Ribchester, the vestry consisted of twenty-four sworn men, but Kirkham had its thirty. The records of Poulton, Garstang, and St. Michaels-on-Wyre, have very few references to this form of government, but sufficient to indicate that it once obtained there.

On a fly leaf of the oldest Churchwardens' book at Poulton, is a memorandum "that ye ix day of December, in the year 1623," it was agreed "by Thomas Singleton, of Stanning, Esqr., and the rest of the Parishioners and other inhabitants, together with the churchwardens, and *Four-and-twentie men* of the parish of Pulton, and Peter White, the Vicar, that . . . Thomas Dickson the younger, son of Thomas Dickson late clark of

Pulton deceased be clark of the parish, etc." In 1710, this body of twenty-four men was still in existence. At Garstang, the only trace left is that in 1734 the twenty sidesmen who assisted the four churchwardens,* were called "the gentlemen sidesmen," and were, apparently, elected for life. The records of St. Michaels-on-Wyre, show very little trace of this institution, except that, in 1682, the Vicar, the Churchwardens, and "gentlemen" of the parish, are found making assessments. That the "sworn men" sometimes took to themselves the title of "the gentlemen," is clear from the records of Ribchester, for example: on 12th April, 1664, they begin a resolution by "Wee the gentlemen and xxiiij of this parish."

The oath which was taken by the newly-elected "sworn men" at Goosnargh, in 1678, has been preserved. "Here ensueth the form of oath wch of antient time hath beene used to be ministered unto every person elected into the number, Company, or Societye of the Four-and-Twenty sworne men of the chapellrye of Goosnargh, in the countye of Lancr., at the time of his election into that Societye, viz.,—You shall well and truly observe and keepe all antient lawfull

* They were known as "the 24 men" until about thirty years ago.

and laudable customes as heretofore in this place hath been observed and kept as far as they shall agree with the lawe of this Realme and the good and benefit of this Chappell and Chappellrye according to your power and best understanding and your own counsell and your fellowes you shall keepe. So helpe you God." The duties performed by these governing bodies were very numerous and varied, they levied rates, elected the parish clerk, and in some cases appointed the churchwardens, and even laid claims to nominate the vicar, indeed they evidently acted as the managers of everything in the parish which in any way related to the church, its fabric, its ceremonies, or its general welfare.

The following extracts are from the records of the Kirkham sworn men :—

1570. "Nov the xx James Porter, Nich Fayre, John . . . , Edwd Hankinson, ch^{d}wardens made up their acc^{ts} before Sir Ja^{s} [Smith the vicar] clearke and the 30 men of the same parish" "28 of the 30 men agreed to a lay [a rate] of v shillings to be levied on each township."

1571. Paid for a scholar verifying the ch'wardens acc^{ts}.

1572. The 30 men elected . . . Arkwright clerk of the church . . . and ordered that he should be resident to teach singing.

1576. "Agreed that Geo Killet shall be clerke for one *hole* yeare and shall keep a songe boke free for the parishioners.

1577. The churchwardens were ordered by the vicar and 30 men to continue in office another year because they had not repaired the bells or levied the gauld [rate].

1595. The churchwardens charged xii^{d} for tarrying with Mr Vicar when he gave warning to all householders not to sell ale during the time of service."

In 1636, the sworn men of Kirkham had begun to assert to themselves powers which the Vicar could not consent to their using, and to meet the case, as he thought, he submitted to them certain conditions, one of which was that "the Vicar shall have a negative voice in all their proceedings, and that they shall determine nothing without the consent of the Vicar;" this would, of course, have deprived the vestry of all power, but the Vicar also required that "if there be any turbulent or fascitious person that the rest of the company shall joyne with the Vicar and turn him oute."

The thirty men not agreeing to these terms, they were locked out of the church, and ultimately appealed to the Bishop, who declared "that the corporation or company of thirty men, not having any warranty from the King, was nothing in law; but if the parish or township did delegate the power to the thirty men as to church matters,

then their acts relating thereunto were as effectual and binding as if they had the King's sanction," and, to get the opinion of the parishioners, he directed that a meeting be called, and a vote taken. When this was done, the inhabitants, with almost one voice, declared that they wished to continue "their antient custom," and to hand it to posterity as it "had come down to them from their ancestors," and no less than 483 parishioners signed a memorial to that effect. The Bishop thereupon urged the vicar to give way, but he refused to do so, and the thirty men instituted a suit in the Consistory Court, where they received a verdict, and were ultimately admitted into the church again.

At Ribchester, in 1639, the twenty-four men there were in dispute with the Bishop of Chester, they having appointed a man against his will to the office of churchwarden. The man was infirm and old, and the Bishop wrote to the twenty-four men that "if they breake theire owne custome, their Companye also of twenty-four will soon be dissolved."

The sworn men were not re-elected annually, as is the case of churchwardens, but, once appointed, they held office for life, unless they left

the neighbourhood, became Nonconformists, or failed to attend the meetings.

In the records of the twenty-four sworn men of Goosnargh, the social status of the members was carefully recorded. Thus, in 1634, the vestry consisted of an esquire, six gentlemen, twelve yeomen, and five husbandmen. In 1684, the following names appeared at the head of the list: Alexander Rigby, Esq. (the son of Colonel Alexander Rigby, of Middleton Hall), Mr. Justice Rigby, Mr. Justice Warren, Thomas and Edward Rigby, and Thomas Whittingham, of Whittingham Hall, who were all men of high social position. The churchwardens, it should be noted, were part of the twenty-four, and it was usual for each vestryman to perform the duties of warden for at least one year, but he was at liberty, if so disposed, to appoint a deputy to do the work. As an example of the long tenure of office, it may be cited that James Fishwick, of Bulsnape Hall (whose father and grandfather had been members of the same vestry), was elected one of the twenty-four of Goosnargh, and churchwarden, in 1694, and he continued a member of the vestry until his death, in 1737. From the various records of these sworn men, much interesting matter has been

printed, and might now be quoted, but that would be foreign to the object of this article, which is only to draw attention to this peculiar kind of vestry, which has now almost entirely become a thing of the past, but which in its day was a power in its parish, and helped to keep together the members of the Church, by giving to the laity the management of its secular affairs. These vestries, in some respects, answered the purposes for which the modern Church Councils have been formed, but with this wide difference that, in the old governing body, the laity by their votes decided what was to be done, whilst in the newly-constituted ones, they have only the power to talk, or at best give advice, which may or may not be accepted.

Lancashire Sundials.

By William E. A. Axon, M.R.S.L.

"The shepherd lad, who in the sunshine carves
On the green turf a dial, to divide
The silent hours; and who to that report
Can portion out his pleasures, and adapt
His round of pastoral duties, is not left
With less intelligence for moral things
Of gravest import."

—William Wordsworth *(The Excursion, Book iv.)*

"With warning hand I mark Time's rapid flight
From life's glad morning to its solemn night;
Yet through the dear God's love, I also show
There's Light above me by the Shade below."

—J. G. Whittier *(Inscription on a Sundial).*

IT is somewhat remarkable that the best authorities should assign to the County Palatine of Lancaster, not only the earliest dated church bell, but the earliest dated sundial, so far recorded.*

* The best authority on sundials is the volume due to the zeal and interest of the late Mrs. Alfred Gatty. A third edition of her "Book of Sundials." was, in 1890, published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons, and forms a handsome quarto volume of nearly 600 pages. It is illustrated by many charming sketches of sundials, remarkable for their quaint design or picturesqueness of form or situation. The new edition is edited by Mrs. H. K. F. Eden (the daughter of the authoress) and Miss Eleanor Lloyd, and there is an appendix, in which the construction of dials is dealt with by Mr. W. Richardson. The book is already a standard one.

On a vertical sundial on the house in Rochdale, which is believed to have been, at one time, the home of the Byroms, there are two dates, 1521 and 1620, which have been supposed to indicate the period of erection and of restoration. "This," says Mrs. Gatty, "is the oldest *dated* dial of which we know. There is one at Warwick dated 1556, and another near Oswestry, dated 1578, and in the churchyard of St. Anne's, Woodplumpton, there is one without a motto, dated 1598." Unfortunately, we are compelled to add that Mrs. Gatty has been misled as to the real age of this dial, which is passed over in silence by Col. Henry Fishwick in his "History of Rochdale." His scepticism as to its antiquity has been confirmed by further inquiries, and he informs me that it is not older than 1820, when it was put up by a Wesleyan minister, the Rev. Peter Garrett, who simply placed on the dial what he thought was the date of the house.

Mrs. Gatty mentions a dial formerly on Manchester Church, and adds: "There is still a horizontal dial in the churchyard, but so closely imprisoned by heavy iron railings that it is practically useless. And yet the Dean and Chapter might remember that—

'A prison is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive.'

Not even a sundial!" There was formerly a perpendicular dial on a cottage in Clarendon Street, Hulme, and the name of Sundial Bank, Whalley Range, speaks for itself. Many more than are chronicled must, in the past, have cast their shadows in Lancashire. In Aldingham churchyard, the sundial adjures the passer-by in these terms :—

"Use the present time,
Redeem the past ;
For thus uncertainly,
Though imperceptibly,
The night of life approaches."

Colonel Fishwick has a dial (which came from Belfield Hall) with the inscription :—

"Vt hora praeterita
sic fugit vita.
1612 A.B."
(As the hour that is past, so doth life fly.)

Ut hora sic vita (life is as an hour) is an old dial motto that has been placed on the clock of Hoole Church in memory of Jeremiah Horrox, who there observed the transit of Venus in 1639. At Cartmel, there was a dial as early as 1630, when 3s. 6d. was paid for the "setting up" of it, but that now in existence was erected in 1727,

the maker's name being Russell Casson. The motto is *Tempus fugit per umbra*[*m*] (time flies by the shadow). *Sine sole sileo* (without the sun I am silent) is inscribed on the dial at Chorley Church. In the churchyard at Garstang, is a dial, dated 1757 ,with the motto from Martial, *Pereunt et imputantur* (they pass by and are reckoned). This motto is found in many other places. Another favourite inscription is, *Sic transit gloria mundi*, which was on a dial at Prestwich, not recorded by Mrs. Gatty. "Our days upon earth are as a shadow" (1. Chron. xx. 15) is inscribed on the sundial of Thornton Church, in the Fylde. *Nunc ex praeterito discas* (now may'st thou learn from the past) is the inscription at Warrington School. At Heapey Church, *Absque sole, absque usu* (without sun, without use) may be read on a dial dated 1826. At Great Sankey, there is one with the motto, *Ab hoc momento pendet aeternitas* (on this moment hangs eternity). It has the name of its maker, J. Simkin, and the date 1781 inscribed on it. The same maker executed a dial at Childwall with the same monitory words. *Vive memor quam sis aevi brevis* (live mindful how short-lived thou art) (Horace, Sat. ii. 6, 97) is the inscription

put up at Goosnargh Church, in 1748. There are also dials connected with the churches of Flixton, Prestwich, and Lytham; there was a sundial in the garden of an old house at Winton, near Eccles. In the Queen's Park, at Heywood, a sundial was placed in 1890. At Hambleton Church there is a dial dated 1670. At Holcombe Church there is a horizontal sundial, and at Pinfold, a cottage near Holcombe Church, is a perpendicular dial dated 1780, with the motto, *Nosce teipsum* (know thyself).

Amongst remarkable dials may be named that at Knowsley, with four dials which are supported by eagles, no doubt in allusion to the famous crest of the Stanley family. At Shaw there used to be a copper horizontal dial, with the words :—

"Abuse me not, I do no ill;
I stand to serve thee with good will;
As careful, then, be sure thou be
To serve thy God as I serve thee."

But thieves "abused" the dial by stealing it. The Rev. S. E. Bartlett had a dial on the vicarage lawn with this inscription :—

"Nulli optabilis
Dabitur mora;
Irrevocabilis
Labitur hora:

"Ne sit inutilis
Semper labora,
Neve sis futilis,
Vigila, ora."

"None from Time's hurrying wain
Winneth delay;
Ne'er to come back again
Speedeth each day:
While its few hours remain,
Labour alway.
Lest thou should'st live in vain,
Watch thou and pray."

This dial plate has been placed in the churchyard, on the shaft of the old cross from which the previous one, just named, had been abstracted. Both the Latin and the English are the composition of Mr. Bartlett. It was stated in the London *Guardian* that Lord Coleridge found the motto in an old church in Devonshire. Lord Coleridge on being appealed to at once declared he had seen the dial in Manchester (where it was made) before it was sent to Shaw, and he supposed the verses to be those of some mediæval Latin poet, and, having made a copy, sent it to Mr. Justice Denman, who made a fine version of it. This, by the kindness of the author, we are enabled to give :—

"THE DIAL'S LESSON.

To none is given
Pow'r to delay,
Told off in Heaven
Passeth each day.
Be thou not fruitless,
Work, while 'tis day;
Trifling were bootless,
Watch thou and pray."

Lancashire antiquaries, and indeed those of all the counties in the kingdom, would do well to "make a note" of all sundials, their mottoes, dates, and inscriptions, so that there may be a complete record of these once general, now almost obsolete, but always interesting measurers of time.

The Plague in Liverpool.

By J. Cooper Morley.

THOSE of our readers who are familiar with Defoe's "Account of the Plague in London" will remember with what vivid power he describes the ravages which that terrible scourge brought upon the inhabitants of the metropolis at that period. More than one hundred years previously, however, London and many parts of the provinces were visited with an equally terrible scourge, viz., the Sweating Sickness.

Of this sickness we have no narrative as in the case of the plague of 1664-5, and it is only from the correspondence of the remarkable personages of the time that we gain a glimpse of its character and extent. Sir Thomas More, writing to his friend Erasmus, in August, 1517, says: "Almost everyone in Oxford, Cambridge, and London has been ill lately, and we have lost many of our best and most honoured friends. . . . I assure you there is less danger on the battlefield than in the

city."* The account of Dr. Caius, an eminent physician of the period, may be found in Mr. Brewer's introduction to the *Letters and Papers*, Henry VIII., vol. ii.

It is not, however, till some twenty years afterwards that we find any record of the earliest visitation of the plague in Liverpool. In 1540 we are told that Liverpool was nearly depopulated by the plague. At this period the population of the town—or rather village—must have been very small indeed; for in 1555 we find the town consisted of 138 householders only, and allowing seven persons to each house would give a total of 966 inhabitants, which would probably be over than under the number.

After the first visitation, Liverpool appears to have suffered considerably by the frequent recurrence of the pestilence, whether in consequence of refugees from other parts or on account of the unsanitary condition of the town does not very clearly appear. Thus in 1558 we find another record of the plague visiting the town. This time the burial place of the victims was situated in the vicinity of Sawney Pope Street. On this occasion the Council found it

* *Inter Epist. Erasmus*, 522.

necessary to issue more stringent regulations for the good ordering of the inhabitants:

"1558. It is ordered that all persons who may happen to be visited with the pestilence in the said town, that every of them shall depart out of their houses and make their cabbins on the heath, and there to tarry from the feast of the Annunciation of our Lady until the feast of St. Michael the Archangel; and from the said feast of St. Michael until the said feast of the Annunciation of our Lady, to keep them on the back side of their houses, and keep their doors and windows shut on the street side until such time as they have license from the Mayor to open them, and that they keep no fire in their houses, but between 12 and 3 of the clock at afternoon and that no other person or persons be of family conversation or dwell with them upon pain of imprisonment, and to keep their own houses, and that they walk in no street except for a reasonable cause, and their houses to be cleaned or dyght with such as shall be appointed by Mr Mayor for the safeguard of the Town."

Whether it was in consequence of the measures adopted in the foregoing order, or from some other reason not so easily explained, it is certain that for a considerable period following, the inhabitants enjoyed an immunity from any further recurrences of the plague. In 1610, however, we find that a lay of half a fifteenth was charged upon townships in East Lancashire, "to the relief of the infected of the plague in the several towns of Liverpool, Uxton (Euxton), and others,"* but as no official record appears to

* *Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Notes*, i., 99.

have been kept by the local authorities it may be taken for granted that very few of the inhabitants suffered from it.

We are now approaching a period when it became more than ever necessary that the officials should carefully watch the entrance into the town of strangers from other towns; and the extracts which I am about to give will show how valiantly and sturdily the whole community worked in order to protect themselves and their families from any further contagion. Thus on the 12th June, 1647, it was "Ordered that strict wach shalbe kept by the townsmen, because of the rumour of sickness to be begune in Warrington."

Again, on the 29th of the same month, a further order was issued, wherein "It is propounded by the governors, concerning the distraccons betwixt the armie, etc., and other p'ticulers at this assembly. Whereunto, answere was made: 'That it is the desire of Mr. Maior, ye Aldermen, and Comon Councell that in all things there may be a free & faire complyance betwixt the townsmen and ye soldiers, and withal do hold it fit, and ord[r] that the townsmen from tyme to tyme, according to Mr. Maior's direccon

shall joyne w^th^ the soldiers in keeping Wach, and that noe Chester nor Warrington people nor their goods during ye tyme of this infeccon shallbe admitted to come into this towne.'"

In the early part of the following year, we find several entries relating to the plague, from one of which we learn that the town was so poor as to be unable to provide for the wants of those infected, and was therefore obliged to appeal to the Justices of Assize for contributions towards that end, and as the sickness had abated the inhabitants became uneasy at the restraint placed upon them, and applied for their liberty. In connection with this, we find the following entries, under date 14th February, 1648:

"It is this day ordered by Mr. Maior, the Aldermen and Comon Councell assembled, that the p'sons shutt up in their howses within this towne, upon the suspition of the sickness and infeccon, may tomorrow be sett at lib'tie, and the gards taken offe, upon condicon they first shew themselfe unto the officers appoynted for p'vyding for the poore, that they are all in health.

"W^ch^ was donne accordingly, praised be God for his m'cie in o^r^ speedie deliverance."

"April 7^th^, Mem^d^ that the 3^rd^ Portmoote Court, w^ch^ shold have beene held at after Xmas, was deferred and put of by reason of the sickness and infeccon happe'ing in certaine howses in the Chappell Strete, w^ch^, through the blessing of God (great care being taken) and much cost bestowed in

buylding of Cabbans, and removing the said families forth of the towne into the said cabins, it ceased in two months tyme, with the death of about 8 or 9 p'sons of meane qualities."

In the early part of 1649 a return of the sickness was greatly apprehended, therefore the Common Council again ordered that all the poor coming to the town were, with the assistance of the Governor and soldiers, to be kept out. In the following year it was found necessary to place alike restrictions upon all persons and merchandise coming from Ireland and other parts unless the said persons could upon oath prove that they had not been near an infected town.

Yet, with all these precautions, the sickness was slowly but surely finding its way to the town. The virulence of this visitation appears to have been much greater than any that had yet visited the town, nearly all business being suspended, and many of the officials were attacked with the sickness. On the 8th of October it was ordered "that the Ballives shalbe freed from the collecting of the fynes because of the p'sent condicon of the towne in regard of the infeccon."

1651 saw the commencement of another plague in the town, during which more than 200 of the inhabitants (a number probably equal to one-tenth

of the population) died, and were buried in the street now known as Addison Street, but then bearing the name of Sick Man's Lane, or Dead Man's Lane. The Grammar School belonging to the town was closed in consequence of this visitation, and one of the earliest orders passed by the Council in 1652 was "that the Schoolm^{r} shall have his whole q^{rs} wages notwithstandyng his discontinuance of teaching by reason of the sickness." On the same date, Mr. William Williamson was ordered to "goe to Wigan, concerning the ley to be collected for y^{e} poore and infected, and to solizit the Justices of Peace for y^{e} furtherance of the payment thereof."

The continuance of the sickness necessitated the removal of the Custom-house from the town into the country, where it remained for a whole year, during which time none of the State's vessels came into the harbour.* On June the 9th of this year (1653) it was "ord'red that Capt. Thomas Croft shall have 3^{li} paid him by y^{e} Balives forth of y^{e} townes stock, in lew and consideracon of his howse and lands w^{ch} was spoyled by y^{e} infected p'sons being there in y^{e} time of God's Vizitation of y^{e} sickness in this towne."

* Cal. State Papers. Domestic, 1652-53, p. 527.

The plague which was raging in London and elsewhere during 1665 caused much anxiety to the Liverpool authorities as the time of the principal fair approached. On the 2nd November in that year a public meeting of the burgesses was held, and it was resolved:

"That upon consideration and apprehension of the spreading contagion of the plague, now raging in divers neighbouring towns, in Cheshire, and other parts, and of the great concourse of people usually from these parts all the time of the Fairs kept in this town, it is generally noted, agreed, thought fit, and so ordered, that the keeping of the fair here on St. Martin's day next (Nov. 11th) the eve, and other usual day after, here accustomably kept, shall on this present exigent of danger, for this year be absolutely foreborne and forbidden by open publication and notice thereof in the open market the next market day."

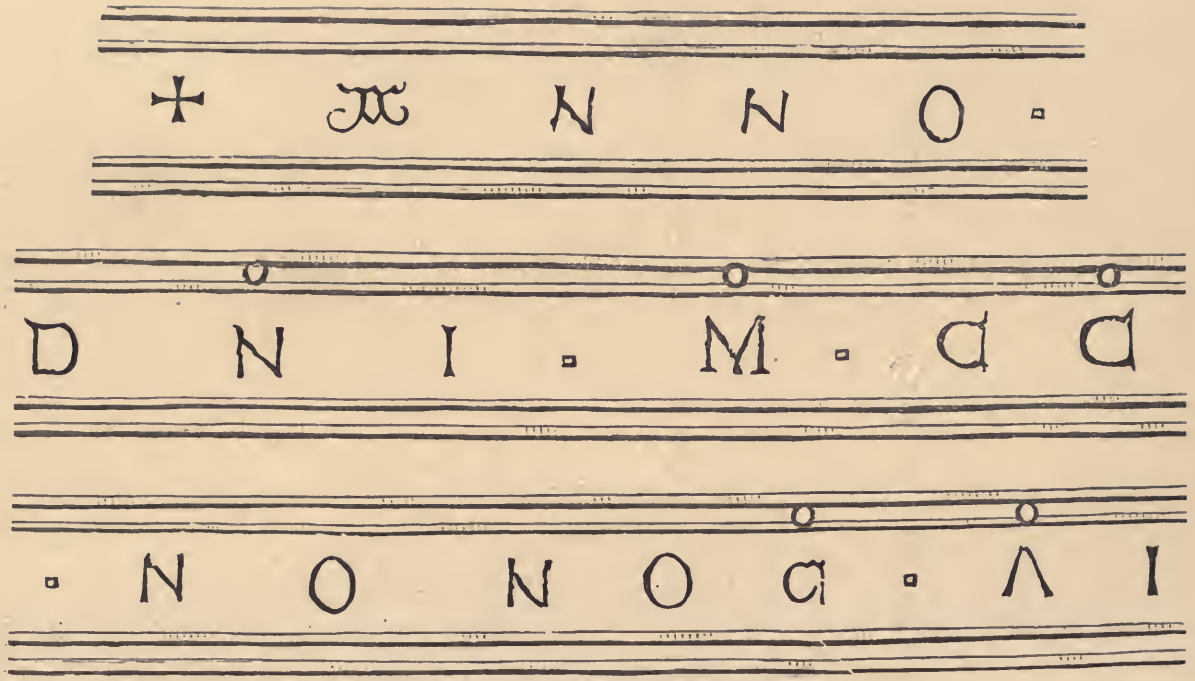
This notice brings our account of the plague in Liverpool to a close. Considering the immense progress which has been made in the town during the last 200 years, and the enormous increase of the population, and of its wealth as a seaport town, it is very questionable whether the authorities of the present day could, in the event of a like pestilence falling upon their city, show a greater desire for the safety, welfare, and honour of its inhabitants than did their predecessors of two hundred years ago.

The old dated Bell at Claughton.

By Robert Langton, f.r.h.s.

THE village of Claughton (pronounced *Clafton*, and written *Claghton*, in the *Inquis Nonarium, temp.* Edward III.) lies on the old Roman road, seven and a half miles from Lancaster, in a north-east by east direction. On approaching the village one cannot but be struck by the imposing and altogether unusual appearance of the double bell-cot at the west end of the church.

In this bell-cot hang two bells, one of them quite modern and of no interest, the other is the oldest dated bell in England—older bells, no doubt, still exist, but they are without date or other inscription. The accompanying illustration is a true rendering of the lettering on the bell, and is exactly half the size of the original inscription. It is taken from a rubbing made by the writer on the evening of June 27th, 1884. The bell at Cold Ashby, in Northamptonshire, is



INSCRIPTION ON THE OLD BELL AT CLAUGHTON.

the next oldest known dated bell, and was cast in 1317. The legend on it reads thus:

" + MARIA – VOCOR – ANO – DNI – M – CCC – XVII – "

The inscription on the Claughton bell is high up on the shoulder of the bell, near the canons, and reads thus:

" + ANNO – DNI – M – CC – NONOG – AI " [1296].

It runs entirely round the bell in a continuous line, and is only broken into three lines here by the necessities of space. The height of the bell, exclusive of canons, is sixteen and a half inches, and its diameter at the mouth is twenty-one and a quarter inches. The weight I estimate at about two hundredweight two quarters; the note is E flat, or a trifle higher. It should be noticed that the founder has inverted the V at the end of the date, a very common blunder in all ages of bell casting; there is, however, no doubt as to the true reading of the date.

It should be mentioned here, that the great antiquity of this bell was first discovered by the Rev. W. B. Grenside, M.A., Vicar of Melling, in 1853.

The Children of Tim Bobbin.

By Ernest Axon.

THE proverb "like father, like son" is not very far from the truth when applied to the Collier family. The father, John Collier, *alias* Tim Bobbin, though certainly a clever man, was eccentric almost to madness, and his habits of life were what we should now regard as disreputable in one to whom was committed the charge of a school. He was a drunkard, and seemed to glory in the fact. His sons were all of them "characters," and had intellectual abilities much above the average; yet they all died poor, and one of them was insane. The wife of Tim Bobbin seems to have been a motherly person of fairly good education. John Collier, jun., the eldest son of Tim Bobbin, was born at Milnrow, in February, 1744-5, and was trained by his father until his twelfth year, when he was placed as an apprentice with Mr. Bowcock, herald-painter, of Chester. He early displayed ability in his profession,—thanks, probably, to his father

having taught him the elements of painting,—and at fourteen was sent by his master to Rochdale to paint the Royal arms in the Parish Church. After his time was served, he returned to his father at Milnrow; then he went to York for a short time, and in 1766 settled at Newcastle-upon-Tyne as a coach painter and heraldic artist. He speedily made a good business in Newcastle, and only a month or two after settling there he wrote in jubilant tones about his work. "My business has kept as brisk as my last left me, without housework, which I have neither time nor inclination to undertake. My work pleases, the price sometimes a little muttered at; no wonder, as 'tis generally near one-third more than any painter has here beside myself." The result of John Collier's first year's work was a profit of almost £60, but he says: "I have no great inclination for settling in a place, though I know rambling will be no better for me." John Collier was joined at Newcastle by his brother Thomas, but the brothers soon disagreed. John complained to his father that Thomas was lazy, conceited, and failed in his duty as a servant. In August, 1767, Tom left, and his place was taken by his brother Charles. The change made little

difference in the tone of John's letters to their father, and the complaints were renewed, though the name was altered. It seems probable that the person most at fault was John Collier, whose gloomy, irritable spirit made him somewhat difficult to work with. After Tom left John there was some talk of his taking service with a rival coachmaker in the town. The father thought this a very desirable arrangement, for his sons could be near each other, and the elder assist the younger. John was opposed to it. "Do you think," he writes to his father, "it would have tallied with my interests or temper to have assisted those whose power and delight would have been to see me reduced to the servile condition of being their slave? Would you correct the work of a Finch or Stuart, or like me for doing it? I think not, nor should you wish to see the rankest enemies of one of your sons assisted by the other; if I have put it in his power to help my enemies to stab me, gratitude might forbid it; the world is wide enough,—in the name of God let him fill some corner on it where I am not." John Collier had no longer any desire for rambling. He was in love. As his father wrote: "The lad's smitten with *no beauty*, and with no

great fortune; I believe it will be £400." On January 22nd, 1768, John Collier was married to Betty Ranken, the youngest and favourite daughter of Mr. Robert Ranken, a well-to-do tradesman in Newcastle. The accession of fortune he had with his wife enabled John to extend his business. He built a house and workshops, and added coachbuilding to his previous occupations. He did a little painting of "old masters." Of this branch of art he was not very proud, and wrote to his father, who had indiscreetly mentioned it:—"I am not pleased at your acquainting any person with my painting the old head. I thought I had given you a caution (when I painted that for Mills's on canvas) not even to tell Tom the secret, as he, by not being able to do it as it ought to be, would only discover the imposition, without any benefit to himself; 'tis true I did paint it, nor do I think it a crime to impose on those who are fond of giving high prices for the indifferent works of persons dead, which very seldom have anything to recommend them but their age and dirtiness." John Collier's building operations brought him into contact with a Mr. Drummond about some land in which the Corporation was also interested. It appears that

Collier's house encroached on Mr. Drummond's land. This led to a lawsuit, and the part projecting was forcibly taken down. The litigation in this and kindred matters embittered the remainder of the sane period of John Collier's life, and perhaps hastened his insanity.

John Collier was often severe in his criticisms, and unkind in his remarks. Even his father, for whom he had a genuine admiration, did not escape. Criticising some of his father's work, in 1769, the younger John said: "You certainly might etch your heads yourself better than that plate you sent, and, to tell you plainly, the drawing is so very bad, and the composition, I can scarcely make either sense or satire of it, whatever is designed by it." It is true that posterity has justified the young man's criticism. John Collier carried on a pamphleteering campaign against the Corporation of Newcastle. In 1775, he published anonymously, "The Corporation: A Fragment," in which, in Hudibrastic verse, he satirised the civic body. In 1777, appeared "An Essay on Charters, in which are particularly considered those of Newcastle," an essay which combined considerable research and antiquarian knowledge with keen satire. About this time

he lost his first wife, an event that somewhat unsettled him, and, not long afterwards, he fell in love with a girl, many years his junior, named Betty Howard, whom he married at the Collegiate Church, Manchester, 16th December, 1777. His wife assumed for the ceremony a false name (Forster).* There is consequently some doubt as to the legality of the marriage. Shortly afterwards, his already marked eccentricity rapidly developed into violent insanity. He complained that his young wife put steel filings in his shirt and stockings, which made him that he could not rest, and to prevent the repetition of such conduct, he beat her so severely with a poker that he bent it across her back.

In 1778 appeared "An Alphabet for the Grown-up Grammarians of Great Britain. By John Collier, a Supposed Lunatic." Whether this curious pamphlet appeared before or during his incarceration is uncertain. He had some idea of a phonetic alphabet, and advocated the substitution of the letter "K" for the "Q," which he says "is the devil of a letter in our alphabet, because it is none at all." He sums up: "Fourteen vowels! six mongrels! five consonants! and

* Information of Mr. John Owen.

one devil knows what, form our present alphabet, consisting of twenty-six marks." Early in 1778 Collier tried to shoot a servant of Mr. Thomas Slack, the printer of one of his earlier works, whose life he also threatened. Mr. Slack had the matter inquired into by the magistrates, and John Collier was confined in the lunatic hospital, where his brother Thomas found him "chained to his bed, with proper apparatus for one in his deplorable situation." The magistrates would not release him until they had a bond for his good behaviour whilst remaining in Newcastle, and there seems to have been some unwillingness on the part of both the Colliers and the Rankens to undertake the responsibility. Thomas Collier wished John to go to Penrith with him, but the unfortunate man vowed that he would stay in Newcastle and prosecute those he imagined to have used him ill, "and if justice is not to be had, to blow their brains out." He had his lucid intervals, but broke out again without any warning. When writing a letter he would often stop and say, "Now, some thick-headed attorney has set his head on my shoulders, but had I a pistol I would soon do for him." In January, 1779, John Collier was released and placed in the charge of his brother

Thomas at Penrith, who found him both troublesome and expensive. In the lunatic's first week at Penrith he ran his brother into debt to the amount of ten or fifteen shillings "by ordering things for an electrical machine, printing," etc. There is in existence a long letter of John Collier's, dated January 9, 1780, full of mad wanderings and incoherent sentences. He curses his father and brothers for believing in his insanity, complains of his treatment by his brother, states his theory about the transference of thought from one person to another by means of electricity, and is in trouble about his property. Writing to his father he asks, "Why do you support his [Mr. Howard] making off with my money, or think a fool of that stamp, or my brothers, or you either, can settle accounts of my own work, in which I have never yet failed, better than myself." After a few years, Collier had recovered sufficiently to be allowed at large, and he spent the remainder of his life at Milnrow. In the early days of his partial recovery he did some painting. One of his works was a portrait of himself in a sort of iron mask or grating, which he used to wear occasionally, and which he had made for himself out of hoop-iron. He also painted a sign for the

Ship Inn at Vicar's Moss, Rochdale. This sign was, it is said, not badly executed, but the artist had painted the sails full set and the ship sailing stern first, whilst some sailors in a boat were rowing with their faces to the prow. Jacky, as he was called by the villagers at Milnrow, was of middle stature, and had a strongly marked and venerable-looking countenance. His dress was uncouth, and he had a habit of wearing his clothes wrong side out, and towards the end of his life he dressed in sackcloth. With this peculiarity of dress, clogs with extremely thick soles, and carrying a staff almost as long as himself and two inches thick, he was a very striking figure in Milnrow, His liking for having every article of clothing inside out did not at first extend to his clogs, which he was unable to reverse. At last, after much study, he hit on a plan, and by taking the nails out, turning the leather, and nailing it on again on the lower edge of the sole, he accomplished his object. John Collier owned a few cottages in Milnrow, and on one occasion, thinking his tenants had affronted him, he decided to evict them. Wishing to know the correct way of doing this, he sent his brother Charles to consult a lawyer, and Charles, being inquisitive, asked all

the various proceedings of a contested suit at law. When Charles got home he told Jacky all he had heard. John decided to take a shorter method. He got up early the next morning, before any of his tenants were stirring, fastened their doors and windows from the outside, and stuffed up their chimneys with hay and straw. When the tenants lit their fires the smoke could find no outlet, and the inhabitants became almost suffocated. Collier released them only on condition that they consented to take their goods away and give up possession at once.

Thus John Collier's later years were spent. He had survived his second wife, and was living with his nephew, James Clegg, at whose house in Milnrow he died in 1809. He left two daughters and a son, Edmund Collier, a harmless labouring man, who was for many years a farmer's servant, and used to retail milk in the streets of Rochdale.

Thomas Collier, the next son of Tim Bobbin, was not nearly so unfortunate as his elder brother, but his life was not without its vicissitudes. He was born at Milnrow in 1746, and, after he had served his time with a painter at Leeds, entered the service of his brother at Newcastle, at a salary of half-a-crown a week and board. He and John could not

agree. Thomas wanted his wages raised, and John declined to raise them, whilst John wanted to be autocratic, and Thomas would not obey him. The result was that the brothers separated.

Thomas went to London in August, 1767. He found that it was impossible for him to get sufficient to live upon, and he would have been in great straits had he not found good friends there who allowed him the use of their house, and nursed him through a long illness. Less than a year sufficed to tire him of London, and he returned to Newcastle to his brother's employment, but the wrangling commenced again, and in February, 1769, John turned him out of the house, and vowed that he should never enter his door again, "except he reforms in a manner that I am very certain 'tis not in his nature to do." Tom was high-spirited and extravagant. He ran into debt, and made a show of wealth by giving tips twice as large as his elder brother did.

In 1770, John wrote to his father that Tom was a source of continued uneasiness to him, "not only on account of doing good to himself, but on account of the ridiculous actions which mark his low-lifed, grovelling spirit." When Newcastle steeple was being repaired, Tom very foolhardily

ventured to the top of an outside spire. While on it he was seized with a tremor, and had to be ignominiously carried down by a Steeple Jack. When he got to the bottom a sturdy bellringer rope-ended him very severely. On another occasion he went with a party of journeymen into the Sandgate shouting "Wilkes and Liberty," amongst the keelmen and colliers. John Collier relates that the journeymen "got pelted severely; Tom in particular was trailed and tumbled by the women in the channel till his cloaths were all of a colour with dirt and nastiness, and so very severely bruised and battered that he would in all probability have died under their discipline had he not, with the assistance of a few of the men more merciful than the rest, got shoved into a boat and got over the river." It was soon noised abroad that "Mr Collier was almost killed," and the staid and respectable John Collier was annoyed by messages and inquiries being sent to him to ask how he did, and congratulations on his speedy recovery from his bruises. "Judge to yourself," writes the injured elder brother, "when an unfortunate, ridiculous action is saddled on a wrong person; if he was not of the same name, I should be content, and laugh along with the rest

at his folly; but as it is, it galls me to the quick even to excuse myself and say, 'I suppose it was my brother.'" Thomas Collier eventually commenced business at Penrith, and was for some years comparatively successful. With fraternal piety he took charge of his brother during his violent madness. He was interested in politics, and not being on the right side, the magistrates of the town took every opportunity of harassing him. During the Revolution he wrote and printed a volume of indifferent verse, "Poetical Politics," but before it was published, information was given to the magistrates, and Mr. Collier was apprehended. He was confined for several days, and only liberated on condition that the whole of the printed copies should be destroyed; consequently they were all burnt, with the exception of one copy, which Mr. Collier contrived to secrete. "Poetical Politics" was not Tom's only attempt at verse. He wrote the well-known epitaph on Tim Bobbin's grave, which has erroneously been said to have been written by Tim himself shortly before his death. He was author of a fulsome "Eulogium on Tim Bobbin by way of epitaph," which contains the lines :—

"Thy name, O Tim! thy works have spread,
And thou, like Homer, shall be read
As long as time remains."

He also wrote a poem on hanging, entitled "Law, law." He pretended to understand astrology, and used to describe himself as a "conjurer and professor of mighty magic." Tom Collier's business having been ruined in Penrith, he removed to Rochdale, where the latter years of his life were spent. He died in 1825, leaving an illegitimate son, Robert Collier, who succeeded to his father's business as a painter, and was also an auctioneer, but became reduced in circumstances and health about 1829, and removed to Liverpool.

The youngest brother of this unfortunate family was Charles Collier. Born in 1749, he was, like his brothers, apprenticed to a painter, and followed Tom as assistant to John Collier. The brothers did not agree, and Charles left Newcastle, settled at Kendal, and prospered in business. He married a widow with £100 a year, and resided at Kirby Hall for some time. Before he was thirty he was in a position to be able to buy Tim Bobbin's cottage, which he presented to his father and mother for their lives.

Mrs. Charles Collier died in 1782, and her income died with her. Charles therefore left Kendal and removed to Milnrow, where he painted, and carried on business as a flannel dealer. Amongst other commissions, he received orders for the portraits of the Rev. Mr. Shaw, his wife, and two children, and of Jeremiah Ainsworth, the mathematician. The combination of portrait painter and flannel dealer was not a success, perhaps because Charles Collier was fonder of field sports than of business. He kept a hunter, and lived in an extravagant style, and after his father's death was forced to give up business, and thenceforward he made a scanty living as an itinerant portrait painter. Of the rambling life he led we may get some idea from a three months' tour in 1802. He visited Oxford, London, Hertford, Cambridge, Ely, Bury St. Edmunds,—where he "got a little cash in pocket with painting portraits, size of palm of my hand, in oil,"—Norwich, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Ipswich, Harwich, Rochester, Chatham, Dover, Brighton, Portsmouth, Gosport, Salisbury, Exeter, Plymouth, Penrhyn, and Falmouth, His travelling and privations aged him rapidly, and when fifty-three he wrote that he looked "full threescore

years old." Charles was extremely fond of seeing soldiers, and on one occasion walked from Rochdale to Dover that he might witness a review there. When the great review was held on Kersal Moor, in 1812, he was one of the first on the ground, having gone there on the previous evening and slept in the open air. Charles Collier, broken in health, and in great poverty, lived at Milnrow during his last years, and died there in 1812, in the house of his nephew, Mr. James Clegg.

The "Black Art" at Bolton.

IN the sixteenth century the "Black Art" meant not only witchcraft, but burglary in its initial stages. "The Blacke Arte," says Robert Greene, "is picking of Lockes, and to this busie trade two persons are required, the Charme and the Stand. The Charm is he that doth the feate, and the Stand is he that watcheth." Some of the tools of the trade, he says, were imported from Italy. Particulars of this and other methods of knavery are given in Greene's "Second Part of Conny-Catching," which was first printed in 1591, where there is a narrative of a Bolton tragi-comedy. This curious story is as follows :—

"Not far off from *Bolton* in the Mores, there dwelled an auncient Knight, who for curtesie and hospitallitie was famous in those partes: diuers of his Tennantes making repaire to his house, offred diuers complaintes to him how their lockes were pickt in the night and diuers of them vtterly vndoon by that meanes: and who it should be they could not tell, onely they suspected a Tinker that went about the Country and in all places did spend verye lauishlye: the Knight willing, heard what they exhibited, and promised both redresse and reuenge

if he or they could learne out the man. It chaunced not long after their complaintes, but this iollye Tinker (so experte in the black arte) came by the house of this Knight, as the olde gentleman was walking afore the gate, and cryed for worke: the Knight straight coniecturing this should be that famous rogue that did so much hurt to his Tennantes, cald in and askt him if they had any worke for the Tinker: the Cooke aunswered there was three or foure old Kettles to mend, come in Tinker: so this fellowe came in, laide downe his budget and fell to his worke, a black Jacke of beere for this Tinker sayes the Knight, I know tinkers haue drye soules: the Tinker he was pleasant and thankt him humblye, the Knight sate down by him and fell a ransacking his budget, and asked wherefore this toole serued and wherefore that: the tinker tolde him all: at last as he tumbled amongst his old brasse, the Knight spyed three or fower bunches of pick-lockes: he turnd them over quickly as though he had not seene them and said, well tinker I warrant thou art a passing cunning fellow & well skild in thine occupacion by the store of tooles thou hast in thy budget: In faith if it please your worship quoth he, I am thankes be to God my craftes maister. I, so much I perceiue that thou art a passing cunning fellowe quoth the Knight, therefore let vs haue a fresh Jacke of beere and that of the best and strongest for the Tinker: thus he past away the time pleasantlye, and when he had done his worke he asked what he would have for his paines? but two shillinges of your worship quoth the Tinker: two shillinges sayes the Knight, alas Tinker it is too little, for I see by thy tooles thou art a passing cunning workman: holde there is two shillinges, come in, shalt drink a cup of wine before thou goest: but I pray tell me which way trauailest thou? faith sir quoth the Tinker all is one to me, I am not much out of my way wheresoeuer I goe, but now I am going to *Lancaster:* I praye thee Tinker then quoth the Knight, carry me a Letter to the Jaylor,

for I sent in a fellow thither the other day and I would send word to the Jaylor he should take no bale for him: marry that I will in most dutifull manner quoth he, and much more for your woorship than that: giue him a cup of wine quoth the Knight, and sirrha (speaking to his Clarke) make a Letter to the Jaylor, but then he whispered to him and bad him make a *mittimus* to send the Tinker to prison: the Clarke answered he knewe not his name: Ile make him tell it thee him selfe sayes the Knight, and therefore fall you to your pen: the Clarke began to write his *mittimus*, and the Knight began to aske what Countryman he was, where he dwelt, & what was his name: the Tinker tolde him all, and the Clarke set it in with this *prouiso* to the Jaylor, that he should keep him fast bolted, or else he would break awaye. As sone as the *mittimus* was made, sealed and subscribed in forme of a Letter, the Knight took it and deliuered it to the Tinker and said, giue this to the Cheefe Jaylor of *Lancaster* & heres two shillings more for thy labour: so the Tincker tooke the Letter and the money and with many a cap and knee thanked the olde Knight and departed: and made haste til he came at *Lancaster*, and staid not in the town so much as to taste one cup of nappy ale, before he came at the Jailor, and to him very briskly he deliuered his letter: the jailor took it and read it and smilde a good, and said tinker thou art welcom for such a Knights sake, he bids me giue thee y^{e} best entertainment I may: I sir quoth the tincker the Knight loues me wel, but I pray you hath y^{e} courteous gentlema remembred such a poore man as I? I marry doth he tincker, and therefore sirra q. he to one of his men, take y^{e} tinker in y$_{e}$ lowest ward, clap a strong pair of bolts on his heeles, and a basil of 28 pound weight, and then sirra see if your pick lock wil serue the turne to bale you hence? at this the tinker was blank, but yet he thought the jailor had but iested: but whe he heard the *mittimus* his hart was colde, and had not a word to say: his

conscience accused: and there he lay while the next sessions, and was hangd at *Lancaster*, and all his skil in the black art could not serue him."

The story will not be unfamiliar to our readers, but it may be fresh to find it localised in Lancashire three centuries ago. It may be claimed as perhaps the earliest recorded instance of that form of practical joking sometimes styled "Bolton trotting."

An Infant Prodigy in 1679.

By Arthur W. Croxton.

A NOT uninteresting side of the past history of Manchester—and, in fact, of Lancashire generally—is that which has shown the birth and progress of religious and social movements, which have in time become incorporated with the history of the nation. While, in these matters, Manchester may be said to stand in the forefront as the source of much that is good, it has also not been without its religious and social frauds and quacks. Perhaps the earliest of these appeared in the days of Elizabeth, when the northern provincial towns and villages were not noted as places where education or refinement could be found. His name was Ellis Hall. He called himself Elias, the "Manchester Prophet," and died in prison in London on the 25th of February, 1565. When in business in Manchester, Elias saw remarkable visions. He gave up the worldly attractions of business life for the joys of the seer, and went to

London, where he attempted to gain admittance to the Queen. But with visions and seers Elizabeth would have nothing to do. Ellis Hall was arrested, condemned to the pillory, and whipped by the ministers at Bedlam. More than one hundred years later, although the time was the age of Milton, Bunyan, Newton, and the Royal Society, the public mind had made little advance in the acquirement of that knowledge which is the despair of quacks and frauds. Only three years after George Fox began to preach his doctrine, and to "declare the truth among the professors at Duckenfield and Manchester." Hollinworth, the historian, shows that the good townsfolk of Manchester were as loath as ever to disbelieve the marvellous. For instance, "in Blakeley, neere Manchester, in one John Pendleton's ground, as one was reaping, the corne being cut, seemed to bleede; drops fell out of it like to bloud; multitudes of people went to see it, and the strawes thereof, though of a kindly colour without, were within reddish, and as it were, bloudy."

But marvels of this kind fade into insignificance when the year 1679 is reached. It was in this year that an infant prodigy, a "wonderfull child,"

named Charles Bennet, became "the Discourse and wonder of all Lancashire, Warwickshire, and parts adjacent." There is little known about the boy whose wonders moved Manchester to its heart's core in the last days of the second Charles. What evidence there is of the boy's existence is to be found in a tract which appeared in London in 1679, at the time when Bennet was reaching the summit of his wondrous career. Its title is in the following form :

"The
Wonderfull Child
or
Strange News
from
Manchester,"

and from its contents may be gathered one or two interesting particulars relating to the birth and career of Charles Bennet. Certainly a great deal may be learned about his extraordinary possession, at the age of three, of powers and abilities which would do credit to the Admirable Crichton himself. The tract begins by stating that :

"The Holy Scripture witnesseth, that God doth often reveal his strength, and shew the glorious effects of his power, out of the *mouths of babes and sucklings*. What we are here to relate, is certainly as rare and signal a dispensation of his providence,

as most that have occurred in our Age. And this is concerning a child, the Discourse and wonder of all Lancashire, Warwickshire, and parts adjacent; For that having never been taught any but his mother Tongue; and being in truth of an age too young and incapable, to all humane apprehension, of being taught or instructed in anything of Learning, being but three years of age; and when he began first, not so much; he does yet freely and frequently speak *Latine*, *Greek* and *Hebrew* besides English, which he was bred unto: and answers Questions demanded of him, in any of those Languages."

Then follows some information as to the birth of the child. The son of "one *Thomas Bennet*, an honest, poor, industrious man in the town of *Manchester*," he was "born on the 22nd day of June, in the year of our Lord 1676; so that two days befors this last *Midsummer* day he was completely three years of age, and no more; as not only by its parents' affirmation, but likewise that of the church-book,* and the testimony of many of their Neighbours does most certainly appear." The enthusiastic author, whose zeal is more than suspicious, afterwards remarks that the countenance of this remarkable child "is very

* Mr John Owen has kindly examined his transcripts of the Manchester Collegiate Church Registers for Bennet's baptism. No one named Bennet was baptised about 1676, but in that year "Charles, son of Robert Bent of Manchester" was baptized June 22nd, 1676. This would no doubt be the wonderful child, in spite of the father's name being Robert instead of Thomas. Robert Bent had two other children baptized at the Collegiate Church; Ann, Oct. 31st 1675, and Katharine, Dec. 22nd, 1678.

solid and composed;" and that, considering his tender age—"which usually is brisk and full of play"—he seems inclined to "Melancholy, yet hath a kind of Majestical Gravity even already appearing in his looks; which is frequently attended with a modest smile: and when he hears people fall into excessive praises of, or wondering extremely at him, does commonly blush and reprove them; desiring them to praise that God, and admire his power and goodness, who is the sole bestower of every good and perfect Gift and work."

This young man of sensibility, with his "antique youth," could prattle English when he was but a year and a quarter old. As for Latin and the other languages with which he is said to have been acquainted, they came to him "by inspiration." When he was a little over two years old, his powers seem to have attracted attention. "For," the tract remarks, "one of his relations being reading a Chapter, the child observed that they read wrong, and withal told them what was right: and afterwards was heard by several that understood it to speak words of Latine; at which the hearers were not a little surprised both because of his Age and Education."

This, however, was not all; the child's ambition soared beyond Latin. He read Greek and Hebrew to his relatives, with the result that his fame spread wide; and "abundance of Ministers, Physicians, and Gentlemen that are scholars come out of Curiosity to see and hear him; which when they have done, they all confess that they never saw, heard of, or read the like." Manchester soon became too small for the child, and he determined that "he must go to the King, for he had something to say to him." Then the boy made a "royal progress" to London. He could only travel a little way each day; multitudes crowded to see him; and "persons of quality" invited him to their houses. At Coventry all the magistrates came out to see him, and "heard him talk in the Languages aforesaid to several Ministers; whom he very freely converses with, and answers all questions out of the Bible, in a wonderful manner."

Evil tongues are ever prone to belittle that which is good or successful. Charles Bennet was not without enemies, for "there are some people who would seem very wise, that imagine this child is possessed, and that some evil spirit answers for it in this variety of languages." At this, the child's

special pleader, the author of the tract, becomes righteously indignant; he repels with scorn such insinuations. Rather, he says, "we do esteem it as an extraordinary gift from God; and hope it will be a means to advance his glory, that those who will not be reclaimed from their ill lives by the ordinary ministers of the church, may at least be awakened from their sin to see this young miraculous preacher, sent to call them to repentance." It is to be hoped that this pious ejaculation was not made in vain. The tract thus concludes: "We have a tradition of the famous *Ambrose Merlin*, that he prophesied from his very infancy; whence some report him not to have been of *humane race*, but begot by the Phantasm of *Apollo*, but these are but *old wives Fables*." "I cannot say," the author magnanimously remarks, "this *prodigious child* is a prophet; and yet I heard that several things he hath said have afterwards come to pass. He came to London the 28th instant, and is lodged at the Bear Inn in Smithfield, where hundreds have been to see him." Such is the story of the early days of Charles Bennet; whether he grew up to manhood does not seem to be known. Those whom the gods love die young, and doubtless the boy met

with an early death. How far this record of his career is true would be difficult to say. The seventeenth century was not remarkable for its religious balance ; the youthful life of John Bunyan will show to what an extent enthusiasm ruled in matters of the heart and religion. To apply the searching criticism with which Renan attacks the synoptic gospels to this little story of Charles Bennet, would probably speedily show the weakness of the fabric on which it is built.

Wife Desertion in the Olden Times.

AMONGST the documents in the town chest of Atherton, there is the following, which exhibits a striking portrait of a ne'er-do-weel of the past :—

"The humble petition of Henry Mills, otherwise Meanley, of Atherton, in the County of Lancaster, Naylor: (To the Churchwardens and Overseers of the Poore and others, the Inhabitants of the Townshipp of Atherton aforesaid) Humbly Sheweth That whereas your Petitioner, Henry Mills, otherwise Meanley, hath severall times withdrawn himself from his ffamiley and strolled about the country with a strange woman in a disolute and disorderly manner whereby his Lawfull Wife and Children have been chargeable and burdensome to the Inhabitants of the said Township of Atherton, haveing at times for Rent, Phisick, Cloathing, and other nessessarys Received from the s^{d} Overseers of the Poore to the sums of Nine pounds. Now, your petitioner humbly begs that the s^{d} Churchwardens, Overseers of the Poore, and others the Inhabitants of the said Township, will be pleased to pardon and forgive your s^{d} Petitioner at least so far as to legall or Bodily punishm^{t} and your Petitioner will do what in him lies to reimburse to the said Overseers of the Poore the sum of Six pounds in maner following (That is to say) ffive shillings at the delivery hereof and ffive shillings every Quarter of a year, to commence from the date hereoff and to continue untill the said sume of six pounds be fully paid and discharged,

this your petitioner humbly hopes they will in their goodness comply with. And if your Petitioner does not conform himself wholly to the terms above mentioned and prove himself a good Husband to his Wife and ffamiley your petitioner will submit himself to any Bodily punishment the law shall direct, and in return your Petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray, &c.—Signed by your petitioner the third day of December, 1735.

HENRY X MILLS,
otherwise MEANLEY,
his Marke.

Witnesses hereto: Thos. Collier, Peter Collier."

The idea of binding down an erratic spirit like this by virtue of a piece of paper and a wafer seal, argues a faith in human nature that even the operation of the old poor law could not dispel.

The Colquitt Family of Liverpool.

THOUGH now scarcely remembered in Liverpool, the family of Colquitt was once of great importance in that town. They occupied a prominent position in Liverpool for almost a century and a half, and now the only local reminder of their existence is the street known by their name.

The Colquitts were originally a Cornish family, and in 1620, Mr. John Colquite of St. Sampson's, Cornwall, having failed to establish his right to bear arms, was proclaimed by the heralds to be "no gentleman," and was prohibited from assuming the style and privileges of one. Another John Colquitt, apparently the grandson of John Colquite, "no gentleman," was surveyor in the Customs at Hull. He served under Cromwell and the Rump, and was not friendly to the Royal House. At the Restoration, complaints were made against him, alleging that he was "trying to keep up the old interest, dismissing loyal men, and employing four dangerous officers in the late

army." The result of the complaint is not known. Benjamin Colquitt, son of the Hull surveyor, was admitted to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1670. He graduated B.A. in 1673, became M.A. in 1677, and immediately afterwards was incorporated at the University of Oxford.

The connection of this family of Colquitts with Liverpool commenced towards the end of the seventeenth century, but more than a century earlier, Mr. Humphrey Colquitt was a member of the Liverpool Corporation. Mr. John Colquitt I. was surveyor of Customs at Liverpool in 1699, when he was granted a moiety of £91 in English coin, which had been seized by him and a brother officer when it was being illegally exported. Six years later, Edward Scarborough, collector, John Colquitt, surveyor, and Marmaduke Dean, controller, of the Liverpool Customs, were engaged in some extensive frauds which resulted in their dismissal from office. It is probable that other places were found for them, and the Liverpool surveyor was almost certainly identical with John Colquitt, collector of Customs at Poole. John Colquitt, of Poole, married Frances Allen, of Christleton, near the city of Chester, and his son, John Colquitt II., was also in the Customs.

He appears to have owed his introduction to the service to the then member for Liverpool, the enterprising but impecunious Sir Thomas Johnson, who ended an active life as a merchant and public man in an obscure post in an unknown corner of the American colonies. Colquitt was collector of Customs at Leith for some years, and in 1726 was appointed to the lucrative and important position of collector at Liverpool, a post he held for twenty-three years. With his two sons he was amongst the subscribers to the building of the Liverpool Infirmary in 1745.

This second John Colquitt married Frances, daughter of Roger Smith, of Frolesworth and Edmundthorpe, in Leicestershire, and had four sons, John III., Edward, Scrope, and Thomas. The eldest son, John Colquitt III., entered Rugby School in 1726, being described in the school register as "son of John Colquit, Esq., Liverpool." He succeeded his father as collector of Customs at Liverpool in 1749. During a long tenure of office he acquired considerable wealth, which was invested in the neighbourhood of the present Colquitt Street. These lands were formed into streets of commodious houses which long kept up their aristocratic prestige. He married the

widow of one of the Seel family, whose estates adjoined his, but he left no children. Mr. Brooke records a saying of Mr. Colquitt's in 1770, "How happy shall I be," said the worthy official, "when the Customs of Liverpool amount to £100,000 a year." At that time they were between £80,000 and £90,000 per annum. What would Mr. Colquitt have thought had he returned to his post half a century later, when the Customs revenue had increased to many times the amount he could have anticipated even in his most sanguine moments. Mr. John Colquitt III. died in 1773. His brother, Edward Colquitt, second son of John Colquitt II., was born at Leith in 1716, educated at the Bury Grammar School and at St. John's, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1739, and became a clergyman of the episcopal church in Scotland, being minister of St. Andrew's, Edinburgh. The Rev. Edward Colquitt died unmarried. The fourth son, Thomas Colquitt, also died a bachelor, having perished in a passage boat off Anglesea. A daughter of John II. was the wife of Francis Gildart, a member of an old Liverpool family, and holder for many years of the office of town clerk.

Scrope Colquitt, the third son of John Colquitt

II., was an important person in his day. He was born in 1719, and like other members of his family was an officer of the Customs at Liverpool. He was a member of the Common Council, and in 1753 was bailiff of the town. His name figures in the lists of first subscribers to the Liverpool Infirmary in 1745, and to the Liverpool Dispensary in 1779. When, in 1756, there was great distress among the Liverpool townsfolk, Mr. Scrope Colquitt was one of a committee appointed by the Corporation to administer a fund raised for their relief. In 1759, he signed an address from the leading inhabitants of the town to the printer of the "Liverpool Advertiser," requesting him to discontinue giving in his paper lists of the shipping of the port. The lists had proved too good a guide to the French war-ships in their search for plunder and prize-money to be appreciated by the Liverpool merchants.

Scrope Colquitt resided at Mount Pleasant, which in the last century really deserved its name, if we may judge from the well-to-do families living in its neighbourhood. He was married first, in 1744, to Elizabeth, daughter of John Goodwin, of Biddulph, Staffordshire, and secondly, to Mrs. Bridget Harrison, a widow. By his first

wife, Scrope Colquitt had a large family. Anne died in infancy; John will be dealt with later; Frances was married to Captain Gideon Johnstone, R.N., youngest son of Sir James Johnstone, Bart.; Mary died unmarried, at Christleton, in 1776; Goodwin, Scrope, and William will be named later; and Elizabeth, Smith, and Ralph died young.

The eldest son, John Colquitt IV., was born in 1746, and became an attorney. He lived, according to Picton, in Wood Street, but in the Directory of 1774 his address is 39, Atherton Street. He laid out streets on his property, which lay between Wood Street and Seel Street. The street now called Berry Street was originally Colquitt Street, but when the present Colquitt Street was formed the name was transferred to the new street, and the old one then became Berry Street. Mr. John Colquitt IV. was a member of the Common Council, and bailiff of the town in 1774. His name occurs in the Latin inscription on the first stone of St. John's Church.

In 1781, he succeeded his uncle, Francis Gildart, as town clerk, but can hardly be said to have shone in that office, for in an important trial between the Corporations of Liverpool and

London, respecting the town dues, another attorney, Henry Brown, was employed, Colquitt not being considered competent for the extensive research and deep legal lore required. John Colquitt IV. was married to Bridget, daughter of Mr. Samuel Martin, of Whitehaven, Drumcondra, and of Virginia, and died in 1807.

The town clerk's children were John Scrope, Samuel Martin, and Bridget, who married Mr. Thomas John Parke, of Liverpool, and who died a widow in 1861. John Scrope Colquitt, the eldest son, was born in 1775, and baptised at St. Thomas's, Liverpool. He was educated at Macclesfield Grammar School, and at Rugby. He entered the army, and became lieutenant-colonel in the Guards. Colonel J. S. Colquitt served in the Peninsular War with distinction. He was wounded at Barossa. At the capture of Seville, in April, 1812, he was again wounded so severely that he died from the effects. Colonel Colquitt's brother, Samuel Martin Colquitt, took a prominent part in Liverpool politics. He was born in 1777, and went to Macclesfield and Rugby with his brother. He had, when only six years of age, been entered in the books of the Royal Navy as Captain's servant. This was on

the 10th December, 1783, and though really he was still at school, he nominally cruised, until 1789, on the Irish Channel and Halifax stations. He was a midshipman before this cruise was finished, and it was probably in that capacity that he actually joined the navy. In 1794, he took part in the capture of two French vessels, after a battle of three hours. In 1795, he was promoted lieutenant, and served in the Mediterranean and off the coast of Spain, and was first lieutenant and acting captain of the "Thalia." Having become captain in 1802, Colquitt commanded for several years the "Princess" floating battery off Lymington and Liverpool. During the time he held this command, Captain Colquitt was one of the leaders of the Tory party in Liverpool. In 1804, he was second in the duel in which Mr. Edward Grayson, shipbuilder, was mortally wounded. Captain Colquitt and his principal, Lieutenant Sparling, were indicted for murder at the Lancaster Assizes, but, though there could be no doubt of their legal guiltiness they were acquitted. At that time duelling was winked at by the authorities, and even in the clearest cases verdicts of not guilty were returned. In 1809, Colquitt was appointed to the command

of the "Persian," on the West India station. He became post-captain in 1810, and attained the rank of rear-admiral in 1846. A curious episode in the captain's political life was his standing for Preston in 1826. There were eight candidates, and the polling was as follows: for Hon. E. G. S. Stanley, 2944; John Wood, 1974; Captain R. Barrie, 1653; William Cobbett, 995; Sir T. B. Beevor, Bart., 14; Captain Colquitt, 1; John Lawe, 1; and Mark Philips, 0. Admiral Colquitt died at Bishopstoke in his seventy-second year, in 1847, having been in the Royal Navy for sixty-four years.

Goodwin Colquitt, the admiral's uncle, was also in the navy. Born in 1750, he served during the French wars, and became a captain and commander. In 1782, he was in command of H.M.S. "Echo," of sixteen guns. He died at Bath, in 1826. Captain Goodwin Colquitt married a Manchester lady, and had an only son, also named Goodwin, who attained some celebrity for bravery and skill as a military commander. Goodwin Colquitt, junr., was born in 1786, and became a captain and lieutenant-colonel in the first regiment of Guards. He was present at Waterloo, and received the Companionship of

the Bath. Captain Gronow relates a remarkable instance of Colonel Colquitt's coolness and presence of mind. During the terrible fire of artillery which preceded the repeated charges of the cuirassiers against our squares, a shell fell between Captain Colquitt and another officer. In an instant Colquitt jumped up, caught up the shell as if it had been a cricket ball, and flung it over the heads of both officers and men, thus saving the lives of many brave fellows. This gallant soldier was ancestor of the family of Colquitt-Craven, of Brockhampton Park, Gloucestershire, the present representatives of the Liverpool Colquitts.

Scrope Colquitt, the town clerk's next brother, and uncle of Colonel Colquitt, was born in 1752, and was appointed deputy-searcher in the Customs in 1778, and eventually became searcher. He took part in the volunteer movement in 1803, and was appointed a lieutenant in the Liverpool Independent Companies. In 1798, when the "loyal and patriotic" gentlemen of England entered into a subscription in aid of the Government, Scrope Colquitt subscribed £50. Scrope's eldest daughter married John Touchet, of Manchester. His only son, Scrope Milne

Colquitt, B.A., Fellow of Brazenose College, Oxford, died at Greenbank, Liverpool, in 1825, being only twenty-three years old. Scrope Colquitt's daughters lived in Liverpool until quite recently. In 1842, they gave a benefaction to their brother's college at Oxford. Christ Church, Liverpool, consecrated in 1870, was erected at the cost of Miss Susan Colquitt, daughter of Scrope Colquitt.

William Colquitt, brother of the younger Scrope, was the only literary personage of the family. He was born on July 27th, 1753, and was educated at Christ College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1781. In 1790, he resided at 18, Bold Street, and in 1802 published a volume of "Poems," which was printed at Chester. Considered as poetry, their quality was mediocre, but dealing, as they did, mostly with Liverpool subjects, they are still remembered by those interested in the Liverpool of the time of the French War. In 1825, Mr. W. Colquitt again ventured on authorship. In that year, his "Essays on Geology and Astronomy" appeared. He also contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

With Miss Susan Colquitt, the founder of Christ Church, the family connection with Liverpool ceased.

Some Old Lancashire Punishments.

THE old-fashioned methods of punishing offenders in Lancashire did not differ from those of the rest of England. The cucking or ducking-stool, brank, stocks, rogue's post, and pillory were in daily use to punish criminals, and to act as a warning to others who might be evilly disposed.

In the old time, the fair sex had the doubtful honour of a special punishment. As an unknown last-century poet says, and the verses are true of almost every village in the country :

"There stands, my friend, in yonder pool,
An engine, call'd a Ducking-Stool ;
By legal pow'r commanded down,
The joy, and terror of the town ;
If jarring females kindle strife,
Give language foul, or lug the coif,
If noisy dames shou'd once begin,
To drive the house with horrid din,
Away, we cry, you'll grace the stool,
We'll teach you how your tongue to rule.
The fair offender fills the seat,
In sullen pomp, profoundly great.
. . . . . .

"Down in the deep the stool descends,
But here, at first, we miss our ends,
She mounts again, and rages more
Than ever vixen did before.

. . . . . .

If so, my friend, pray let her take
A second turn into the lake,
And rather than your patient lose,
Thrice and again repeat the dose;
No brawling wives, no furious wenches,
No fire so hot but water quenches." *

Lancashire was well provided in this respect, and the records of Corporations and Court Leets contain many references to the ducking-stools.

At Liverpool, in 1637, the Corporation ordered, "that a Cooke-stoole shalbe made." In 1657, a new cuck-stool was ordered, and the order was repeated in 1659. In 1695, 15s. was paid for its repair, and about the same time the cage and pillory were ordered to be kept in repair by the town. In 1681, the Court Leet of Manchester resolved that "wee ordr. the prsent Constables forthwith to putt the Cookstoole, Stocks, Rouges Post and Pillory in good repaire."

The ducking-stool was in use in Manchester as a punishment for scolds as recently as 1775, and in Liverpool the ducking-stool was used in 1779

* "Miscellaneous Poems," by Benjamin West, 1780. This poem is not, however, by West, and was written about 1720.

by the authority of the magistrates. The Manchester ducking-stool was an open-bottomed chair of wood, placed upon a long pole balanced on a pivot, and suspended over a pool. The locality of the pool is shown by the name of Pòol Fold. In its later years, the stool was suspended over the Daubholes, or Infirmary Ponds.

WOMAN WEARING A BRANK.

The brank or bridle for scolds was another favourite instrument for curbing the unruly tongue, and there are many traces of it in Lancashire. It was in use in Manchester early in the present century. Kirkham had its brank, and in Warrington the brank is still preserved. It was

last worn by Cicely Pewsill, about 1770. At Preston, a brank was used in the House of Correction about forty years ago, but the fact having come to the knowledge of the Home

IN THE PARISH STOCKS, BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Secretary, he prohibited the barbarous practice, and confiscated the brank.

The stocks were considered to be essential to the preservation of law or order. Each township had to provide them for its inhabitants' use. The

Manchester stocks were at the foot of the pillory, in the Market Place, and are frequently named in the Court Leet Records and in the Constables' Accounts. In 1613, a "doblee heng Locke for the Stockes" was bought, and in 1624 new stocks were provided. The Manchester Accounts of 1621 show that some criminals were enterprising and fortunate enough to escape from the stocks:

> "Item paid for hue and crye that came from horwich aftr two men that made an escape forth of ye stocks for stealinge certen lynen cloth . . . . . o o 8."

Perhaps the most common punishment for venial offences was whipping. This was done by the sturdy arm of the parish constable or his deputy. A whipping cost the parish from four to twelve pence.

The pillory was common in Lancashire as elsewhere in the country. Manchester, Liverpool, and Preston, as well as most of the other market towns, boasted one of these instruments. In Manchester it must have been of very early origin, for the earliest notice of it is in connection with its repair. On July 9th, 1619, the constables of Manchester "paid to Richard Martinscrofte man for mendinge the Cage & pillarie, iiijd."

The next item in its history is that on 8th April, 1624, the jury of the Court Leet ordered "that the makinge and erectinge of a Gibbett" be referred "to the discrec'on of Mr. Steward and the Bororeve for the time nowe beinge to bee made att the charge of the inhabitants and the frameinge or fasteninge to of it or placeinge of it to them as principall officers for the lord of the Mannor." In the following year, April 6th, 1625, the jury again ordered that a "sufficient Gibbett or pillorye for the use of this towne" should be erected "in some convenient place about the market crosse." This was to be done before the 24th day of August, "sub pena xxs." The result of this order is to be read in successive entries in the constables' accounts for 1625:

	li.	s.	d.
"September 16. Paid Thomas Andrewes of Stopford for a Tree to bee a new Pillorye	00	12	06.
paid more to Willm. Brockhurst for bords Joystes and Sparrs to the Pillorye	00	05	08.
paid Symond Mather and his man for theire worke and for Smytes worcke and men to helpe to Reare the pillorye	00	11	05.
September 17. paid Willm. Butler for Timber and Allexander Radcliffe for a bastbord and for pin wood .	00	04	08.

"paid Hennerye Pendleton and Willm.
Smyth for pointinge the Crosse and
for Layinge the new pillorye in
Colors of oyle . . . . 00 05 00."

On June 9th, 1630, the Constables made a payment "for mending the pillery" of "00 01 06."

MANCHESTER PILLORY

The Manchester pillory, early in this century, was, according to a writer in the *Manchester Collectanea* (ii. 252), a movable structure. It was erected in the Market Place when necessary, and "consisted of a strong post about twenty feet high, with four stays at its insertion into the ground to support it. About ten feet from the

ground was a circular stage or platform, large enough to allow several persons to stand on it. Four or five feet above this was fixed across the post, horizontally, a board about five feet long and eighteen inches deep, and in this cross piece were three holes or apertures, the largest and most central for the head, and the other two for the hands or wrists of the offender." In this prominent and uncomfortable position, the Manchester malefactor was condemned to stand for the prescribed time, whilst his neighbours pelted him with rotten eggs and other unpleasant missiles. The pillory remained in more or less frequent use until 1816, when it was finally removed.

The last time the Preston pillory was used was in 1814, when a man of about sixty years of age was pilloried for keeping a disreputable house.

These quaint punishments of the past have given place to the present monotonous round of fine and imprisonment, and are now quite extinct. Though a few townships preserve their stocks, the majority have nothing but a memory, which in Manchester was made more vivid by the full-size models of the pillory and stocks that occupied a prominent place in the Old Manchester section of the Exhibition in 1887.

Bury Simnels.

TO every inhabitant of Lancashire the name at least of the simnels must be familiar, but few indeed probably are acquainted with the origin and history of this toothsome description of cake. The accounts of its first appearance are as varied as the forms under which it appears at the present day. We will briefly review the various alleged origins of the simnel cake. One account runs to the effect that an old couple named Simon and Nelly, to whose paternal roof came once a year their children "a-mothering." One year it happened that, being very poor, they had nothing to regale the young folks with, excepting a piece of unleavened Lenten dough, and a remnant of their Christmas pudding. The pudding was enclosed in the dough with great skill, and the old people agreed in every step of the process, until the question of cooking arose. Sim suggested boiling, Nell advocated baking. So they came to words on the matter, then to blows, both with fists, and broom, and stool. At last,

both being exhausted, the combat concluded by a compromise being arrived at. The cake was first to be boiled, and then baked, which was done, the weapons of broom and stool being used as fuel, and the eggs broken in the scuffle used as glazing. Thus according to the pleasantry, came about the making of the first "Sim-Nell" cake, and the account may be taken for what it is worth. In the year 1487, a boy of fifteen, one Lambert, was put forward as Edward, Earl of Warwick, and a claimant for the crown. He was taken to Ireland, where the Earl of Kildare, the deputy of that country, and others took up his cause. This boy was in reality (so state various writers) the son of a joiner, a shoemaker, or a baker, in connection with which last occupation King Henry's supporters called him in derision "Simnel," as his father is said to have a celebrity for the manufacture of that article. He went next to Flanders, where he raised 2,000 Dutch veterans; thence he returned to Ireland, where his forces were augmented by a large body of Irish, and with the whole of his supporters he set sail for England, landing at Fouldrey, Lancashire. Here he was joined by Sir Thomas Broughton, and further south he was strengthened

by numbers of supporters from Bury and Pilkington. Simnel marched southward, and at the village of Stoke (Nottinghamshire) he was met by the King with a large army, an obstinate battle was fought, and Simnel was taken prisoner. Simnel, as is well known, was treated with contempt by the King. He was made a scullion, or cook, in the King's kitchen, and afterwards became one of the King's falconers. The "simnel" cakes in the neighbourhood of Bury are yet looked upon by many as being directly commemorative of the disastrous termination of the struggle against Henry; and these see in the original hexagonal shape of the confection, an intention to form a funeral cake to perpetuate the memory of the catastrophe in which fell so many local men.

An old story explains the origin of Bury Simnels thus: A pilgrim named Simnel once in the olden days was passing through Bury on the day of Midlent, and the inhabitants wishing to afford some recognition of his numerous and well-authenticated virtues, were fain to offer him a rich cake in lieu of the viands forbidden for that season by the Church. So the offering became general, and the cake took the name of the pilgrim who first received it.

Here, again, is yet another story. It is said that in bygone times the women of Lancashire were extremely inferior cooks, and that a lady, whose culinary perfections caused her to bewail such a state of affairs, offered a prize for the best cake; and that one of the fair competitors distanced all her compeers, and instituted the Simnel by a cake rich with all the fruits obtainable in her time, and the first and finest of its kind.

Leaving such apocryphal accounts, we find that the real origin of Bury Simnels and Simnel Sunday is lost in the obscurity of antiquity. *Simila* in the Latin means "fine flour," for which is *seminellus* and *simanellus*. The term is used in the Book of Battle Abbey thus: *Panem regiae mensae apsum qui siminel vulgo vocatur*—"Bread fit for the table of the king, which the common people call *siminel*." The "annuals" of the Church of Winchester have an entry for 1042—*conventas centum simnellos*—"the convent 100 simnels," in which the meaning is clearly "cakes." Johnson's dictionary (edition of 1792) has simnel (*simnellus*, low latin) a kind of sweet bread or cake. The German *semel* or *semmel*, is a roll or small loaf, while the Danes have *simle*, and the

Swedes *simla*. In Somersetshire, "tea cakes" are called Simlins. In Lancashire, the custom of having and offering simnel cakes is likewise called simbling, simblin, simlin, and there is an undoubted connection, for in the Anglo-Saxon the word *simbl* meant a feast as well as a meal, and at either, one might expect the *siminel*, the bread of fine flour, which was then somewhat of a dainty, the chief bread fare of the mediæval ages being that of the coarser "unbolted" kind.

In the dictionary of John de Garlande, published at Paris in the thirteenth century, simnels (simineus) is used as a synonym to *placentae*, the cakes exposed for sale, and commonly bought by the University students. According to Ducange, it was the early custom to impress the cakes with the figure of the Virgin Mary or of Christ, which plainly proves their religious origin. They were also called on this account *pain-demayn* (corrupted to "pay-man,") or "Bread of our Lord," and it is not at all unlikely that the cakes received the sacred imprint in the place of some Pagan monogram or mark, exactly as was the case with the Easter cakes or "hot-cross buns," which the Saxons ate in honour of their goddess Eastre, and to which

the Christian clergy, being unable to eradicate the custom, sought to give sanctity by marking them with a cross. So also it may be that simnels have an origin in the pagan rites of the Teutonic race.

The day upon which it has been the custom from time immemorial to present the simnel cakes, and to which is given the name of "Simnel Sunday," is the fourth Sunday in Lent, and numerous indeed are the names which are given to the day. It is called "Mid-Lent Sunday," being near the middle of the fast, *Dominica Refectionis*, or "Refreshment Sunday," because on that day, after six days fasting, the special dainty of the day was truly a refreshment to look forward to. It was called "Mothering Sunday," because on that day it was the custom for the clergy and people (under compulsion or fine) to visit the mother or principal churches of the respective districts. Also from this arose the custom for children and young folks to visit their parent's homes to bear in mind the first commandment with promise, and—they were not to go empty-handed. It is not a question of much doubt that the idea of this personal visiting the mother-church with offerings has its foundation

in the Mosaic requirement to appear at stated intervals before the Lord in Jerusalem. The custom in Lancashire is known as "Going-a-mothering." The day is likewise known as the Sunday of the "Five loaves," for in the gospel of the day is related the feeding of the five thousand. The proper first lessons (for there are two) for the even-song of Simnel Sunday are also appropriately chosen for their connection with "refreshment." They treat of the entertainment and liberality of Joseph to his brethren and father. The concluding sentence of the one reads: "And they drank, and were merry with him," which the margin has: "They drank, drank largely." This recalls another name which is given to the day, namely, Bragget Sunday. Its derivation is most probably from the Celtic *bracata*, or from the Welsh *bragawd*, or mead, the original British ale in which honey was used. There is an old Scotch word *bragwort*, meaning a drink made from the dregs of honey. Bragget is a favourite Lancashire term for the mulled ale which a certain class of the celebrators of the day drink "largely." Baines's history has the following: "Formerly it was the custom in Leigh to use a beverage called 'bragget,' consisting of a kind of spiced ale; and

also for the boys to indulge themselves by persecuting the women on their way to church by secretly hooking a piece of coloured cloth to their gowns."

The customs and observances relating to simnels, simnelling Sunday, or "mothering" Sunday, are spread more or less throughout the country. Gloucestershire and Shropshire are both famous for their "mothering" pilgrimages. Shrewsbury has a universal fame for its simnel cakes, though Devizes claims rivalship for the original manufacture of the article. Herefordshire and Monmouthshire have equally a name for the manufacture of the simnel, and a regard for its customs. Bury is the centre of the Lancashire simnel makers, and here is used an original recipe, which, of course, the people of Bury regard as *the* original recipe. Baines, in speaking of Bury, says: "There is an ancient celebration here on Mid Lent, or, as it is called, 'Simbling Sunday,' when large cakes with the name of simblings (simnels) are sold generally in the town of Bury, and the shops are open the whole day, except during divine service, for the purpose of vending this mysterious aliment, which is usually taken with large draughts of mulled ale."

The simnel had as one of its principal ingredients, saffron. The Shrewsbury simnel is made "in the form of a warden pie, the crust being of saffron and very thick." The simnel of Devizes has no crust, while the saffron is mingled with a mass of fruit and spice, and the whole is made in a star shape. The practices of mothering and simnelling are but little referred to by the poets, but from "Collins's Miscellany" we learn that cakes were used when parents (and especially the mother) received visits from their children.

" . . . Zee Dundry's Peek
Luks like a shuggard mothering cake."

For which read:

" . . . See Dundry's Peak
Looks like a sugared mothering cake."

This proves that the icing of cakes is not a recent expedient, for the hill top coated with snow is here compared to an iced cake. That these "mothering cakes" were simnels, though there may be two customs united into one, is evident from Herrick's canzonet to "Dianeme," to whom he says:

"I'll to thee a simnel bring
'Gainst thou go'st a-mothering,
So that when she blesseth thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give me."

As we have said, Bury and the surrounding district is the headquarters of the simnel and its usages, for here the character of the people makes the agreeable custom find a congenial home. In some parts, other orthodox dishes for the day are veal and cheesecakes, the veal probably being allusive to the parable of the prodigal and the fatted calf.

Other cake-like institutions which furnish parallels to the Bury simnel of Mid-Lent Sunday are the twelfth-night cake, the pancakes of Shrovetide, the buns of Easter, the "minced pye" of Christmas, the Passover cakes of the Jews, and other concoctions, which have all had in their beginning a symbolic or religious meaning.

We must not conclude without giving yet another name for Mid-Lent Sunday, namely, Fag-pie Sunday, an appellation which in some parts of Lancashire, and particularly about Blackburn, is greatly used. It is customary in this district to visit friends and relatives, to partake of Fag (fig) pie, which is prepared with figs, treacle, spices, etc. In the neighbourhood of Burnley, however, "Fag-pie Sunday" is the fifth Sunday in Lent, instead of the fourth, as with "Simnel Sunday."

Eccles Wakes.

By H. Cottam.

ONE of the most famous of Lancashire village festivals in the olden times was the wakes at Eccles. It was celebrated on the Sunday following the 25th of August, and continued during the four succeeding days. The inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlets and villages flocked in such large numbers to Eccles that "as thrunk as Eccles Wakes" became a proverb. The list of the festivities was a long and varied one, as will be seen by the following programme, which is one of the earliest known to be in existence:—

"ECCLES WAKE

Will be held on MONDAY and TUESDAY, the 30th, and 31st of August; and on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, the 1st, and 2d of September, 1819.

On MONDAY, the ancient Sport of

BULL BAITING,

May be seen in all its various Evolutions.

Same Day,

A DANDY RACE,

For a PURSE of SILVER—the best of heats—The second-best to be entitled to 5s.

SAME DAY,

A FOOT-RACE for a HAT,

By Lads not exceeding Sixteen years of age.—Three to start, or no race.

On TUESDAY,

A JACK-ASS RACE,

For a PURSE of GOLD, value £50.—The best of three heats—Each to carry a feather.—The Racers to be shewn in the Bull-ring exactly at 12 o'clock, and to start at 2.—Nothing to be paid for entrance: but the bringer of each *Steed* to have a good Dinner gratis, and a quart of strong Ale, *to moisten his clay.*

SAME DAY.

A FOOT-RACE for a HAT,

By Lads that never won a Hat or Prize before Monday.—Three to start.

SAME DAY.

An APPLE DUMPLING Eating,

By Ladies and Gentlemen of all ages: The person who finishes the repast first, to have 5s.—the second, 2s.—and the third, 1s.

On WEDNESDAY,

A PONY RACE,

By Tits not exceeding 12 hands high, for a CUP, value £50.—The best of heats.—Three to start, or no race.

SAME DAY.

A FOOT-RACE for a HAT, value 10s. 6d.,

By Men of any description.—Three to start.

SAME DAY,

A RACE for a good HOLLAND SMOCK,

By *Ladies* of all ages: the second-best to have a handsome Satin Riband. Three to start.

On THURSDAY,

A GAME at PRISON-BARS.

ALSO,

A GRINNING MATCH through a Collar, For a PIECE of fat BACON.——No *Crabs* to be used on the occasion.

SAME DAY.

A YOUNG PIG

Will be turned out, with his Ears and Tail well *soaped*, and the first Person catching and holding him by either, will be entitled to the same.

SMOKING MATCHES, by Ladies and Gentlemen of all ages.

To conclude with a grand FIDDLING MATCH, by all the Fiddlers that attend the Wake, for a Purse of Silver.—There will be prizes for the second and third-best—Tunes: "O where, and O where does my little Boney dwell—Britons strike home—Rule Britannia—God save the King." May the King live for ever, huzza!

N.B. As TWO BULLS in great practice are purchased for diversion, the Public may rest assured of being well entertained. The hours of Baiting the Bull, will be precisely at 10 o'clock in the Morning for practice, and at 3 and 7 o'clock for a prize. The dog that does not run for practice is not to run for a prize.

The Bull-ring will be stumped and railed all round with Oak Trees, so that Ladies or Gentlemen may be accomodated with seeing, without the least danger.—Ordinaries, &c. as usual.

☞ The Bellman will go round a quarter of an hour before the time of Baiting.

GOD SAVE  *THE KING.*

JOHN MOSS, Esq
T. SEDDON, Esq } STEWARDS.
T. CARRUTHERS, Clerk of the Course.

J. Patrick, Printer, Manchester.]

The programme was slightly varied in the following year, a "pony race for a silver cup" took the place of the "dandy race for a purse of silver," a "wheel race" the place of a "foot race for a hat," and the soaped pig was left out altogether. In 1830 the programme of the sports was as follows :—

"ECCLES WAKES.—On Monday morning, at eleven o'clock, the sports will commence with that most ancient, loyal rational, constitutional, and lawful diversion,

BULL-BAITING,

in all its primitive excellence, for which this place has long been noted. At one o'clock there will be a foot-race ; at two o'clock, a bull-baiting, for a horse collar ; at four, donkey-races, for a pair of panniers ; at five, a race for a stuff hat ; the days sport to conclude with baiting the bull, Fury, for a superior dog-chain. This animal is of gigantic strength and wonderful agility, and it is requested that the Fancy will bring their choice dogs on this occasion. The bull-ring will be stumped and railed round with English oak, so that

The timid, the weak, the strong,
The bold, the brave, the young,
The old, friend, and stranger,
Will be secure from danger.

"On Tuesday the sports will be repeated; also, on Wednesday, with the additional attraction of a smock-race by ladies. A main of cocks to be fought on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, for twenty guineas, and five guineas the byes, between the gentlemen of Manchester and Eccles. The wake to

conclude with a fiddling-match, by all the fiddlers that attend, for a piece of silver."*

Striking features of Eccles Wakes were the baiting of bears and bulls. The former was the most ancient, and took place on the south side of Eccles Church, on a plot of waste land near the Cross Keys Hotel. The bear was first irritated by being poked with sticks, and the dogs were then set upon it. The bear, instead of being a very fierce brute, was not infrequently of the most miserable description. A writer in *Notes and Queries*, describing one of these poor animals, says† :—

"I was never a witness of a bear-bait, but I well remember a poor brute who was kept alive for this sole purpose at F——, in Lancashire. He was confined, as a general rule, in a small back-yard, where, sightless, dirty, stinking, and perhaps half-

* At this wakes the following hand-bill was issued by a local innkeeper :—

"On Saturday, August 28, 1830, at the house of Miss Alice Cottam, sign of the King's Head, near Eccles. A. C. with great pleasure informs her friends and the public in general, that she has, at a considerable expense, engaged an excellent BULL, BEAR and BADGER, for the gratification of those who may favour her with their company; the Bull will be baited three times a day, namely, half-past nine o'clock in the morning, at half-past one in the afternoon, and at five o'clock in the evening, every day during the Wakes. The Bear will be baited at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and three o'clock in the afternoon. The badger will be baited every evening. N.B.—The Bull, Bear and Badger will be baited on Saturday night previous, to commence at six o'clock precisely, subject to such conditions as will be then and there produced. The whole is so arranged as to form a never-failing source of amusement. By order of the Stewards.—God save the King."

† Ribton—Turner's History of Vagrants.

starved, his sole and constant exercise appeared to be moving his head and forequarters from side to side. When taken to other villages to be baited, his advent there was announced by a wretched fiddler, who walked before him and the bear-ward. Upon one occasion the story goes that he and a second champion of the like kind arrived at W——, on Wakes day, before the evening service was completed. This, however, was rapidly brought to a close by the beadle calling to the preacher from the church door, 'Mestur, th' bear's come; and what's more ther's two of 'em.' This freedom of speech in a holy place is less to be wondered at when it is known that the good rector and a party from the rectory usually witnessed the bear-bait from the churchyard adjoining the village green."

The diary of that venerable Nonconformist, Oliver Heywood, contains an interesting passage relating to bear-baiting at Eccles Wakes, which shows incidentally that Edmund Jones, the ejected minister, opposed bear-baiting, neither because it gave pleasure to the spectators nor because of the cruelty to the bear, as alleged by Macaulay of the Puritans, but because of the disorder and drunkenness which always attended those exhibitions :—

"At Eccles, in Lancashire, there was to be a bear-bait, a young man there was zealous for it, and would have it at his house for gain, and sel ale at that time. Mr Joanes lately minister there urged him to forbear with many arguments & told him he would repent of it, he made light of his councel, went to Manchester on Saturday cryed in the streets a bear, a bear, would have given the bel-man a groat to cry it. Mr

Jones went to him agen told him al his predecessors in that place had declaimed agt it his father was minister before him, had sd if there be a rogue in the country he'll be there, told him of a man slain there on that occasion, but he was wilful, the day came, & the sport was over, people gone, al peace, but that night a drunken man comes, takes occasion to wrangle with him, and gave him such a blow as he thinks he shal feel while he lives, he is yet alive but scarcely likely to recover. Mr Joanes hath endevoured to convince him, and he begins to soften tho at first he did not see he was in any fault the Lord doe him saving good of it."

Bull-baiting was an equally cruel sport, which had however a tinge of danger to the spectator. Once during the baiting of a bull, several cows passed near to the ring, and whilst winding their way through the crowd, a bull dog suddenly sprang on one of them, and caused the affrighted animal to overturn a cart of nuts, and a girl had her leg broken in consequence. The bulls used to be baited on the south side of a plot of vacant land at the Regent Road entrance to the village. At the last bull bait, a stand erected for the use of spectators fell, and several people were injured. One of them, a woman, died some little time afterwards.

The frequenters of the wakes were often of a rough character, and amongst the roughest were the inhabitants of Flixton, who some eighty years

ago were in the habit of having at least one fight before they concluded their day's amusement. The leader of the Flixton people was one Joseph G——, whose reputation as a fighter was locally very great. One Eccles Wakes, Joseph had fought several times, and in honour of his victories was far advanced in drunkenness. A wag told him that a person was ready to fight him, and that everybody said Joseph was afraid to tackle him. Annoyed at this, Joseph said he had thrashed several that day, and was quite ready to thrash another. They told him that he would find his opponent, who was no other than the bear, in the inn stable. Joseph went into the stable and his companions shut the door. He stumbled over the bear, who immediately grabbed him, and in spite of Joseph's well-directed blows, almost squeezed that worthy to death. He managed to get out of the bear's clutches at last, and made for the door. When he got out his friends asked him how he got on. "By th' mass, lads," said he, "he's too strong in't arms for me, but only let th' devil take his top cooat off and I'll give him what for."

The wakes still exists, though through the opposition of the local shopkeepers it was driven

from the neighbourhood of the Old Cross about a dozen years ago. Bear and bull baiting were abolished in 1834, and have given place to round-abouts and hurdy gurdys, and the regular programme of seventy years ago is replaced by the miscellaneous entertainments of the ordinary fair.

Were Drayton to visit a Lancashire Wakes at the present day it is to be feared that he would no longer sing :—

"So blyth and bonny now the Lads and Lasses are,
That euer as anon the Bag-pipe vp doth blow,
Cast in a gallant Round about the Harth they goe,
And at each pause they kisse, was neuer seene such rule,
In any place but heere, at Boon-fire, or at Yeule ;
And euery village smokes at Wakes with lusty cheere,
Then Hey the cry for Lun, and Hey for Lancashire."

Furness Abbey.

"Here, where of havoc tired and rash undoing,
Man left this structure to become Time's prey;
A soothing spirit following in the way
That Nature takes, her counter-work pursuing.
See how her ivy clasps the sacred ruin,
Fall to prevent or beautify decay;
And on the mouldering walls how bright, how gay,
The flowers in pearly dew their bloom renewing.
Thanks to the place, blessings upon the hour;
Even as I speak the rising Sun's first smile
Gleams on the grass-crowned top of yon tall Tower,
Whose cawing occupants with joy proclaim
Prescriptive title to the shattered pile
Where, Cavendish, thine seems nothing but a name!"

—W. Wordsworth.

FURNESS ABBEY, which was one of the grandest of English monastic buildings, was founded by a body of Savignian monks who had left Savigny in 1124, and made a temporary settlement at Tulketh, on the banks of the Ribble. The monkish colony obtained from Stephen, Count of Boulogne, a grant of the forest of Fuderness (Furness) and Wagneia (Walney), the fishery at Lancaster, privilege of hunting, and everything within the lordship of Furness, except the land of Michael le Fleming, for the establishment and endowment of an Abbey of the

Savignian order. The foundations of the monastery were laid in July, 1127, and the monks shortly afterwards forsook Tulketh for their new domain. The monks were ambitious and avaricious, and their estates were soon increased by gifts from rich and poor. They had a quarrel with Michael le Fleming, upon whose rights they had infringed. The quarrel was arranged by an exchange of land, but eventually the Fleming family were reduced to the position of vassals to their powerful neighbours.

The high reputation for sanctity which the monks had obtained increased the power of the Abbey. It soon began to send out offshoots, and as early as 1134 obtained land at Rushen, in the Isle of Man, on which a monastery was erected. The King of Man also made a special grant by which all future bishops of Man and the Isles should be elected from the monks of Furness. Other branches from the monastery settled in Ireland, Yorkshire, and Lincolnshire.

In 1148, the Savignian Order was incorporated with the Cistercian Order, and the monks of Furness were exhorted to submit to the new rule. The Abbot of Furness, Peter of York, refused to conform, and went to Rome to appeal against

the transfer of his house. He obtained from the Pope a dispensation, enabling the Abbey of Furness to remain of its original Order. On the Abbot's return from Rome he was taken prisoner by the monks of Savigny, and was compelled by them to resign his abbacy to a more tractable cleric, who reconciled the convent to the new Order, and so Furness Abbey became Cistercian.

The Abbey was very wealthy, and its wealth was derived not only from its numerous and widespread estates, but from its ships, which conveyed the iron from the mines in Furness to foreign countries. In the reign of Edward I., the revenues of the Abbey were reckoned at a sum equal to £18,000.

During its prosperous period the Abbey had no history beyond the record of the obtaining of grants of lands and privileges, and of quarrels with neighbouring landowners. Having gradually lost its ancient repute, the grants of land to the Abbey during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were comparatively few, and at the dissolution of the monastery its yearly revenues were estimated at only £9,000.

Abuses had grown up, and in April, 1537, after considerable pressure, the monks of Furness

formally surrendered their house, with its broad acres and ample revenues, to King Henry VIII.*

The Abbey is at present a most picturesque ruin. The church, of which we give a view, is the most important of the buildings of the Abbey. Its interior length is 280 feet, the width of the nave with aisles, 65 feet, and the width across the transepts from north to south, 129 feet, by 28 feet from east to west. At the west end of the church are the remains of a lofty tower, with walls eleven feet thick, and supported by buttresses. The west window measures 35 feet in height by 11 feet 6 inches in width, and is ornamented by a series of flowers and grotesque heads introduced in the hollow of the jambs. The interior of the tower is plain. The tower is the most recent part of the church, and dates from about the beginning of the fifteenth century.

There are three chapels on the east of the north transept, and two other chapels and the sacristy are attached to the south transept.

The chancel extends 60 feet to the east, with a breadth of 30 feet. The walls are 60 feet high, and are strengthened by staged buttresses at the

* A good account of Furness Abbey, both historically and architecturally, appears in Mr. W. O. Roper's "Churches, Castles, and Ancient Halls of North Lancashire."

angles and between the windows. The east window is 47 feet high, and has been a magnificent example of perpendicular architecture, but the arch is now fallen in.

The sedilia below the southern windows consist of four niches used as seats by the officiating priests, of a similar niche in which the piscina was placed, flanked on each side by a smaller niche in which the towels were hung after ablution. The canopies above are executed in the beautiful Decorated style.

After the suppression of the monastery, the Abbey went gradually to decay, and much of the ornamental stone work and materials was carried away to decorate or build parish churches. The proprietors, the Devonshire family, have, however, taken judicious measures for its future preservation.

Colonel Rosworm and the Siege of Manchester.

By George C. Yates, f.s.a.

COLONEL John Rosworm was a German engineer, who, having learned that this country was likely to be very soon a scene of hostilities, came to offer his services to either King or Parliament, whichever would be inclined to purchase them. His first offer was made to the inhabitants of Manchester, at a time when they felt much embarrassment in attempting to strengthen their town against the impending siege. Colonel Rosworm was a great acquisition to the Parliamentarians of Manchester. He was a brave and skilful soldier, well versed in the best method of fortification which was practised in his time, and he was familiar with the discipline of an army. His experiences in the Thirty Years' War of Germany had taught him the various artifices, the ruses, and the systems of espionage which were practised in campaigns. Though an adept in the wily art of his profession,

he was never known to have turned his knowledge to the disadvantage of the commander who had purchased his services, but to the last moment of his engagement he was faithful and honourable to his trust. When the term for which he was bound had expired, he was then free to dispose of himself to any other contending party, even though it should be to the enemy whom he had the day before opposed.

It appears that at the time of the Irish Insurrection, Rosworm was in Ireland, but upon "just discontents," and with a prospect of congenial work, he left that kingdom and came to Manchester, where he "fastened his stranger's home." Before he had lived in Manchester three months the inhabitants, "apprehending a manifest danger of ruine" from the King's party, and having no one skilled in military matters, selected John Rosworm to fortify the town, and offered him, under hand and seal, the sum of thirty pounds for his labours for a half-a-year.

That Rosworm had no small idea as to the value of his services is evident. He says, "I must be bold to say that my undertaking of this Service (though for a poore reward) as it was not small in itself; so it proved in the consequents

as considerable, both to the weakning of the Kings party, and the strengthning of the Parliaments, as any action in that kinde, through the passages of that yeer for (let it be considered) foure for one in that Town, if not more, favoured my Lord of Darby and had publicly vowed to cut my throat if ever I attempted any works to keep him out. The other party which favoured my undertakings, were full of fears and confusions, not knowing which way to turn themselves; the town in all its entrances, open, and without any defence about it."

The inhabitants of Manchester were expecting almost daily Lord Derby's appearance, and under these circumstances, which Rosworm thinks "might easily have made it lawfull to fear, and in the fear to decline a service of this nature," he put his life in his hands, overlooked all the dangers and difficulties, and undertook the charge of defending the town. The morning after his contract with Manchester, Rosworm received a present of £150 from Lord Derby, with an invitation to Lathom. But "honesty being more worth than gold," Rosworm returned his thanks and the money to the Earl, and addressed himself to his work.

Rosworm's first business was to set up posts and

chains to keep out the enemy's horse, which was accomplished on Sept. 22, 1642. He fortified each street end with mud-walls, and advised where the men should be fixed to defend each point. Salford Bridge, which he regarded as the only dangerous post, he reserved for himself and fifty men, though by his contract he was not obliged to fight at all, but merely to advise and direct.

His part in the siege, which commenced on Monday, Sept. 26, may best be told in his own words :—

"Munday (Sep 26 1642) I was necessitated to send 20 of my Muskettiers to Captain Bradshaw at the Deans-gate which never returned; that afternoon, though thus weakened, I was numerously assaulted: but through the goodnesse of him, who saved us, my 30 muskettiers (having no Brest-work but a Chain) gave them a sound repulse. The next day (Sep 27) the Enemy plaid at us with his great Peeces, which being a strange noise, and terrour to my raw men, sixteen of them took their heels; the rest, some for fear of my drawn sword, others out of gallantry, resolving rather to dye, than to forsake me, stuck close to me, and to the safety of their Town. I was now few in number, but found some pitie from some other gallant hearts, who voluntarily came in to my assistance, making up my number 28. And this was my huge Army even then, when I had not onely many Enemies without, but dangerous temptations within to deal with. For the Enemy finding their assault not to take successe, nor their Cannons to terrifie us, as at the first, severall parleys sore against my will, were sent

into the Town; whereof I gave my Souldiers a little notice, with incouragements to stand out, to the utmost.

Particularly, Wednesday, Septemb. 28, the Earl offered upon the delivery of some 100 Muskets to withdraw his Forces, and march away. To back this offer, Collonel Holland understanding my aversenesse, earnestly pressed me to condescend to the motion, using withall these three Reasons. First, said he, we have neither Powder nor Match. I confesse I had onely six pound of the one and 18 fathome of the other; but this was onely known to myself. Secondly, the Countrey-men (said he, though falsely) will stay no longer, their own houses and goods lying open to the mercy of the Enemie. Thirdly, said he, the Enemy is increased in strength. With these arguments did he not only urge, but almost command the embracing of the Earl's Proposals. I related these things to my Souldiers, who unanimously resolving never to yeeld to my Lord of Darby, so long as I would stand out, and they had an inch of Match, or a shot of Powder: my heart leaped at such courage, and thereupon I peremptorily refused any terms whatever, Which so passionately moved Collonel Holland, that he left me in great anger and discontent. Immediately after this, Master Bourne, an aged and grave Minister, came down to the Bridge to me. I told him Collonel Holland's language and the dangerous concernment it tended to; I advised him, that if he desired to prevent the mischief which might ensue, he would immediately walk to the Deansgate, and from thence to the other Centuries, using his best encouragements to prop up their hearts against any dangers; and assuring them from me, that whereas the Enemy now made no assaults but where I was, I was confident with the help of Almighty God, and my few men, to defend it against their whole Power, nor should they ever enter at my guard. The heartned old man quickly left me, and followed my advice, with such gravity and chearfulnesse, that I cannot but ascribe much to it, as to the

means of our preservation. Having thus prevailed for a refusall of all terms, sent in by the Enemy, our height of resolution to defend ourselves to the utmost was returned to the Earl; who finding by our actions that we spake as we meant, within 3 dayes after, withdrew this siege, and gave me leave with about ten of my men in open view, to fetch away a great number of good Arms from them."

"Thus was Manchester freed from the danger of her first brunt," says the gallant Colonel, "wherein how farre I was instrumentall, if impartiall men cannot see, I will appeal from them to my enemies; if either can deny me an acknowledgement, I am content the world should be blinde, and what I have done should be buried."

Lord Derby's retirement gave Rosworm time to continue his fortifications. Under his advice the Manchester garrison went to Chowbent, where they shattered the enemy, took Leigh by assault, and returned in three days.

The term of his contract with Manchester having expired, Colonel Rosworm was re-engaged on terms which he states:—

"I kept this command of Lieutenant Coll [in Colonel Ashton's Regiment] during the residue of my halfyeers service contracted for with the *Town of Manchester*, which being now expired, they then observed, what they cannot without shame remember now, that I was both trustie and

successefull. They were loath to for-go such a servant, and therefore propounded new terms to me, offering me an annuity of 60 li. per annum, to be paid 15 li. quarterly during the lives both of myself and my wife, which should survive the longest, if I would by my advice prosecute the finishing of their Fortifications, and the ordering of all Military affairs conducing to the safetie of the Town, and upon all occasions be ready to give directions accordingly. At the same time also they with the Deputy Lieutenants, desired me to accept of a Foot Company in the Garrison of Manchester, engaging themselves to maintain it, as long as it was a garrison, and to pay me 40s. per week in part of my Captains pay, and the rest was to go upon the publick Faith. I was pressed to accept this so importunately on their part, and by one reason so strongly within myself, which was, that by embracing the first of these Proposals, I should not leave a desolate Widow without a poore subsistence, in case a warlike end should befall myself, that I layed down my Lieutenants Collonel's Commission, and closed with their Contract; and is this circumstance nothing to chain these men to their promises? Those hearts certainly are deeply rooted in the Earth, which Reason, Equity, Conscience, nay and shame, cannot pull out with such ropes.

My Engagement being passed I returned to my Charge, enlarged my Fortifications, left nothing unprepared, as time would permit, which might not make an Enemy a strong work to attempt me."

During his second contract with Manchester, Rosworm saw some active service. The soldiers, declaring themselves discontented if Rosworm did not accompany them on the expedition against Wigan, he went, "being loath that those should want any of his service, who had afforded him

such roome in their hearts," and the Colonel took a leading part in the taking of Wigan. He spent five days at Liverpool directing the fortifications there, but without any reward, he "quickly helped Nature with Art," by strengthening Blackstone Edge and Blackegate, and manning them with soldiers, and he accompanied Fairfax to Nantwich, after which he returned to a home where he had with his utmost skill "nourished a company of vipers." In August, 1644, Rosworm served as Master of Ordnance during Sir John Meldrum's siege of Liverpool.

Rosworm relates that Prince Rupert attempted to persuade him to betray his trust at Manchester, his agent being Mr. Peter Heywood.

"This Mr. Peter Heywood," says Rosworm, "who at this time sits at his ease, and enjoyes his own, whilest I, for want of it, endure extreme miserie, was a captain in Lancashire for the Parliament, was often in our private consultations, and by holding intelligence with the Enemy, did us much mischief. He went oft to Chester, Oxford, and other garrisons of the enemie, discovering our secret results. This being at length found out and proved against him, he was secured by the Committee, and yet, without the

consent of the rest of the Committee—contrary to an Ordinance touching such cases, released by Col. Holland; two of his friends also being bound for his appearance, which never was questioned, though he presently upon his enlargement went to the Enemy, and was afterwards thought the onely fit instrument to work me to this treacherie.

COLONEL ROSWORM.

"His method was, first to take advantage of the injurious and most unthankfull unworthinesse, which the Town had used towards me, stirring those passions in me, which he knew were deeply provoked. This done, he offered in the behalf

of Prince Rupert, that I should have a very great summe of money payed me in my hand, before my delivery of the Town, that I should have great preferments under Prince Rupert: besides the perpetuall obligations of affection and honour from many most noble friends, which I should look upon as purchased by the desert of such a seasonable and usefull service. I was not so little a fool, though I never meant to be a knave, but I gave the propounder audience, gave some incouragement to the businesse, so much as to fish out which way the Enemy would lay his stratagem, and to secure myself from suspicion on their part, appointed them a time of receiving their hopes."

That Rosworm could have easily betrayed the town to the royal forces cannot be denied. He had, however, that honesty and integrity which soldiers of fortune often displayed. As he says, "I could with more ease have sold them, man, woman, and childe, with all they had into their Enemies hands, than at any time I could have preserved them." "But" says Rosworm, speaking in the light of his later experience, "alas, I should then have been a *Manchester* man, for never let an unthankfull man, and a promise-breaker, have another name."

When Rosworm had got to the bottom of this plot, he laid it before six of the principal men of the town, and showed them how to prevent the danger. The mud walls were repaired, the cannons got ready, and nothing was uncared for which was necessary to repel an assault, but the enemy having got wind of the preparations steered clear of the town. The plot frightened the Manchester men considerably, and during the continuance of the danger they were very forward in their promises of reward to Rosworm, in whom, alone, they could feel confidence. "But alas, when our distresse was over, which lasted a week, this smoke vanished," and it was with difficulty that he got his pay.

During the visitation of the plague, Rosworm remained at his post, and was instrumental in keeping safe from thieves the deserted property of the inhabitants who had fled the plague stricken town.

"The Plague being ceased," says Rosworm, "and the chief inhabitants of the town returned, a man would have thought that this last evidence of my faithfullnesse alone, should have wrought these men, if not to thankfulnesse yet to honesty: But who can white a Blackmore? or make a rope

of sand? Their brows were brasse to all entreaties, their affections flints to all reason, their hearts rocks to all pitie, and their consciences adamants to all obligations; even still my Annuity was kept from me; which aggravating my many debts and wants to the height of extremitie, in hope of relief, I repaired to London."

He stayed in London for three quarters of a year, but was disappointed in his efforts to obtain his payment. As a last resource it came into his head "to print an angry paper," in which Manchester, its inhabitants and rulers, are held up to the scorn of the world as promise-breakers, well merited abuse is heaped on their heads, and withal he tells his story so plainly, yet with vigour and freedom, that he carries conviction along with him. It must not be assumed that no payments were made to Rosworm by the town of Manchester. The Constable's Account from 1644 to 1647, contain frequent mention of payments to him, but after the latter date no payments are recorded. John Palmer in his history of the Siege of Manchester thus sums up the Colonel's character and the causes of his troubles:—

"He had all the virtues and vices of the class to which he belonged. Attached to the presbyterians probably because

they first engaged his services, Massey himself could not have more firmly refused all offers to prove unfaithful than our Engineer, even when oppressed by the greatest necessity. The whimsical ideas of fidelity entertained by these tramontane Condottieri are already familiar in the opinions of Captain Dugald Dalgetty. Rosworm in common with that redoubted companion of Gustavus, possessed no mean idea of the importance of his own actions. The County of Lancaster won from Lord Strange, towns and castles taken, the unconscious parliament saved, and all by a Lieutenant Colonel in Holland's regiment. (He raised their forces, gave them his advice, and interceded for them with heaven.) Such boasting was the prevalent humour of the profession. The cause of Rosworm's disappointment may easily be imagined. His unfortunate lot was cast in the midst of zealous sectaries, and having neither taken the covenant, nor interfered in spiritual concerns, he became the object of their suspicion and dislike, whence his being employed, or laid aside, was regulated rather by the movements of the neighbouring Royalists, than by the gratitude of those he had so essentially served. Rosworm by unwittingly setting down much valuable historical information has rescued his vituperations from that oblivion into which two centuries might have gathered the efforts of a more eloquent pen and a mightier sword."

Poems of Lancashire Places.

By William E. A. Axon, M.R.S.L.

ONE of the most interesting anthologies in the English language is Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's "Poems of Places," and yet probably each reader who turns over the four volumes devoted to England, will miss something he would gladly have seen included. Thus there are but eleven poems devoted to Lancashire, and though it cannot be said that our ancient castles, our green woodlands, our rugged fells, our pleasant homesteads, and our busy towns, with all their wealth and bustling life, romance, tragedy, and aspiration, have yet been adequately celebrated in song, yet the places of Lancashire poems are far more numerous than Longfellow's selection would lead us to suppose. Possibly local sentiment may incline the Lancashire critic to be more lenient in his canon of comprehension. Some gossiping data about the poetic localities of the county palatine may not be without interest.

There are of course references to Lancashire in Drayton's "Polyolbion," in Taylor's "Pennilesse Pilgrimage," and in "Drunken Barnaby's Journey." There is the "Iter Lancastrense," and the scholarly Richard James, who in 1636 made a tour in the county, and described what he saw in a poem, which after remaining in manuscript for two hundred years, has been twice reprinted during the present century.

Alkrington.

The "Wild Rider," by Samuel Bamford, is a legend of Alkrington Hall, in which Sir Ashton Lever, the founder of the famous Leverian Museum, is made to take a place that has probably been assigned to others in earlier ages. One of the feats attributed to the wild rider is that of riding up and down the steep multitudinous steps of Rochdale church.

Bewsey.

Bewsey Hall, near Warrington, is celebrated in local ballad literature as the scene of "The Bewsey Tragedy."

Droylsden.

There is a quaint wakes song connected with Droylsden, which has been printed by Mr. John Harland.

Farington.

Farington, near Leyland, was the scene of a touching incident in the Cotton Famine. The mills had been stopped, when in the early summer of 1863 a load of cotton came to the village and the people turned out to meet it, a woman wept and kissed the bales of the precious material that was to bring back the brightness of independent exertion to their cottage houses. Finally the Doxology was sung. This suggested to Mrs. D. M. Muloch-Craik her "Lancashire Doxology."

"'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'
Praise him who sendeth joy and woe.
The Lord who takes, the Lord who gives,—
O, praise him, all that dies, and lives.

"He opens and he shuts his hand,
But why, we cannot understand;
Pours and dries up his mercies' flood,
And yet is still all-perfect Good.

"We fathom not the mighty plan,
The mystery of God and man,
We women, when afflictions come,
We only suffer and are dumb.

"And when, the tempest passing by,
He gleams out, sun-like, through our sky,
We look up, and through black clouds riven,
We recognise the smile of Heaven.

"Ours is no wisdom of the wise.
We have no deep philosophies:
Childlike we take both kiss and rod,
For he who loveth knoweth God."

One of those who stood by and witnessed this touching scene was that true-hearted Lancashire lad, my dear friend, the late Edward Kirk, and it was his sympathetic account in the Lancashire papers that sent a thrill through many English hearts. Edwin Waugh has noticed the incident in his "Factory Folk during the Cotton Famine."

Furness Abbey.

The picturesque ruins of Furness Abbey have given rise to more than one outburst of noble verse. Besides that of Wordsworth, "Here, where of havoc tired and rash undoing," there are two fine sonnets by Aubrey de Vere.

To Furness Abbey.

I.

"God, with a mighty and an outstretched hand,
Stays thee from sinking, and ordains to be
His witness lifted 'twixt the Irish Sea
And that still beauteous, once faith-hallowed land.
Stand as a sign, monastic prophet, stand!
Thee, thee the speechless, God hath stablished thee
To be his Baptist, crying ceaselessly
In spiritual deserts like that Syrian sand!

"Man's little race around that creep and crawl,
And dig, and delve, and roll their thousand wheels;
Thy work is done, henceforth sabbatical
Thou restest, while the world around thee reels;
But every scar of thine and stony rent
Cries to a proud, weak age, "Repent, repent!"

II.

"Virtue goes forth from thee and sanctifies
That once so peaceful shore whose peace is lost,
To-day doubt-dimmed, and inly tempest-tost,
Virtue most healing when sealed up it lies
In relics, like thy ruins. Enmities
Thou hast not. Thy gray towers sleep on mid dust;
But in the resurrection of the just
Thy works contemned to-day, once more shall rise.
Guard with thy dark compeer, cloud-veiled Black Coombe,
Till then a land to nature and to grace
So dear. Thy twin in greatness, clad with gloom,
Is grander than with sunshine on his face:
Thou mid abjection and the irreverent doom
Art holier—Oh, how much!—in hearts not base."

In another vein and yet equally poetic and reverent in spirit is that poem by Samuel Longfellow, having for its motto these words translated from the Charter of the Abbey—"Considering every day the uncertainty of life, and that the roses and flowers of kings, emperors, and dukes, and the crowns and palms of all the great, wither and decay; and that all things with an uninterrupted course tend to dissolution and death."

"On Norman cloister and on Gothic aisle
The fading sunset lingers for a while;
The rooks chant noisy vespers in the elms;—
Then night's slow rising tide the scene o'erwhelms.

"So fade the roses and the flowers of kings,
And crown and palms decay with humbler things;
All works built up by toil of mortal breath
Tend in unbroken course to dust and death.

"Pillar and roof and pavement all are gone:
The lamp extinguished and the prayers long done;
But faith and awe, as stars, eternal shine;—
The human heart is their enduring shrine.

"O Earth, in thine incessant funerals,
Take to thyself these crumbling, outgrown walls!
In the broad world our God we seek and find,
And serve our Maker when we serve our kind.

"Yet spare for tender thought, for beauty spare,
Some sculptured capital, some carving fair;
Yon ivied archway, fit for poet's dream,
For painter's pencil, or for preacher's theme!

"Save, for your modern hurry, rush and strife,
The needed lesson that thought, too, is life!
Work is not prayer, nor duty's self divine,
Unless within them Reverence hath her shrine."

Hopwood.

Bamford has written a dialogue between the Muse and the Bard in some "Lines relating to a beautifully rural cottage in Hopwood." Hopwood, it may be added by the way, was visited by Byron,

who is traditionally said to have written some portions of "Childe Harold" whilst staying there.

Lancaster.

Bamford, whilst a prisoner in the Castle of Lancaster, in September, 1819 (after Peterloo), wrote some "Lines" which breathe forth strong determination and love of liberty.

Liverpool.

Liverpool has been fortunate in the poets who have derived their inspiration from the City of the Mersey. This fine poem on "The Mersey and Irwell" was contributed by Bessie Rayner Parkes, to a little volume of "Poems: an offering for Lancashire," which was edited by Isa Craig, and sold for the benefit of the fund for the relief of the operatives in the cotton famine.

"A century since the Mersey flowed
Unburdened to the sea:
In the blue air no smoky cloud
Hung over wood and lea,
Where the old church with the fretted tower
Had a hamlet round its knee.

"And all along the eastern way
The sheep fed on the track;
The grass grew quietly all the day,—
Only the rocks were black;
And the pedlar frightened the lambs at play
With his knapsack on his back.

"Where blended Irk and Irwell streamed
While Britons pitched the tent,
Where legionary helmets gleamed,
And Norman bows were bent,
An ancient shrine was once esteemed
Where pilgrims daily went.

"A century since the pedlar still
Somewhat of this might know,—
Might see the weekly markets fill
And the people ebb and flow
Beneath St. Mary's on the Hill
A hundred years ago.

"Since then a vast and filmy veil
Is o'er the landscape drawn,
Through which the sunset hues look pale,
And gray the roseate dawn;
And the fair face of hill and dale
Is apt to seem forlorn.

"Smoke, rising from a thousand fires,
Hides all that passed from view:
Vainly the prophet's heart aspires,—
It hides the future too;
And the England of our slow-paced sires,
Is thought upon by few.

"Yet man lives not by bread alone,—
How shall he live by gold?
The answer comes in a sudden moan
Of sickness, hunger, and cold;
And lo! the seed of a new life sown
In the ruins of the old!

"The human heart, which seemed so dead,
Wakes with a sudden start;
To right and left we hear it said,
'Nay: 'tis a noble heart,'
And the angels whisper overhead,
'There's a new shrine in the mart!'

"And though it be long since daisies grew
Where Irk and Irwell flow,
If human love springs up anew,
And angels come and go,
What matters it that the skies were blue
A hundred years ago?"

Several of Roscoe's poems bear the impress of the locality. In addition to the lengthy "Mount Pleasant," there are the pretty verses describing

THE DINGLE.

"Stranger! that with careless feet
Wanderest near this green retreat,
Where through gently bending slopes
Soft the distant prospect opes;

"Where the fern, in fringed pride,
Decks the lonely valley's side;
Where the white-throat chirps his song,
Flitting as thou tread'st along;

"Know, where now thy footsteps pass
O'er the bending tufts of grass,
Bright gleaming through the encircling wood;
Once a Naiad rolled her flood.

"If her urn, unknown to fame,
Poured no far extended stream,
Yet along its grassy side
Clear and constant rolled the tide.

"Grateful for the tribute paid,
Lordly Mersey loved the maid;
Yonder rocks still mark the place
Where she met his stern embrace.

"Stranger, curious, would'st thou learn
Why she mourns her wasted urn?
Soon a short and simple verse
Shall her hopeless fate rehearse.

"Ere yon neighbouring spires arose,
That the upland prospect close,
Or ere along the startled shore
Echoed loud the cannon's roar,

"Once the maid, in summer's heat,
Careless left her cool retreat,
And by sultry suns opprest,
Laid her wearied limbs to rest;

"Forgetful of her daily toil,
To trace each humid tract of soil,
From dews and bounteous showers to bring
The limpid treasures of her spring.

"Enfeebled by the scorching ray,
She slept the circling hours away;
And when she oped her languid eye
She found her silver urn was dry.

"Heedless stranger! who so long
Hast listened to an idle song,
Whilst trifles thus thy notice share,
Hast thou no urn that asks thy care?"

Benjamin Preston's poem, "The Mariners' Church," describes a characteristic scene of Liverpool life; and the permanence and mutability of things are well expressed in a poem on Liverpool, by Robert Leighton.

Manchester.

The capital of the cotton kingdom has not often excited the poet's enthusiasm. Yet there is a fine poem by John Bolton Rogerson, in which the associations of the past and the present are skilfully blended:—

"And this, then, is the place where Romans trod,
Where the stern soldier revell'd in his camp,
Where naked Britons fix'd their wild abode,
And lawless Saxons paced with warlike tramp.
Gone is the castle, which old legends tell
The cruel knight once kept in barbarous state,
Till bold Sir Launcelot struck upon the bell,
Fierce Tarquin slew, and oped the captive's gate.
No trace is left of the invading Dane,
Or the arm'd followers of the Norman knight;
Gone is the dwelling of the Saxon thane,
And lord and baron with their feudal might;
The ancient Irwell holds his course alone,
And washes still Mancunium's base of stone.

"Where once the forest-tree uprear'd its head,
The chimney casts its smoke-wreath to the skies,
And o'er the land are massive structures spread,
Where loud and fast the mighty engine plies;
Swift whirls the polish'd steel in mazy bound,
Clamorous confusion stuns the deafen'd ear,
The man-made monsters urge their ceaseless round,
Startling strange eyes with wild amaze and fear;
And here amid the tumult and the din,
His daily toil pursues the pallid slave,
Taxing his youthful strength and skill to win
The food for labour and an early grave:
To many a haggard wretch the clanging bell,
That call'd him forth at morn, hath been a knell.

"But lovely ladies smile, in rich array,
Fearing the free breath of the fragrant air,
Nor think of those whose lives are worn away
In sickening toil, to deck their beauty rare;
And all around are scatter'd lofty piles,
Where Commerce heapeth high its costly stores—
The various produce of a hundred isles,
In alter'd guise, abroad the merchant pours.
Learning and Science have their pillar'd domes;
Religion to its sacred temples calls;
Music and Art have each their fostering homes,
And Charity hath bless'd and sheltering halls;
Nor is there wanting, 'mid the busy throng,
The tuneful murmurings of the poet's song."

The humorous aspects of bygone Manchester are pleasantly set forth in Alexander Wilson's famous ballads. "Th' owd church," as the

mother church of a very wide district, was a favourite place for the marriages of those who, though not resident in the town, still had claims as living within the boundaries of the ancient parish, but it is curious to note that Oldham, whence came the wedding described below, was formerly in the ancient parish of Prestwich. When Anna Raffald, the daughter of the authoress of the "Experienced English Housekeeper," was married at Eccles, to Mr. Thomas Munday, the Rev. Joshua Brookes, the eccentric but kind-hearted chaplain of the Manchester Collegiate Church, "from a fatherly regard to Anna Raffald, insisted on her being married a second time, as she was then a parishioner of Manchester, and had been married out of the parish, and it might affect the rights of her children. To satisfy him, Mr. Munday reluctantly consented to be re-married, observing that he thought once was quite enough; and they were re-married by Joshua Brookes, at the Old Church, on the 16th October, 1796, just two months and four days after they were married at Eccles." Brookes was said to have married more people than any other clergyman in the kingdom.

In "Johnny Green's Wedding and Description of Manchester College," Alexander Wilson

describes an "Oldham Wedding" in the Collegiate Church, and a visit to Chetham's College.

"Neaw lads, wheer ar yo beawn so fast?
Yo happun ha no yerd what's past;
Aw gettun wed sin aw'r here last,
Just three week sin, come Sunday.
Aw ax'd th' owd folk, an aw wur reet,
So Nan an me agreed tat neight,
Ot if we could mak booth eends meet,
We'd wed o' Easter Monday.

"That morn, as prim as pewter quarts,
Aw th' wenches coom and browt t' sweethearts;
Aw fund we're loike to ha three carts—
'Twur thrunk as Eccles Wakes, mon:
Wu donn'd eawr tits i' ribbins too—
One red, one green, an tone wur blue,
So hey! lads, hey! away we flew,
Loike a race for th' Leger stakes, mon.

"Reight merrily we drove, full bat,
An eh! heaw Duke and Dobbin swat;
Owd Grizzle wur so lawm an fat
Fro soide to soide hoo jow'd um:
Deawn Withy Grove at last we coom,
An stopt at Seven Stars, by gum,
An drunk as mich warm ale an rum
As'd dreawn o'th folk i' Owdham.

"When th' shot wur paid, an drink wur done,
Up Fennel-street, to th' church, for fun;
We donced loike morris-doncers dun,
To th' best o'aw mea knowledge.

"So th' job wur done, i hoave a crack;
Boh ah! what fun to get th' first smack,
So neaw, mea lads, fore we gun back,
Says aw, 'We'n look at th' College.'

"We seed a clock-case, first, good laws:
Wheer deoth stonds up wi' great long claws,
His legs, an wings, an lantern jaws,
They really lookt quite feorink.
There's snakes an watchbills, just loike poikes.
'Ot Hunt an aw th' reformink toikes,
An thee an me, an Sam o' Moik's,
Once took a blanketeerink.

"Eh! lorjus days, booath far an woide,
Theer's yards o' books at every stroide,
Fro top to bothum, eend, an soide,
Sich plecks there's very few so;
Aw axt him if they wurn for t'sell;
For Nan loikes readink vastly well;
Boh th' measter wur eawt, so he could naw tell,
Or aw'd bowt hur Robinson Crusoe.

"Theer's a trumpet speyks and maks a din,
An a shute o' clooas made o' tin,
For folk to goo a feightink in,
Just loike thoose chaps o' Boney's;
An theer's a table carv'd so queer,
Wi' os mony planks os days i' th' year,
An crinkum crankums heer and theer,
Loike th' cloose-press at mea gronny's.

"Theer's Oliver Crumill's bums an balls,
An Frenchmen's guns they'd tean i' squalls,
An swords, os lunk os me, on th' walls,
An bows an arrows too, mon;

" Aw didno moind his fearfo words,
Nor skeletons o' men and birds,
Boh aw fair hate seet o' greyt lung swords,
Sin th' feight at Peterloo, mon.

" We seed a wooden cock loikewise ;
Boh dang it, mon, these college boys,
They tell'n a pack o' starink loies,
Os sure os teaw'r a sinner ;
That cock, when it smells roast beef, 'll crow,
Says he ; 'Boh,' aw said, 'teaw lies, aw know,
An aw con prove it plainly so,
Aw've a peawnd i' mea hat for my dinner.'

" Boh th' hairy mon had miss'd mea thowt,
An th' clog fair crackt by thunner bowt,
An th' woman noather lawmt nor nowt,
Theaw ne'er seed loike sin t'ur born, mon ;
Theer's crocodiles, an things, indeed,
Aw colours, mak, shap, size, and breed ;
An if aw moot tell tone hoave aw seed,
We moot sit an smook till morn, mun.

" Then deawn Lung Millgate we did steer,
To owd Moike Wilson's goods-shop theer,
To bey eawr Nan a rockink cheer,
An pots, an spoons, an ladles ;
Nan bowt a glass for lookink in,
A tin Dutch oon for cookink in,
Aw bowt a cheer for smookink in,
An Nan axt proice o' th' cradles.

" Then th' fiddler struck up th' honeymoon,
An off we seet for Owdham soon ;
We made old Grizzle trot to th' tune,
Every yard o' th' way, mon.

"At neight, oytch lad an bonny lass,
Laws! heaw they donced an drunk their glass;
So tyrt wur Nan an I, by th' mass,
Ot wea leigh 'till twelve next day, mon."

The "Songs of the Wilsons" include several other pieces of local interest. Mr. Joseph Anthony's "Irwell, and other poems" appeared in 1843, and deals, of course, chiefly with Manchester, and includes a wild legend of Kersal Cell. Mr. Charles Kenworthy's "Original Poems," printed in 1847, contains "A view of Manchester in 1818;" "A view of Manchester in 1838;" "Collyhust Hall;" "Love-Lane" (this was near Ancoats Hall); "On Seeing an Emperor Butterfly in the Streets of Manchester;" "Strangeways Hall;" "Manchester Athenæum;" and "The Winton Murder."

Miss Mathilde Blind, in her frequent visits to the city, has been impressed by some of its characteristics, and has written a sonnet on "Manchester by Night."

Middleton.

Although he has chosen to give it the name of Waverlow, it is generally understood that Middleton is the locality celebrated in several of

Ben Brierley's writings, and especially in the fine pathetic verses entitled "Waverlow Bells."

"Old Jammie and Ailse went adown the brook side
Arm-in-arm, as when young, before Ailse was a bride;
And what made them pause near the Holly-bank Wells?
'Twas to list to the chimes of the Waverlow bells.

"'How sweet,' said old Jammie, 'how sweet on the ear,
Comes the ding-donging sound of yon curfew, my dear!'
But old Ailse ne'er replies, for her bosom now swells—
Oh, she'd loved in her childhood those Waverlow bells.

"'Thou remember'st,' said Jammie, 'the night we first met,
Near the Abbey field gate—the old gate is there yet—
When we roamed in the moonlight o'er fields and through
dells,
And our hearts beat along with those Waverlow bells.

"'And then that wakes morning so early at church,
When I led thee a bride through the old ivy porch,
And our new home we made where the curate now dwells,
And we danced to the music of Waverlow bells.

"'And when that wakes morning came round the next year,
How we bore a sweet child to the christ'ning font there;
But our joy peals soon changed to the saddest of knells,
And we mourned at the sound of the Waverlow bells.'

"Then in silence a moment the old couple stood,
Their hearts in the churchyard, their eyes on the flood;
And the tear as it starts a sad memory tells—
Oh! they heard a loved voice in those Waverlow bells.

"'Our Ann,' said old Ailse 'was the fairest of girls;
She had heaven in her face, and the sun in her curls;
Now she sleeps in a bed where the worm makes its cells,
And her lullaby's sung by the Waverlow bells.'

"'But her soul,' Jammie said, 'she'd a soul in her eyes,
And their brightness is gone to its home in the skies;
We may meet her there yet where the good spirit dwells,
When we'll hear them no more—those old Waverlow bells.'

"Once again—only once—the old couple were seen
Stepping out in the gloaming across the old green,
And to wander adown by the Holly-bank Wells,
Just to list to the chimes of the Waverlow bells.

"Now the good folks are sleeping beneath the cold sod,
But their souls are in bliss with their daughter and God;
And each maid in the village now mournfully tells
How old Jammie and Ailse loved the Waverlow bells."

Newfield in Seathwaite.

The stepping stones at Newfield in Seathwaite are made famous in the tenth and eleventh of Wordsworth's sonnets on the Duddon.

Pendle.

There is a large amount of poetical and legendary lore connected with Pendle Hill and its neighbourhood, as may be seen by a reference to Mr. James Mackay's monograph on "Pendle Hill in History and Literature."

Preston.

On the wayside between Preston and Liverpool, early in this century, there stood a pile of turf that was maintained as a memorial of a father. This curious relic attracted the attention of Wordsworth, who has celebrated it in his sonnet on

Filial Piety.

"Untouched through all severity of cold;
Inviolate, whate'er the cottage hearth
Might need for comfort or for festal mirth;
That pile of turf is half a century old:
Yes, traveller! fifty winters have been told
Since suddenly the dart of death went forth
'Gainst him who raised it;—his last work on earth:
Thence has it, with the son, so strong a hold
Upon his father's memory, that his hands,
Through reverence, touch it only to repair
Its waste. Though crumbling with each breath of air,
Its annual renovation thus it stands,—
Rude mausoleum! but wrens nestle there,
And redbreasts warble when sweet sounds are rare."

Perhaps we ought to include in this list "The Preston prisoners to the ladies about the court," which belongs to the poetry of the Jacobite rebellion of 1715.

Preston, as a representative factory town, attracted the notice of Ebenezer Elliott, who, in "Preston Mills," has vigorously attacked the

system by which children were employed early and late in the close atmosphere and fatiguing labours of the spinning and weaving sheds.

Radcliffe.

The visitor to Radcliffe may still see, though in a forlorn and dilapidated condition, "Fair Helen's Tower," the locality of a dreadful murder. The local tradition says that the second wife of Sir William Radcliffe commanded the cook to slaughter the only child of the knight's first wife, and to make her into a pie. This ballad is sometimes known as "The Lady Isabella's Tragedy; or, the Stepmother's Cruelty."

Rochdale.

Through the native town of John Bright and Edwin Waugh flows the Roch—now, alas! a polluted stream—whose bygone charms are celebrated by our Lancashire laureate.

To the River Roach.

"The quiet Roch comes dancing down
From breezy moorland hills;
It wanders through my native town,
With its bonny tribute rills.

"Oh, gentle Roch, my native stream!
Oft, when a careless boy,
I've prattled to thee, in a dream,
As thou went singing by.

"Oft, on thy breast, my tiny barge
I've sailed in thoughtless glee ;
And roved in joy thy posied marge,
That first grew green to me.

"I've paddled in thy waters clear,
In childhood's happy days ;
Change as thou wilt, to me thou'rt dear
While life's warm current plays.

"Like thee, my little life glides down
To the great absorbing main.
From whose mysterious deeps unknown
We ne'er return again."

The grave of Tim Bobbin, in Rochdale churchyard, has been made the occasion for several lively pieces in the dialect by Sam. Bamford, H. O. Shaw, and George Richardson.

Bamford has also written some satirical "Lines written at the Blue Ball, Rochdale."

Salford.

The well-known humorous ballad of "Old Grindrod's Ghost" is versified by William Harrison Ainsworth from a tradition repeated by Mr. Gilbert Winter, of Stocks. It refers to a supposed after-death incident in the career of Grindrod, a Salford dyer, who was hung in 1753 for poisoning his wife.

Scout Edge.

Scout Edge, near Duerden Moor, in the township of Shuttleworth, is the scene of Bamford's poem, the "Witch of Brandwood."

Seathwaite.

One of Wordsworth's Duddon sonnets is devoted to Seathwaite Chapel.

Stake-Hill.

This is the scene of one of Bamford's dialect poems, "The Stake-Hill Ball," in which a rustic festival is described with much spirit.

Turton Fair.

A humorous poem, describing the somewhat coarse festivities at Turton Fair, was published by Wm. Sheldrake, in 1789.

Ulpha Kirk.

The churchyard of this small hamlet near Duddon Bridge is the subject of one of Wordsworth's fine sonnets on the river Duddon.

Warrington.

Warrington can boast of two local ballads of

some popularity—one in praise of Warrington ale, and one descriptive of "Warriken Fair."

Whalley Abbey.

The late Mr. George Richardson, who published his "Patriotism, and other poems," in 1844, includes in it a sonnet written after a visit to Whalley Abbey, Lancashire.

"Thou ancient temple of six hundred years!
Hoary with age, and in stern ruin grand,
Thy mossy mantled arches proudly stand
Like monumental fanes which fate reveres,
No pompous mass, nor monk, nor vestal prayer,
Breaks, as of yore, upon thy calm repose;
For on the mouldering walls, where ivy grows,
The day-scared owlet finds its gloomy lair.
A solemn awe pervades the sacred ground:
The crumbled cloisters, and each hallow'd bed,
The verdant sepulchre, where sleep the dead,
Give a dread silence to the scene around,
Save 'neath thy walls, the Calder wends along,
Singing of man's frail lot, and Time's triumphant song!"

To this picturesque pile belongs that weird scene of incantation described by Ainsworth in his metrical account of a midnight meeting of the Lancashire witches.

Windermere.

The lake of Winandermere, now shortened into Windermere, which is partly in Lancashire and

partly in Cumberland, has been celebrated by Wordsworth.

These references do not profess to be exhaustive of the subject. With abundant leisure, it would not be either a difficult or an unpleasant task to construct a poetical companion for the wanderer amid the bleak fells and busy towns of Lancashire.

Father Arrowsmith's Hand.

By Rushworth Armytage.

IN the Catholic Church of St. Oswald, Ashton in Makerfield is preserved a human hand, said to have belonged to Father Edmund Arrowsmith, to which powers of a miraculous nature have been ascribed.

Edmund Arrowsmith, the former owner of the hand, was born at Haydock, in Winwick parish in 1585, and was a member of the Society of Jesus. Having refused to take the oath of supremacy, he was in 1628, tried before Sir Henry Yelverton on a charge of high treason. On two indictments, accusing him of being a priest and of being a perverter in religion, he was found guilty, and the usual sentence of hanging, drawing, and quartering was passed. Not content with a mere form, the judge is said to have added, "Know shortly thou shalt die aloft between heaven and earth, as unworthy of either, and may thy soul go to hell with thy followers."

The sympathy of the Lancaster folk was entirely with the victim. No one would undertake the duty of executing the priest. A butcher engaged that for £5 his servant should do it, but when the servant heard of the arrangement he ran away and was not seen again. At last a prisoner in the Castle undertook the business.

It is curious that in the account of the distribution of the different parts of Arrowsmith's body no mention is made of the hand, which was afterwards to become famous. In 1629 Mr. Henry Holme wrote a letter attesting certain relics of Father Arrowsmith, but he does not mention the hand, though possibly it is included in the "and more" near the end of the letter. Holme's letter is as follows :—

"Worthy Sir,—My duty remembered ; for the certainty of these things which I did deliver you at your being at Lancaster I will affirm to be true, for the hair and the pieces of the ribs I did take myself at the going up of the plumbers to see the leads, when they were to mend them, and the handkerchief was dipped in his blood, at the time of his quarters coming back from the execution to the Castle, by me likewise with my own hands. . . . All these were the relics of Mr Arrowsmith, who was executed here at Lancaster the 25th [28] of August, 1628, upon the statute of persuasions. I did deliver this to you in July, 1629. I did [gather] all those I gave you myself, and more at several times, and had none from any man's hand but my own."

The accepted account is that after Arrowsmith's body was dismembered, one of his friends cut off the somewhat charred, but otherwise perfect, right hand. The hand was kept at Bryn Hall, the residence of Arrowsmith's maternal kindred, for many years, and was afterwards removed to Garswood. In 1822, it was transferred to the chapel at Ashton.

The hand was, according to an early mention, kept in a linen cloth and a box. Barrett speaks of it as being preserved in a white silk bag, and still later Lady Burton says it was inclosed in a silver case.

There does not appear to be any account of an alleged cure performed by the "dead hand," during the first hundred years of its existence, unless the tale told by Harland in his "Lancashire Legends," belongs to that period.

The story is that one of the owners of Ince "lay on his death-bed, and a lawyer was sent for at the last moment to make his will; but before he reached, the man was dead. In this dilemma it was determined to try the effect of a dead man's hand on the corpse, and the attorney's clerk was sent for it to Bryn Hall in all haste. The body of the dead man was rubbed with the holy hand, and

it was asserted that he revived sufficiently to sign his will. After the funeral, a daughter of the deceased produced a will which was not signed, leaving the property to his son and daughter; but the lawyer produced the will signed by the dead hand, which conveyed all the property to himself. The son quarreled with the attorney, and after wounding him, as he supposed mortally, he left the country and was never heard of more. The daughter also disappeared, but no one knew how or when. After many years the gardener turned up a skull in the garden with his spade, and the secret was revealed. When this took place the Hall had long been uninhabited; for the murdered daughter's ghost hung suspended in the air before the dishonest lawyer wherever he went. It is said that he spent the remainder of his days in Wigan, the victim of remorse and despair. There is a room in the Hall which is said to be haunted by the ghost of a young lady, and her shadowy form is frequently seen by the passers by hovering over the spot where her remains were buried."

The earliest detailed case of cure wrought by the "dead hand" is that of Thomas Hawarden, aged twelve. In June, 1735, this boy had a slow hectic

fever, other ailments followed and he eventually lost the use of his limbs. On October 25, 1736, "his parents having often heard that many and great cures had been effected by means of a hand of Father Arrowsmith, procured leave to have it brought." Mrs. Hawarden, the boy's mother, applied the back part of the hand to her child's back, and drawing it down on each side of the back bone, and then across, she said, "Sweet Jesus Christ, give a blessing to it, and may it do him good; in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The boy immediately felt better, but the mother continued drawing the martyr's hand up and down the boy's back, with the sign of the Cross, repeating the prayer. The lad now declared that he could stand, "hereupon he immediately rose from his seat," began to adjust his clothes, and stood upright.

When asked what he had felt when the hand was applied, he answered, "that he believed it would do him good, and that immediately upon the first touch of the hand he felt something give a shoot, or sudden motion, from his back to the end of his toes."

The truth of the whole story was certified by

four persons, eleven other persons, three of whom were Protestants, certified the truth of his lameness and cure, having seen him daily during his illness and afterwards, and two Protestants testified that they had seen him lame, and that a quarter of an hour later they saw him moving about cured. In 1768, another cure is recorded. Mary Fletcher was troubled with convulsions, and had a lameness which confined her to her bed. In 1767, she was declared by Dr. Ralph Thicknesse to be past all human assistance. On Sunday, November 20, 1768, her brother brought the "holy hand" to her house. Her sister made the sign of the Cross on the invalid's back and breast, the Trinity was invoked, and the patient several times repeated the prayer, "Holy Father Arrowsmith, pray for me to Almighty God, that I may receive the use of my limbs, if it be God's holy will and pleasure." The next day her recovery was so complete, that she was able to assist at the family washing and baking. The truth of this was attested by two priests, Lady Blount, Lady Eccleston, and Elizabeth Rigby. One of the two priests who witnessed Mary Fletcher's cure, Father Joseph Beaumont, had had his throat and mouth so much mortified, that

death was expected, "when upon the touch of the holy hand he was cured of the complaint in an instant, to the great surprise of the doctor and everybody else." A comparatively recent instance of an alleged cure is recorded to have taken place about 1848 or 1849. A child of two or three years had lost the use of her limbs, she was touched by the hand in the church shortly after the mass, but no change in the child's condition took place until the following Sunday, when the mother heard mass, and begged through the intercession of Father Arrowsmith the cure of the child. The child, which was not in the church, showed an inclination to walk at the precise time that the mother was praying for her, and was restored to health immediately. A still later instance of belief in the miraculous powers of the "holy hand" is given in the *Daily News* of August 13, 1872. At a meeting of the Wigan Board of Guardians, held in that month, it was mentioned that the assistant overseer of Ashton in Makerfield, had sent to the Wigan workhouse a destitute woman, named Catherine Collins, who had been sitting all day on a doorstep. She stated that she had come out of Salford workhouse, on leave, to have the "holy hand"

applied to her paralysed side. One of the guardians for Ashton stated that hundreds of persons visited the township for similar purposes.

The belief in the miraculous powers of the "dead hand" still exists. In the "Catholic Directory" for 1892, it is stated that "those who wish to venerate the 'Holy Hand' will have an opportunity of satisfying their devotion on any day after mass."

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