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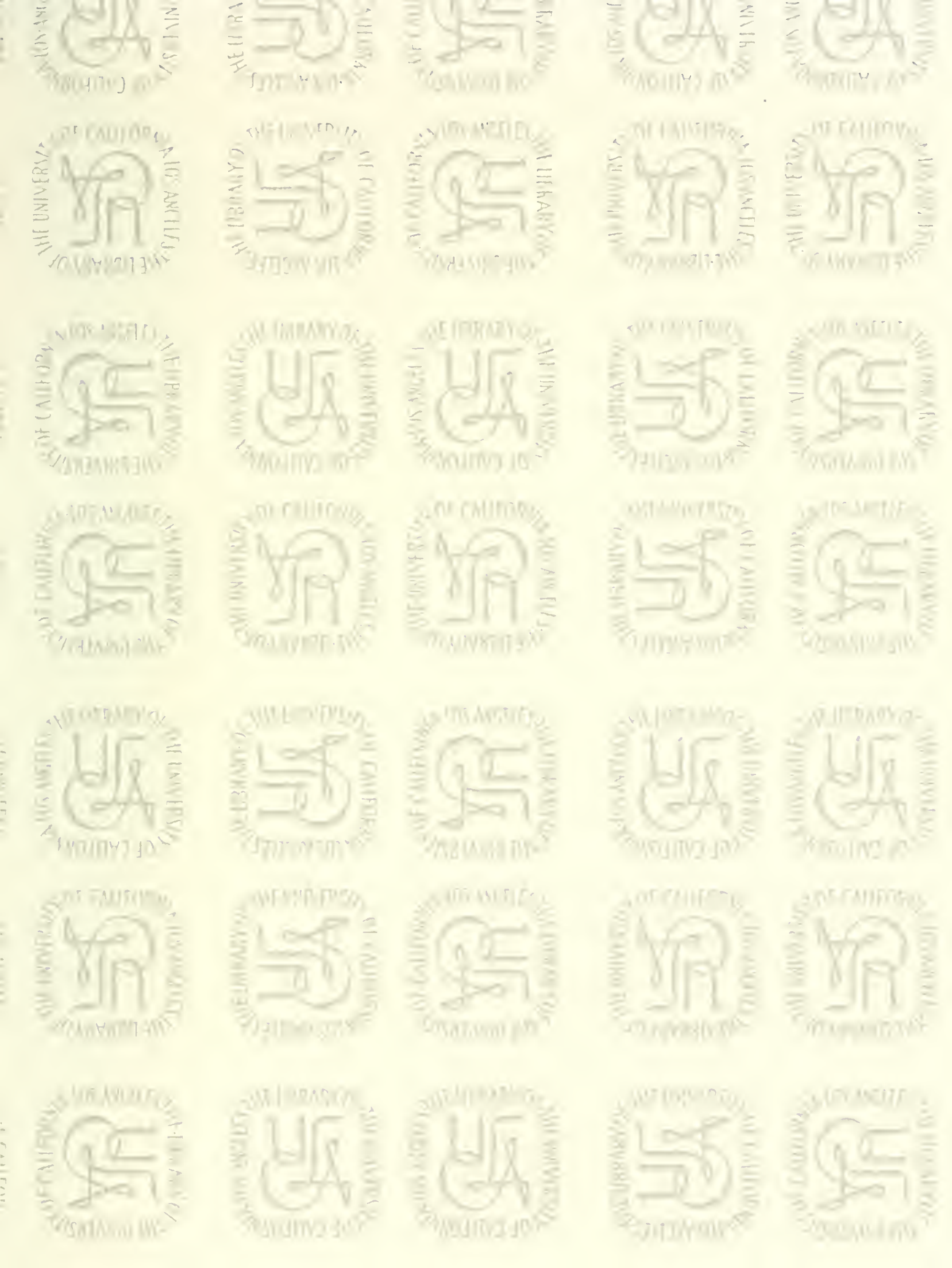

W. E. de B. Whittaker.

LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.

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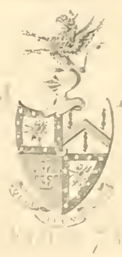

Natus 10 Julii 1580. Obiit 12 Octobris 1653

LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.

BY

FRANCIS ESPINASSE.

"Hic manus, ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,
Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,
Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo."
Æneid, vi. 660–65.

"Behold, a band
Of whom some suffered for their Fatherland;
With them are priests whose lives were undefiled,
And reverent bards on whom Apollo smiled.
Inventors, too, of useful arts are here,
And those whose worth has made their memory dear.

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LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.

I.

*THE FIRST STANLEY EARL OF DERBY.**

TWO or three miles south-west of the busy little town of Leek, in Staffordshire, slumbers the obscure hamlet of Stanley, stony lea as it were, *stan* being Anglo-Saxon for stone. "The place," says Erdeswick, the old topographer of that county, "seems to take its name of the nature of the soil, which though it be in the moorlands is yet a rough and stony place, and many craggy rocks are about it." The name thus derived became that of the famous family of Stanley, itself an offshoot from another of still more ancient date and note. The Stanleys were a branch of the Staffordshire Audleys, said to have been "Barons by tenure before the reign of Henry III.;" from them, through heirs female,

* Dugdale's *Baronage* (London, 1675); Collins's *Peerage* (edited by Brydges, London, 1812), vol. iii. § Stanley Earl of Derby; *Memoirs of the Ancient and Honorable House of Stanley* (by J. Seacome, Manchester, 1783); W. Beamont's *Notes on the Lancashire Stanleys* (Warrington, 1869); Jesse's *Memoirs of King Richard the Third and some of his Contemporaries* (London, 1862); C. A. Halsted's *Life of Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby* (London, 1845), and *Richard III. as Duke of Gloucester and King of England* (London, 1844); Sir Thomas More's *Edward V. and Richard III.* in Kennett's *History of England* (London, 1706), vol. i.; Ormerod's *Cheshire;* Whitaker's *Richmondshire;* Baines's *Lancashire*, &c., &c.

descend the present Touchets Barons Audley, peers of the realm at this day. Of these Audleys was the "Lord James," the valiant warrior who "broke through the French army" at Poitiers, fighting until he was "covered with blood," and of whose interview with the Black Prince, after the victory, there survives a picturesque and touching record in the chivalrous pages of Froissart.

The Audley family seems to have been founded in the reign of Henry I. One of the founder's grandsons, William, had a liking for the stony lea aforesaid, and in the reign of King John exchanged with an uncle other land for it. From this William, called as his father had been, de Stanleigh (soon converted into Stanley), descended the Stanleys of Hooton, the Stanleys of Latham and of Knowsley, and the Stanleys of Alderley, among others. With his son, also a William, the fortunes of the new family took a start through one of those matrimonial alliances to which the house of Stanley owed much of its early prosperity and prominence. He married Jane, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Philip Bamville, of Storeton, in Cheshire, a few miles south of what is now Birkenhead, and known in these days for the New Red Sandstone quarries of Storeton Hill. With this marriage (*temp.* Edward II.) the Stanleys migrated from Staffordshire to Cheshire. It made them owners of a share of the manor of Storeton and hereditary bailiffs of the forest which then overspread the peninsula of Wirral, between the estuaries of the Mersey and the Dee. Wirral was disforested by Edward III., but from this hereditary bailiwick, or chief rangership, of the forest come "the three bucks' heads on a bend," which, with or without additions or modifications, has ever since been the crest of all these Stanleys. A more important acquisition in Cheshire was made by the marriage of another William de Stanley, a descendant of the foregoing (he died 6 Hen. VI.), to the heiress of

Hooton, half-way or so between Chester and Birkenhead. The Stanleys of Storeton now became the Stanleys of Hooton, who centuries later, after the restoration of Charles II., were raised to the baronetage.

From Sir John Stanley, a younger brother of the first Stanley, whom marriage made owner of Hooton, have sprung the Stanleys of Knowsley in Lancashire—Earls of Derby—and the Stanleys Barons Stanley of Alderley in Cheshire. In our own day the baronetcy of Stanley of Hooton was merged in that of Errington, and strangers came into possession of Hooton and its hall, "commanding a peculiarly beautiful view of the Forest Hills, the bend of the Mersey, and the opposite shore of Hale, and shaded with venerable oaks of a growth which the Wirral breezes have elsewhere rarely suffered." The main line of the family is now in what was originally a junior branch, the Stanleys of Knowsley, founded by that Sir John, younger brother of the first Stanley owner of Hooton, and who "flourished," in the literal sense of the word, during the reigns of the Second Richard and of the Henries Fourth and Fifth.

It is from Sir John Stanley that the greatness of the family, though in a younger branch, dates and derives its origin. His career combined all the incidents and accidents to which, aided by the energy and astuteness of its heads, the earlier growth and success of the House of Stanley are traceable. A fortunate alliance, the favour of three successive Kings of England, the imprudence and ill-luck of great noblemen, his contemporaries, contributed to the enrichment and elevation of Sir John Stanley. He married Isabel, the daughter of Sir Thomas de Latham, and in right of his wife he found himself in time owner of the domains of Latham and of Knowsley. Richard II. made him Lord Deputy of Ireland and gave him grants of land there. The favourite of Richard II. was even a greater favourite of the

King by whom Richard was dethroned and replaced. Under Richard he had been merely Lord Deputy of Ireland; under Henry IV. he became Lord Lieutenant. The unsuccessful revolt of the Percies brought Sir John Stanley the Lordship of the Isle of Man, transferred to him by the King from the old Earls of Northumberland, with such absolute ownership of the soil and jurisdiction over the islanders as to make the position of the Lords of Man little less than regal. A steady shower of royal benefactions descended on him during the reign of Henry IV., to whom he was Treasurer of the Household, and who permitted him—a rare favour, it seems, in those days—to "fortify, with embattled walls," a house ("of stone and lime," says the Royal Warrant) which he had built at Liverpool to "facilitate his communications with the Isle of Man." Its front abutted on the Mersey, at the foot of what is now Water street. It was long the chief civic residence of the Stanleys, and known as the Tower; after having served as an assembly room and a prison successively, it was taken down in 1819, and the place that knew it knows it no more. Henry V. gave Sir John the Garter and reappointed him Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He died in 1413, a few months after his resumption of the latter dignity, "having during his long life raised his family from simple country gentlemen to the head of the lesser baronage."[1] With his son John, the greatness of the new house of Stanley did not dwindle; with his grandson Thomas it increased. This Thomas became, as his grandfather had been, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and was distinguished

[1] Round Sir John Stanley there gathered a mass of legendary matter, one fragment of which must be reproduced, if only in a note. The crest of the Stanleys who descend from him, unlike that of the Stanleys of Hooton, exhibits, with the three bucks' heads, an eagle looking at a child in a cradle. Two principal versions of the origin of this crest of the eagle and child have been retailed, with great gravity, by chroni-

both as a warrior and a negotiator. In his person took place the elevation of the Stanleys to the peerage, so to speak. He was summoned to parliament as Lord Stanley, in the January of 1456, the year after that in which the Wars of the Roses opened with the battle of St Alban's. He died in 1459, and was succeeded by his son Thomas, second Lord Stanley, afterwards first Earl of Derby, who carried the fortunes of the house to heights unknown before. The first Stanley Earl of Derby lived in a chaotic and turbulent age, an age, too, in which the old spirit of chivalry was being superseded by modern craft and subtlety. The courage and skill of the warrior had still their value, but strength of arm and hosts of retainers were insufficient without astuteness of head, without a watchful dexterity in remaining neuter when neutrality was the safest course, or in shifting from this cause to that, so as to be on the winning side in times when

clers of the Stanley family. According to one version a Sir Thomas Latham, represented as the grandfather of the Isabel whom Sir John Stanley married, finds in an eagle's nest in Tarlestone wood an infant "swaddled and clad in a mantle of red." Being both issueless and "four score," Sir Thomas adopts the child, names it Oskell, and to him bequeaths all his estates. "Sir" Oskell has an only daughter, Isabel, with whom Sir John Stanley elopes, and in right of whom, after forgiveness by the father, he inherits the Latham property. In the other version of the legend, it is a Sir Thomas de Latham, father of Isabel, who has an illegitimate son, the mother being a certain Mary Oskatell. By a stratagem of the father, the infant Oskatell, so called after the mother, is deposited in an eagle's nest. Then Sir Thomas pretends to find him as if dropped from the skies, and, concealing the bantling's parentage, easily induces his wife to adopt the child of mystery. "Sir" Oskatell is brought up as his heir by Sir Thomas, who, however, growing penitent in old age, leaves him only a few manors, and bequeaths the bulk of his estates to his legitimate daughter, Isabel, and her husband, Sir John Stanley. The genuine history of the crest of the eagle and child, with a good deal of curious information respecting the Lathams, will be found in a paper contributed by Dr Ormerod, the historian of Cheshire, to Nichols's *Collectanea*, and in the *Miscellanea Palatina* (London, 1851) of the former eminent antiquary.

the vanquished of yesterday might become the victor of to-day. The first Stanley Earl of Derby, pursued this policy with consummate skill, reaping as a reward large additional domains and a peerage, in our age as in his own one of the foremost in England.

His choice of a first, as afterwards of a second wife, was a very prudent one at the time, and his earliest appearance on the stage of public affairs is curiously characteristic of him. He began by marrying Eleanor, daughter of Richard Neville Earl of Salisbury, and sister to the stalwart Earl of Warwick, the famous king-maker, the most powerful noble of the day. But while ready to profit by this alliance the wary Stanley did not allow it to commit him to any very decided, much less to any dangerous course. On his father's death in 1459, Lord Stanley found himself at the head of the retainers of his house and of those whom his connections placed at his disposal. In the September of 1459 civil war broke out afresh. No lasting peace had been the result of the grand reconciliation-scene of the preceding year, which displayed Somerset walking hand-in-hand with Salisbury, Exeter with Warwick, while after them came the feeble and innocent Lancastrian King, Henry VI., in royal habit and crown, followed by the two great enemies, the Duke of York (father of Edward IV.) conducting the resolute Queen, Margaret of Anjou, "with great seeming familiarity;" all wending their way in solemnly-joyful procession to St Paul's. A chance fray between a servant of the royal household and one of Warwick's retainers rekindled the Queen's old feud with the king-maker, and in the autumn a War of the Roses was raging again. On the 23rd of September 1459, at Bloreheath in Staffordshire, Warwick's father and Lord Stanley's father-in-law, the Earl of Salisbury, with 5,000 men, routed a force commanded by the King's friend, Lord Audley, of the family from which the Stanleys

were originally an offshoot. Of Lord Stanley's conduct before, during, and just after this engagement there is extant a significant record in a petition of the Commons, complaining of it and of him, and presented to the King during the sitting of the staunchly Lancastrian parliament held in the ensuing November at Coventry. "To the King our Sovereign Lord," begins this document, of which the spelling is here modernised—"show the Commons in this present Parliament assembled: That where[as] it pleased your Highness to send to the Lord Stanley, by the servant of the same Lord from Nottingham, charging him that upon his faith and [al]legiance, he should come to your Highness in all haste, with such fellowship"—following—"as he might make, the said Lord Stanley, notwithstanding the said commandment, came not to you, but William Stanley, his brother, went with many of the said Lord's servants and tenants, [a] great number of people, to the Earl of Salisbury, which were with the same Earl at the distressing of your true liege people at Bloreheath." This was the Sir William Stanley of Bosworth Field celebrity, and the conduct of the two brothers in this Bloreheath affair, curiously prefigures that which they pursued a quarter of a century afterwards on a much more famous occasion. "Also," the petition of the indignant Commons continues, "where[as] your said Highness gave in commandment to your first begotten son, Edward, Prince of Wales"—murdered, eleven years later, after the battle of Tewkesbury—"to assemble your people and his tenants, to resist the malice of your rebels, and thereupon the same noble Prince sent to the said Lord Stanley to come to him in all haste possible, with such fellowship as he might make—the said Lord Stanley, putting the said matter in delay, faintly excused him[self], saying he was not then ready: Howbeit, of his own confession, he had before a commandment from your Highness to be ready

to come to the same with his said fellowship, upon a day's warning; which delay and absence was a great cause of the loss and distress of your said people at Bloreheath. Also where[as] the said Lord had sent his servant to our Sovereign Lady the Queen"—Margaret of Anjou—"and to the said noble Prince of Wales and Chester, saying that he should come to them in all haste; and after that he sent to them Richard Hokesley, his servant, to Eggleshall, certifying them that he would come to them in all haste; and desired, for as much as he understood that he was had in jealousy," therefore "that he might have the vanward against the Earl of Salisbury and his fellowship: And the said noble Prince" of Wales, "by the advice of his council, considering that the fellowship of the said Lord Stanley was fewer in number than the fellowship of the said Earl, willed and desired him to come to the said noble Prince and his fellowship, that they being all together might come to have assisted your Highness, which was promised faithfully by his said servant should be performed in all haste: Which, notwithstanding, was not performed, but in default thereof, your people were distressed at Bloreheath aforesaid, as is well known: Howbeit that the said Lord Stanley was within six miles of the said heath" at "the same time, accompanied with 2000 men, and rested him with the same fellowship, by the space of three days after, at Newcastle" under Lyne, "but six miles out of Eggleshall, where the Queen and Prince then were; and the said Lord Stanley, on the morning next after the distress at Bloreheath, sent a letter for his excuse to our Sovereign Lady the Queen and the said noble Prince, which said letter your said Highness had sent to him, commanding him by the same to have come to your said Highness with his fellowship in all haste, which"—that is Lord Stanley and his fellowship—"came neither to your Highness, to the Queen, nor to the said Prince, but so departed home again.

"Also, where[as] the said Earl of Salisbury and his fellowship had distressed your said people at Bloreheath, the said Lord Stanley sent a letter to the said Earl to Drayton, the same night, thanking God of the good speed of the said Earl, rejoicing him greatly of the same, trusting to God that he should be with the said Earl in other place [s], to stand him in as good stead as he should have done if"—what a virtue in that "if!"—"he had been with them there: Which letter the said Earl sent to Sir Thomas Harrington, and he showed it openly, saying, 'Sirs, be merry, for yet we have more friends: Also, whereas a Squire of the said Earl's, on the Monday next after the said distress, told to a Knight of your's"—the King's—"which was taken prisoner by the fellowship of the said Earl at Bloreheath, that a man of the Lord Stanley's had been with the said Earl at Drayton in the morning of the same day, and brought him word from the said Lord Stanley, that your Highness had sent for him, and that he would ride to you with his fellowship; and if any man would resist or let"—hinder—"the said Earl to come to your High Presence for his excuse"—to excuse himself, then a common plea and pretext of rebellious magnates in arms—"according to the intent of the said Earl, that then the said Lord Stanley and his fellowship should live and die with the said Earl, against his resisters: Also where[as] the said Prince" of Wales, "in fulfilling of your high commandment, sent as well for your people and his tenants in Wirrall Hundred as in Maxfield Hundred in Cheshire, the said people and tenants were let"—prevented—"by the said Lord Stanley, so that they might not come to your Highness, nor to the presence of the said noble Prince: Also where[as] a servant and one of the cooks of the said Lord Stanley's, being with William Stanley in the fellowship of the said Earl of Salisbury, and left behind at Drayton, declared openly to divers gentlemen of the fellowship of the Earl of Shrewsbury, that he was sent

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to the said Earl of Salisbury in the name of the said Lord Stanley, with more of his fellowship : Also, where[as] certain persons being of the livery and clothing of the said Lord Stanley were taken at the Forest of Morff in Shropshire, the day before their death [they] confessed that they were commanded in the name and behalf of the said Lord Stanley to attend and await upon the said William Stanley, to assist the said Earl of Salisbury in such matter[s] as he intended to execute :

"Of all which matters done and committed by the said Lord Stanley we, your said Commons, accuse and impeach him ; and pray your most high Regalie"—Majesty—"that the same Lord be committed to prison, there to abide after form of law."[1]

Certainly a cumulative indictment, the truth of which is rendered abundantly probable by Lord Stanley's subsequent career. It is pretty clear from it that Sir William Stanley had openly joined Salisbury against the King, while his brother, Lord Stanley, amused both sides with promises of support and expressions of sympathy, though carefully forbearing to strike a blow for either his father-in-law or his sovereign. To the petition of the Commons praying for the punishment or trial of Lord Stanley, the King returned a negative answer in the once frequent and potent but now long-obsolete formula, *Le roi s'avisera.* This may have been the result of re-assurances of his loyalty given by Lord Stanley, or of a disinclination to exasperate and render permanently disaffected a powerful family, the head of which was evidently by no means disposed to commit himself. After all Lord Stanley had not actually and in person joined the rebels. Other nobles and his own brother, Sir William Stanley himself, were proclaimed traitors, and their estates declared to be confiscated by that parliament

[1] *Rotuli Parliamentorum*, v. 369.

at Coventry,[1] but then, as always, Lord Stanley escaped. On the 11th December, accordingly, "Dominus Stanley" figures in the list of the peers who took a solemn oath of allegiance to Henry.[2] Nay, he is soon found employed by the King in an important commission, which included the safe custody and the delivery to Henry of two of his own brothers-in-law, among other persons. On the 13th of July 1460, less than a year after the battle of Bloreheath, he is ordered by the King to bring in safe to his presence "John and Thomas Neville," sons of the Earl of Salisbury, "and Thomas Harrington, together with James Harrington" and others, "being in ward by the King's commandment for divers matters ministered against him in his late parliament holden at Coventry."[3] This Thomas Harrington was the owner, and his son, James, heir, of Hornby Castle in Lancashire, and its domains, which came into the possession of the Stanleys, as will be seen hereafter. Lord Stanley's luck in acquiring for himself or for his family began early in his career.

In the following year the Yorkist cause triumphed, and, of course, while the triumph lasted, Lord Stanley ceased to be a Lancastrian. Victorious in the bloody battle of Towton (29th-30th March 1461) Edward IV. was seated on the throne, and in the second year of the new King's reign Lord Stanley was appointed Justice of Chester. Eight years passed, and then, offended with Edward, whom he had placed on the throne, king-making Warwick was plotting the restoration of the same Henry VI. whom he had dethroned. A victory of Edward's at Stamford (12th March 1470) crushed Lord Willes's insurrection, which

[1] *Rotuli Parliamentorum*, v. 348, &c (Given in Baines's *Lancashire* i. 414, &c., where it is said to refer to Thomas, *first* Lord Stanley, instead of his son, an error repeated in the second and recent editions of Baines, i. 135.

[2] *Rotuli Parliamentorum*, v. 352.

[3] Beamont's *Notes on the Lancashire Stanleys*, p. 5, a tract full of curious and original information.

Warwick had instigated, and the king-maker sped to Manchester, to ask for aid from his brother-in-law, Lord Stanley. It was refused. Yet when, a few months afterwards, Warwick was successful and Edward an exile we read of Lord Stanley as one of the nobles who accompanied the king-maker to the Tower (6th October 1470), whence Henry was brought "with great pomp, apparelled in a long gown of blue velvet, through the streets of London to St Paul's." Scarcely seventeen months elapse and again all is changed. Edward has returned and defeated the Lancastrians at the battle of Barnet (14th April 1471), where, fighting with desperation on foot, Warwick himself is slain. At Tewkesbury (4th May 1471) the Lancastrian cause was finally overthrown. On the 22nd of the same month poor Henry VI. "died," a prisoner in the Tower, and once more Edward IV. reigned in his stead.

With the restored Edward the astute and fortunate Lord Stanley was soon in higher favour than before. Three years or so after the death of Henry in the Tower, he was appointed Steward of the Yorkist King's Household, a high and confidential office. It was in this capacity that, in the summer of 1475, he accompanied Edward on that invasion of France which the wiles of Louis XI. and the gold distributed by him among the chief English courtiers turned into an alliance between France and England. Seven years later, when Richard, Duke of Gloucester—so soon to become Richard III.—was sent on an expedition into Scotland, Lord Stanley commanded under him the right wing, some 4000 strong, of the invading army, and with it Stanley invested and stormed Berwick-upon-Tweed, which remained English ever afterwards. There is a tradition preserved in some doggrel lines [1] that, either in going or

[1] "Jack of Wigan he did take
The Duke of Gloucester's banner,
And hung it up in Wigan church,
A monument of honour."

returning, there were feuds and frays between Richard's and Stanley's men, a circumstance which might help to account for the nature of the relations between the two soon afterwards. However this may be, the Scottish expedition had not been long over and Richard was at York, when (April 9th 1483) Edward IV. died, of over-eating as was surmised. His death opened a strange, eventful, and obscure chapter of English history.

Meanwhile Lord Stanley had become a widower and taken a second wife—a match which gradually led him to play a principal part in the melodrama of the new time. A year or two, probably, before the death of Edward, Stanley married that memorable lady, Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII. Daughter and sole heiress of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, Henry VI.'s Captain, she was the great-grand-daughter of John of Gaunt—"time-honoured Lancaster." Her grandfather, John, Earl of Somerset, was the son of John of Gaunt by his mistress, Catherine Swynford, whom he afterwards married, and his offspring by whom an act of parliament legitimised. Thus, if the House of York were extinguished or set aside, Margaret had herself a shadowy claim to the crown. She was a girl of ten when she lost her father, and she grew up a pious, studious, and accomplished woman. At fourteen she married Edmund, Earl of Richmond, half-brother of Henry VI., his father having been that lucky Owen Tudor whose handsome person gained him the heart and hand of Katherine of Valois, the widow of Henry V., victor of Agincourt, Shakespeare's and Falstaff's Prince Hal. The eldest son of this singular marriage was the first husband of Margaret Beaufort, and father by her of Henry, Earl of Richmond, who became Henry VII. A few months after the birth of this their and her only child, her husband died,

November 1456. Three years later she was married to Sir Henry Stafford, son of Humphrey, Duke of Buckingham—just when civil war in England was breaking out afresh. The little Henry of Richmond's uncle by the father's side, Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, was a fierce Lancastrian, and when that cause was overthrown, both of them fled to France, whence the nephew was to return one day to gain the battle of Bosworth and ascend the throne of England. Margaret was a woman of forty when in 1481 she lost her second husband, Sir Henry Stafford. By her marriage with Lord Stanley, the great nobleman whom the Yorkist Edward IV. delighted to honour became the step-father of the Lancastrian Pretender. The match seems to have been one of convenience on her side, probably it was so on both sides. It gave Lord Stanley a wife with great possessions, and her only child was an attainted exile—a half-prisoner of the Duke of Brittany. Margaret herself gained by it a powerful protector high in the favour of the King. Her piety was of the ascetic kind, and she passed part if not all of her married life with her third husband in a way not unusual in those days for wedded dames of great devoutness. "Long time before that he died," says her father-confessor, Fisher, Bishop of Rochester—the "he" being, of course, Lord Stanley—"she obtained of him licence, and promised to live chaste, in the hands of the reverend father my Lord of London, which promise she renewed, after her husband's death, into my hands again." Her influence over Lord Stanley must, nevertheless, have been very considerable, and to it in all probability was due the accession of the Tudor dynasty to the throne of England.

Lord Stanley returned from the North before Richard Crookback, and was present at the funeral of Edward IV. After the King's death there were three parties ready to struggle for supremacy. One was that of the Queen-Mother,

Elizabeth Woodville, whose marriage to Edward, and still more the honours heaped by him on her kindred, had provoked the ire of some of his best friends among the nobles.[1] The most notable member of the Queen-Mother's party was her brother, the gallant and accomplished Lord Rivers, whose translation from the French, "The Dictes or Sayings of Philosophers," was one of the earliest books issued from the press of William Caxton (1477). At the time of Edward's death Lord Rivers was at Ludlow, as governor of South Wales, having under his care his young nephew, Edward V. There, too, as Steward of the boy-King's Household, a significant fact, was Sir William Stanley. Lord Stanley himself seems to have belonged to a second party, one loyal to the young King and distrustful of his uncle, Richard of Gloucester, but hostile to the pretensions of the Queen-Mother and her kindred. This party was headed by the brilliant Lord Hastings, Edward's companion in danger, in triumph, and in pleasure, and who became the most trusted of his councillors. He, too, like Lord Stanley, had married a sister of Warwick, the king-maker. Last not least there was the party of Richard of Gloucester, already aspiring to be Protector, if not King, and about to secure the co-operation of the powerful and prominent but foolish

[1] Shakespeare, with his knowledge of human nature, but seemingly without any historical or biographical authority for the suggestion, represents the high-born Margaret of Richmond as scorning the *parvenue*, Elizabeth Woodville :—

> *Q. Eliz.* The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Derby,
> To your good prayers will scarcely say, Amen.
> Yet Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife
> And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
> I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
>
> *King Richard III.*—Act i. scene 3.

In this passage, as often throughout the play, by a pardonable anachronism, Lord Stanley is styled Lord Derby, though he was not made Earl of Derby until after the battle of Bosworth.

Humphrey, Duke of Buckingham, whose uncle, Sir Henry Stafford, had been the first husband of Lord Stanley's second wife, Margaret of Richmond.

The first blow was struck by Richard, a very few weeks after Edward's death. With the assent and approval of Hastings, who disliked them as chief among the Queen-Mother's relations and friends, and as old personal enemies of his own, Rivers and his nephew Grey were arrested by Richard's orders; their execution followed not long afterwards. The turn of Hastings himself came next. On the 13th of June occurred the scene in the Tower (the fourth of the third act of Shakespeare's *Richard III.*), when, at a signal from Gloucester, armed men rushed into the council-room, seized Hastings and carried him off to immediate execution. Hastings and Stanley were on the friendliest terms, and according to tradition Stanley had warned Hastings of his fate and advised him to fly.[1] If so, he ought himself to have fled, since, according to the same

[1] "*Before Lord Hastings' House.*
Enter a Messenger.
Mess. What, ho! my Lord.
Hast. [*within*]. Who knocks at the door?
Mess. A messenger from the Lord Stanley.
Enter Lord Hastings.
Hast. What is't o'clock?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.
Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?
Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say.
First he commends him to your noble Lordship.
Hast. And then?
Mess. And then he sends you word
He dreamt to-night the boar had rased his helm,
Besides he says there are two councils held;
And that may be determined at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other
Therefore he sends to know your Lordship's pleasure,
If presently you will take horse with him
And with all speed post with him toward the North,
To shun the danger that his soul divines."
King Richard III.—Act iii. scene 2.

A white boar, it need scarcely be added, was Richard's cognizance.

tradition, he was nearly involved in the destruction which befell Hastings. "In this bustle," says Sir Thomas More, the circumstantiality of whose narrative is unique, whatever doubts there may be as to its accuracy, "in this bustle," of the armed men rushing in, when Richard struck his hand upon the Council-table, "which was all before contrived, a certain person struck at the Lord Stanley with a pole-axe, and had certainly cleft him down, had he not been aware of the blow and sunk under the table. Yet he was wounded on the head that the blood ran about his ears." This was on the 13th of June: on the 26th Richard, already Protector, was proclaimed King.

If the story of the pole-axe and the ducking under the table be true, it, or its sequel, but affords another proof of Lord Stanley's wonderful dexterity and good luck. His friend Hastings was beheaded, but he himself escaped. A fortnight after the scene in the Tower, and the day after Richard was proclaimed King, Stanley emerges a trusted counsellor of the "usurper," witnessing with Buckingham the new King's formal delivery of the Great Seal to his Chancellor, John Bishop of London.[1] On the 6th of July came Richard's coronation, when "the Lord Stanley bare the mace before the King, and my Lady of Richmond bare the Queen's train." Before the end of the year this most dexterous and fortunate of noblemen was appointed "Constable of England for life." He had been already restored to the office near the King's person, that of Steward of the Household, which he filled under Edward IV. Whatever happened to kings or to dynasties, it was the fate of Lord Stanley to flourish and increase.

[1] A delivery *by* not "*to* the usurper," as Jesse puts it (*Memoirs of King Richard III.*, p. 340), misled probably by Miss Strickland (*Queens of England*, ii. 400, *note*), who also gives a wrong reference to Rymer's *Fœdera*—xii. 189, instead of xii. 132.

In Richard's triumphant progresses northward and westward, after the coronation, he was accompanied by Lord Stanley. During their course—if really ever enacted precisely as the time-honoured traditions represent it to have been—was enacted the dark tragedy of the Children in the Tower. Just before the date assigned to this event, Buckingham is spoken of as aggrieved by Richard's treatment of him, and as having in dudgeon left the King at Gloucester for his own castle of Brecknock. To his care and custody at Brecknock had been entrusted the person of Morton Bishop of Ely (afterwards Cardinal and Archbishop of Canterbury), who, as a member of the Hastings party, had been arrested[1] when its chief was not only arrested but executed, and as Sir Thomas More was, in his youth, a page in Morton's household, it is sometimes fondly fancied that he received from Morton's lips the materials for his history of Richard III., which became the groundwork of much of Shakespeare's tragedy, and of the traditional version of Richard's character and earlier career as King. According to More, Buckingham in his wrath conceived a notion of setting himself up for King, descended as he was from a seventh son of Edward III. But as he rode on his homeward way, he met, between Worcester and Bridgenorth, his uncle's widow, Lord Stanley's wife, Margaret of Richmond. In the course of their conversation—Sir Thomas More is the authority for all this—she besought him, as powerful with the King, to use his influence on behalf of her son, Henry of Richmond, then an exile in Brittany. If Richard would permit him to return to England and marry

[1] "*Glouc.* My Lord of Ely!
Ely. My Lord.
Glouc. When I was last in Holborn
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
I do beseech you send for some of them.
Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart," &c., &c.
King Richard III.—Act iii. scene 4.

one of the daughters of Edward IV., no other dowry than the favour of the King would be asked for with her. Circumstantial as is More's account, it is not likely that Margaret could have expected Richard thus to restore and honour a possible pretender to the throne. However, according to More, this mention of Richmond set Buckingham thinking. He came to the conclusion that it would be better for him to give up his own slender claim to the crown, and to support Richmond's. When he arrived at Brecknock, he talked the matter over with his prisoner, Morton, who strongly encouraged his new view. The peer and prelate at Brecknock opened formal negotiations with Margaret of Richmond. It seems that a project for marrying Richmond to the Princess Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV., had been already communicated by Margaret to Elizabeth Woodville (then with her children in sanctuary at Westminster), through a Welsh physician, who ministered medically to both of them. Edward's widow now welcomed the scheme, and promised the co-operation of her friends. Great nobles and prelates entered into the plot all the more eagerly that the murder of the young Edward V. and his brother in the Tower by Richard's command had begun to be bruited abroad. Messengers were sent with money and advice to Richmond in Brittany, and he consented to everything. The 18th of October (1483) was fixed for a general rising. By that day Henry was to arrive in England at the head of an invading force, and co-operate with the levies of Buckingham and his fellow-conspirators.

Stormy weather delayed the arrival of Richmond and scattered his ships. When at last, with a solitary vessel, he neared the coast of Dorsetshire, he found Richard's soldiers confronting him. There was nothing left for him but to return whence he came, and there he soon heard of the failure of Buckingham's insurrection, and of

the capture and execution of Buckingham himself. Lord Stanley's wife had been deep in the plot, but he managed matters so that his own fidelity could not be directly impeached, and might even be represented as having contributed to the failure of the insurrection. Lord Stanley had married his eldest son George to Joanna, the daughter and heiress of John Lord Strange (her mother, be it noted, was a sister of Elizabeth Woodville), and through this marriage, it may be mentioned, there came to the husband and his descendants the Barony of Strange, a circumstance which accounts for the fact that "Lord Strange" was long the courtesy-title of the eldest sons of the Earls of Derby. Now there has been preserved (it is printed in the "Plumpton Correspondence") a letter from the secretary of this George Stanley, Lord Strange, dated the 18th October (1483), the very day fixed for Buckingham's rising, and it contains the following curious passage. "People in this country"—Edward Plumpton writes from Latham, which, and not Knowsley, was then and for long afterwards the headquarters of the Stanleys—"people in this country be so troubled in such commandment as they have in the King's name and otherwise, marvellously"—the King ordering them one way, lords and landlords in the rebel interest ordering them another—"that they know not what to do. My lord Strange goeth forth from Latham upon Monday next with 10,000 men, *whither we cannot say*. The Duke of Buckingham has so many as that" it "is said here that he is able to go where he will; but I trust he shall be right withstanded, and"—or—"else were great pity." Were the sympathies and antipathies of Lord Strange and of Lord Strange's father the same as those here expressed by Mr Secretary Plumpton? If Buckingham's rising had begun successfully, and if he had been joined in force by Lord Stanley's step-son, Richmond, would those 10,000 men under

Lord Strange have been ordered to fight for Richard? It may be doubted—Mr Secretary himself did not know whither Lord Strange was bound.[1] Certain it is, however, that the

[1] It might at first seem as if it were Shakespeare's marvellous instinct, unaided by suggestion of chronicler or historian, which, in the passage about to be quoted, led him to represent Richard as distrusting Stanley at the time of Buckingham's insurrection. The truth, however, is that, for his own convenience, Shakespeare suppressed the failure of Richmond's first and unsuccessful expedition, and makes the second and successful one to be contemporaneous with that insurrection; whereas they were separated by nearly two years. For Richard's distrust of Stanley during Richmond's second expedition, and for his demand that Lord Strange should then be placed in his hands as a hostage, there is ample historical warrant; how far it is rightful as regards Lord Strange (the George Stanley of Shakespeare) is another question which will be dealt with hereafter.

"*Enter Lord Stanley.*
K. Rich. How now, what news with you?
. . . .
Stan. Richmond is on the seas. . . . . .
K. Rich. . . . . . Then, tell me, what doth he upon the sea?
Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.
K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.
Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.
K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?
Where are thy tenant and thy followers?
Are they not now up the western shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships?
Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
K. Rich. Cold friends to Richard: what do they in the North,
When they should serve their Sovereign in the West?
Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty Sovereign:
Please it your Majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your Grace
Where and what time your Majesty shall please.
K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou would'st be gone to join with Richmond:
I will not trust you, sir?
Stan. Most mighty Sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:
I never was nor never will be false.
K. Rich. Well,
Go muster men; but, hear you, leave behind
Your son, George Stanley: look your faith be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.
Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you." [*Exit.*
King Richard III.—Act iv. scene 4

ever-lucky and dexterous Stanley was a gainer by the failure of the insurrection which his wife had fomented. On the very day of Buckingham's execution, Richard granted to Lord Stanley "the Castle and Lordship of Kimbolton, late belonging to the great rebel and traitor Humphrey Stafford, Duke of Buckingham." A few months before and Stanley was in danger, while Buckingham was Richard's chief friend and favourite. Now Buckingham's head rolled from the axe of the executioner, and Stanley throve upon his destruction. Richard might have his doubts, but he kept them to himself, and laboured to persuade Stanley practically that loyalty was the best policy. It was worth the King's while to try to secure the adhesion of a nobleman who could bring 10,000 men into the field.

But Margaret of Richmond's participation in the conspiracy which preceded Buckingham's abortive insurrection was well-known to Richard, and he could not hope to bribe her to be loyal to him or to desert the cause of her own son. Strange spectacle—while honours were heaped on the husband, all that seemed prudently possible was done to humiliate and punish the wife. Lord Stanley was made Constable of England for life in the December of 1483. Early in the new year, on the 22nd of January, 1484, a parliament met at Westminster, opened by Richard in person, his confidant and instrument, Catesby, being chosen Speaker of the Commons. Among the acts passed by this parliament for the punishment of persons implicated in Buckingham's conspiracy and insurrection, was one directed against "Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother to the King's great rebel and traitor, Henry, Earl of Richmond." It recited that "she had of late conspired, confederated, and committed treason" against the King, by "sending messages, writings, and tokens to the said Henry; desiring him to come into this realm and make war against

him," and had also raised "great sums of money" to be employed for the same purpose. Nevertheless, it was added, the King considering "the good and faithful service that Thomas Lord Stanley had done, and intendeth to do, and for the good love and trust that the King hath in him, for his sake remitteth and will forbear to her the great punishment of attainder of the said Countess."[1] Margaret was, however, disabled from inheriting any lands or dignities, and declared to have forfeited her estates to the crown, only a life interest in them being conceded to Lord Stanley. It was an enactment which did not make the mother of Henry, Earl of Richmond—or for that matter, perhaps, his step-father either—more loyal to Richard of Gloucester.

A year and a half passed away after the opening of the parliament which in the January of 1484 attainted Margaret of Richmond. The summer of 1485 found Richard at Nottingham once more awaiting a landing of Richmond's, and making energetic preparations to crush the second expedition of Lord Stanley's step-son. At the beginning of 1485 Richard acted as if he believed firmly in the fidelity of the Stanleys.[2] In the January of that year he issued

[1] *Rotuli Parliamentorum*, vi. 250.

[2] It was about this time, probably later rather than earlier, that to help in silencing the reports of his contemplated marriage to her, Richard removed from Court the Princess Elizabeth of York, afterwards wife of Henry VII. About this time, too, the "action" of that curious piece, "The Song of the Lady Bessy," Elizabeth herself, might be supposed to begin. In it Elizabeth is represented as making direct appeals to Lord Stanley to endeavour to place Richmond on the throne. Lord Stanley at first rejects them, then yields to them, and conspires accordingly against Richard. The "Song of the Lady Bessy" professes to be written by Humphrey Brereton, a confidential "esquire" of Lord Stanley's, but it cannot be accepted as genuine autobiography or history, and beyond doubt it is at least partly apocryphal. The best edition of its text is that printed by Mr J. O. Halliwell, in vol. xx. of the Percy Society's publications.

two commissions, one for Cheshire, the other for Lancashire. They were addressed to "all knights, squires, gentlemen, and all others the King's subjects" of the two counties. The Cheshire commission informs those whom it concerns that "the King hath deputed the Lord Stanley, the Lord Strange, and Sir William Stanley to have the rule and leading of all persons appointed to do the King's service when they be warned against the King's rebels. And it any rebels arrive in those parts that then all the power that they can make be ready to assist the said Lords and Knight upon their faiths and [al]legiances." The Lancashire commission calls upon the "knights, squires, and gentlemen, and others" of that county, "to give their attendance upon the Lords Stanley and Strange to do the King's Grace service against his rebels in whatsoever place within this Royaume they fortune to tarry." Richard was thus thrusting into the hands of the Stanleys weapons which seven months afterwards were to be turned against himself.

And now must come the statement of a problem in the story of the Stanleys, one arising out of the traditional, long-accepted, and undisputed account of the circumstances accompanying their contribution to the overthrow of Richard Crookback and to the establishment of the Tudor dynasty on the throne of England. According to the old chroniclers, Richard became towards his latter end suspicious of Lord Stanley's fidelity, an assertion plausible enough since Margaret of Richmond was doubtless aiding and abetting her son's second and successful expedition. There is, too, a general agreement on another point, namely, that to deter Stanley from joining Richmond, Richard secured the person of Stanley's son and heir, Lord Strange. According to one account, when quitting the Court for Lancashire, Lord Stanley was compelled to leave Lord Strange then and there a hostage in the hands of Richard.

On the other hand the following is the statement of the Croyland Chronicler, a contemporary of the events which he records :—"A little before the landing of these persons" —Richmond and his adherents—" Thomas Stanley, Steward of the King's Household, had received permission to go into Lancashire to visit his house and his family, from whom he had long been separated. Still, however, he was permitted to stay there on no other condition than that of sending his eldest son, George Lord Stanley, to the King at Nottingham in his stead, which he accordingly did." The same chronicler avers that after the landing of Richmond was known to Richard, the King summoned Lord Stanley to join him at Nottingham, and received a refusal on the plea of sickness. Soon afterwards, it is added, Lord Strange attempted to escape, was prevented, then confessed his guilt, acknowledging that his uncle, Sir William Stanley, was privy to Richmond's expedition, but declaring that his father was innocent, and if his own life were spared would still join the King. Last, not least, at the very crisis of the battle of Bosworth, in the old account reproduced by Shakespeare, Richard is represented as ordering the execution of Lord Strange, while those around beseech him to defer it until the battle is over.[1]

Richmond landed at Milford Haven on the 1st of August, 1485, Richard marched from Nottingham with his army on the 16th, and the Battle of Bosworth Field was fought on the 22nd of that month. Now it so happens that there is in the Warrington Museum a deed of re-conveyance of his estates to Sir Thomas Butler from his

[1] "*Enter a Messenger.*
K. Rich. What says Lord Stanley? Will he bring his power?
Mess. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Rich. Off with his son George's head.
Norfolk. My Lord, the enemy is past the marsh :—
After the battle let George Stanley die."
King Richard III.—Act v. scene 3.

D

feoffees, executed at Bewsey in Lancashire, and witnessed by Lord Stanley and his sons, Lord Strange and Sir Edward Stanley, on the 18th of July, 1485, only five weeks before the battle of Bosworth. Moreover, adds an obliging informant,[1] "there is another document of a similar character among the Lilford Muniments at Atherton, near Manchester—where the same witnesses are named—two or three weeks later: this deed is dated at Latham." "Two or three weeks later" would bring us very near the battle of Bosworth, and quite to the landing of Richmond. It is, therefore, impossible that, when Lord Stanley quitted Richard's Court for Lancashire, he could have left his son a hostage with the King or, at any rate, that Lord Strange could have remained in Richard's hands and fettered his father's action, since, as has been seen, he was, at or about the time of Richmond's landing, with his father in Lancashire. If Lord Strange was placed as a hostage by his father in the hands of Richard, it must have been in the brief interval between the date when he witnessed at Latham the signature of the later of the documents referred to and that of the battle of Bosworth. This is the account of the matter given by the Croyland Chronicler in the passage already quoted. The Croyland Chronicler is generally considered a trustworthy authority, yet it is almost, though of course not altogether, inconceivable that, knowing of Richmond's expedition and the part which he himself was ready to play in the impending contest, Lord Stanley committed his son at such a time and in such circumstances to the tender mercies of Richard Crookback.

[1] John Robson, Esq., M.D., of Warrington. It was by this gentleman, an eminent local antiquary, that the deed in the Warrington Museum was first published, and its historical or biographical importance pointed out, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1863—not 1862, the year given in the new edition (1870) of Baines's *Lancashire*, i. 272.

This, however, is what the chroniclers would have us believe, and Shakespeare has given perpetuity to the improbable story. If Lord Stanley did not join Richmond on his landing, it was, we are told, because he feared for the life of his son,[1] then very possibly safe and sound at Latham. It is Lord Strange's perilous position that, in the old chronicles, makes Lord Stanley pretend to retreat from Lichfield, which he left open to Richmond; this is what he pleaded as an excuse for his neutrality, during the alleged interview with Richmond at Atherstone three nights before the battle;[2] and this is to account for his indecision during the battle itself. Perhaps it may turn out that Lord

[1] "*Lord Derby's House.*

Enter Derby *and* Sir Christopher Urswick.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:
That in the sty of this most bloody boar,
My son George is flanked up in hold:
If I revolt off goes young George's head:
The fear of that withholds my present aid. . . . . . .
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?
Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west in Wales," &c., &c.

King Richard III—Act iv. scene 5.

[2] Shakespeare has transferred the scene of the interview from Atherstone to the battle-field, and made the time the night before the battle:—

"*Enter* Derby *to* Richmond *in his tent, Lords and others attending.*

Der. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!
Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?
Der. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The silent hour steals on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief,—for so the season bids us be,—
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may (that which I would I cannot),
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful stock of arms;
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight."

King Richard III.—Act v. scene 3.

Strange was never in Richard's hands at all, and that Lord Stanley never stirred a finger or moved a man until the fate of the battle was decided. All accounts agree that Richard's final charge might have been successful had not Sir William Stanley, with his three thousand men, suddenly come to the rescue of Richmond.[1] But Sir William seems to have been a rasher, or rapider man than his elder brother, and much more ready to run risks. The reader remembers the first appearance of the two brothers on the public stage at the battle of Bloreheath, and can easily imagine Lord Stanley at Bosworth as six and twenty years before, beguiling both combatants with promises and assurances of sympathy, while waiting, before he joined either, to see which was the winning side. When Richard was killed and the battle over, the battered crown which had fallen from his helmet during the conflict was, according to a plausible tradition, placed by Lord Stanley or his brother on the head of the victorious Richmond. There was no longer room for doubts, scruples, hesitations. Nor did the Stanleys show any pity for those of their coadjutors of the ended reign, who to the last had remained faithful and true to Richard. Three days after the battle a batch of Richard's adherents was executed—Catesby among them. He made his will on the day of execution, and it contained this significant, this striking passage and petition: "My Lord Stanley, Strange, and all that blood! help! and pray for my soul, for ye have not for my body, as I trusted in you."[2]

In one way or another the Stanleys had done great

[1] Polydore Virgil (Camden Society's edition, ii. 223), detailing the composition of Richmond's army says: "The number of all his soldiers, all manner of ways, was scarce 5,000, besides the Stanleyans, whereof about 3,000 were at the battle, *under the conduct of William.* The King's forces were twice so many and more."

[2] Sharon Turner's *History of England during the Middle Ages* (London, 1825), iv. 52 *(note).*

things for Richmond, and Henry VII. did not forget their services. In the October after the battle Lord Stanley was created Earl of Derby,[1] and "was constituted one of the Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Steward of England on the 30th of that month—the day of the King's coronation." In the March of the following year he received a grant for life of the office of Constable of England; the same high dignity which had been conferred on him by Richard was thus renewed to him by Richard's rival and successor. On the 20th of September in the same year arrived (with almost too great punctuality) the birth of the first child of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York (they had been wedded on the 14th of January in the same year), that Prince Arthur whose marriage with Katherine of Arragon helped to bring about the English Reformation. At the christening of Arthur, the new Earl of Derby was one of the two male sponsors, the other being the Earl of Oxford, Sir Walter's and Anne of Geierstein's John Philipson, who had led the van of Richmond's army at the battle of Bosworth. Elizabeth Woodville, Edward IV.'s widow, was the female sponsor, beholding in her little grandchild a bud from the peaceful grafting of the White Rose upon the Red. In the November of the following year came the separate coronation of the Queen, and, at the feast in Westminster Hall

[1] He was not the first Earl of Derby, but simply "the first Stanley, Earl of Derby." The first Earl of Derby was Robert de Ferrers, to whom King Stephen gave the earldom as a reward for his valour at the battle of the Standard. The peerage was extinguished with the deprivation of the 8th Earl of Ferrers and Derby in 1297 for complicity with Simon de Montfort. Henry, Earl of Lancaster, whose daughter Blanche married John of Gaunt, was created Earl of Derby 11 Edward III. Through Blanche the earldom went to John of Gaunt's son Henry, and was merged in the higher dignity of the crown when he became King.

which followed it, Lord Derby is described as present, "attired in a rich gown furred with sables, a marvellous chain of gold of many folds about his neck," and "the trappers of his courser right curiously wrought with the needle." In this same year, moreover, aid given by Lord Strange, of course as representative of his father, in suppressing an insurrection against Henry, led to a further enrichment of the Stanleys. On the 16th of June, 1486, was fought the battle of Stoke, in which the insurgents under the Earl of Lincoln and Sir Thomas Broughton, a North Lancashire man, were routed, and their *protégé*, the pretender Lambert Simnel, taken prisoner. Lambert himself was spared and set to turn a spit in the King's kitchen, but condign was the punishment of the noblemen and gentlemen who supported him in arms. According to his secretary, Edward Plumpton, Lord Strange had "brought with him" to Stoke against the insurgents "a great host, enough to have beaten all the King's enemies only of"—with—"my Lord Derby's folks and his own." For this service Henry bestowed on Lord Derby the estates of Sir Thomas Broughton, in Furness. Among Henry's other grants of lands to Lord Derby then or at various times during his reign were those of the estates of "Sir James Harrington of Hornby, of Francis, Viscount Lovell" ("the cat, the rat, and Lovell, the dog"), "of Sir Thomas Pilkington, and what Sir Thomas had in right of his lady, who was daughter and heir of —.Chetham, Esq., of Chetham. The said Sir Thomas was owner of all the lands the Earl of Derby now claims in Salford Hundred. He had also Pooton of Pooton's, Bythom of Bythom's, and Newby of Kirkby's estates in this county, with at least twenty gentlemen's estates more."[1] Not a lord in all the county was half so great a lord as he.

The prosperity of the Stanleys was at its height when one

[1] Baines, iv. 13.

prominent member of the family was suddenly disgraced and hurled into the grave; the head of the house, however, escaping the blow which felled and made short work of his brother. Sir William Stanley had reaped due rewards for his conduct at Bosworth. Henry appointed him Chancellor of the Exchequer, and gave him the Garter. An act of one of Henry's Parliaments confirmed him in the possession of the large grants of land, among them that of Holt Castle in Denbighshire, bestowed on him by the Richard on whom he turned, and of whose overthrow at Bosworth he was the principal cause. At the moment of losing everything, life as well as lands, Sir William Stanley was, according to Lord Bacon (as biographer of Henry VII.), "the richest subject for value in the kingdom; there being found in his Castle of Holt," Bacon adds, particularising with apparent gusto, "40,000 marks in ready money and plate, besides jewels, household stuff, stocks upon the ground, and other personal estate, exceeding great. And for his revenue in land and fee, it was £3,000 a year old rent; a great matter in those times." Some of this property had been acquired on the field of Bosworth itself, and was in fact neither more nor less than "loot." Bacon speaks of "the great spoils of Bosworth Field which came into this man's hands to his infinite enriching." Was all this not enough, or had Sir William become a malcontent because more had not been done for him, say because, while his elder brother was made Earl of Derby, Henry hesitated to revive for him and in his person the grand old Earldom of Chester, which had become a mere appendage of the Princedom of Wales? Or did he think that Perkin Warbeck really had a chance, and, true to the Stanley policy, had he made some tentative overtures to the new Pretender or the new Pretender's friends and backers? Certain it is that when the secret history, true or false, of Perkin Warbeck's

tamperings with disaffected English nobles was divulged by his and their agent, Sir Robert Clifford, whom Henry's gold bribed to turn King's evidence, he accused Sir William Stanley himself of being in the conspiracy. Stanley's whole guilt, if guilt there was, is said to have been the casual utterance of the remark that "if he were sure that that young man, Perkin Warbeck, was King Edward's son, he would never draw the sword against him." However, according to Bacon, when brought before the council, "he denied little of that wherewith he was charged, nor endeavoured much to excuse or extenuate his fault so that (not very wisely)"—Bacon himself knew something of the dangers of hasty confessions—"thinking to make his offence less by confession, he made it enough for condemnation." The judges at Westminster sentenced him to death, and he was duly executed on the 15th February 1495. All his estate, real and personal, was confiscated by and to the King, and Henry's greed, it is sometimes thought, prompted him to procure a sentence of death and permit it to be executed on the man whose timely rush to aid him, ten years or so before, won for him the battle of Bosworth and the crown of England. That great service itself Henry had come to regard under its more dubious aspects. "The King's wit," says Bacon, "began now to suggest unto his passion that Stanley at Bosworth Field, though he came time enough to save his life, yet he stayed long enough to endanger it."

Lord Derby had not compromised himself by word or deed in the affair of Perkin Warbeck. What is stranger, he does not seem to have resented or even to have felt his brother's bloody doom. In the summer of the year of Sir William Stanley's execution, Lord Derby received at Latham and at Knowsley a visit from Henry, who perhaps wished thus to persuade the world that he had perfect trust in the fidelity of his mother's husband. Lord Derby sank the

brother in the subject and the step-father, and Lord Derby's fool, not the master of the house himself, is the main figure in the old tradition which hints that amid the splendours of Henry's reception by the Lord of Latham in the summer of 1495, the tragedy of the preceding February was not quite forgotten. According to "a notable tradition still"—in Bishop Kennett's time—"believed, Henry, after a view of Latham, was conducted by the Earl to the top of the leads for a prospect of the country. The Earl's fool was in company, who, observing the King draw near to the edge of the leads, not guarded with business, he stepped up to the Earl, and pointing down the precipice said, 'Tom, remember Will!' The King understood the meaning, and made all haste down stairs and out of the house; and the fool long after seemed mightily concerned that his Lord had not courage to take the opportunity of revenging himself for the death of his brother." The first Stanley Earl of Derby was not a fool! After leaving Knowsley, Henry went by way of Warrington to Manchester. "To promote the King's accommodation," says the modern historian of Lancashire, "the noble Lord built a bridge over the river Mersey at Warrington, for the passage of himself and his suite, which bridge has been found of so much public utility as to afford a perpetual monument of the visit of Henry VII. to Lancashire." 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good.

Some nine years after this visit of King Henry, Lord Derby died, probably about the age of seventy. His death must have occurred between the 28th of July, 1504, on which day his will was dated, and the 29th of November in the same year, the day on which it was proved. He left to the King a cup of gold, and legacies to this abbey and to that, duly providing too for masses on behalf of his own soul, of those of his wives, relations, friends, servants, and in

one case, "especially for the souls of all them he had in any wise offended, and for all Christian souls." Better, or more useful, he bequeathed "to the making of Garstang Bridge 20 marks," nor was that which he had built at Warrington forgotten in his will. He left it "three hundred marks to the intent that the passage shall be free for all people for evermore, without any toll or fare there to be asked." "And also I give to the making up of the aforesaid bridge at Warrington five hundred marks." One of the few personal traits preserved of him bespeaks a magnificent style of doing things—worthy of his rank and possessions. The rhyming chronicle of the Stanleys, written in or about 1562, by Thomas Stanley, Bishop of Sodor and Man, and printed in Seacome's *Memoirs of the House of Stanley*, concludes with a postscript, in plain prose, thus :—"Yet have I left behind me a notable point which I had not presently in my remembrance, until an aged man, that sometime was servant unto this old first Earl Thomas, put it in my memory, which is: That when this noble Earl was disposed to ride for his pleasure, a hunting, or" on "other progress, or to visit his friends or neighbours, whose house soever he went unto, he sent his officers before, who made provision all at his cost, as though he had been at his own house. And at his departure the surplusage was left to the use of the house where he had lodged. And thus was his manner and order in all places where and when he travelled, unless by chance he came into some lord's house. I report if this was not too honourable to be put in oblivion." Surely.

Remarkable or not in his character, Thomas, second Lord Stanley, first Earl of Derby, was, it will have been seen, decidedly remarkable in his career and its results to his country and to himself. It was by him and his, more or less directly, that for good and for evil a Tudor dynasty

was seated on the throne of England. This fact alone would make him a personage of some importance in English history. He lived in a turbulent age, of civil war, of violent dynastic change and unexampled political and social vicissitude, when no man of station felt his head safe on his shoulders, when life and property were equally insecure. It was possible here and there, perhaps, to avoid confiscation and the scaffold by keeping profoundly quiet, but the temporary victor in the incessant strife was apt to treat those who had not been with him just as if they had been against him, so that even the most cautious neutrality was not exempt from peril. Much greater, of course, was the danger run by those who, like this Stanley, took an active or a prominent part in the contests of the time—who staked their lives and lands on the result of a battle or an insurrection, on the wavering chances of a doubtful dynasty or succession. The Wars of the Roses made terrible havoc in the ranks of the English nobility, and estates changed hands as rapidly as if the soil of England were being played for at a colossal gaming-table. There was no appeal from the arbitrary fiat of the King, or of the faction dominant for the time being, since the servile parliaments of the period were always ready to confirm the decisions and to do the bidding of those who convoked them. Men were ever changing sides, and your ally to-day might be your enemy to-morrow. Warwick, the king-maker, whose sister Thomas Stanley married, lost his life battling to restore the Henry whom he had dethroned. Stanley's friend, Lord Hastings, had been a chief favourite of Edward IV., but he was one of the earliest victims of Edward's brother, Richard Crookback. Humphrey Duke of Buckingham was beheaded for revolting against the Richard whom a few months before he had aided to usurp the throne. Stanley's brother, Sir William, turned the tide of battle on the field of Bosworth in favour

of Richmond; but the same Richmond, as Henry VII., deprived him of his life and possessions, perhaps sacrificed to the suspicions or the avidity of the King who owed him a crown. Such and similar characteristics and events of those *bad* old times confer a peculiar interest on the career of the first Stanley Earl of Derby, and excite a curiosity which, from the lack of data, must remain unsatisfied. Whether he chose a side or wavered and trimmed, he was always a gainer. Each change of dynasty, or extrusion of an occupant of the throne by a claimant, added to his possessions and his power. His first marriage made him a brother-in-law of Warwick, the king-maker; his second, step-father of Henry VII.; and his choice of a wife for his son and heir was so contrived as to connect the Stanley family with the queen of Edward IV. The calamities alike of friends and of foes helped to aggrandise him. At the outset of his career, the misfortunes of his brothers-in-law, the Harringtons, enabled him to acquire for his family Hornby Castle and its domains, and towards the close of his life he benefited largely by confiscations, punishing and ruining those of the gentry of his own county who had been the dupes of Lambert Simnel's imposture. He not only escaped the axe which descended on the head of his co-adjutor Lord Hastings, but he was forthwith taken into favour by the usurper who had executed his friend, and whose hirelings, if tradition and Sir Thomas More are to be trusted, had nearly inflicted on himself a violent death. It can scarcely be doubted that he was privy to Buckingham's insurrection, and certainly it was abetted by his wife. But while Buckingham was executed and Margaret of Richmond was attainted, Stanley was further enriched by grants of Buckingham's lands, confiscated after the failure of a conspiracy, or combination, promoted by his own wife, if not by himself. The grants and honours lavished on him

by Richard were confirmed to him, with considerable additions in both kinds, by Richard's rival, supplanter, and successor, Henry VII. He saw his brother sent to the block, but the tragic incident was followed by the honour of a state visit from the King who had beheaded Sir William, and the first Stanley Earl of Derby died full of years and honours, having survived the wars, executions, confiscations, and multifarious perils of four reigns, not only without loss, but with splendid acquisitions and accessions of wealth and dignity. All this presupposes great good fortune, no doubt, but to have achieved such a career he must have been also a marvel of coolness, astuteness, and dexterity. These are not qualities to be much admired when unaccompanied by others higher and nobler, yet their success on so great a scale excites a certain wonderment. In any of the sides taken or not taken by this Lord Derby, there was little more of "principle" involved than in the preference of a white rose to a red, the badges of the two contending factions in the long, bloody, and almost aimless civil war which devastated fifteenth-century England. What mattered it whether an amiable and pious imbecile like Henry VI., with a vindictive French wife, or a dashing and rather ruthless voluptuary like Edward IV. was King? Even Richard III. seems to have been rather popular than otherwise, and in any case the nation took a very slight interest in the struggle between him and Richmond for the crown, a struggle decided in Richmond's favour by the direct and indirect defection of the two Stanleys, on whom Richard had conferred many benefits. There may have been prepossessions, predilections, and prejudices operative in the contests of the historic period closed by the establishment of Henry VII. and his Tudor dynasty on the throne, but personal interest and calculation played by far the greatest part in them. It was with the Reformation,

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already at hand in the time of the first Stanley Earl of Derby, that "principle," in the modern sense of the word, made its first conspicuous appearance on the stage of our public affairs.

Margaret of Richmond survived Lord Derby a few years. Of the ways and disposition of this famous lady, the last of our great mediæval Englishwomen, much more is known than of those of her third husband. Her father-confessor in later days was Fisher, afterwards Cardinal by grace of the Pope—whom her son Henry VII. (thinking to please her), made Bishop of Rochester, and whom her grandson, Henry VIII., sent to the block a few weeks before Sir Thomas More, for the same offence as More's—denial of the royal supremacy. Fisher preached Margaret of Richmond's funeral sermon ; and in it he dilates on her possession of all womanly and princess-like good qualities, affectionateness, amiability, affability, dignity—on her munificent charities, public and private, her tending and nursing of the sick, her devoutness and asceticism, her self-imposed penances, austerities, and manifold mortifications of the flesh. She was wont to say that could the Christian princes of Europe be prevailed upon to make war against their infidel enemy, the Turk, she would cheerfully follow the army as their laundress, little foreseeing that later developments of the "Eastern Question" would give the banner of the Sultan a place among those of other Knights of the Garter in St George's chapel at Windsor. The portraits which we have of her in advanced years represent her with spare and worn features, in the habit of a recluse, and attitude of earnest supplication. But Margaret was no mere devotee, otherwise her son would never have reached the throne. Her letters—those to her son Henry VII., like his to her, overflow with genuine affection—show her to have been a woman of business and of the world ; in one of them

there is even a touch of humour. Two little original pieces from her pen, still extant, both of them on Court ceremonial and etiquette, are curious in themselves and as exhibiting her knowledge of, and interest in, the niceties of some of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. One of them seems to have been composed in anticipation of the birth of her grand-son, Prince Arthur, the first born of Henry VII. and of Elizabeth of York. This is the "Ordinance as to what Preparation is to be made against the Deliverance of the Queen, as also for the Christening of the Child of whom She shall be Delivered," a programme of Court procedure and code of etiquette in which nothing is forgotten, from a minute detail of state-ceremonial and pageantry, to directions anent "the little cradle of tree, of a yard and a quarter long and twenty-two inches broad, in a frame fair set forth by painter's craft." When the presumed inmate of the "little cradle of tree" had grown into a boy of eleven, and was to be married, in form, at least, to Katherine of Arragon —the marriage that helped to bring about the English Reformation—Margaret gave a sumptuous and skilfully-ordered banquet to the Spanish courtiers, male and female, who came with the spousal-contract to England. Each Spanish gentle man present had by his side an English lady, each English gentleman a Spanish lady, and all were "served, after a right goodly manner, both of their victuals, dainties, and delicates, and with diverse wines, abundant and plenteously," in Margaret's Town-house of Cold Harbour, in what is now Upper Thames street, and on the site of which stands, or lately stood, Calvert's brewery, with its extensive manufacture of "Entire!" Five years afterwards the young Arthur died, and ten months later again the Queen, his mother, followed him to the grave. It was probably this event that led Margaret to compose and promulgate her second extant ukase, "The Ordinance and Reformation of Apparel for Great Estates or

Princesses, with other Ladies and Gentlemen, for the Time of Mourning." Devoted though she might be to the contemplation of heavenly things, she retained a quick eye for terrestrial differences and distinctions, and what these allowed and disallowed. A chin-cloth of fine linen was then commonly worn at funerals, and called a *Barbe.* In this, her second "ordinance," Margaret peremptorily and stringently forbids any lady, under the degree of a baroness, to wear the *Barbe over* the chin, "which noble and good order," says the high lady, with stately indignation, "hath been and is much abused by every mean and common woman, to the great wrong and dishonour of persons of quality."

Literature, profane as well as sacred, and of a loftier order than that of Court ceremonial and etiquette, was, moreover, cultivated and encouraged by Margaret, Countess of Richmond and of Derby. She was the patroness of Caxton, as of Caxton's son-in-law and successor, Wynkyn de Worde; and after the fashion of some of the grandees of those old days, and of the Packwoods of later times, she seems even to have "kept a poet." Caxton returned from Bruges to England about 1476, when he set up his first English printing-press in the precincts of what is now Westminster Abbey. Here, about 1489, he printed, and, as we should say, published his English version of "The History of Blanchardyne and Eglantine," an old romance and "sensation-novel" of those days. A copy of the French original of it, he says, he had "long before" been commissioned by Margaret to purchase for her—now wishing others to enjoy what she herself had enjoyed, she ordered him to translate it into English, and he, of course, obeyed the commands of so great a lady. Another secular work, satirical not serious, ordered by Margaret to be executed and printed, was a prose version of Barclay's metrical rendering of Sebastian Brandt's well-known "Ship of Fools." Of her own literary

performances, suffice it to mention the translation, from the French, of the fourth and final book of the famous "Imitation of Christ."

But it is by her "endowments for educational purposes," especially those which she bestowed on our two great universities, that Margaret of Richmond is mainly remembered. "The Countess, indeed," says one of her biographers, "would seem to have taken an especial pleasure in superintending the education of the young. Very possibly she delighted in the society of youth. In the first year of her son's reign, we discover the facts of her not only being entrusted with the 'keeping and guiding' of the unmarried daughters of Edward IV., but also 'to her great charges' of the 'young lords,' the Duke of Buckingham and the Earls of Warwick and Westmoreland." When Henry VIII. himself, according to this authority, "was removed from the nursery to the school-room, it was to the venerable Countess that they," the King and Queen, "confided the important charge of superintending his education;" and while this young royal gentleman was in her care, "we find her," it is added,[1] "associating with him under her roof her young kinsman, afterwards Sir John St John, father of Oliver, first Lord St John, of Bletshoe," the ancestor of Oliver St John, the Puritan regicide, and of the still more famous St John, the Bolingbroke of Queen Anne and of history, who was not in the least a Puritan. Much earlier she is mentioned as "maintaining certain well-born youths at their studies, under Maurice Westbury, an Oxford academician." She is said to have tried to draw Erasmus from his studies to superintend those of her husband Lord Derby's son, James Stanley, who, through her influence, was afterwards made Bishop of Ely: "the worst thing she ever did," says an admirer of hers, but a candid and blunt one. This zeal for education was

[1] Jesse's *Richard III.*, p. 263.

turned to the account of the Universities by her spiritual pastor and master, Fisher. He persuaded her to devote to the founding of St John's College, and to the further endowment of Christ Church, Cambridge, money which she intended leaving to monks and priests to say masses and sing dirges for her soul; and it is significant that so zealous an ecclesiastic as Fisher should have thus diverted the stream of Margaret's bounty. Its most magnificent academic memorials are St John's and Christ Church, Cambridge, but her name is more directly perpetuated by the Lady Margaret Professorship of Divinity, which she founded at Oxford as well as at Cambridge, and by the Margaret Preachership at the latter University, all of them being earlier in date than her munificence to the two Cambridge colleges.

Henry VII. died in the April of 1509, having appointed, as one of the executors of his will, her whom he styled in it, "Our dearest and most entirely beloved mother, Margaret, Countess of Richmond." Margaret survived her son only a few months, dying on the 3rd of the following July, in the 69th year of her age. She was buried in the chapel of Westminster Abbey which is called after her son the King. Hers is an altar-tomb, with an effigy, brass gilt and enamelled, by the same artist, Peter Torrigiano, who executed in the same "Henry VII.'s Chapel" that similar tomb of her son and his Queen, which Bacon called "one of the stateliest and daintiest in Europe." Her modest epitaph, briefly chronicling her academic and other munificences, was written by Erasmus, and for it, "as is entered in a Computus, or old book of accounts," that witty and learned gentleman received the sum of twenty shillings from the University of Cambridge, in which, three years afterwards, he was appointed Margaret Professor of Divinity. One little, and as it were, living memorial of Margaret of Richmond, still further connects her with Westminster Abbey. The bread and

meat doled out to the poor of Westminster, in the College Hall, is the remnant of the old monastic charity which she founded for poor women in the Almonry; if we remember rightly, her son, Henry VII., added one for poor men. Dean Stanley, who mentions the general fact, calls hers "the most beautiful and venerable figure that the Abbey contains."[1] According to Fisher, in his funeral sermon, "Every one that knew her loved her, and everything that she said or did became her." *Requiescat.*

Lord Derby's first wife, the Lady Eleanor, daughter of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, aunt of the consort of Richard the Third, bore him six sons and four daughters. Of the six sons, only the youngest two, Edward and James, survived him. George Lord Strange died in 1497, and in his father's life-time, the peerage and estates descending to his eldest son Thomas, so that the second Stanley Earl of Derby was the grandson of the first. Of Edward Stanley, who at Lord Derby's death was his eldest surviving son, there falls something to be said. Seacome, the gossipping, garrulous, and credulous historian of the house of Stanley, is loud in the praises of Sir Edward. "This gentleman's active childhood and martial spirit," he says, "brought him early to King Henry VIII.'s notice and company, and his active manhood to his service. The camp was his school and his learning was a pike and sword. His Majesty's greeting to him whenever they met was, 'Ho! my soldier.' Honour floated in his veins and valour danced in his spirits." Nevertheless there rests on his memory a dark stain, or the shadow of a dark stain. Sir Edward Stanley's second wife was the daughter of Sir John Harrington of Hornby, who, with his father, Sir Thomas, was committed to the custody

[1] "Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Margaret see!"

Gray's *Installation Ode.*

of Lord Derby, as already mentioned, after the battle of Bloreheath, both of them falling, before long, in the battle of Wakefield. Sir John Harrington's two daughters, co-heiresses, seem to have been handed over to the wardship of Lord Derby, then Lord Stanley, and he married the eldest of them to his son Edward, who thus and somehow else became the owner of Hornby Castle and its domains. His wife, however, had a cousin John, and he, who claimed Hornby, as male heir, was "poisoned at the Temple 2 Henry VII.," so as to create suspicion that Sir Edward Stanley had a hand in his death.[1] There seems, indeed, to have been something peculiar about Sir Edward. Even his panegyrist, Seacome, avows that, "this most martial and heroic captain, soldierlike, lived for some time in the strange opinion that the soul of man was like the winding up of a watch, that when the spring was down, the man died and the soul determined;" though according to the same authority he afterwards exchanged for a better that "enthusiastic, heathenish, and brutish notion." However this may be, our first glimpse of him is a pleasant one, as of a lover of music and minstrelsy, and of his knightly valour there never was a doubt. In 1503 he was of the escort that accompanied to Scotland the young Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. and Elizabeth, to be wedded to King James IV., through which marriage it is that our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria now sits on the throne of these realms. Among the social interviews between the Scotch King and his betrothed at Newbattle Abbey, near Edinburgh, there was one at which the King of Scotland "began to play on the clavichords before the Queen, which pleased her very much, and she had great pleasure to hear him. Sir Edward Stanley then sat down to the clavichords and played a ballad and sang therewith"—or, as we should

[1] Whitaker's *Richmondshire*, ii. 261, &c.

say, "sang a ballad and accompanied himself"—"which the King commended right much. And meantime he"—the King—"called a gentleman of his that could sing well, and made them both sing together, the which accorded very well. Afterwards the said Sir Edward Stanley and two of his servants sang a ballad or two, whereof the King gave him good thank."[1] Margaret and James were duly wedded, but the union of the Rose and the Thistle failed to produce the lasting peace between England and Scotland which the prudent Henry had doubtless expected from it. Another and a more hot-headed Henry became King, and James IV. did not grow wiser with time. Ten years later James IV. and Sir Edward Stanley met again, but this time on the field of Flodden, as foes not as friends, and with the clash and clang of contending arms substituted for the pleasant rivalry of music and of song. In that fierce fight, fatal to Scotland's King and to so many of her sons, Stanley, with his Lancashire and Cheshire men, was posted on the extreme English right, as everybody knows, thanks to Sir Walter and his *Marmion*.[2]

The battle began to the disadvantage of the English with an attack which the Scottish left made on their right, commanded by Sir Edward Howard, and this transient success of Huntly and of Home is said to have been due to the circumstance that the attacked were "men of Cheshire whose wonted valour was impaired by their being separated from the rest of their countrymen, and placed under the command of a Howard

[1] Joannis Lelandi *De Rebus Britannicis Collectanea* (1790), iv. 284.

[2] Surrey *loquitur*.

"The good Lord Marmion, by my life!
Welcome to danger's hour!
Short greeting serves in time of strife:—
Thus have I ranged my power:
Myself will rule this central host,
Stout Stanley fronts their right;
My sons command the vaward post
With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight."

Marmion, canto vi. 24.

instead of a Stanley." [1] "Meanwhile," says Sir Walter, in plain prose, "upon the extreme right of James' army, a division of Highlanders, consisting of the clans of Mackenzie, Maclean, and others, commanded by the Earls of Lennox and Argyle, was so insufferably annoyed by the volleys of the English arrows, that they broke their ranks, and in despite of the cries, entreaties, and signals of De la Motte, the French Ambassador, who endeavoured to stop them, rushed tumultuously down hill and, being attacked at once in the flank and rear by Sir Edward Stanley with the men of Cheshire and Lancashire, were routed with great slaughter;" [2] wild Celtic impetuosity then as so often since proving no match for stubborn Saxon strength.

It was going hard in the centre with Surrey,[3] the English Commander-in-chief confronted by James and the flower of Scottish chivalry, when the victorious Stanley, and his north-country men came to the rescue, attacking the Scottish right flank and rear, and deciding the battle in favour of the English. When night fell on the bloody field, the Scotch retreated

[1] *Pictorial History of England*, ii. 328.

[2] *Tales of a Grandfather:* First series, chap. xxv.

> "Far on the left, unseen the while,
> Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle:
> Though there the western mountaineer
> Rushed, with bare bosom, on the spear,
> And flung the feeble targe aside,
> And with both hands the broadsword plied,
> 'Twas vain:—But fortune on the right
> With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight," &c.
>
> *Marmion*, canto vi. 27.

[3] Marmion *loquitur.*

> "FitzEustace, to Lord Surrey hie:
> Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
> His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
> Edmund is down:—my life is reft;
> The Admiral alone is left.
> Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,
> With Chester charge and Lancashire,
> Fall upon Scotland's central host
> Or victory and England's lost."
>
> *Marmion*, canto vi. 29.

with terrible losses, that of their rash King among the rest.[1] Flodden gave Sir Edward Stanley a peerage. "As a reward for that service, King Henry, keeping his Whitsuntide at Eltham the next ensuing year (1514), commanded that for those valiant acts against the Scots, where he won the hill and vanquished all that opposed him, as also for that his ancestors bore the eagle in their crest, he should be proclaimed Lord of Monteagle"—Mount and Eagle—"which was accordingly then and there done; and"—to clinch the matter, as it were—"he gave to the officers of arms five marks, besides the accustomed fees, and likewise to Garter, principal king of arms, his fee."[2] The Lord Monteagle who received the historic letter hinting at the Gunpowder Plot was the great-grandson of this first Lord, the hero of Flodden. The Monteagle barony of the Stanleys has long been extinguished, but the "last words of Marmion" form a memorial of Sir Edward Stanley prouder or more enduring than any peerage.[3]

The other surviving son, James Stanley, the youngest of the first Lord Derby's six, "from his youth, and probably without much regard to his own taste or inclinations, seems to have been destined for the Church, in which profession

[1] "And last of all among the lave,
King James himself to death was brought,
Yet by whose act few could perceive,
But Stanley still most like was thought."
The Battle of Flodden Field.

[2] Collins's *Peerage*, iii. 64.

[3] "The war that for a space did fail
Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
And STANLEY! was the cry
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted, 'Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!'
Were the last words of Marmion."
Marmion, canto vi. 32

for at least three generations, there had always been a younger son of the house of Latham brought up." He succeeded his uncle James as Warden of Manchester and rose, as already mentioned, doubtless through the influence of his step-mother, Margaret of Richmond, to be Bishop of Ely (1506). A decidedly unclerical Bishop, he was summoned by the Earl of Surrey to aid in raising Lancashire when the Scotch entered England on the expedition which ended so disastrously for them on the field of Flodden. The Bishop gave the command of his tenants to his son, for a son he had, the well-known Sir James Stanley of Harford, who also distinguished himself at Flodden. The Reformation not having arrived to abolish the celibacy of the clergy, this Sir James was, of course, an illegitimate son ; hence, perhaps, the sentence of excommunication under which the Bishop is reported to have been lying when he died. "I blame not the Bishop," says quaint old Fuller, "for passing his summer with his brother the Earl of Derby in Lancashire, but for living all the winter at Somersham with one who was not his sister, and who wanted nothing to make her his wife save marriage." This improper prelate was buried in a chapel of his own in the Collegiate Church of Manchester, and the inscription on his tomb asks a little favour of its reader : "Of your charity pray," it says, "for the soul of James Stanley, some time Bishop of Ely, and Warden of Manchester, who deceased out of this transitory world the 22d day of March 1515, upon whose soul and all Christian souls Jesu have mercy." Amen.

Between the Sir William Stanley whom Henry VII. beheaded and the James, already mentioned, who was Archdeacon of Carlisle as well as Warden of Manchester, the first Lord Derby had another brother, Sir John Stanley. He became Sir John Stanley of Weever in Cheshire, by marrying the heiress thereof, and from him descend the Stanleys,

formerly baronets, now Barons of Alderley in that county. Our first Lord Derby's eldest son, George Lord Strange, died in his father's life-time, and the peerage went to *his* eldest son, to be inherited by that son's descendants until 1736, when this line of succession expired. It and what was annexed to it then passed to Sir Edward Stanley of Bickerstaff in Lancashire, the lineal descendant of Sir James Stanley, third son of George Lord Strange, himself eldest son of the first Stanley Earl of Derby. From George Lord Strange there is an unbroken descent, in the male line, to the present, the fifteenth Earl of Derby.

Since the Stanleys became Earls of Derby nearly four centuries have elapsed. The vicissitudes of time and of succession have shorn them of many of their old possessions. They have ceased to be Lords of the Isle of Man, and, even in their own county, Latham, long their head-quarters, has gone into other hands. But, thanks to the industrial energy and development of modern Lancashire, the fifteenth Stanley Earl of Derby is, in all likelihood, and relatively as well as absolutely, a more opulent nobleman than was the first.

II.

*THE FOUNDER OF THE MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL.**

HUGH OLDHAM, Bishop of Exeter and founder of the Manchester Free Grammar School, is one of those Lancashire worthies respecting whom just enough is known to excite a desire for more. In Oldham's day, as in our own, Manchester and Oxford were antipodal to each other; Manchester having already become a seat of manufacture, Oxford a seat of learning. Yet both partook of his munificence, and in a way which proved him to have been animated by something of what was best in the spirit of his time. Only a single utterance of Oldham's survives, but it is of a decidedly remarkable kind, and displays him, to a certain extent, foreseeing and predicting the great English ecclesiastical revolution of the sixteenth century. To Lancashire men few bishops can be more interesting than the Tudor prelate who founded the Manchester Free Grammar School, with its long line of distinguished *alumni*, from Bradford, the martyr, to De Quincey, the opium eater.

The place and date of Bishop Oldham's birth, his family, and genealogy are somewhat uncertain. Crumpsall, near

* Churton's *Lives of Smyth and Sutton* (Oxford, 1800); Cooper's *Athenæ Cantabrigienses* (Cambridge, 1858), vol. i. § Hugh Oldham; W. R. Whatton's *History of Manchester School* (London and Manchester, 1834); Godwin's *Catalogue of the Bishops of England* (London, 1601), Holinshed's *Chronicles* (London, 1587), &c., &c.

Manchester, seems to have the best claim to be considered his birth-place, and in all likelihood it was that of another local benefactor, Humphrey Chetham. In Crumpsall there stands, or lately stood, an ancient house, called "Oldham's Tenement," in which, according to tradition, the bishop was born. Probably, too, Oldham's birth fell about the middle of the fifteenth century, and the time when, according to Shakespeare, Jack Cade, surrounded by his roughs, was reproaching Lord Say for having "most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school." He is surmised to have been of good family, and "William Oldham, Abbot of St Werburgh's, Chester, and Bishop of Man, who died in 1485, is said to have been his brother." The surmise is somewhat confirmed by the tradition that he received his earlier education in the household of the first Stanley Earl of Derby. In the county of Lancaster, as in most other English counties, Jack Cade could not in those days have discovered the slightest trace of a grammar school, a deficiency, doubtless, lively in the thoughts of Hugh Oldham when, having risen to be Bishop of Exeter, he founded the Free School still extant in Manchester. For the boy of promise, whatever his birth, there existed cathedral and monastic schools, better or worse, where, with or without a subsequent resort to a University, he might obtain some sort of schooling, and possibly learn to regard the Church as his future home. To the well or better-born, on the other hand, the houses of nobles and prelates were open, where they could receive the best scholastic instruction then going, under some learned man specially appointed for the purpose, and at the same time as pages, or otherwise, be "educated" into gentlemen. This was a practice which continued in vogue until the middle of the seventeenth century, when the Earl of Derby, who suffered for his loyalty in 1651, was heard

declaring that "the best, if not all, the good famalies in Lancashire had formerly dwelt in his house."[1] In Oldham's youth this most excellent of all boarding-school systems was in full vigour, and nowhere in Lancashire, or probably in England, more effectively than in the household of the first Stanley Earl of Derby, and his third wife, Margaret of Richmond, of whom so much has been already said in the preceding memoir of the last of her husbands. It was mentioned there that she kept in her service Maurice Westbury, a learned man of Oxford, for the express purpose of instructing "certain young gentlemen at her finding," and as is conjectured, along with her step-son, James Stanley, who was destined for the Church and became Bishop of Ely. Among her "young gentlemen" were, it is supposed, Hugh Oldham and his friend and subsequent patron and coadjutor, another Lancashire man, William Smyth of Widness, who rose to be Bishop of Lincoln. At almost every step in their career, these two men were powerfully aided by Margaret of Richmond, and it is reasonable to credit the tradition that both of them had been trained under her eye at Knowsley and Latham. A more influential patroness they could not have had. On the 22d of August 1485, the battle of Bosworth was fought, and Margaret's son, Henry of Richmond, became King of England. Henry VII. could refuse nothing in the way of ecclesiastical preferment to the mother who had helped him to a throne.

Oldham studied at Exeter College, Oxford, and thence migrated to Queens' College, Cambridge; scarcely anything more is known of his academic life. Not a month had elapsed after the battle of Bosworth before Margaret of Richmond's two Lancashire *protégés* felt the benefit of her son's elevation. On the 19th of September 1485, Oldham was admitted to the Rectory of St Mildred's,

[1] Churton, p. 23.

Bread street (the street in which John Milton was born), and on the following day William Smyth was appointed Clerk of the Hanaper for life. For ten years or so after this, and thanks mainly to his gracious and steady patroness, the mother of the new King, Oldham's biography is little else than a list of preferments, until at last, in 1505, came the crowning promotion of all, and he was made Bishop of Exeter. He was, according to an old sketch of him drawn by a not very flattering hand, " a man of more zeal than knowledge, and more devotion than learning, somewhat rough in speech, but in deed and action friendly. He was careful in the saving and defending of his liberties, for which continual suits were between him and the Abbot of Tavistock."[1] In the engraved portraits of Oldham the face is a handsome and even pleasant one, but the mouth speaks of inflexible determination. He seems to have been a man resolved to insist upon his rights, and scarcely had he set foot in his diocese when there began his " continual suits with the Abbot of Tavistock." The dispute was the old one between bishop and abbot—as to the right of episcopal visitation. The monasteries had long been in the habit of claiming the right of " local self-government," and of repudiating episcopal interference. The discipline and morals of the English monks were growing laxer and laxer, and one of the prime duties of a conscientious bishop was to bring to bear upon them an episcopal authority, which the monastic officials endeavoured to shirk by procuring exemptions from the Pope and in other ways, until, in a subsequent generation, they brought down upon themselves the heavy hand of the eighth Harry and his *Malleus Monachorum*. The Abbot of Tavistock appears to have had no valid excuse for disputing the authority of his "ordinary," and the determined Oldham had him excommunicated

[1] Godwin, p. 336.

for contumacy. According to one account, the Abbot returned the compliment, and Oldham himself was, at the time of his death, under sentence of excommunication for resisting some bull of indemnity and privilege which the importunity of the Abbot of Tavistock had wrung from the Pope.[1] However this may be, the controversy with the Abbot of Tavistock, and what he saw of monastic life in his own diocese, doubtless gave Oldham a profound dislike for monks and monkery. Indeed, among the wiser of even the strictly orthodox minds of the age opinion was turning against the overgrowth of monastic establishments. Pious people of opulence and sense began to discountenance the multiplication of monasteries and convents. With the revival of learning and the invention of printing they thought rather of spreading knowledge, old and new, among high and low, rich and poor, by founding and endowing colleges and grammar schools. Margaret of Richmond was one of the devoutest of ladies, yet she was easily induced by her confessor, Bishop Fisher, to procure the dissolution of two monasteries and apply the revenues to the support of colleges, professorships, and preacherships at Oxford and Cambridge. "Within thirty years prior to the Reformation it is observable that there were more grammar schools founded and endowed in England than had been established in the three hundred years preceding."[2] The England of Hugh Oldham's day and generation had an "Education Question" of its own.

Ten years after he had become Bishop of Exeter Oldham bethought him of the "educational destitution" of the chief town of his native county, and resolved to remedy it. Manchester may be supposed to have been then, what it is described as being some twelve years later by Leland in his Itinerary, "the fairest, best-built, quickest, and most

1 Godwin. 2 Whatton, p. 3.

populous town of all Lancastershire." In Manchester, as elsewhere in the Northern counties, the woollen trade had thriven, so that about the year of Oldham's death there were, says Hollingworth, "three famous clothiers living in the North country, viz. :—Cuthbert of Kendal, Hodgkins of Halifax, and Martin Brian (some say Byrom) of Manchester. Every one of them kept a great number of servants at work, corders, spinners, weavers, fullers, dyers, and shearmen." Ignorance, however, was rife, of course, and educational means were scanty or non-existent, when about the year 1515, much to his credit—his mind perhaps fondly reverting to the scenes where his early years may have been passed—Bishop Oldham, far away in the South, determined to establish a free school in Manchester—as (with spelling modernised) the statutes of 1525 quaintly put it :—"For the good mind which he had and bare to the country of Lancashire ; conceiving the bringing up in learning, virtue, and good manners, children in the same country should be the key and ground to have good people there, which hath lacked and wanted in the same, as well for great poverty of the common people there, as also because, of long time past, the teaching, bringing up of young children to school, to the learning of grammar, hath not been taught there for lack of sufficient school-master and usher there, so that the children in the same country, having pregnant wit, have been most part brought up rudely and idly, and not in virtue, cunning, erudition, literature, and in good manners." Wherefore the good bishop purchased the lease of certain corn mills on the Irk, and an adjacent fulling mill, as also sundry messuages in Ancoats, endowing with the revenue thereof his Manchester Free Grammar School, and building for it, on the site of the present one, a school-house, taken down in 1766. With a single and insignificant exception it was to be absolutely free

to all comers. This and the rest we gather from the statutes of 1525, framed some years after the founder's death, but, doubtless, expressive of his wishes. Every scholar on entering was to pay the small sum of one penny, to be given to the "two poor scholars" by whom the school "weekly, once in the week" was to be "made clean," and the school registers to be kept—a provision evidently pointing to an anticipated commingling of ranks. All other payments were forbidden. In the Manchester school there was to be neither "cock-penny" nor "victor-penny," both of them encouragements to cock-fighting; prohibited, too, was the "potation-penny," contributed in some ill-regulated establishments of the time by each scholar, at a certain season, that the master might give his pupils a banquet once a year. In the clause regulating the choice of a head-master, a dislike of monks and monkery seems to peep out. He is to be a "convenient"—suitable—"person and school-master, single man, priest or no priest, *so shall he be no religious man*"—*i.e.*, member of a religious monastic order or community—" . . . having sufficient literature and learning to be a school-master, and able to teach children grammar, after the school use, manner, and form of Banbury, in Oxfordshire," a model establishment of the time. A provision is even made for primary as well as secondary education—nay, for something like an infant school—and in the clause to this effect there is a distinct announcement of the "monitorial system:"—"Item. The High"—head—"Master for the time being shall always appoint one of his scholars, as he thinketh best, to instruct and teach, in the one end of the school, all infants that shall come there to learn their A B C primer, and forth till they begin grammar, and every month choose another new scholar so to teach infants on the commandment of the said High Master. . . And if any scholar

refuse so to teach infants the same scholar so refusing to be banished the same school for ever." Thus, built in 1515, re-fitted in 1525, was launched the Manchester Free Grammar School, which, with many changes of captain, crew, and sailing orders, has floated down the stream of time to our own day and generation. Much of its revenues was long derivable from the ancient "rights of soke" vested in the owners of the mills on the Irk, and in virtue of which the inhabitants of the township of Manchester were bound to grind at these alone their corn and malt. With the course of time this became a grievance, and so far as corn was concerned, relief was given by parliament in 1758, after a controversy to which Byrom contributed a noted epigram.[1] But until recent years the malt had, and we fancy still nominally has, to be ground at the Grammar School mill, a late remnant of feudalism and mediævalism, like snow flecking the hill-side on a hot summer day, rather singular to contemplate.

Before and after doing all this for his native county and the town in or near which probably he was born, Bishop Oldham actively promoted the good work proceeding at Oxford, his earlier *alma mater*. There is a tradition that he "had intended to have enlarged Exeter College in Oxford, as well in building as in revenues, but being denied a fellowship there he altered his determination." According to Anthony Wood he had also intended to aid his friend, Bishop Smyth, in founding Brasenose, but here again drew back, because he was "denied to have the nomination of a founder." Yet, in all probability, he did

1 The two tenants of the mills seem to have been very spare men when Byrom wrote :—

> "Bone and Skin, two millers thin,
> Would starve the town or near it :
> But be it known to Skin and Bone
> That Flesh and Blood can't bear it."

so aid his old friend and fellow Lancashire man, since his episcopal arms were displayed in the windows of the original library of Brasenose. Greatly more memorable, however, for several reasons, was his co-operation in founding Corpus Christi College, Oxford, with another fast friend, Fox, Bishop of Winchester, one of his predecessors in the see of Exeter. Bishop Fox had a lingering love for monkery, and thought of making his college a seminary or nursing-school for the monks of St Swithin, Winchester. "But," says Holinshed,[1] whose version of the oft-told tale is the most dramatic of any, "Bishop Oldham (whether it was because he favoured not those sects of cloistered monks, or whether he saw any fall toward of those sects) dissuaded Bishop Fox what he could from that his purpose and opinion, and said unto him: 'What, my lord, shall we build houses and provide livelihoods for a company of bussing monks, whose end and fall we, ourselves, may live to see? No, no, it is more meet a great deal that we should have care to provide for the increase of learning, and for such as who by their learning shall do good in the Church and Commonwealth.' To this Bishop Fox at length yielded, and so they proceeded in their buildings, wherein Oldham, reserving to Fox for the name of the founder, was contented with the name of a benefactor, and very liberally did contribute great masses of money to the same; and since (according to his wish and desire) the same college hath been and is the nurse of many notable good scholars"—among them the judicious Hooker himself, the pride and glory of our ecclesiastical literature. There is a statue of Oldham at Corpus, and in recognition of his munificence one of its fellows must always be a Lancashire man.

The charter of Corpus was granted in 1517, the year of

[1] iii. 840.

Pope Leo's Bull of Indulgences and of Luther's first famous protest against them. Two years or so later, on the 25th of June 1519, excommunicated or not, Bishop Oldham died at Exeter. He was interred in a chapel which he had erected in his cathedral, where there is a fine monument of him with his recumbent effigy *in pontificalibus*, repaired in 1763 by the provost and fellows of Corpus, mindful of his liberality to their college. He left directions in his will that if he died in his own diocese he was to be buried in the chapel which he had built for himself in Exeter Cathedral. If his death happened out of the diocese, his body was to be "carried to Oxford, there to be buried in Corpus Christi College that my Lord of Winchester hath caused there to be made," and to which he bequeathed all his houses and lands "lying in Chelsea." "*And if*," he adds, "*my goods will not suffice to bring me to Oxford*, then I will my body to be buried in the next college"—collegiate—"church or religious house of monks or canons." Unlike some modern bishops, the founder of the Manchester Free Grammar School and benefactor of Corpus had evidently no ground for anticipating that his "personalty" would be "sworn" under any very large sum.

III.

*JOHN BRADFORD, SAINT AND MARTYR.**

ON the 11th of March 1870, Smithfield and the buyers and sellers of the Metropolitan Meat Market witnessed the part-payment of a debt long due to the memory of a group of pious and valiant Englishmen, foremost among whom, in life and in death, was this famous Lancashire Worthy. On that day of that year, at the west corner of the outer wall of St Bartholomew's Hospital, and fixed in one of the recesses thereof, was formally uncovered a modest tablet of polished granite, the inscription on which proclaims to the passers-by the interesting fact: "Within a few feet of this spot, John Rogers, John Bradford, John Philpot, and other Servants of God suffered death by fire, for the faith of Christ, in the years 1555, 1556, 1557." The "illustrious Bradford," as he is designated by Mr Froude, a writer not prodigal of epithets, was the first "Manchester man," distinctly known as such, that earned for himself a niche in English history. After and amid all modern successes, industrial, commercial, and political, it is well to call to mind and to lay to heart the heroism which, in the sixteenth century, conducted John Bradford, not to a topmost place in schedule A, or schedule D, not to a seat in Parliament or the Cabinet, but to a martyr's death in Smithfield, with a tallow chandler's apprentice for his companion and fellow-sufferer.

* *The Writings of John Bradford*, edited (with a biographical notice) for the Parker Society, by Aubrey Townsend, 2 vols. (Cambridge, 1848-53); Froude's *History of England* (London, 1860), vol. vi.; Hollingworth's *Mancuniensis* (Manchester, 1839); Fuller's *Worthies*, by Nichols (London, 1811), &c., &c.

"In Manchester was I born," writes Bradford himself, in his farewell address to his native county, a statement which disposes of the local tradition that he was a native of Blackley, where for this and other reasons his memory is said to be still cherished. About the earliest memoir of him extant, written some four years after his death, declares that he was "born in Lancastershire, in Manchester, a notable town of that county; was of his gentle parents brought up in virtue and good learning even from his very childhood, and among other praises of his good education, he obtained, as a chief gift, the cunning and readiness of writing, which knowledge was not only an ornament unto him, but also an help to the necessary sustentation of his living." Baines, in his history of Lancashire, avers that Bradford "received a liberal education in the Free Grammar School of his native town, founded by Bishop Oldham, and stood in high estimation for his proficiency in the Latin language and his extensive knowledge of arithmetic." He is supposed to have been born about 1510, and Bishop Oldham founded the Manchester Grammar School in 1515. It is pleasant to think that Bradford was in all probability one of the earliest of its pupils. The success in life procured him by the "commercial element" in the education received there or elsewhere proved, indeed, as it happened, rather a snare to him than otherwise. The scholarship, however, of which he may have laid the foundation at Bishop Oldham's seminary, forwarded him to the acquisition of the highest spiritual truth attainable in his age. The Reformation was in its origin the product of scholars and divines. Not until meditation, reading, and research had done their work could princes and peoples be invited to aid in pulling down what had become a rotten and dangerous fabric of ecclesiastical falsehood and tyranny. In Bradford's supposed birth-year an Augustine monk, professor of philosophy at the University of Wittenberg, was

sent by the superiors of his order on a mission to Italy, and what he then saw at Rome first opened his eyes to the iniquity of the Papal system. Eleven years later, when Bradford, a boy of twelve or so, may have been construing and ciphering at the Manchester Grammar School, reflection, study, and scholarly investigation had issued in the clearest conviction; Luther was at the Diet of Worms, resolute, fearless, invincible, vindicating in the teeth of Emperor and Pope the right of private judgment to hold its own against mere old authority, deaf, blind, and arbitrary.

In course of time, Bradford's conversancy with the three R's, more especially with two of them, proved such an effectual "help to the necessary sustentation of his living" that he became the secretary of Sir John Harrington, Knight, of Oxton, in Rutlandshire. Sir John was Treasurer of the King's Camps and Buildings, and a semi-military, semi-civil functionary of some importance in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. Bradford's "activity in writings," and "expertness in the art of auditors," according to one of his old biographers, did much recommend him to Sir John, who made him paymaster at the siege of Montreuil in 1544, when that town was beleaguered by the Duke of Norfolk and an English force, as a blind to draw off the French while Henry VIII., in person, invested and took Boulogue. A few years later, in the spring of 1547—soon after the accession of Edward VI.—Bradford entered himself at the Inner Temple as a student of common law. He had saved a little money, and one of Sir John's sons lived with him in chambers, on which account, and perhaps on other accounts, he received an allowance from his old employer, whom for some time he continued to call "master." One of his two sureties on his admission to the Inner Temple was his friend Thomas Sampson, a law-student like himself, who lived to be Dean of Chichester and

to refuse a bishopric. With the accession of Edward VI. the reformed doctrine took a fresh start in England, and was preached everywhere with new vehemence and vigour. Thomas Sampson hearkened to it, embraced it zealously, resolved to enter the Church, and in 1549 was ordained deacon by Cranmer and Ridley. A year or so before, the proselyte's zeal had been fervid enough to make him a successful proselytiser. Bradford was won over by Sampson's influence, and the earliest of his letters which had been printed, belonging apparently to the year 1548, and addressed to a dear Lancashire friend, ministering at Blackley, show him to have embraced with his whole heart and soul the doctrines of the English Reformers. It was not only in words, but in act and deed, that Bradford manifested the change that had been worked in him. "After that God touched his heart," says Sampson, who became his biographer, "with that holy and effectual calling, he sold his chains, rings, brooches, and jewels of gold, which before he used to wear, and did bestow the price of this his former vanity in the necessary relief of Christ's poor members, which he could hear of or find lying sick or pining in poverty." Better still, and much more difficult:—"even in this mean time," continues Sampson, "he heard a sermon which that notable preacher Master Latimer made before King Edward the Sixth, in which he did earnestly speak of restitution to be made of things falsely gotten, which did so strike Bradford to the heart, for with one dash with a pen, which he had made without the knowledge of his master (as full often I have heard him confess with plenty of tears), being clerk to the Treasurer of the King's Camp beyond the seas, and was to the deceiving of the King, that he could never be quiet till, by the advice of the same Master Latimer, a restitution was made." This passage clearly acquits Sir John Harrington of complicity with the original

misdemeanour, but Bradford's insistence on restitution so offended him that the connection between them ceased. The affair, however, procured him the fast friendship of brave Bishop Latimer, which stood him in good stead so long as it could be of any avail.

Preachers of the Word were wanted, and Latimer encouraged Bradford in his design to give up the bar for the Church. In the summer of 1548 he entered Catherine Hall, Cambridge. At the University his walk and conversations were such, and his knowledge and learning so recognised, that, after a single year, the devout and kindly Bishop Ridley, then master of Pembroke Hall, invited him to be a fellow thereof, and by special favour the University transformed him into a Master of Arts. In another year he was ordained deacon by Ridley, who made him one of his chaplains, and "lodged him in his own house." A prebend in St Paul's followed. This was in 1551, and a few months later he was appointed one of the six chaplains in ordinary to Edward VI. Two of them were to be always in attendance on the young King, while four preached throughout the land. Bradford's district included Lancashire and Cheshire, and the uncompromising earnestness of his preaching has been commemorated by the published approval of John Knox. "And God gave," says old Hollingworth, the Manchester chronicler, writing a century or so afterwards in a time of Puritanism triumphant, "good success to the ministry of the Word, and both raised up to himself and preserved a faithful people in Lancashire, especially in and about Manchester and Bolton." Bradford's last preaching-tour in his native county was at the close of 1552. "Local tradition," says his pious modern biographer,[1] "even yet points to the spot in Blackley where the country-people say that Bradford, during that last visit to Manchester,

[1] Townsend (biographical notice), p. xxviii.

knelt down and made solemn supplication to Almighty God. His request at the throne of grace was that the everlasting gospel might be preached in Blackley to the end of time by ministers divinely taught to feed the flock with wisdom and knowledge. The martyr's prayer, it is alleged, has been answered in the continuance, with scarcely an exception, of faithful men in that place." This was written in 1853.

The fervour which earned for Bradford's denunciations of sin, in high places and in low, the praise of the terrible Reformer of Scotland, seems to have been accompanied by a sweetness of temper that made even his enemies look upon him with favour. A blameless purity, not to say austerity, of life, severity to himself greater than to others, in combination with fine intellectual gifts and the utmost gentleness of disposition, point out Bradford as approaching the ideal of a Protestant saint. "Foes as well as friends have borne testimony to his lovableness." "It is a demonstration to me," says Fuller, "that he was of a sweet temper, because Parsons," the Jesuit, "who will hardly afford a good word to a Protestant, saith that he seemed to be of a more soft and mild nature than many of his fellows." He never forgot his own old transgressions, witness his traditional saying when he saw malefactors on their way to the place of punishment: "But for the grace of God, there goes John Bradford." His personal influence seems to have been singularly great, more especially when the rapidity with which it was acquired is considered. He had been a preacher only three years, and during that period chiefly in the provinces, when he showed himself able to subdue the fury of an enraged London mob. Edward VI. died on the 6th of July 1553, and on the 3rd of August, "bloody" Mary rode triumphantly into London as queen, amid the acclamations of the populace and the joyful clangour of church-bells. Her lieges of London soon

discovered, however, what was to be the character of the new reign, and were not slow to manifest their disappointment. On Saturday the 12th of August, the irritated queen withdrew, accordingly, to the peaceful tranquillity of Richmond, and the absence of the Sovereign encouraged the excited malcontents. On the Sunday, one Bourne (afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells), who had "ratted" from the Reformation, and whom Mary had made one of her chaplains, preached before the ruthless Bonner and the Mayor and Corporation of London, in the great metropolitan pulpit at Paul's Cross. A large and angry crowd, who knew their man, had assembled, and some praises of Bonner by the preacher gave the signal for a tumult. Possibly anticipating what happened, Bradford had stationed himself behind Bourne in the circular-roofed erection which was the pulpit. As the people yelled and raged, the affrighted Bourne besought Bradford to pacify them, and when he stepped forward he narrowly escaped a dagger which had been flung at Bourne from the crowd. "Bradford, Bradford; God save thy life, Bradford!" was the general shout when the beloved preacher came to the front. His exhortations pacified the multitude, and covering Bourne with his gown, Bradford conveyed him safely into the neighbouring school of St Paul's. "Ah! Bradford, Bradford!" said one angry and disappointed "gentleman" in the crowd, "thou savest him that will help to burn thee."

The prophecy was a true one. Three days afterwards Bradford was brought before the Privy Council and charged with "sedition." It was easy to refute this absurdest of charges, but his principles he neither could nor would deny, and he was flung into the Tower. The first Marian persecution was beginning, and soon the heads of the Reformation—Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley—with many lesser adherents, were in prison. "The Providence of God,"

Latimer wrote not long afterwards, ". . . did bring this to pass that when these famous men, viz., Master Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, Master Ridley, Bishop of London, and I, old Hugh Latimer, were imprisoned in the Tower of London for Christ's gospel preaching, and for because we would not go a-massing, every one in close prison from other; the same Tower being so full of other prisoners, that we four were thrust into one chamber, as men not to be accounted of, but, God be thanked, to our great joy and comfort; there did we together read over the New Testament with great deliberation and painful study." After a time, Bradford was removed from the Tower to the King's Bench, where his benign and saintly disposition won over even his gaolers, and he preached and prayed without stint to those that flocked to hear him. He visited, admonished, and helped with his purse the ordinary criminals of the prison, in a fashion that calls to mind the Vicar of Wakefield, and his conversations with the persons delegated to argue him into recantation read like dialogues in the Pilgrim's Progress. Meanwhile the absolute powers of the old ecclesiastical tyranny were being resuscitated. An act was passed to revive the penal statutes against the Lollards, and the Bishops' Courts were armed with authority to arrest and punish heretics. On the 4th of February 1555, Rogers, the proto-martyr of the English Reformation, a Warwickshire —not, as is sometimes said, a Lancashire—man, was burned at Smithfield. After lingering in one prison and another for fifteen months, Bradford was ultimately examined by Gardiner and Bonner, and condemned to death for recusancy in the January (of 1555) preceding the burning of Rogers. A few days after this event, Bradford wrote to Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, rejoicing that their "dear brother" had "broken the ice valiantly." His own doom was sealed, and he spoke of it with Christian playfulness; he was their

"gentleman-usher" going before and showing them the way. In the February he penned his "Farewell to Lancashire and Cheshire," in which occurs the following passage: "Turn unto the Lord, yet once more I heartily beseech thee, thou Manchester, thou Ashton-under-Lyne, thou Bolton, Bury, Wigan, Liverpool, Mottrine," — Mottram — "Stepport" — Stockport — "Winsley" — Winstanley — "Eccles, Prestwich, Middleton, Radcliff, and thou City of West Chester" — Chester — "where I have truly taught and preached the Word of God." His persecutors had originally intended to send him to be burnt in Lancashire as an example to the heretics and heretically disposed of his native county, but either fear of the men of Lancashire,[1]

[1] In the "Farewell to Lancashire and Cheshire," Bradford thus refers to this intention :—"I hear it," he says, "reported credibly, my dearly beloved in the Lord, that my heavenly Father hath thought it good to provide, that as I have preached His true gospel and doctrine amongst you by word, so I shall testify and confirm the same by deed ; that is, I shall with you leave my life, which by His providence I first received there (for in Manchester was I born), for a seal to the doctrine I have taught with you and amongst you ; so that if from henceforth you waver in the same you have none excuse at all." Fox adds that he was to have been delivered "to the Earl of Derby, to be conveyed into Lancashire, and there to be burned in the town of Manchester where he was born." This was Edward, the third Stanley Earl of Derby, who succeeded his father, the second Earl, in 1522. and died in 1572. Earl Edward was the magnificent nobleman of whom Camden said that with his death "the glory of hospitality seemed to fall asleep." He helped to suppress the Pilgrimage of Grace, and profited largely by the dissolution of the monasteries. He became a Catholic again on the accession of Mary, who appointed him Lord High Steward. Elizabeth made him one of her Privy Council, and with her reign he reverted to Protestantism. Halley's *Lancashire : its Puritanism and Nonconformity* (Manchester, 1869, vol. i. chap. iii.), contains notices of this third Earl of Derby, especially in his relations to the religious and ecclesiastical vicissitudes of his time. "Edward Earl of Derby," says Dr Halley, "grandson"—no, great-grandson—"of the traitor of Bosworth, found the advantage of the several changes which were

or a hope that he might be persuaded to recant, induced them to keep him lingering on through the spring into the summer of 1555. By the end of May, Queen Mary's hopes of a child were disappointed, and all the confident preparations made for its advent proved to have been thrown away. In her sombre and half-insane sorrow, she issued a circular to quicken the anti-heretical zeal of the Bishops, and the execution of Bradford's sentence was ordered among others. He had never shown, and to the last never showed, the slightest sign of willingness to recant: on the contrary, he looked forward to death in such a cause with hope and joy. He spent the day before

made during his long life in the religion of his country. Of these Earls it was said by the Jesuit Parsons that they had three religions to use as occasion served—the Catholic, the Protestant, and the Puritan. They were not so inconstant, for their motto was *Sans changer*. Earl Edward told George Marsh, the Bolton martyr, that the true religion was the religion which had most good luck. To this article of faith the Stanleys consistently adhered, and through all changes were faithful to the religion of good luck. When the King assumed the supremacy of the Church of England, the Earl of Derby seems to have thought it his duty to imitate, so illustrious an example; for, being King in the Isle of Man, he declared himself supreme head of the Manx Church, and maintained his supremacy with as much determination as his royal master. Although on the accession of Mary he resumed every article of the Catholic faith—except one, which required the restitution of the Church lands, on which matter he was always a sound and thorough Protestant—he became under Elizabeth a great persecutor of Lancashire Catholics." Thus far Dr Halley. Earl Edward seems to have varied in his conduct to Bradford. At first he is represented as denouncing in Parliament the mischief done by the circulation of the letters which Bradford wrote from prison to his friends "out of doors." Latterly, however, he befriended and even interceded for Bradford. "One of the Earl of Derby his men left behind my lord, his master, for the soliciting of my cause, as he said to me," figures in Bradford's accounts of his prison-conferences with controversialists. Perhaps Lord Derby's very probable dissuasions helped to make the authorities give up their intention of martyring Bradford in his native county.

his martyrdom in looking over his papers (for during his imprisonment he had been ever busy with his pen), in giving directions concerning them, and in "prayer and other good exercises" with half a dozen of his friends.

He was taken to Newgate late in the night of the 30th of June 1555, when it was thought the city would be in bed, but "in Cheapside and other places between the Compter and Newgate" was a "great multitude of people that came to see him, which most gently bade him farewell, praying for him with most lamentable and pitiful tears; and he again as gently bade them farewell, praying most heartily for them and their welfare." At nine o'clock next morning he was brought to Smithfield "with a great company of weaponed men to conduct him thither, as the like was not seen at no man's burning; for in every corner of Smithfield there were some, besides those which stood about the stake," as if an attempt to rescue him were feared. A youth of nineteen, a tallow-chandler's apprentice, John Leaf by name, whose notions respecting "the Real Presence" were not those of Bonner and Gardiner, was condemned to die along with him. Each prostrated himself on either side of the stake and prayed for a minute, when one of the sheriffs interrupted their devotions by saying:—"Arise, and make an end, for the press of the people is great." "At that word," Fox's narrative proceeds, "they both stood up upon their feet; and then Master Bradford took a faggot in his hand and kissed it, and so likewise the stake. And when he had so done, he desired of the sheriffs that his servant might have his raiment; 'for,' said he, 'I have nothing else to give him, and besides that he is a poor man.' And the sheriff said he should have it. And so forthwith Master Bradford did put off his raiment, and went to the stake; and, holding up his hands and casting his countenance up to heaven, he said thus:—'O England, England, repent

thee of thy sins! Beware of idolatry. beware of false antichrists; take heed they do not deceive you.' And as he was speaking these words, the sheriff bade tie his hands if he would not be quiet. 'O Master Sheriff!' said Master Bradford, 'I am quiet; God forgive you this, Master Sheriff.' And one of the officers which made the fire, hearing Master Bradford so speaking to the sheriff, said, 'If you have no better learning than that, you are but a fool, and it were best to hold your peace.' To which words Master Bradford gave no answer, but asked all the world's forgiveness, and forgave all the world, and prayed the world to pray for him." His last words on earth were to poor John Leaf:—"'Be of good comfort, brother, for we shall have a merry supper with the Lord this night;' and so spake no more that any man did hear, but, embracing the reeds, said thus:—'Straight is the way, and narrow is the gate that leadeth to eternal salvation, and few be they that find it.'" "He endured the flame," says quaint old Fuller, "as a fresh gale of wind in a hot summer's day." According to Fox, the martyr was "of person, a tall man, slender, spare of body, somewhat a faint sanguine colour, with an auburn beard."

More than three centuries have come and gone since Bradford's martyrdom, and the controversy between Popery and Protestantism is not yet ended, though the Smithfield fires have long been quenched for ever. The time must arrive when that controversy, too, will close. But while the English race exists, honour will be paid to the memory of men who preferred death to falsehood.

IV.

*JEREMIAH HORROCKS.**

IN the course of the parliamentary session of 1869, fifteen thousand pounds were cheerfully voted by the House of Commons to provide the staff and elaborate scientific apparatus required for the due observation of a transit of Venus, which will occur in the December of 1874. The Astronomer Royal furnished a programme for the expenditure of the money, and science hopes for important results from the phenomenon, if carefully observed under favourable conditions. It may bring nearer to accuracy our estimate of the earth's distance from the sun, in the long-accepted computation of which a grave error has of late years been discovered. All must wish for the success of the interesting enterprise. and certainly, if there is to bē failure, it will not be due to any lack of forethought, or of scientific apparatus. The chief governments and astronomers of the world are to be associated with those of Great Britain, in the expeditions to the uttermost parts of the earth, planned for the performance of the task. Striking, indeed, is the contrast between this pomp of preparation and the circumstances under which the first

*Jeremiæ Horroccii *Opera Posthuma* (London, 1673), edited by Wallis, who prefixes an *Epistola Nuncupatoria.* Joannis Hevelii *Mercurius in sole visa*, cui annexa est *Venus sole pariter visa à Joanne Horroxio* nunc primum edita (Dantzic, 1662); *Memoir of the Life and Labours of the Rev. Jeremiah Horrox, &c.*, by the Rev. A. B. Whatton (London, 1859); *The Sphere of Marcus Manilius made an English Poem*, with annotations and an astronomical appendix, by Edward Sherburne, Esquire (London, 1675), &c., &c.

recorded observation of the transit of Venus was made by a Lancashire youth, poor and obscure, solitary, unaided, and equipped with the scantiest scientific appliances. There are many Lancashire Worthies more celebrated than Jeremiah Horrocks, but of few has his native county more reason to be proud.

He was born in 1619, near Liverpool, at Toxteth Park, then an insignificant village in the vicinity of an unimportant haven, now a wealthy and populous suburb of one of the greatest of sea-ports. Of his family and their circumstances scarcely anything definite is known, but it may be surmised that they were of the middle rank, and of means far from affluent. Respecting his childhood, boyhood, and early education, absolutely nothing can be discovered. After his birth, the first ascertained fact in his biography is that, on the 18th of May 1632, at or about the age of thirteen, he was entered a sizar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. That he went to the University as a sizar betokens poverty, and in his writings there are several allusions to the obstructions which narrow circumstances interposed to his cultivation of science. Even had it been otherwise, however, Cambridge would have done little for his advancement in what became his favourite pursuit. For the study of the classics the University gave due opportunity and assistance; and it is evident, from his Latin prose and verse, that Horrocks was a fair classical scholar. But physical, and even mathematical, science was then neglected at Cambridge. The year of his admission to Emmanuel was, by a rather curious coincidence, that also of the well-known Wallis, who afterwards edited the works of Horrocks. In an account of his studies at Cambridge, Wallis speaks of himself as having "diverted" from what he elsewhere calls "the common road of studies then in fashion" "to astronomy and geography as parts of natural philosophy, though," he

adds, "at that time they were scarce looked upon with us as academical studies."[1] Still more emphatic testimony to the neglect of science at Cambridge is given by the biographer of Seth Ward, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, who made himself a scientific name, and who was admitted of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, also in 1632. "In the college library," we are told, "Mr Ward found by chance some books that treated of the mathematics, and they being wholly new to him, he inquired all the college over for a guide to instruct him in that way, but all his search was in vain. These books were Greek, I mean unintelligible, to all the fellows of his college. Nevertheless he took courage, and attempted them himself, *proprio Marte*, without any confederate, or assistance, or intelligence in that country, and that with so good success that in a short time he not only discovered those Indies, but conquered several kingdoms therein, and brought thence a great part of their treasures which he showed publicly to the whole University not long after,"[2] as Savilian Professor, and otherwise.

After a few years, Horrocks returned to Toxteth, and undoubtedly he took orders. Whether he had some humble clerical duty to perform at Toxteth is uncertain; but it is almost certain that when, in the June of 1639, he removed from his native place, he became curate of Hoole, near Southport. It must have been a modest curacy, as Hoole itself was a mere chapel-of-ease to Croston. Though now a thriving township, partly reclaimed from the swamp, and resonant with the power-loom and the stir of a thousand inhabitants, Hoole, when Horrocks went to it, was nothing more than "a narrow strip of land, having a large extent of moss on the east and west, the waters of Martin-Mere and

[1] "Life, prefixed to Sermons," quoted in Chalmers's *Biographical Dictionary*, § Wallis (John).

[2] "Life, by Pope," quoted in Chalmers, § Ward (Seth).

the Douglas on the south, and the overflow of the Ribble on the north." Between this desolate spot and his native Toxteth the home of Horrocks alternated during the few years which were all that were vouchsafed him of life after he quitted the University. Probably it was at Cambridge that, like Seth Ward, he was first attracted by the chance perusal of some book or books on science to the study of astronomy. Small as was the extraneous aid which the University could then give him in the cultivation of science, smaller still was any procurable at such places as Toxteth and Hoole. The difficulties which confronted him when he first resolved to devote himself to astronomy, and the spirit in which he resolved to grapple with them, have been recorded by himself in touching language. After dilating, in eloquent Latin, on the manifold attractions which astronomy had for his youthful mind, he goes on to say :—" But many obstructions, one after another, presented themselves. I was daunted by the laborious difficulty of the study, and by my own want of cultivation. Lack of means and appliances weighed down, and indeed still weighs down, my aspiring mind. But what most of all afflicted me was that there was no one to teach me, or even to aid my efforts by companionship in study ; so great was the universal indifference and lethargy. What then was I to do ? To make the laborious pursuit easy instead of difficult was not in my power ; still less could I increase my fortune ; least of all was it possible for me to inspire others with a love of astronomy. Yet to desert science because of its difficulties was cowardly, and seemed degrading to my intelligence. I determined that the difficulties of the pursuit must be conquered by industry ; my poverty, since there was no other way, by patience. Books of astronomical science must be the substitute for a teacher. Armed with these weapons, I felt nerved to grapple with the destinies themselves. I listened

eagerly to the story of this one and of that one, who, with no more assistance than I enjoyed, had mastered the science, and I was ashamed that any one whosoever could be more successful than myself, while before me was always that saying of Virgil:

"*Totidem nobis animæque manusque.*"[1]

This was the brave and determined spirit in which Jeremiah Horrocks began and continued *his* "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," and, as usual in such cases, the difficulties were conquered. One easily fancies that at Toxteth, without the cure of souls, and at Hoole with it, the young student, accomplished in classics and mathematics, made or added to a slender income by teaching in school or parlour. He would deny himself, we may be sure, almost everything in order to buy books, his only possible teachers, and at one time before his death, he had collected a very fair little library, his own catalogue of which has been preserved. Chief among its contents were the principal works of Kepler, and after due comparison with, and even temporary seduction by, certain of Kepler's rivals and depreciators, Horrocks learned to admire the great astronomer with a wise enthusiasm too rare among the contemporaries of both of them. Better even than books, he had the faculty of observation, and the perseverance with which he employed it was rewarded by results sufficient to inspire him gradually with a just confidence in the genius which heaven had bestowed on him as bountifully as on German or Italian. His astronomical apparatus might be scanty, but it was with a mere opera-glass that Galileo had discovered the phases of Venus and the satellites of Jupiter.[2] He might be poor, but still more

[1] *Opera Posthuma*, p. 2, 3 (Prolegomena to the *Astronomia Kepleriana promota et defensa*).

[2] In the letters of Horrocks (to Crabtree) occurs such interesting little indications of progress as these:—"*Telescopium tandem nactus sum accuratius;*" "*Galilei Dialogum de Systemate Mundi tandem nactus sum,*" &c.

severe than his had been the battle fought with poverty by Kepler, whom unwearied diligence in observing, added to magnificent audacity in theorising, had enabled to irradiate a mournful destiny by the discovery of the three laws which immortalise him. Horrocks scanned the heavens night after night; and compared the results of his observations with those of famous predecessors and contemporaries. He discovered errors even in his beloved Kepler, and from accumulating data he proceeded to generalise and to form theories of his own. The sympathy and companionship, the absence of which he had lamented at the commencement of his studies, were given him as he went on. In 1636 we find him in steady correspondence with William Crabtree, described as "a clothier," living at "Broughton, near Manchester," then a hamlet adjacent to, now a populous suburb of, "the metropolis of industry." Crabtree, of whom more ought to be than is known, was himself an enthusiastic student of astronomy and diligent observer of the heavens, besides being the friend and correspondent of several men notable in the English annals of the science. With Horrocks he kept up continual communication (occasionally personal as well as epistolary), and another of his correspondents was William Gascoigne of Middleton, in Yorkshire, said to have been the first person who used two convex glasses in the telescope, undoubtedly the inventor of the micrometer, and who died, like Horrocks, prematurely, falling in the bloody fight of Marston Moor, where he bore arms for the King against the Parliament.[1]

Many of the letters of Horrocks to Crabtree have been

[1] In Sherburne's *Manilius*, (pp. 91, 92) there are some brief but interesting notices of Crabtree, Gascoigne, William Milbourne, "curate at Brancepeth near Durham," and of "Christopher Townley of Carr, in Lancashire" (one of the Townleys of Townley), "who made all four acquainted;" the fourth being Horrocks. Of Milbourne, Sherburne records that

printed, and they are full of interest, though chiefly a scientific one. It was Crabtree whom he made his confidant when, after careful observation and computation, he discovered, in the October of 1639, that, on the 24th of the ensuing month, there was to be a transit of Venus over the sun's disc, a phenomenon which Kepler himself had failed to predict, and which no astronomer since the beginning of time had been known to observe. Hoole, in its wilderness of marsh and moss, was far away from the scientific world. There was no *Times* to write to, and in it to point the attention of brother astronomers to the coming event. In England, indeed, practical astronomy was then chiefly in the hands of such scattered cultivators as the Crabtrees and Gascoignes. Nine years had elapsed since Kepler's death, and Galileo was old, blind, and in terror of the Inquisition. At home, Sir Isaac Newton was not born; Wallis and Hooke had not written; while the Civil War was commencing to which Gascoigne was to fall a victim on Marston Moor, and by which science was to be eclipsed for a season. And even had circumstances been more favourable to scientific observation, there was little time, in those days of very imperfect "postal communication," to announce the coming transit to the world that lay beyond Hoole. The discovery of the event preceded its occurrence by only a few weeks, and Horrocks, writing to

he (like Horrocks) "discovered the weakness of Lansbergius his astronomy." "All his observations and other papers," Sherburne laments, "were most unhappily lost by the coming in of the Scots in the year 1639,"—say rather in the year 1640—the expedition which preluded our great Civil War of the seventeenth century. Christopher Townley is celebrated by Sherburne as a gentleman "who stuck not for any cost or labour to promote as well Astronomical as other Mathematical studies by a diligent correspondence kept and maintained with the learned professors in those sciences, upon which account he was very dear to all the four."

Crabtree and bidding him watch and observe on the predicted day, mentions only one mutual friend, Foster, the Gresham lecturer in London, whom it would be well to inform of what was anticipated.

As the time drew nigh, Horrocks was all anxiety and expectation, and, to make assurance doubly sure, he began to watch on the forenoon of the 23d. His simple apparatus was a telescope adjusted to an aperture made in a darkened room, so that the image of the sun should fall perpendicularly on, and exactly fill, a circle of about six inches inscribed on a piece of paper, and divided into the usual 360 degrees. In his interesting little Latin tract, the *Venus in sole visa*, overflowing with a beautiful enthusiasm, a poetry and genuine devoutness, which give it a singular charm, Horrocks has described what was seen, or at least observed, by no eyes but his own and Crabtree's. From noon on the 23d, so long as the sun was above the horizon, he watched for four and twenty hours with only one, and that one a significant, intermission. In 1639, the twenty-fourth of November fell on a Sunday, and he describes himself as watching on that day "from sunrise to nine o'clock, and also from a little before ten until noon, and at one in the afternoon, being called away in the intervals to matters of greater importance, which for such secondary occupations it would have certainly been improper to neglect *(aliis temporibus ad majora avocatus quæ utique ob hæc parerga negligi non decuit).*" In point of fact the Rev. Jeremiah Horrocks had to perform morning and afternoon service to his simple and scanty flock in the modest church or chapel at Hoole; and, for once in his life, it may be suspected, he was a little—a very little—glad when both were over, and he could rush back to his darkened room, with its telescope and disc of paper. "At fifteen minutes past three in the afternoon, when I first had leisure again to renew my

observations, the clouds were entirely dispersed, and invited my willing self to make use of the opportunity afforded, it might seem by the interposition of heaven. When lo! I beheld a most delightful spectacle, the object of so many wishes: a new spot of unusual magnitude, and of a perfectly circular shape, so completely entering the left limb of the sun that the limbs of the sun and the spot precisely coincided, forming an angle of contact. Not doubting that this was really the shadow of Venus I immediately set to work to observe it sedulously."[1] The happy Horrocks was rewarded, and for half an hour, until the sun began to set, he made his unique and fruitful observations.

A year and a few months ran their course after this memorable scientific achievement, and the young Lancashire astronomer was no more. He had completed for publication his *Venus in sole visa*, and had accepted an invitation to pay a visit to Broughton and his friend Crabtree, who was to expect him on the 4th of January 1641, "if," he wrote, on the 19th of December, seemingly with a kind of presentiment, "nothing unusual should prevent" (*nisi quod præter solitum impediat*). Horrocks died "very suddenly," the mourning Crabtree recorded, how or of what disease is unknown, on the 3d of January 1641, the day before the expected meeting with his friend, in the 22d year of his age. The death of Crabtree, too, Wallis heard, took place not many days after that of Horrocks.

In the preceding summer Horrocks seems to have quitted the Hoole curacy. At any rate he had returned from Hoole to his native Toxteth, where he was still sojourning the month before his death, apparently in doubt as to what he was to do next, since he speaks in a letter to Crabtree of his "unsettled state" and even of "perpetual annoyances." But

[1] *Venus in sole visa* (in *Hevelius*), p. 115.

whatever his circumstances, and however gloomy his prospects, his love of science knew no abatement. During three months of his sojourn at Toxteth, he availed himself of his position near the estuary of the Mersey to observe the flux and reflux of the tides, detecting, he said, amid their general regularity, " variations and inequalities hitherto remarked by no one." He hoped, he wrote to Crabtree, if he remained there a whole year, " to make many discoveries, and of a kind demonstrating the motion of the earth." [1]

His *Venus in sole visa* remained in manuscript until 1660, when a copy of it came into the hands of the eminent Huygens, from whom it passed into those of the eminent Hevelius, and by him was published, to the joy of the scientific world. Others of his " remains " were afterwards " redacted " by his former contemporary at Emmanuel, the mathematician Wallis, and were published in 1672-3 at the expense of the Royal Society. To the unscientific, Horrocks is known, if at all, as the first observer of a transit of Venus, but the scientific claim for him still higher honours of discovery and induction, and some of them aver that in the works of this Lancashire youth Newton's greatest achievements are foreshadowed, or even anticipated. " Amongst his discoveries "—a mural tablet, in comparatively recent years erected to his memory in his own church at Hoole, records briefly, and not inaccurately—" are the nearest approximation to the sun's parallax, the correct theory of the moon, and the transit of Venus." Herschel calls him " the pride and boast of British astronomy ; " and the foremost of European astronomers and historians of astronomy, from Halley to Airy, from Delambre to Whewell have delighted to do him honour. There are several references to Horrocks in the *Principia*. In one of them, after describing the moon's orbit as an ellipse about the earth, with its centre in the lower

[1] *Opera Posthuma*, p. 337

focus, Sir Isaac Newton assigns the first determination of the fact to Horrocks :—"*Horoccius noster lunam in ellipsi circum terrum, in ejus umbilico inferiore constitutam, revolvi, primus statuit.*"[1] To have been thus signalised as a discoverer by Newton in the *Principia* is itself immortality. The praises of others can add little to the fame of Jeremiah Horrocks.

[1] Lib. iii. prop. 35 : *scholium* (London, 1726), p. 462.

V.

*HUMPHREY CHETHAM.**

OF this Lancashire Worthy no biography has yet been written proportionate in its merit to his own, or on a scale commensurate with the results of his beneficence. For more than two hundred years the Chetham Hospital and Library have been useful to Manchester, and conspicuous memorials of the pious munificence of their founder. Amid the multitudinous stir of money-getting, both are there to remind merchant and manufacturer that nearly the first Manchester trader of any note was also one of the most generous and thoughtful benefactors of the city where his fortune was made. His name has been rightly deemed the most fitting that could be assumed by the meritorious association which seeks to illustrate and elucidate the past of Lancashire. But among the numerous and elaborate publications of the Chetham Society a biography of Humphrey Chetham will be sought for in vain. The following slight account of him and of the element in which he moved, while it discharges an obvious duty, may help to remind that learned society

* W. R. Whatton's *History of the Chetham Hospital and Library* (London, 1834), being vol. iii. of Dr Hibbert Ware's *History of the Foundations in Manchester;* the late G. T. French's *Bibliographical Notices of the Church Libraries at Turton and Gorton, bequeathed by Humphrey Chetham* (Manchester, 1855), being vol. xxxviii. of the Chetham Society's publications; Fuller's *Worthies* (London, 1811); Aikin's *Description of the Country from Thirty to Forty Miles round Manchester* (London, 1795), p. 158; Baines's *History of the Cotton Manufacture,* &c., &c.

of the palpable deficiency which they have not as yet made even an attempt to supply.

Humphrey Chetham himself once procured an investigation of his genealogy, which cost him more money than it yielded him definite and satisfactory knowledge. It seems to have been made pretty clear, however, that he was descended from a cadet of the family of the Chethams of Nuthurst, itself an offshoot of the Chethams of Chetham, whose founder was Geffrey (Galfridus) de Chetham, "a man of great consequence, and several times sheriff of Lancashire, temp. Hen. III." The whole family derived their name from the locality where what was once the little village of Chetham has grown into a populous and important suburb of Manchester. "The said Sir Geffrey," says quaint old Fuller, to be enabled to quote whom is always so pleasant, "falling in troublous times into the King's displeasure, his family (in effect) was ruinated. But it seems his Posterity was unwilling to fly from their old but destroyed Nest, and got themselves a handsome habitation at Crumpsall, hard by." According to another account, it was at a later period that the Chetham family was "ruinated," by siding with Richard Crookback against the victor of Bosworth. In any case, towards the close of the sixteenth century, there resided at Crumpsall, a certain Henry Chetham, a man of some substance.[1] He had several sons, of whom the founder of the Hospital and Library was the fourth. Humphrey Chetham was born in 1580, and on the 10th of July in that year he was baptized, in what was then the collegiate, now the cathedral, church of Manchester. It is a reasonable conjecture that the subsequent founder of

[1] The present Crumpsall Hall is, it seems, a quarter of a mile from the site of the quaint half-timbered mansion of the Chethams, which was taken down in 1825.—*See* Booker's *History of Blackley* (Manchester, 1854), p. 211.

the Chetham Library received a good education, probably at the Manchester Grammar School. No doubt, too, he was apprenticed to some dealer in Manchester wares, and it is certain that, while the eldest succeeded to the Crumpsall property, whatever it may have been, Humphrey and one or more of the other sons embarked in the Manchester trade, in his case with eminent success.

In comparison with its present extent, Manchester was but a hamlet when, in the first decade or so of the seventeenth century, Humphrey Chetham started in business. In a map of Manchester supposed to have been executed only a few years before his death, and when the town must have been much larger than during his youth, there are fields from Long Mill-gate to Shudehill, where only a few houses break the expanse of country seen stretching away in every direction. Market street was a lane, with meadows and hedge-rows at its top, while near this stood, in rural seclusion, a mansion emphasised as "Mr Lever's House," the memory of which still faintly survives in Great Lever street and the like. But Manchester was already the seat of a thriving trade, for which it had been famous since the time of Henry VIII. From Ireland there had been long a resort to it of traffickers, with linen and woollen yarn to be woven into cloth, and in certain descriptions of woollens Manchester was pre-eminent. By a singular coincidence, which has often been remarked, these woollen products of Manchester were called "cottons," a corruption, some suppose, of "coatings," and which certainly had nothing to do practically with the cotton plant of East or West. Long before the textile use of this was known in England, Leland wrote, "Bolton-upon-Moors Market stondeth most by cottons; divers villages in the moores about Bolton do make cottons." Cotton may have been imported into England towards the close of the sixteenth century, and undoubtedly

it was worked up in Manchester during Humphrey Chetham's lifetime, so early as 1641, in which year was published Lewis Roberts's "Treasure of Traffic" containing the following passage:—"The town of Manchester in Lancashire must be also herein remembered, and worthily for their encouragement commended, who buy the yarn of the Irish in great quantity, and weaving it, return the same again into Ireland to sell. Neither doth their industry rest here, for they buy *cotton-wool* in London that comes first from Cyprus and Smyrna, and at home work the same, and perfect it into *fustians*, *vermillions*, *dimities*, and other such stuffs." But the import was small, and the use made of it in textile fabrics was comparatively insignificant. Camden, speaking of Manchester as it was in 1590, when Humphrey Chetham was a boy of ten, refers to "the glory of its *woollen* cloths, which they call Manchester *cottons*." It was these woollen coatings, too, that quaint old Fuller (a contemporary of Humphrey Chetham's, and a friend of one of his friends) had in view when he wrote:—"As for Manchester, the cottons thereof chiefly carry away the credit in our nation, and so they did an hundred and fifty years ago"—long before the fibre of the cotton plant was used in the manufactures of this country. The paragraph that follows this one, in Fuller's "Worthies," is well worth giving, as a brief and quaint synopsis of the prevailing trade of Manchester at the same period, a trade in which flax evidently played a considerable part. "Other commodities" (the orthography and italics are Fuller's own) "made in Manchester are so small in themselves, and various in their kinds, they will fill the *shop* of an *Haberdasher of small wares*. Being, therefore, too many for me to reckon up or remember, it will be the safest way to wrap them all together in some *Manchester Tickin*, and to fasten them with the *Pinns* (to prevent their falling out and scattering), or tie them with the *Tape*, and also (because

sure bind, sure find) to bind them about with *Points* and *Laces*, all made in the same place." [1]

This was the industrial Manchester in which Humphrey Chetham did business during the first half of the seventeenth century. We fancy him a grave, solid, rather "canny" young man, decidedly Puritanical in his creed, and of the strictest walk and conversation, keeping one eye firmly fixed on the main chance and the other on the Kingdom of Heaven. He throve apace, by transactions, considerable in those days, in Manchester and Lancashire commodities, great part of which he sent up to London, where one of his brothers seems to have been settled. It is pleasant to hear that he was noted for his integrity and fair-dealing, as well as for his success. He trafficked largely in fustians, into the manufacture of which, if Fuller is to be relied on, cotton does really seem then to have entered. The Lancashire people, Fuller says, "buying the *Cotton-Wool* or *Yarne*, coming

[1] *Worthies*, ii. 538. When the varied and enormous manufacturing and other industry of modern Lancashire is considered, it is curious to find Fuller laying stress on its production of—horn! In the introduction to his account of the Worthies of Lancashire he says, under the head of "Oxen:"—"The fairest in England are bred (or if you will, made) in this county, the tips of whose horns are sometimes distanced five foot asunder. Horns are a commodity not to be slighted, since I cannot call to mind any other substance so hard that it will not break, so solid that it will hold liquor within it, and yet so clear that light will pass through it. No mechanick trade but hath some utensil made thereof, and even now I recruit my pen with ink from a vessel of the same, Yea, it is useful *cap-à-pie*, from combs to shoeing-horns. What shall I speak of the many Gardens made of Horns to garnish houses? I mean artificial flowers of all colours. And besides what is spent in England, many thousand weight are shaven down into leaves for Lanthorns, and sent over daily into France. In a word the very shavings of Horns are profitable, sold by the sack, and sent many miles from London for the manuring of ground. . . . The best Horns in all England and freest to work without flaws, are what are brought out of this County to London, the Shop-General of English Industry."

from beyond the sea, make it here into *Fustians* to the good *imployment* of the poor and great *improvement* of the *Rich* therein, serving *mean* people for their *outsides*, and their *betters* for the *linings* of their garments. *Bolton* is the *staple-place* for this commodity, being brought thither from all parts of the country." It is in connection with Bolton and its fustian trade that worthy and careful Dr Aikin was enabled, on what authority he does not state, to bear the following testimony to Humphrey Chetham's superior commercial morality. "Fustians," quoth the Doctor, "were manufactured about Bolton, Leigh, and the places adjacent; but Bolton was the principal market for them, where they were bought in the grey by the Manchester chapmen, who finished and sold them in the country. The fustians were made as early as the middle of the last century, when Mr Chetham, who founded the Blue-coat Hospital, was the principal buyer at Bolton. When he had made his markets, the remainder was purchased by Mr Cooke, a much less honourable dealer, who took the advantage of calling the pieces what length he pleased, and giving his own price," whereby the Bolton people no doubt arrived at the conclusion that Chetham, not Cooke, was their friend. Thus, by honourable dealing, Humphrey Chetham came to enjoy a high character for integrity, while by skill and enterprise he pretty rapidly amassed a fortune, in which achievement he seems to have been aided by judicious investments in loans on mortgage, and otherwise. If, in the intervals of business, he was frequent in his attendance at church, consorting much with pious preachers, and reading diligently in books of Puritan theology, no one, probably, ventured to accuse him of hypocrisy, and he grew steadily in the estimation of serious and respectable Lancashire. It was a county in which the middle and trading class was deeply tinged with Puritanism of the Presbyterian type.

In 1620, "Humphrey Chetham of Manchester, chapman," and his brother George, "grocer of London," bought for £4700, from the Byrons of famous memory, Clayton Hall near Manchester, which seems to have become Humphrey's chief residence. Its ancient moat can still, or could lately, be seen, though Clayton is well-nigh absorbed in suburban Manchester. In 1628, he purchased Turton Tower, near Bolton, where a field called "Chetham's Clow" not long ago retained his name. His wealth and prosperity had already recommended him at headquarters as a victim worth the bleeding. Humphrey held opinions of his own, political and religious, but he was not a man to obtrude them on the public. In those times of threatened commotion, his own desire seems to have been to lead a quiet life, and neither to achieve honour nor to have honour thrust upon him. Moreover, by self-made men of the middle class in the seventeenth century, knighthoods and baronetcies were sometimes shunned as carefully as they are sought for now (in Manchester as elsewhere), and in his great strait for money, Charles the First's ingenious and unscrupulous financiers managed to turn the disinclination to account. The modest Chetham found himself summoned to London to be knighted, and apparently disobeying the summons, he was called on to pay a fine for non-attendance at his Majesty's "crowneation" to "take upon him the honour of knighthood." Next he heard that he was likely to be appointed High Sheriff of Lancashire, news which terribly perturbed the worthy citizen, and there is a letter from him extant in which, with amusing fervour, he deprecates the honour as one "whereby I shall be made more popular"—prominent or conspicuous—"and thereby more subject to the perils of the times." His reluctance was of no avail, and, in the November of 1634, he had to enter on the duties of his office, "discharging the place," says Fuller, who loves

to praise him, "with great honour, insomuch that very good gentlemen of birth and estate did wear his cloth at the assizes to testify their unfeigned affection to him." Among his earliest official duties was the unpleasant one of levying Ship Money, in conformity with his instructions.[1] In raising the money, he found that he was considerably out of pocket, in spite of some rather peculiar measures which he took to recoup himself, and which nearly brought him into the Star Chamber. In the midst, too, of his Ship Money troubles (and in them he gave no sign of anything like the spirit of a Hampden) he was charged with having appropriated another man's coat-of-arms when, on being appointed Sheriff, he thought it incumbent on him to parade a vanity of the kind. A long controversy ensued, which ended in the confirmation of his arms and the payment of "10 pieces" to Norroy. Humphrey's answer to the letter "advising" this close to the dispute contains a passage slightly marked by a certain unexpected humour. "They" —the arms to be paid for with current coin of the realm —"are not depicted," the Sheriff writes, "in soe good mettall as those armes we gave for them; but when the herald meets with a novice he will double the gayn." As the disputes between Charles and the Long Parliament came to a head, Humphrey was appointed by the Parliament, and we may be sure very much against his will, "High Collector of Subsidies within the County of Lancaster." In 1643, after the sword had been fairly drawn,

[1] In one of his communications respecting this matter Humphrey Chetham bears curious testimony to the then insignificant condition of Liverpool and the poverty of its inhabitants:—"If," he writes, "you shall tax and assess men according to their estate, then Liverpool, being poor and now goes as it were a-begging, must pay very little. Letters patent are now out for the same town."—Whatton, p. 159, *note*, where it is explained that this issue of letters patent was made to collect charitable contributions for the relief of "poor" Liverpool!

the parliament again made him "General Treasurer for the County," although he pleaded hard to be excused "on account of his many infirmities," and in truth he was now in the sixties. Both offices involved him in endless trouble and vexation, nor could he always satisfy the stern and peremptory Puritan commanders whom it was his business to keep supplied with money.

In 1649, the year of King Charles's execution, Master Humphrey Chetham was an old gentleman on the verge of 70, nearing his latter end, and probably revolving in his mind more sedulously than ever his duty to God and man. He was very rich; he was unmarried; and his nearest relatives were amply provided for; so he bethought him of a work of charity that might be at least initiated before he died. He resolved to found an hospital for the education and nurture of poor boys of his native county, and he entered into negotiations for the purchase of "the College," "originally erected for the residence of the ecclesiastics of the collegiate church in Manchester, and probably of the same date as the church, which was founded by Thomas West, Lord De la Warr, in the reign of Henry VI." The College itself had been "the old Manor House, called the Baron's Hall, for many centuries the residence of the Gresleys and De la Warrs, Lords of Manchester." When Chetham wished to make the purchase, it was in the hands of the official sequestrators as a portion of the confiscated possessions of the unfortunate James seventh Earl of Derby, part of it being used as a prison and another part as a powder magazine. In the first year of Edward VI.'s reign the collegiate foundation had been dissolved, and the endowments, with other church property, conferred on the Stanleys.

For various reasons the negotiations were broken off. It was not until after Humphrey's death that the College was

secured for his Hospital and Library, and that quaint and interesting congeries of antique buildings rescued from the march of improvement to refresh modern Manchester with the sight of a quasi-mediæval edifice. Humphrey Chetham, however, was not to be baulked of his benevolent purpose. Already, in 1649, he began to select objects of charity, and before his death he had "taken up and maintained fourteen poor boys of the town of Manchester, six of the town of Salford, and two of the town of Droylsden, being in all twenty-two,"—to quote the language of his last will and testament. In the absence of a suitable building in which to house them, he boarded out his adopted boys among deserving persons to whom the money for the children's support might be an acceptable assistance. A curious note-book has been preserved in which the careful as well as excellent seventeenth-century philanthropist jotted down, from the 27th of October 1649 to the 4th of June 1651, the particulars of many of his disbursements for his boys. In any future comparison of modern wages and prices with those of the middle of the seventeenth century, this note-book may be found to possess an interest other than biographical. He who cares to know may discover there that, in the Manchester of 1649, "65 yards of Linen cloth" cost £2, 14s., "18 dozen of thread buttons" 1s. 6d., and that Humphrey Chetham "paid George Walker—for 60 days worke of himself and his men at 4d. per diem and xiid. over all for making the Hospitall Boyes cloathes"—the sum of one guinea, which seems to modern eyes a very reasonable charge. The same sum of one guinea defrayed during the same period "yr. dyate at 6d. per diem every man." The "table," or board, of the "boyes," in their scattered makeshift homes, cost 6s. 8d. per month a piece. Food for the mind was not forgotten. We light upon such entries as "a Psalter, 10d.," "a testa-

ment, 1s. 5d.," "a Latin booke, 2d." "construing book," an "accidence," &c., proving that the founder of Chetham's Hospital did not consider a certain amount of classical education unsuitable for his *protégés*.

After about four years of this sort of preparation, Humphrey Chetham died at Clayton Hall on the 12th of October 1653, in the seventy-third year of his age, and he was buried in the collegiate church, where he had been baptized. His properties of Turton and Clayton had been settled on two nephews during his lifetime, and his will left numerous legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. No one could complain of the bequest for the foundation and maintenance of the Hospital and Library. He bequeathed seven thousand pounds for the purchase of a fee-simple estate, the income of which was to be applied to "the relief, maintenance, education, bringing up, and binding apprentice, or other preferment" of "poor boys and male children," eighteen more of whom (belonging to Droylsden, Crumpsall, Bolton, Turton, "and not elsewhere or otherwise") were to be added to the original fourteen. His "will and mind" also was that his Hospital boys should be "children of honest, industrious, and painful parents, and not of wandering or idle beggars or rogues, nor that any of the said boys shall be bastards, nor such as are lame, infirm, or diseased at the time of their election." They were to be "well and sufficiently maintained and kept with meat, drink, lodging, and apparel, and also educated and brought up to learning or labour in the towns of Manchester and Salford." Five hundred pounds more were left to purchase a house for them, "the College, if may be." Any overplus was to go to increase the number of boys, which has since risen from forty-two to be a hundred at least. Two hundred pounds were bequeathed to be laid out in the purchase of "godly English books, such as Calvin's, Preston's, and Perkins's

works, comments, or annotations upon the Bible," or such other books as his executors should "think most proper for the edification of the common people." These were to be "chained up on desks, or to be fixed to the pillars, or in other convenient places, in the parish churches of Manchester and Bolton-in-the-Moors, and in the chapels of Turton, Walmsley, and Gorton." The bequest was duly executed, and it appears that at Turton "the books were at one time much read between the Sunday services, particularly during the summer months, and the usual place for reading them was the window-sill of the chapel." Neither books nor book-cases are extant at Manchester or Bolton, but according to a record written not very many years ago, more than two centuries after Humphrey Chetham's death, "the Gorton book-case is in good preservation, and still contains fifty-six volumes chained to an iron rail," a curious relic of the old Puritan times. Last, not least, came the bequest of one thousand pounds "towards a Library within the town of Manchester, for the use of scholars and others well affected; . . . the same books there"—in the College if possible —"to remain as a public library for ever," and "my mind and will is" the testator proceeded, "that care be taken that none of the said books be taken out of the said Library at any time;" and further on that "the same books be fixed, or chained, as well as may be within the said Library for the better preservation thereof." Another hundred pounds was left to provide a place for the books, to the increase of which the residue of the testator's personalty was bequeathed. Thus arose the Chetham Hospital and the Chetham Library, the latter among the very earliest Free Libraries founded in England, long before the application of "local rates" to the establishment and support of such institutions was heard of or dreamt of in these realms.

Humphrey Chetham did his best according to his lights

to make his surplus wealth available for the benefit of the community to which he belonged, and some of his good works are active and fruitful in the Manchester of to-day. Well might worthy old Fuller, after sketching his character and career, speak of his realised munificence as "a Masterpiece of Bounty," and exclaim, in overflowing sincerity of heart, "God send us more such men!"

VI.

*THE FIRST MEMBER FOR MANCHESTER.**

THE Worsleys of Platt near Manchester were an offshoot from the Worsleys of Worsley, by the marriage of an heiress of which manor Worsley itself was added to the possessions of the Egertons, and so in time became the cradle of the "great" Duke of Bridgewater's canal operations. Early in the seventeenth century Charles Worsley, a cadet of this ancient family, who had diverged into trade, was established in Manchester as a "haberdasher" or linen-draper, wholesale no doubt however, if also, probably, retail. Prospering in business, this Charles purchased in 1614 "certain lands in Rusholme" from "Oswald Mosley of Manchester," and married a sister of Alice Clarke, wife of George Clarke, founder of the Manchester charity that bears his name. His son and successor, Ralph Worsley, was a still more thriving man, having, "for the period, extensive dealings with weavers residing in the villages around Manchester to whom he entrusted yarn"—Irish-linen yarn it would seem—"for the purpose of having it woven into cloth, afterwards disposing of the same at his shop in Man-

* Rev. John Booker's *History of the Ancient Chapelry of Birch* (Manchester, 1859), being vol. xlvii. of the Chetham Society's publications; Thurloe, *State Papers* (London, 1742), vols. iv. and v. *Parliamentary History* (London, 1806, &c.), vol. iii.; Dr Halley's *Lancashire: its Puritanism and Nonconformity* (Manchester, 1869); *Sydney Papers*, edited by R. W. Blencowe (London, 1825); Dean Stanley's *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, third edition (London, 1869); Carlyle's *Cromwell*, parts 8 and 9; *Commons Journals*, &c., &c.

chester." Out of the profits of this business he was able, in 1625, to add to the paternal purchase of lands in Rusholme the estate of Platt (then called "The Platt"), which had been in the possession of the family of the same name since the time of Edward I. There the successful trader established himself, and founded the family of Worsley of Platt. In the old lath-and-plaster manor-house of Platt, superseded more than a hundred years ago by the modern mansion,[1] was born in 1622 to this Ralph a son and heir, Charles Worsley, the first member for Manchester and one of Oliver Cromwell's Major-Generals.

Ralph Worsley of Platt was a Puritan of the most "advanced" school. As things developed themselves, and when Laudism was trampled under foot, he tended strongly to Independency, which became to Presbyterianism much what Presbyterianism had been to Laudism. At the breaking out, however, of the Civil War, the split between Presbyterianism and Independency had not become conspicuous, and Puritanism in Manchester, as elsewhere, was united against the common foe. It was in the August of 1642 that King Charles raised his standard at Nottingham; a month afterwards came the unsuccessful assault on Manchester by the Earl of Derby. The fortifications of Manchester were strengthened; it was made the headquarters of the

[1] The old mansion faced the turnpike road, and occupied in part the garden of the present one, which was built, or rebuilt, in 1764 at a cost of £10,000. Whereby hangs a tale. A certain Jonathan Lees, of Ashton, early in the last century, exchanged some humble occupation in that town for the "check trade" of Manchester, and succeeded in life. His son John married a Miss Worsley, who, in right of her brother, became mistress of Worsley. She adopted a son of her husband's by a former marriage, and he assumed the name of Worsley, inherited the estate, and built the present mansion, regardless of expense. From him descend the actual Worsleys of Platt, in whose veins, however, there is not a drop of Worsley blood.—(*See Gentleman's Magazine* for 1741, p. 434.)

N

parliament's army in Lancashire; and in 1643 the Solemn League and Covenant of our Presbyterian Scotch friends was accepted by its Puritan inhabitants. In the course of the following year, Charles Worsley, only twenty-two, a godly, and as his portrait at Platt testifies, a handsome youth, was a captain in the army of the Parliament. Two years later (1646) Presbyterianism was established in Lancashire, in that respect solitary, or almost solitary, among English counties.

Elsewhere the controversy between Presbyterians and Independents—the former strong for peace with the beaten King, the latter demanding "securities" which Charles would never honestly give—was coming to a head, and Lieutenant-General Cromwell, the victor of Naseby, was throwing his weight into the scale of Independency. In this same year of 1646, it is noticeable that—at the instance, no doubt, of Mr Ralph Worsley among others—there migrated as minister from Gorton to Birch, and the vicinity of "The Platt," a certain Rev. John Wigan, who begun to preach Independency in that neighbourhood, with what zeal may be imagined when it is added that he afterwards went into the army and fought for his creed with sword as well as tongue. The young Worsley much affected, we may be sure, the ministrations of this militant Reverend John, and when the conflict between Presbyterianism and Independency did arise he showed himself worthy of his spiritual pastor and master. He had married, was living in his father's house at Platt, and had been so zealous an officer as to have risen to the rank of lieutenant-colonel when the execution of Charles I. was followed by the flight of young Charles II. to Scotland, and his acceptance as their King by the deluded Presbyterian Scotch, little foreseeing the thumbscrews and Claverhouses of the Restoration. In the June of 1650 the Lord-General Cromwell was on the march once more, this time towards Scotland, and rein-

forcements for his Scotch campaign were got together in many parts of England. But things had come to such a pass in Manchester that the Presbyterians there were already in the mood, which led them a little later to think seriously of raising five hundred men to help Charles II. and the Scotch against the Commonwealth,[1] in the hope of procuring for the whole country the blessed rule of a "covenanted King."

There were other men in and about Manchester, however, busy in a different cause, and one of the most active of them was Lieutenant-Colonel Worsley. On July 19, 1650 (three days before Cromwell on his northward march crossed the Tweed at Berwick), according to an entry in old Ralph Worsley's diary, "At Cheetham Hill was the first muster of Lieutenant-Colonel Worsley's soldiers. The second in the same place August 2, 1650."[2] Further on comes this other entry:—"1650, August 19, Lieutenant-Colonel Worsley set forward towards the North with his regiment. August 24th, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Worsley came to Skipton. September 2d, he came to Durham"—"Durrom" it is spelt by the old gentleman, whom the young Lieutenant-Colonel as he proceeded northward doubtless kept informed by letter of his movements. "September 3d," the paternal record proceeds, "to Newcastle; September 9, to Berwick,

[1] Halley, ii. 18.

[2] Old Ralph Worsley himself was well inclined to the cause espoused by his son; but so far as military service went he contented himself with a substitute. Under date of 1650, November 2, occurs in his journal the following entry (the spelling is modernised):—"Upon Saturday the 2nd of November 1650 I agreed with John Burdsell, of the Millgate in Manchester, to carry my arms during the service, and for his pains I have given him in hand 30s., one green coat, and am to pay him daily 1s. When he with the rest of his company is trained, and when he is to go forth of the country upon service, I am to pay him 30s. more."

September 12th, to Edinburgh"—"Edenborrow." Then comes as a supplementary jotting: "September 3d, the battle at Dunbar, in Scotland, was fought." The Lieutenant-Colonel may have marched his very quickest, but he and his Manchester men were too late to help at Dunbar, where their presence would have been most acceptable to the Lord-General, who, however, managed to do very well without him or them. The brunt of the campaign in Scotland was over when Lieutenant-Colonel Worsley reached "Edenborrow" nine days after the battle of Dunbar, and for two years and nine months nothing more that is significant is heard of him.

Then, indeed, he emerges from obscurity, on an historical occasion and occupying an interesting position. His services, character, and breeding, conjointly or severally, endearing him to the Lord-General, the gallant young Puritan soldier, just turned thirty, had been appointed to the command of Cromwell's own regiment of foot. Perhaps it was to enter on the duties of his new post—for he took Mrs Worsley with him—that he proceeded to London in the late autumn of 1652, as is thus recorded in his father's journal:—"1652, October 18. My son, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Worsley"—his military rank is always remembered in these jottings of the father's, as if in testimony of a certain parental pride in it—"with his wife"—"wyff"—"did set forward from Platt to ride to London." However this may be, it is certain that when, on the 20th of April 1653, hurrying down to the House of Commons, "in plain black clothes and grey worsted stockings," on an ever-memorable errand, the Lord-General Cromwell called for a company of musketeers of his own regiment to attend him, it was Lieutenant-Colonel Worsley who commanded them and accompanied him. We have arrived now at the famous dismissal and ejection of the Rump Parliament, and the Lord-General

Cromwell's burst of passionate speech," Come, come, we have had enough of this, I will put an end to your prating, you are no parliament; I say, you are no parliament;[1] I will put an end to your sitting. Call them in; call them in!" "Whereupon the Serjeant attending the parliament opened the door, and Lieutenant-Colonel Worsley, with two files of musketeers entered the House," &c. This is Ludlow's version of the affair, penned years afterwards. According to a contemporary newspaper-account (which would in these days be called "semi-official") "the Lord-General requested them"—the Rump—"to depart the House, and Lieutenant-Colonel Worsley, with some soldiers, came in and ordered the House to be cleared, took the mace away, and caused the House to be locked up. The next day there was a paper by somebody posted upon the Parliament House door thus: "This House is to be Let, now Unfurnished."[2] In Carlyle's account of the transaction no mention is made of Worsley; perhaps because in Algernon Sidney's narrative his name is

1 "Come, come!" exclaims my Lord-General in a very high key "we have had enough of this"—and, in fact, my Lord-General now, blazing all up into clear conflagration, exclaims, "I will put an end to your prating," and steps forth into the floor of the House and, "clapping on his hat" and occasionally "stamping the floor with his feet," begins a discourse which no man can report! He says, heavens! he is heard saying, "It is not fit that you should sit here any longer! You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing lately. You shall now give place to better men! Call them in!" adds he, briefly, to Harrison in word of command; and "some twenty or thirty" grim musketeers enter, with bullets in their snap-hances, grimly prompt for orders, and stand in some attitude of "Carry arms" there. Veteran men, men of might and men of war, their faces are as the faces of lions, and their feet are swift as the roes upon the mountains; not beautiful to honourable gentlemen at this moment!—Carlyle's *Cromwell*, part vii. 20th April 1653).

2 *Parliamentary History*, iii. 1382, where Ludlow's narrative is given along with that of the contemporary newspaper, *Several Proceedings in Parliament from Thursday the* 14*th to Thursday the* 21*st of April* 1653.

misprinted "Wortley," and Cromwell's biographer did not recognise in him the subsequent Major-General Worsley. Algernon Sidney had good reason to remember the Lieutenant-Colonel, as appears from this his narrative of the ejection of the Rump. "He"—Cromwell—"said to Colonel Harrison (who was a member of the House), 'Call them in!' Then Harrison went out and presently brought in Lieutenant-Colonel Wortley (who commanded the General's own regiment of foot, with five or six files of musketeers, about 20 or 30, with their muskets. Then the General, pointing to the Speaker in the chair, said to Harrison, 'Fetch him down.' . . It happened that day," Sidney adds, or Sidney's father, reproducing his son's report of the proceedings, "that Algernon Sidney sate"—as member for Cardiff—"next to the Speaker on the right hand. The General"—Cromwell—"said to Harrison, 'Put him out!' Harrison spake to Sidney to go out, but he said he would not go out, and sate still. The General said again, 'Put him out!' Then Harrison and Wortley put their hands upon Sidney's shoulders, as if they would force him to go out. Then he rose and went towards the door"—coerced by the gentlest "physical force." Worsley was fated to have his name misprinted in connection with his participation in the doings of that critical day. "History reports with a shudder," says Carlyle, "that my Lord-General, lifting the sacred mace itself, said, 'What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!'" And, according to a narrative which he proceeds to quote, "all being gone out, the door of the House was locked, and the key with the mace, as I heard, was carried away by Colonel Otley." No, by Lieutenant-Colonel Worsley, and there is evidence that the "bauble" remained for a time in his possession. In the official journal of the proceedings of the so-called

[1] *Sydney Papers*, pp. 140, 41.

Barebone's Parliament, the convocation of which followed the dismissal of the Rump, occurs the following entry :—"8th of July 1653—Resolved that the Serjeant-at-Arms attending this House do repair to Lieutenant-Colonel Worsley for the mace, and do bring it to the House." The immediate instrument of Oliver Cromwell's *coup d'état* turns out to have been a "Manchester man"!

What scoffers called Barebone's Parliament was not a parliament in the modern sense of the word. Its members were appointed by the Lord-General Cromwell, not elected directly by the constituencies; though each member nominally represented a constituency, county or borough, with which he had some personal connection. It sat for rather more than five months, and then, finding their task of destruction and reconstruction too much for them, its members resigned their powers into the hands of him who had bestowed them. Immediately afterwards came the establishment of the Protectorate. The Lord-General Cromwell became Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, ruling in conformity with an instrument of government, one of the articles of which enacted that a parliament should meet in 1654 on the 3d of September, the anniversary of the battles of Dunbar and Worcester—Cromwell's "fortunate day." It was this time to be a parliament freely chosen by the electors, the qualification being property of the annual value of two hundred pounds per annum, but those, and the sons of those, who had borne arms for the King were disqualified. The "question of redistribution" had been carefully considered. Many small boroughs were disfranchised, and their members given to counties and large boroughs in some proportion to population. In fact it was a parliament elected in conformity with a "Reform Bill" of his Highness the Lord Protector's own framing and passing. Among the great

towns thus for the first time permitted parliamentary representation was Puritan Manchester. Leeds was another. Manchester elected for its first member of parliament, "Charles Worsley of the Platt, Esquire," whom Baines did not know to be identical with the Major-General of after years, though he surmised that the member for Manchester and the Major-General might be of the same family.[1] In the proceedings of this first Protectoral Parliament, Charles Worsley's name, and little more, figures occasionally. "To him and several others was entrusted the bill for the recognition of the government, and his name is found in several committees of the House for ejecting scandalous ministers and schoolmasters, for the affairs of Ireland, and for auditing or revising the public accounts."[2] The first parliament of the Protectorate proved to be even more unsuccessful than Barebone's. Its members fell to questioning the Protector's authority, and after administering to them a mild purge, in the form of a declaration to be signed promising allegiance to him, Oliver quietly dismissed them, in the January of 1655, to their respective places of abode. For a year and nearly nine months after this England survived the absence of parliamentary government.

But government there was in England during this interval, and of a very stringent kind, as it needed to be from the Lord Protector's point of view. Plotting against his rule was rife, and not Royalist plotting only, but of a much more dangerous sort, Republican. Cromwell and his Independents had gone beyond Fairfax and the Presbyterians. Now old comrades-in-arms of the Protector were going beyond him, and, as Anabaptists, Fifth Monarchy men, and so forth, protested against any earthly

[1] The identification is made, however, in the second edition of Baines (1868), i. 324.

[2] Booker, p. 42.

sovereignty, and demanded the reign of the Saints with a King in heaven. One of the leaders of these enthusiasts was Harrison, the very Harrison who, with Worsley's aid, had mildly compelled Algernon Sidney to leave the House of Commons at the ejection of the Rump. Above all, the Royalists, to some extent, were uniting with these ultra-Puritan Republicans. There was a "coalition" of otherwise discordant parties against the Protector, and it was a coalition which, if without votes in Parliament, had arms in its hands and daring leaders to organise its conspiracies. Hence Oliver's division of England into districts, ten in all, over each of which was placed a tried, trustworthy, and zealous military or naval man, with the rank and title of Major-General—"the greatest creation of honours," Thurloe wrote (October 1655) to Henry Cromwell in Ireland, "his Highness has made since his access"—accession—"to the government." Harrison might have fallen away, not so Worsley, and to him was assigned the district consisting of Lancashire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire. The powers of a Major-General in any district were those of a little Viceroy. "He looks," says Carlyle, "after the good of the Commonwealth, spiritual and temporal, as he finds wisest; ejects or aids in ejecting scandalous ministers; summons disaffected, suspected persons before him, demands an account of them; sends them to prison, failing an account that satisfies him, and there is no appeal except to the Protector in Council. His force is the militia of his county; horse and foot levied and kept in readiness for the occasion; especially troops of horse, involving, of course, new expense—which we decide that the plotting Royalists, who occasion it, shall pay. On all Royalist disaffected persons the Major-General, therefore, as his first duty, is to lay an *Income tax of tèn per cent.*; let them pay it quietly." These were the duties which Major-General Worsley and

his colleagues were set to discharge in the October of 1655. In the Thurloe State Papers there are printed twenty or more letters from Worsley, chiefly to Thurloe himself as Cromwell's principal secretary, reporting progress, asking for instructions, and offering suggestions based on "local knowledge." They are for the most part brief, modest, as well as earnest, and combine devoutness of expression with clear indications of practical shrewdness. In his first letter (dated Manchester, November 3, 1655), just when beginning to grapple with his task, Worsley says :—"I have been with most of the officers that command the county-troops of Lancashire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire, and have communicated unto them that which was given me in charge by his Highness in Council. And truly I find in them a spirit extraordinarily bent on the work, and I plainly discern the finger of God going along with it, which is, indeed, no small encouragement unto me. The strength of the work," he adds, "and my unworthiness and insufficiency as to the right management of it is my only present discouragement. Yet, however, this is the ground of my hope and comfort that the Lord is able to supply my wants, and will appear in weak instruments for His glory to the perfecting of His work. I shall (through the grace of God) discharge my trust in faithfulness to those that have employed me and omit no opportunity nor avoid pains wherein my weak endeavours may be useful."

In the financial department of the business Worsley was successful, and the month after his appointment he was able to report to Thurloe, "I hope we shall pay our county-troops out of what we have done already, and provide you a considerable sum for other uses." Indeed, in another letter, he says, "The malignant party seem to submit to what is imposed with readiness." Finance, as might be expected, figures prominently in Worsley's official letters,

and the claims of revenue conflict in his mind with the execution of his commission to diminish the number of "ale-houses," partly for "the reformation of manners," partly because they were the haunts of the disaffected. This is the way in which a Major-General of Oliver Cromwell dealt with the problem of the "licensing system," and expressed his hesitations in regard to it. "I find it," he writes to Thurloe, "a difficult business how to observe my instructions as to ale-houses, and not weaken that revenue, though truly it's too visible that they are the very bane of the counties. Yesterday and day before I met the commissioners and justices for the Hundred of Blackburn about these things specified in the orders"—issued by the Protector in Council—"and we find that these ale-houses are the very womb that brings forth all manner of wickedness. We have ordered at least 200 ale-houses to be thrown down in their Hundred, and are catching loose and vile persons." Again, "We have put down a considerable number of ale-houses after taking notice of these several qualifications"—or disqualifications—"following, viz.:—1. Such as have been in arms against the parliament, and are looked upon to be enemies to the present government; 2. Such as have good trades and need not thereunto"—*i.e.*, can do well enough without the profits of beer-selling—"3. Such as stand in bye and dark corners and go under the name of blind ale-houses; 4. Such as are persons of bad name and repute amongst their neighbours and keep disorder; 5. All houses reputed for bawdry and harbouring of suspected persons given to such; and other like. We have likewise," he proceeds, "taken course that all such as are to be continued bring in their licences, and honest, faithful sureties to be bound with them for keeping of good order and discipline, according to law in that case made and provided. We have also put down innholders found under the qualifications"—or disqualifications—

"above-mentioned. We have further taken care to remove bad constables"—men who were not "a terror to evil-doers," but themselves evil-doers, an anomaly and grievance often referred to and complained of in Worsley's official correspondence—"and to put in honest, faithful, and judicious men. We have likewise put down divers brewers, and taken care for the rest which are to be continued, to give in very sufficient surety that they shall not sell any ale or beer to any person nor persons unlicensed, except for their own particular use. We have also taken care for all maltsters within the city to do the same. We have sent a great number of persons to the gaol for being married contrary to the Act of Parliament"—against alliances with deceased wives' sisters?—"and the persons which have so married them. We have likewise sent many suspicious, idle, and loose persons to the said place, some whereof to continue till they give very good sureties for their good abearings for the time to come; and many more that will be thus dealt with when we can light of"—on—"them, but many have at present absented themselves"—very naturally.

To a different category belonged Worsley's dealings with Quakerism, a growth that eight years old, since it was in 1648 that George Fox first began to preach, and that in Manchester itself. The Quakers, protesting against civil magistracy and the validity of the sword with which the Protector governed, were an obstruction in Worsley's path, and yet they were godly people in their own way, nor was it easy to know how best to handle them. "We are extremely troubled," he writes once, "with Quakers in these parts." In another letter he is more explicit:—"We are much troubled with them that are called Quakers; they trouble the markets and get into private houses up and down in every town, and draw people after them. I have

and shall take what course I can, but I could wish to have some further power or direction from you"—Thurloe—"in that case"—which was rather a perplexing one. Quakerism did not lend itself to, or indeed call for, the peremptory suppression easily carried out in the "case" of horse-racing of which there is the following notice from a subordinate to Worsley, inclosed by him in a letter to Thurloe:—"Sir, There being a horse-race appointed in this county the last week, being informed of it I sent a party of the troop. They apprehended the chief actors and they took the horses, which, I hear, since I came to Manchester, are still in custody. I desire your direction what to do with both."

To Cromwell himself there is a solitary letter which may as well be given here by way of completing these illustrations of Worsley's official correspondence. The year 1655 was drawing to a close when the Major-General commanding in Lancashire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire reported progress to the Protector, thus:—

"*May it please your Highness*—

"I hold it my duty to give your Highness an account of my proceedings upon these orders and instructions you gave me in charge. We have had meetings in the several counties, and have proceeded to the extraordinary tax upon divers of the delinquents of greatest estates, and have sent out our orders for the rest to appear before us to be proceeded against accordingly. I cannot but observe a visible hand of God going along with us in this work, as well in raising up the hearts and spirits of good men to be active therein, as also the unexpected submission and subjection of them we have to deal with"—the Royalists—"so much so that truly I have not heard of one man of them that any way disputes or complains against the justice of those orders and instructions we act upon.

"We have in Staffordshire taxed as many as amounts to about thirteen or fourteen hundred pounds *per annum*, and have discovered about one hundred pounds *per annum* in lands of Penruddock's"—who was in arms at Salisbury, and after executed for his rebellion only the year before—as the Lord Protector well knew.—"In Cheshire we have taxed as many as amounted to one thousand five hundred pounds *per annum*, and in Lancashire about one thousand one hundred

pounds *per annum*, and hope at our next meetings to go through with the greatest part of the tax. And in all the three counties we have put in execution the ordinance for ejecting scandalous ministers and schoolmasters, and the last Thursday sent orders for divers articles against, and witnesses to appear at our next meeting in this county of Lancaster. Many of the delinquents in this county were Papist-delinquents, and their estates quite sold by the state "—thus in former years the cow, as it were, had been already half-milked—" which will make us all much short of what we expected. We have found out a considerable estate, which we conceive is in John Wildman"—the right-hand man of the Royalist-Republican coalition, who also, the year before, had been arrested and thrown into durance vile in Chepstow Castle.—" We have seized and secured the same to your Highness's use, and hope to find some more. I am now taking security from disaffected persons in the several counties.

" We are now proceeding against some considerable persons which we conceive will fall under the first particular in your Highness's orders and instructions. I find as many dangerous persons whose estates fall short of one hundred pounds *per annum* "—below which sum, apparently, all incomes were exempted from the ten per cent. assessment—" as any of what quality soever. So if your Highness shall please but to order us to descend to estates of fifty pounds *per annum* in lands and five hundred pounds in personal estate, we shall raise much more than else we can ; for in these counties one hundred pounds *per annum* is a considerable estate "—a fact in the social history of Worsley's district worth the knowing—" and many that justly deserved to fall under the tax, might be fetched in at fifty pounds *per annum*, whose estates reach not one hundred.

" We are about to make some progress upon the rest of the particulars," —laid down in the instructions from headquarters—" especially that of wandering, idle persons "—the " vagrants " of later days—" some being already apprehended. Our greatest want will be for a convenient place "—the available prison-accommodation being insufficient for this new class of criminals—" and a guard upon them. By the good help of God I doubt not but to give your Highness a good account of the rest of the particulars you gave me in charge. The Quakers abound much in these counties, to the great distress of the best people. I have done and shall " do " what I can ; but crave your Highness's further orders and instructions, how to deal with them. No more but that I am,

" Your Highness's faithful Servant,

" *December* 24, 1655." " CHARLES WORSLEY.

A business-like letter, and respectful without servility.

Worsley had been scarcely nine months in harness when the Protector seems to have summoned him and the other Major-Generals to a conference in London, as the time was at hand when it was thought fitting that their provisional rule should cease and a new parliament meet. "Indeed, Sir, I am not well," Worsley, on receiving the summons, writes to Thurloe from Warrington (13th May 1656). "My intent was to have taken a little rest, at my coming home, and some physic; but seeing I have received this command I intend (if the Lord will) to be with you with all speed." The speed appears to have been too much for him. He died soon after his arrival at St James's Palace (where apartments had some time before been assigned him and his family), on the 12th of June 1656, at the early age of thirty-five. He was honoured with burial in Westminster Abbey and Henry VII.'s chapel, while the Puritan pomp of his military funeral befitted his rank, his services, and the esteem in which the Protector held him. We read in the *Public Intelligencer* for June 19, 1656: "Westminster, *June* 13. —In the evening was solemnised the funeral of Major-General Worsley, which was performed with much honour according to his merit, his hearse being attended by the rest of the Major-Generals and divers other persons of honour and many coaches. Before him marched four regiments of foot, ten troops of horse, and the Life Guard of his Highness—drums being covered with mourning, pikes trailed on the ground, and trumpets mournfully sounding after the military manner usual in such solemnities —who conducted his body to Westminster Abbey, where it was interred near Sir William Constable"—the regicide— "in the chapel of Henry the Seventh: three grand volleys being discharged at the interment." Four days after his death, Thurloe wrote again to Henry Cromwell, in Ireland; "Major-General Worsley died here at St James's upon

Thursday last, of whom his Highness and the nation hath had a very great loss, having been a most trusty and diligent man."[1] About the same time, and apparently at the request of the widow, a friend of the family writes thus, from London to old Ralph Worsley, at Platt: "My Lord Protector and his Council hath given one hundred pound a year for ever to your son's children and two hundred pound in money to your son's wife."[2] There are still at Platt various memorials of Worsley. One of them is his sword, "inlaid with gold," and bearing such suitable inscriptions as, "Vincere aut mori," "Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos?" and the like. Most interesting of all is a portrait showing him as he looked and lived, in the plate armour of the time, with a handsome, serious face, long, flowing hair, and nothing to give the least hint of the "crop-eared Puritan" of fancy and of fiction.

Strangely enough, Worsley's remains escaped the general exhumation and desecration which, when his Majesty Charles II. was restored, befell those of the Puritan notabilities buried in Westminster Abbey. A few years ago, search was made in Henry VII.'s chapel for the missing body of James I., and in the course of it a coffin was opened,[3]

[1] Thurloe, v. 122. "It has been recorded," says Mr Booker (p. 49), "but with no great appearance of probability, that after the interment of General Worsley had taken place Mr Roger Penryn, M.P. for Clitheroe, and Clerk of the Peace for the county, himself a zealous Royalist, the brother-in-law of the deceased, and one of the mourners, returned secretly to the Abbey and wrote upon the stone the words, 'Where never Worse lay,' which indignity being reported to Cromwell so offended him that he offered a reward for the discovery of the writer."

[2] Booker, p. 48.

[3] Search elsewhere for the body of James I. having proved ineffectual it was suggested that, as Ann of Denmark was buried in the north or apsidal compartment of Sheffield chapel, her husband might have been placed in the southern or dexter compartment of the Montpensier chapel, which itself is in the south-east corner of Henry VII.'s. The following is Dean Stanley's narrative of the search made in consequence

which, according to Dean Stanley, was most probably that of Worsley. Its contents, after examination, were carefully

of this suggestion (*Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, third edition only, pp. 674-7) :—

"There was no vault, but an earthen grave soon disclosed itself, in which, at about two feet below the surface, a leaden coffin was reached. The wooden lid was almost reduced to a mere fibre, and from the weight of the earth above, the leaden lid had given way all round the soldered edges of the coffin, and was lying close on the flattened skeleton within. At the foot, and near the surface, there was a large cylindrical urn, indicating that the body had been embalmed. The position of the urn, which was lying on its side, would lead to the suspicion that both it and the coffin had been removed before, especially as the floor above was so irregular and ill-formed.

"The skeleton which was thus discovered, was that of a tall man, six feet high, the femoral bone being two feet long, and the tibia 15¾ inches. The head was well formed, but not large. The teeth were fresh and bright, and were those of a person under middle age. There was no hair visible. The larger ligatures of the body were still traceable. At the bottom of the coffin was a tray of wood, about three inches deep, which, it was conjectured, may have been used to embalm the body. The sides of the wooden coffin were still in place ; here and there the silken covering adhering to the wood and to the bones, as well as pieces of the metal side-plates, with two iron handles of the coffin, and several brass nails were found in the decaying wood. All such detached pieces were, after examination, placed in a deal box and replaced in the coffin. But the most minute search failed to discover any insignia in the dust ; and not only was there no plate discovered, but no indication of any such having been affixed. The leaden lid of the coffin was again placed over the skeleton, the urn was restored to its former position, and the earth carefully filled in.

"It was for a moment apprehended that in these remains the body of James I. might have been identified. But two circumstances were fatal to the supposition. First, the skeleton, as has been said, was that of a tall man, whereas James was rather below than above the middle stature. Secondly, the Wardrobe Accounts of the funeral contain the expenses of opening a vault, whereas this body was buried in a mere earthen grave. Another alternative, which amounted nearly to certainty, was the suggestion that these remains belonged to General Charles Worsley, the only remarkable man recorded to have been buried in the Chapel, under the Protectorate, who was not disinterred after the

replaced in their original depository, and, in all likelihood, among the dust of Kings and Queens of England now reposes that of the Lancashire linendraper's son, the first member for Manchester.

Restoration. The appearance of the body agrees, on the whole, with the description and position of Worsley. He was in high favour with Cromwell, &c., &c. Heath, in his *Chronicle* (p. 381), alluding to his early death, says, 'Worsley died before he could be good in his office, was buried, with the dirges of bell, book, and candle, and the peal of trumpets, in no less a repository than Henry VII.'s chapel, as became a prince of the modern creation and Oliver's great and rising favourite.' "

VII.

JAMES STANLEY SEVENTH EARL OF DERBY. *

THE "great," the "martyr" Earl of Derby, as he is fondly termed by his admirers, was born at Knowsley on the 31st of January 1607, on which day of the preceding year Guy Fawkes and certain of his associates were executed for their share in the Gunpowder Plot. His father, William sixth Earl, had been a great traveller, and many traditions of Earl William's continental adventures are preserved in popular song. His wife, mother of this our James Stanley seventh Earl of Derby, was the eldest daughter of Edward Vere seventeenth Earl of Oxford, and her mother was a daughter of the politic Cecil, Queen Elizabeth's and Mr Puff's Lord Burghley. Earl William was thirty-two when (in 1594) he succeeded to the title, on the death of his elder brother Ferdinando, the fifth Earl,

* *Private Devotions and Miscellanies of James Seventh Earl of Derby, K.G., with a Prefatory Memoir and an Appendix of Documents*, edited by the Rev. F. R. Raines, M.A., F.S.A., Honorary Canon of Manchester, Vicar of Milnrow, and Rural Dean, 3 vols. (Manchester, 1867), forming part iii. of the *Stanley Papers*, printed for the Chetham Society; *The Lady of Latham, being the Life and Original Letters of Charlotte de la Trémoille Countess of Derby*, by Madame Guizot de Witt (London, 1869); *The Great Stanley: or, James Seventh Earl of Derby and his noble Countess, Charlotte de la Trémoille, in their Land of Man: a Narrative of the Seventeenth Century*, by the Rev. J. G. Cumming, M.A., F.G.S., Incumbent of St John's, Bethnal Green, London, &c., &c.; Seacome's *House of Stanley*; Clement R. Markham's *Life of the Great Lord Fairfax*; Eliot Warburton's *Rupert and the Cavaliers*; Halley's *Lancashire Puritanism*; Carlyle's *Cromwell*; Rushworth's *Historical Collections*, &c., &c.

whose surviving children were three daughters, co-heiresses. They were young when their father died, but their rights, real or alleged, were doubtless stoutly championed by their mother, the Countess Alice, a daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, ancestor of the great Duke of Marlborough. A few years after the death of her husband she made a second marriage, which secured for herself and her daughters "the best legal advice" in England. In 1600 she became the (third) wife of the famous Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, and it was probably through his efforts and influence that a long series of law-suits between Earl William and the fifth Earl's widow and daughters terminated in the severance from the Earldom of Derby of five ancient Baronies, when the estates attached to them were transferred to Earl Ferdinando's daughters and co-heiresses. The Stanleys Earls of Derby retained Latham and Knowsley with other ample possessions, but they lost "the Baronies of Strange, of Mohun, Barnwell, Basset, and Lacy, with all the houses, castles, manors, and lands thereto belonging, with several other manors and large estates lying in most counties of England, and many in Wales."[1] The lordship of the Isle of Man was preserved only by purchasing the claims of the Countess Alice and her daughters. Earl William was thus, and by long litigation, considerably impoverished when he came into possession of a dismembered inheritance. With his accession, Fortune seemed wearied of smiling on the Stanleys Earls of Derby, and resolved that, after a long course of prosperity, they should taste the bitters of adversity. Earl William lost only estates; Earl James was to lose his head upon the scaffold.

James Lord Strange, as he was called during his father's lifetime, was the eldest of three sons. There is a tradition that after being at school at Bolton he studied at Oxford,

[1] Seacome, p. 97.

but of his education nothing is clearly ascertained beyond the names of his two domestic tutors. One of these was George Murray, a brother of the Richard Murray of the Athol family, whom, as a Scotchman, a gentleman, and (if anything) a High Churchman, King James made Warden of Manchester—a careless, easy-going ecclesiastic, of whom his royal patron had so accurately taken the measure that, it is said, once hearing him give out for his text "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," the King made the audible comment—"spiced with an oath"—"But the Gospel may well be ashamed of thee!" [1] Whether the Murray who was Lord Strange's tutor resembled in character his brother, the Warden of Manchester, is not known, but in all probability he was a High Churchman. The other tutor, Charles Erle, or Herle, became afterwards —if he were not already—a staunch Presbyterian, and sat in the Westminster Assembly of Divines as one of the two representatives of Lancashire. He is described as "of graceful and courteous manners." Both of them were suitably rewarded for their connection with the Stanley family. Murray became Rector of Bury, Herle, of Winwick. That may have influenced the religious opinions of his pupil. The seventh Earl of Derby seems to have been a High Churchman in his ecclesiastical politics, but with slightly Puritan tendencies in theology.

He grew up a well-read, thoughtful, serious, and it can be gathered rather an anxious and brooding man—of superior but somewhat limited intelligence. "In after life," says one of his biographers, "Lord Strange attributed some mistakes that he had committed to the want of 'good instruction' in his youth, but the remark appears rather to refer to the absence of opportunities of cultivating general society, and of acquiring worldly knowledge and an

[1] Halley, i. 224.

acquaintance with matters of business than any deficiency of elementary or religious training."[1] It is more probable that he referred to the narrowness of his education, which did not help him when he had to manage men or to lead soldiers. Certainly he enjoyed pretty early in life the "opportunities" aforesaid. According to this very biographer, he was but a minor when in 1625 he was elected Member of Parliament for Liverpool, and when he paid a visit to the Dutch Court at the Hague, then presided over by the Stadtholder-Prince of Nassau, a brother of William the Silent, the great founder of the Dutch Republic. It seems that on paying this visit to Holland Lord Strange had to borrow the money needed to enable him to make the appearance at a foreign court suitable to a young nobleman of his rank, ancestry, and connections, so considerably had litigation and the loss of a large portion of their hereditary estates crippled the resources of the Derby Earldom. It seems, too, that he went to the Hague to discover the fitness of a marriage projected for him with a wealthy damsel of high rank. "If your estate be good," he wrote long afterwards, with other advice, to his son, "match near home and at leisure; but if weak or encumbered, marry afar and quickly"—counsel doubtless suggested by his own experience.

The lady chosen for him as a wife by others and by himself was the afterwards famous Charlotte de la Trémoille, daughter of a French nobleman, a distinguished companion-in-arms of Henri Quatre, by whom for his services in the field Claude de la Trémoille was created Duc de Thouars. On the mother's side the young lady, born in 1601, sprang from the princely house of Orange, since the Duchesse de la Trémoille was a daughter of William the Silent, and as became her blended lineage the Countess of Derby that

[1] Raines, i. v.

was to be inherited Dutch persistence and French vivacity. The Duc de la Trémoille had embraced the reformed faith—and his wife was of course a staunch Protestant—so that there was no objection on the score of religion to the match between the heir of the House of Derby and the French grand-daughter of William the Silent. Apparently one of the chief promoters of the match was the celebrated and unfortunate Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I. and mother of that Sophia Electress of Hanover through her descent from whom Queen Victoria now sits on the throne of these realms. The Queen of Bohemia, it seems, owed her husband—such obligation as it was—to the efforts of the Duc de Bouillon, and he married, as his third wife, a sister of the Duchesse de la Trémoille, with whom and with whose family the Queen kept up a friendly correspondence. When the match between the young people was arranged, Elizabeth of Bohemia and Charlotte herself were at the Hague, and there, also, was a kinsman of Lord Strange's, Sir Edward Vere. The year before Lord Strange started for the Hague to judge for himself of the young lady's attractions or merits, the widowed and wealthy Duchesse de la Trémoille had come to the English Court with her royal relative Henrietta Maria, just married to our Charles I. Doubtless when she was in England she saw Lord Strange, and assured herself of his suitability as a husband for her daughter. He was accomplished, well-principled, "possessing a tall and graceful figure, regular and handsome features, a florid complexion, with a forehead probably capacious and lofty, but which is in all his portraits concealed by overhanging dark hair." [1] In any case, on proceeding to the Hague, he won the hand of Mademoiselle de la Trémoille, with whom he was to receive a dowry of £20,000. On the 26th of June 1626 the marriage came

[1] Raines, i. viii.

off with great magnificence "in a palace of the Prince of Orange at the Hague in the presence of the King and Queen of Bohemia and many royal and noble personages."

After the wedding, Lord Strange brought his wife to England, and the young couple were received at Court with great heartiness. His return was soon followed by the death of his mother, and by the abdication, so to speak, of his father. "My father," he says, addressing his son long afterwards, "upon the death of my mother, growing infirm and disconsolate, and willing to repose himself from the troubles of the world, purchased a house on the side of the river Dee, near Chester, and retired to it; reserving to himself a thousand pounds a year for life, and put the rest of his estate and revenue into my hands, which I fear I shall not be so soon able to do with you nor with such latitude of power." By letters patent Lord Strange was associated with old Earl William in the Lieutenancy of Lancashire and Cheshire, and in the Chamberlainship of Chester city. Early in 1628 the Lieutenancy of North Wales was bestowed on Lord Strange, and he was summoned to the House of Lords as "Sir James Stanley de Strange, Chevalier."

Of the life of the newly-married pair in the interval, there are some notices in the published letters of Lady Strange to her mother, the Duchesse de la Trémoille, which show, among other things that—in spite of Earl William's abdication—Lord Strange was a little pinched for ready money. Applications for remittances "on account" of her dowry occur frequently in Lady Strange's letters of this period, but they seem to have met with but indifferent success. In the August of 1627, the year after her marriage, Lady Strange thus writes from Latham to her mother in a letter announcing the anticipated arrival of her first-born:—
"The time of our stay here is not yet determined, but if

the twenty thousand crowns"—an instalment of her dowry—"do not come, it will be a hard matter to get away. Your son-in-law"—Lord Strange—"is quite well, thank God, and often goes out hunting. On Monday we are to have a great many people here, for it is our wedding-day, and my husband is going from home for several days with a number of gentlemen. He shows me the utmost affection, and God gives us grace to live in much happiness and peace of mind." Towards the end of the same year she writes again, after a visit to the old Earl William:—"I wrote you word, madame, that I had seen my father-in-law at Chester, where he always lives—never desiring to go to any of his other houses; he has been there now for three or four years. He spoke to me in French"—for Earl William was a travelled gentleman—"and said very kind things to me, calling me lady and mistress of the house—a position which he said he wished no other woman to hold; that I had the law in my own hands entirely. We were very well received in the town; though we were not expected, many people came to meet us. I told you also, madame, how much I liked Latham House, and that I had every reason to thank God and you for having married me so happily. I do not doubt, madame, that you will do everything in your power with regard to my money; indeed I expect this from you, and certes, madame, necessity constrains me to importune you in the matter more than I ought; your goodness emboldens me to do so, and truly my happiness partly depends on it, that I may be able to shut the mouths of some people who do not love foreigners, though, thank God, the best of these wish me no harm"—and with the siege of Latham House the worst of them had to acknowledge that this lady, though a "foreigner," was not unworthy of her adopted country. The "settlements" had delayed the wedding, "because the Duchess-mother would not, on any terms,

consent to the marriage, in consequence of an article of the English law, by which, on the death of the husband, the marriage portion of the wife is given up to the relatives of the deceased." The bride's part of the agreement, however, was but laxly performed, and the dowry, at least in full, seems never to have been paid, in consequence of the troubles in France. Nevertheless, Lord Strange behaved with honourable generosity to his wife, who fully appreciated it. Again towards the end of 1627, she writes to her mother :—" I am not without anxiety about many things; but God of His goodness will provide for all. I forgot to tell you, madame, that my husband is on the point of doing that which he is bound in honour to do, though I have never said a word to him about it; and he has even fixed the sum"—for her jointure—" at two thousand pounds sterling. Although I hope, please God, that I may never need it, yet I shall always feel deep obligation to him. I owe it entirely to his goodness, which makes me still more anxious that he should derive some benefit from my fortune, from which he has, as yet, received so little help. I am sure, madame, that your goodness will see, even better than I do, what need we have for it, and also how happy it would make me to afford some relief to this house upon which I have hitherto brought nothing but expense."

In a few weeks Lady Strange had pleasanter cares to dwell upon, for a son was born to her and an heir to her husband. Communicating the interesting intelligence to her sister-in-law Lady Strange writes :—" I forgot to tell you that he"—the babe—"is dark. I wish you could see the manner in which they swaddle infants in this country, for it is lamentable. Three days after mine was born he was found in the middle of the night sucking his thumb! Imagine the rest!" He was christened Charles only, after the King, who sent him "two gilt cups," and the proud

mamma writes—"to show us special honour he has sent me a very pretty present, which is worth quite two thousand crowns; the diamonds are very beautiful and are all cut with facets. I did not expect this." In the May of 1628, after the summons to Lord Strange to take his seat in the House of Peers, his lady-wife thus unbosoms herself to one of her correspondents, probably her mother:—"I write this in much trouble, for I fear that my husband must go the day after to-morrow to London. This change is doubly vexatious to me, for the air does not agree with him, but I hope God will preserve him. Our little one is very well, thank God. I have already, in two of my letters, begged you to send me some long frocks, and now I must ask you the same thing again, for he is very strong, thank God, for his age; and in this country, where they put into robes infants of a month or six weeks old, I am thought out of my senses because I have not yet given him any. I also begged you for some child's caps. I hope these will all come together. It will be an amusement for me in the absence of my boy's father, which I dread greatly, for I have never been so far from him before, and in these times there is always something to fear. God grant that all that is resolved upon in this parliament may be for his glory, and for the good of the King and the country."[1] The little baby about whose frocks Lady Strange was so anxious, grew to man's estate, underwent many vicissitudes, and was known at last as Charles eighth Earl of Derby.

After all, in that May of 1628 Lord Strange did not go to London and take his seat in the House of Peers. "My Lord," his wife wrote the month after, "was advised not to go to the parliament. Things," she adds, "are in great confusion there. One day everything is broken off, on the next all goes smoothly again. God grant that all may end

[1] Madame de Witt, pp. 25-34.

well." It was the first session of King Charles's third parliament, and the germs of the Civil War were already visible. This was the session in which "Oliver Cromwell, Esquire," made his first appearance on the parliamentary stage as member for Huntingdon and the Petition of Right was wrested from the King, who thereupon angrily prorogued the parliament. It met again in the following January, and Lord Strange took his seat in the House of Peers, carrying with him to London his wife, who, in her staunch Protestantism, was then mourning over the sudden conversion of her brother, the Duc de la Trémoille, to the Romish faith. It was a short but stirring and stormy session. After a few months the King dissolved that parliament, and did not summon another for eleven years, during which he raised supplies without the aid of one by levying Ship Money and by other less famous contrivances. His seat taken in the House of Peers, Lord Strange seems for some years to have lived partly in the circle of the Court. His name and that of his wife figure among those of performers in masques of Ben Jonson's played at Court in 1630. His house in Cannon row, a stately mansion built by Earl William, was, we are told, "the resort of distinguished statesmen, foreigners, and scholars; his hospitality, like his fortune, being almost regal."

With the chief courtiers and King's advisers Lord Strange does not appear to have been popular; and perhaps the Protestantism of his French wife may have been a bar to the favour of the Queen, Henrietta Maria, more ready to forgive heresy in Englishwomen than in a countrywoman. Clarendon speaks of Lord Strange as "disobliged by the Court," hinting that he expected, without receiving, from Charles I. the Garter afterwards bestowed on him by Charles II. "He was a man of great honour," Clarendon adds, "and clear courage; and all his defects and misfortunes proceeded from his having lived so little time among his equals

that he knew not how to treat his inferiors, which was the source of all the ill that befell him." The "having lived so little among his equals" refers probably to his early withdrawal from Court to his Lancashire estates. The charge that "he knew not how to treat his inferiors" cannot apply to his dealings with his tenantry, since it is evident that he was an excellent landlord. He himself leaves it modestly in doubt whether his great county-influence was due to his ancestry or his own personal popularity. "I was happy in the beginning of this war," he wrote afterwards, when he had fallen upon evil days, "to have the general applause of my neighbours, as one they would like to follow, as they did my ancestors before me. But whether there was more in their minds to continue a custom or that they loved my name or my person I will not say."

"In the beginning of this war" is an expression that brings us with a sudden leap to the so-called "Great Rebellion." Lord Strange was fulfilling his county-duties as the acting representative of a great family and the owner of large estates; he was studying, musing, composing anthems, leading the life of a pious and cultivated nobleman, when Laud's high-handed treatment of the Scotch and their resistance to it began to prelude the Civil War. On Sunday, the 23rd of July 1637, Jenny Geddes flung her historic stool at Laud's Edinburgh Bishop, and in the following November the trial of Hampden's Ship-Money case was opened in London. The Scotch were soon in arms, having framed and signed their Covenant, and the Puritanism of England sympathised with the Scotch. The King, on his way northward to suppress the Scotch rebellion, held a Council at York (February 1639), and to this Lord Strange was summoned. He obeyed the summons; but first and at the same time "addressed a stirring appeal, without any delay, to his deputy-lieutenants for military aid, and the

service was promptly rendered." Three years more, and Lord Strange was again with the King at York (March 1642), but it was no longer a mere Scotch rebellion that was to be faced. England was on the verge of its great seventeenth-century Civil War. Both sides were arming, and Lord Strange advised that the royal standard should be raised at Warrington in Lancashire. Nottingham, however, was chosen, and there on the 22nd of August 1642 the decisive step was taken. The 23rd of October following was the day of Edgehill fight, the first battle of the Civil War.

Meanwhile, by the death of his father (29th September 1642), Lord Strange had become Earl of Derby, and was busy in his own county for the King. His suggestion that the royal standard should be raised at Warrington had been accompanied by magnificent offers of men and money; but Charles's councillors seem to have regarded this unfortunate nobleman with a distrust, which, if of his military capacity, may have been well founded, but, if of his loyalty, was utterly groundless. The first occasion on which the men of Lancashire were ranged on different sides was at a county-meeting held on Preston Moor in June 1642. It was summoned nominally to receive the King's answer to a petition of Lancashire freeholders; but the High Sheriff—a Roman Catholic and a Royalist—took advantage of the opportunity to read proclamations from the King ordering a "commission of array," as the Royalist county-organisation was termed. "For the King, for the King!" was the cry heard from the Royalists; "For the King and Parliament!" was that of the other side, which still clung to the delusion that it was not against the King but against his councillors that the Puritanism of England was rebelling. Each of the two hostile parties, as was usual at that crisis, set to work to secure for itself what military stores were known to be

within reach. Lord Derby (then of course merely Lord Strange) marched upon Manchester, as a town with decided Puritan leanings, and demanded the gunpowder and ammunition stored in it. The Parliamentarians made so formidable a show of resistance that he withdrew, after having unsuccessfully proffered a compromise by which the coveted articles were to be placed in the hands of commissioners appointed by both parties. Next, the Royalists of the town invited Lord Strange to a banquet, and to this no objections seem to have been made by the adherents of the parliament. It is supposed that the military strength of the retinue which accompanied Lord Strange and his Royalist friends to the place of entertainment excited the suspicions of the Parliamentarians. "Sir Thomas Stanley of Bickerstaff, and Captain Birch of Birch, who happened to be in the town at the time, beat up the train-bands by the sound of drum, and led them to the front of the house where the Royalists were feasting. The accounts differ as to the party which actually began the fray. The Royalists say that the attack was commenced by Sir Thomas Stanley, who fired a pistol-shot at his relative, Lord Strange. The Parliamentarians say that Lord Strange ordered his horsemen to attack the train-bands, who were preserving order in the street. On the one side or the other a Stanley seems to have begun the fight, in which Richard Percival, a weaver, was shot by the Royalists—the first person in Lancashire, and, probably in England, who was killed in the Civil War"[1]—a statement not without interest. It is curious, moreover, to note that from this anti-Royalist, Sir Thomas Stanley of Bickerstaff, and not from the loyal James Stanley seventh Earl, the modern Earls of Derby for more than a century have sprung. The Sir Thomas Stanley who is said to have fired a pistol at the Royalist Earl James, at Manchester, on

[1] Halley, i. 329.

the 15th of July, 1642, was himself descended from the second son of George Lord Strange eldest son of Thomas first Earl of Derby, but who died in his father's life-time. Earl James and his predecessors descended from the eldest son of this George Lord Strange. The elder line expired with the death of another James the tenth Earl, grandson of the seventh Earl, and who left no male heir. Whereupon the Earldom of Derby passed to "Sir Edward Stanley of Bickerstaff, in Lancashire, Bart.," and thus a great-grandson of the alleged anti-Royalist hero of the Manchester fray became, in 1736, eleventh Earl of Derby. From him the present Earl of Derby is lineally descended.

This fray at Manchester was grossly exaggerated, and a few weeks after it Lord Strange was impeached for "levying war against the King, parliament, and kingdom," in that "he entered Manchester maliciously and treacherously, with force and arms, and in a hostile and warlike manner, and that he did kill, murder, and destroy Richard Percival, linen-webster." The impeachment, if it did nothing else, doubtless contributed to widen the breach between Lord Strange and Manchester, stimulating him to subdue what was becoming a Parliamentary stronghold, and encouraging its inhabitants to resist to the utmost the Royalist peer and his large following among the Lancashire squirearchy, among his own tenantry and theirs. Puritan Manchester prepared to defend itself against the attack-in-force which it saw to be inevitable, and it began to furbish up its weapons spiritual and carnal. "A spirit of devotion in prayers and singing of psalms rested generally upon persons and families, yea, upon taverns and inns, where it might not put its head formerly." Simultaneously with this outpouring of devotion, drilling and fortifying went on. Among the many soldiers of fortune who had fought in the Thirty Years' War, and who came to England on the chance of

employment, when the strife between Charles and his parliament foreboded civil war, was a certain Lieutenant-Colonel John Rosworm, and he happened just at this juncture to be in Manchester. He had accepted an offer from the Parliamentary party in Manchester for his services, when a higher bid was made for them by Lord Strange. Rosworm was vexed, as Major Dugald Dalgetty would have been, at his own precipitancy, but, as would not have happened with Major Dugald Dalgetty, he stuck to his employers, and though grumbling all along at what he denounced as their shabby treatment of him, he served them with the utmost fidelity while his services were needed. Through his exertions Manchester was in a state of tolerable defence when with some "two thousand foot, three hundred horse, and six pieces of ordnance," and the flower of the Royalist gentry of Lancashire, Lord Strange appeared before the town on the morning of Sunday, the 25th September 1642, his troops "marching into Salford with their drums beating, their colours flying and their multitude shouting 'For the King! for the King!'" Salford bridge and Deansgate were the chief points of the attack, which the Manchester burghers successfully resisted, and by the end of the week Lord Derby, as he now was (his father the old Earl William died at Chester on the 29th, at the crisis of the siege), marched away again with his troops. He had not been able to visit the death-bed of his father, nor was he allowed to do honour to his remains. An express had arrived from Shrewsbury commanding him to proceed thither with his little army to aid the King. This sudden withdrawal of forces raised for the defence of Lancashire is said to have disgusted many of its Royalist gentry and to have cost the King the loss of the county. In any case lost it was, in spite of Lord Derby's subsequent and vigorous efforts after he returned from Shrewsbury. No slight put upon him by

the King, or the King's councillors, could shake his loyalty. "There were 3000 good men of my raising," he wrote afterwards, "went forth of Lancashire and other places of my Lieutenancy; and my sorrow to see the King in so bad a condition did make me, and all well-affected to a good cause, to spare no cost or hazard whatever to assist him in his so just a quarrel. So we lent the King all our arms, and he graciously gave his warrant that we might receive as many from Newcastle, for the defence of our countries. But somebody was in fault so that his Majesty's warrant was not obeyed, nor we secured by arms or ammunition. Also his Majesty did allow a sufficient sum of money, which some of his servants kept for other uses. I will not take occasion hereby to fall upon particulars. But this will be justified, that the King had good intent for us, that I have discharged a good conscience in all, and my honour is safe in spite of the worst detractors."

During the winter of 1642–3 Wigan and Warrington were the Royalist strongholds; Manchester and Bolton those of the party of the parliament. With the new year Fairfax arrived in Manchester, and by his instructions Preston was attacked and taken. In February Lord Derby made an unsuccessful attack on Bolton, in March a more successful attack on Lancaster,[1] proceeding from which town he re-took

[1] In Eliot Warburton's *Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers* (London, 1849, ii. 143), is given a letter of Lord Derby's, describing this achievement, one, it will be seen, in which the element of harshness was decidedly conspicuous. "Preston, March 2, 1642"—old style, 1643 in the new—"When I came before the town"—Lancaster—"I summoned it in his Majesty's name, and the Mayor (as I heard), counselled by the commanders for the parliament made me so slight an answer, after I expected it for a whole day, that I, enraged to see their sauciness against so good a Prince, made bold to burn the greatest part of the town, and in it many of their soldiers, who defended it very sharply for two hours. But we beat them into the castle, and I, seeing the town clear from all but smoke, spared the remainder of that town, and laid siege unto the castle. There was no woman or child suffered, or any but those who

Preston, with its stores. Another unsuccessful attack of the Earl's on Bolton was followed by an equally unsuccessful attack of the parliament-forces on Wigan. After the failure of the Parliamentary attack on Wigan, Lord Derby marched from Preston with "eleven troops of horse, seven hundred foot, and infinite of clubmen," and occupied Whalley Abbey. Colonel Assheton of Middleton, the most effective commander whom Lancashire developed during the Civil War, came to the aid of the local Parliamentary levies, and drove Lord Derby out of the Hundred of Blackburn. Pursuing his victory, Assheton marched upon Wigan, chased the dispirited Royalists out of it, followed the retreating Earl of Derby to Preston, and took it. He then pursued the flying Royalists in the direction of Lancaster, and swept them out of the county into Westmoreland. After a triumphal visit to Manchester, he attacked Warrington, the only remaining stronghold in the hands of the Royalists, and soon Warrington surrendered. Liverpool next fell into the hands of the parliament, Hornby Castle and Thurland Castle were beleaguered and taken. "By midsummer of 1643," says the jubilant historian of Lancashire Puritanism and Nonconformity, "all the fortified towns and houses of Lancashire, except Latham, were in the possession of the Parliamentarians."

Meanwhile Lord Derby had quitted Lancashire on an errand and to an issue which he has himself thus described: —"Knowing that the Queen was at York with great forces, a part of which might easily reduce our country, and enable us to raise great forces for his Majesty, it was therefore desired by all the gentry that I would go to the Queen, representing their necessities and the great good unto herself and those

did bear arms, for so I gave directions to my soldiers, except some three or four that I think as likely to be killed by them. Having got some advantage (which was the first that I had ever had since these unhappy times) I thought well to slip on to Preston," &c., &c.

parts by helping us. Which I did; leaving yet some considerable forces in Lancashire, under the government of the Lord Molyneux and others of our side, with whom nevertheless is a large story of the great troubles I had with them, as well as with the enemy before I could possibly return. In my absence the enemy possessed themselves of the whole country, saving my house"—Latham—"and Sir John Girlington's"—Thurland Castle—which also was gone, though Lord Derby, writing in the Isle of Man, knew it not. "The misfortune happening at that very time to my Lord Newcastle at Wakefield prevented the Queen's good purposes, who promised me part of those forces. So as the Lancashire troops yet remaining [took their] journey towards York, conceiving to have found me there. But ill fortune, which seldom comes alone, made now the proverb true. That same time a report was got of some Scots, intending to assist the pretended parliament of England, that they would land in the North, and by the way do their endeavour to get the Isle of Man; which doubtless had been a great inconvenience to his Majesty's affairs for many reasons. Hereupon I was advised to go immediately for the Isle of Man to secure it for his Majesty's service, as well in wisdom to preserve my own inheritance. But I gave no heed to that report, but continued my desire to wait upon the Queen in her journey to Oxford, where his Majesty then was. Meanwhile I received letters from the Isle of Man intimating the great danger there. For that the people had begun the fashion of England in murmuring, and by some damned spirit had been taught the same lessons as I have known in London, to come in tumultuous manner, desiring new laws, a change of the old; that they would have no bishops; pay no tithes to the clergy. They despised authority, and rescued some committed by the governor for such insolent behaviour and the like. It was also feared that they had discovered themselves thus

far, thereby to invite some stranger into the island. It was bruited also that a ship of war I then had for defence in this isle was taken by parliament-ships; which proved true. All these [things] considered, it behoved me to prevent the mischief betimes, both for his Majesty's service and mine own good. Her Majesty and those with her rightly weighed the danger, as witness my Lord Goring, Lord Digby, Lord Jermyn, Sir Edward Dering, and many more. All were of opinion that my coming hither was necessary, and accordingly I did. Thus far have I digressed from my intended discourse to take off that objection if I were asked, when every gallant spirit had engaged himself for King and country, why I left the land, so wicked as to desert the cause, so simple as to become a neuter, and many such-like questions. For all which I have given some reason, which may easily content myself, who remember well all the forenamed circumstances. How others may be pleased herewith I know not, [I] rather think these short relations may more puzzle their minds if any chance to see this but you, my son, who are bound to believe well of your father," and for him, afterwards eighth Earl of Derby, his Lordship wrote the "History of the Isle of Man" from which these "explanations" are extracted. "But I am bound to be thankful to the Almighty that so well you understand yourself and me. But, I thank God, I fear none who understands me, or understands me not," a proud statement for nobleman or for man of any kind to make.[1]

When departing to the Isle of Man, in the June of 1643, Lord Derby left his Countess at Latham, of the famous siege of which she was soon to become the heroine. The possibility of an attack on the only Lancashire stronghold remaining in Royalist hands must have been foreseen.

[1] *History of the Isle of Man* in *Stanley Papers*, part iii. vol. iii. pp. 7-10.

Doubtless, both before and after the departure of Lord Derby to the Isle of Man, the fortifications of Latham were strengthened, and stores of provisions and ammunition were collected in it, against the day when the Parliamentarians should assault the ancient seat of the Stanleys, rebuilt by Thomas the first Earl about the year 1496, and so congenially to the taste of that old time that Henry VII. is said to have modelled on it his new palace at Richmond in Surrey. The Latham of 1643, since replaced by a modern structure, "was a quaint-looking building, almost a town of itself, encircled by high outer walls, two yards in thickness, strengthened by seven lofty towers, besides two lesser ones, and the great square 'eagle tower' rising over all in the centre of the castle. It was surrounded by a wide moat, and had a strong gate-tower and drawbridge." Summer had become autumn, and autumn, winter, when in the January of 1654, on the arrival of Fairfax, then Lord-General of the parliament's army, it was resolved at a council of war held in Manchester that Latham should be summoned to surrender, and force be resorted to if the summons were not obeyed.

On the 28th of February 1644, a Parliamentary force of 3,000 men, commanded by Lancashire colonels of strong Puritan convictions, was within two miles of Latham, garrisoned by three hundred men under the orders of six Lancashire gentlemen of good family. The negotiations for the surrender began with the arrival of a parliament-officer at Latham, bearing a letter from Fairfax and an offer of mercy from the parliament to Lord Derby if he would submit. Fairfax asked, in courteous terms, for surrender on conditions to be made known afterwards. Lady Derby was anxious to gain time for preparation and provisioning, and replied," she much wondered that Sir Thomas Fairfax should require her to give up her Lord's house without any offence on her part

done to the parliament, desiring that in a business of such weight, which struck both at her religion and her life, and that so nearly concerned her Sovereign, her Lord, and her whole posterity, she might have a week's consideration to resolve the doubts of conscience and to have advice in matters of law and honour." The week asked for was refused by Fairfax, who, however, invited the Countess to an interview with him and his officers at a house of Lord Derby's, not far from Latham. "Say to Sir Thomas Fairfax," was the high-spirited lady's answer to the invitation, "that notwithstanding my present position, I do not forget either the honour of my Lord, or of my own birth, and that I conceive it more knightly that Sir Thomas Fairfax should wait upon me than I upon him." The upshot was a compromise, according to which two of the Parliamentary officers were allowed an interview with the Countess at Latham. Astute preparations were made for their reception. The ramparts were manned; the cannon unmasked; soldiers lined the court through which the two officers entered the great hall. Here sat the Countess of Derby, with two daughters by her side and surrounded by her women. When Fairfax's military delegates approached she gave them, with queenly dignity, a sign to be seated. The proposals which they bore were that Latham, with all the arms and ammunition contained in it, should be surrendered. The Countess and her household were to be allowed to go whither they pleased, and "the Countess for the present, until the parliament be acquainted with it, shall have allowed her for her maintenance all the lands and revenues of the Earl her husband within the Hundred of Derby, and the parliament shall be moved to continue this allowance." Lady Derby replied, with a quiet scorn of rebuff, that she rejected these conditions, "as being in part dishonourable and in part uncertain; adding withal, she knew not how to treat with them who

had not power to perform their own offers till they had first moved the parliament; telling them that it were a more sober course first to acquaint themselves with the pleasure of the parliament, and then to move accordingly; but for her part she would not trouble the good gentlemen to petition for her; she would esteem it a greater favour to be permitted to continue in her present humble condition." The "good gentlemen" do not seem to have argued the point, but they addressed her some remonstrances on the error of her ways and of those of her friends and household. "I shall know how to take care of my ways and those of my house," was Lady Derby's lofty rejoinder. "You would do well to do as much for your ministers and agents of religion who go about sowing discord and trouble in families, whose unbridled tongues do not spare even the sacred person of his Majesty," and one of whom, indeed, had been lately preaching *at* her Ladyship "in the parish church of Wigan" from the text in Jeremiah: "*Put yourselves in array against Babylon round about: all ye that bend the bow shoot at her; spare no arrows; for she hath sinned against the Lord.*" According to this zealous reverend gentleman her Ladyship was Babylon, and he announced that he reserved for the text of the sermon to be preached on the downfall of Latham the verse following that so ingeniously applied: "*Shoot against her round about: she hath given her hand; her foundations are fallen; her walls are thrown down.*"

The reverend gentleman had to wait some time before delivering his second sermon, though further negotiations failed and the investment of Latham began again. The influence of friends and neighbours was brought to bear upon the Countess by Fairfax, who probably was by this time disinclined to push a woman—and such a woman—to extremities. All was in vain. Fruitless, too, was his final expedient to bring her to terms, the transmission to

her of a letter from her husband to himself, asking him to allow the Countess and her children to leave Latham, "considering the roughness and inhumanity of the enemy . . . not knowing by reason of his long absence either how his house was provided with victuals and ammunition, or strengthened for resistance. He was therefore desirous to leave only the hardy soldiers for the brunt, if it seems good," he significantly added, "to my wife." Lady Derby was unmoved, and her reply displayed her own high spirit in combination with the submissiveness of a wife. She thanked Sir Thomas Fairfax for his courtesy, informing him that she "would willingly submit herself to her Lord's commands, and therefore willed the General to treat with him; but till she was assured that such was his Lordship's pleasure she would neither yield up the house nor desert it herself, but wait for the event according to the will of God."

The siege of Latham has been often described, and its story need not be retold in detail. The besiegers dug their trenches and erected their batteries; the garrison fired at them by day, and made sorties, generally effective, by night. In the first week of March (1644) Fairfax was sent to Yorkshire, by no means regretting the change of scene and air. The siege of Latham was left in the hands of his cousin, Sir William Fairfax, aided by Colonels Assheton and Rigby. Its conduct was virtually intrusted to the last-mentioned, Alexander Rigby, the Puritan member for Wigan, a lawyer transformed into a colonel, and said to harbour a personal hostility to Lord Derby.[1] Under him the besiegers

[1] "Alexander Rigby of Goosnargh was one of the most active members of the Long Parliament, as well as one of the most zealous defenders of the Puritan interest in Lancashire. Although his estate was not large he was connected by birth and marriage with many of the best families of the county, and his uncommon abilities gave him great influence over them all. His activity was unwearied; his energy irrepressible. Scarcely a man in those exciting times did as much work as

made little way in reducing Latham, and none at all in diminishing the steady ardour of the garrison, or in dispiriting the dauntless Countess who was the life and soul of the defence. The most promising achievement of the assailants was the erection of one "very strong battery, wherein they placed a large mortar-piece sent them from London, from which they cast about fifty stones of fifteen inches diameter

this untiring lawyer, statesman, magistrate, and colonel. Although Ralph Assheton was the acknowledged commander of the Parliamentary army in Lancashire, Alexander Rigby was head and heart and hand and almost everything else of importance. There was no borough in Lancashire of which it was more difficult for a Puritan to gain the representation than 'malignant Wigan,' yet Rigby, leaving the easier work of representing the neighbouring borough of Preston to the less-daring or less-energetic men, defied all the malignancy of Wigan, was its representative in the Long Parliament, and never forgot in the unexpected triumph of his friends the malignancy of the other half of his constituents. It is said of him that he sat on more committees than any other member of the Long Parliament. Busy as he was in the House of Commons, he was engaged in every important action in Lancashire. I doubt whether any man of his time had so often travelled the long, rough, wearisome road from London to Manchester. He commanded at the siege of Latham, the fight in Furness, the capture of Thurland Castle, and the defence of Bolton. Nominated one of the King's judges, he declined to act, why, I know not, but it was probably the only occason in his life in which he declined to do his worst against royalty. Such was one side of his character. On turning to the other, we see him rash, impetuous, rude, haughty, severe, implacable. Although admired by many, he was esteemed by few, loved by none. Some very bad things are said of him, which, I fear, are true ; but the worst is so bad that I hope it is not true, although the evidence against him is very strong. He is said to have contrived a scheme and bargain by which the Royalist masters of three Cambridge colleges, St John's, Queens', and Jesus, were to be sold for slaves to the Algerines. When a judge on circuit he caught the gaol fever of the prisoners at Croydon, and died in 1650." Halley, i. 310-11. This rather candid estimate is based on a sketch of Rigby's career given in a note, p. 127 of *A Discourse of the Warr in Lancashire* (vol. lxii. of the Chetham Society's publications), excellently edited by W. Beamont, Esq., whose courtesy the present writer takes this opportunity to acknowledge.

into the house, as also grenadoes of the same size, alias bomb-shells ; the first of which falling near the place where the Lady and her children with all the commanders were seated at dinner, shivered all the room, but hurt nobody." The day after Fairfax's departure, Rigby resolved on a grand attack with this terrible mortar and his other artillery, and so sure was he of success that on the 25th of April he sent a messenger to the Countess, calling on her to "surrender at discretion Latham, with all and everything that it contained, before two on the clock the next day." When the messenger arrived the Countess, surrounded by her officers, was in the court yard. She read the letter and "then," says the chronicler of the siege, himself among the garrison, "calls for the drum and tells him that a due reward for his pains is to be hanged up at her gates ; but, says she, 'thou art but the foolish instrument of a traitor's pride ; carry this answer back to Rigby' (with a noble scorn tearing the paper in his sight), 'and tell that insolent rebel he shall neither have persons, goods, nor house. When our strength and provision are spent we shall find a fire more merciful than Rigby's, and then, if the providence of God prevent it not, my goods and house shall burn in his sight ; and myself, children, and soldiers, rather than fall into his hands, will seal our religion and loyalty in the same flame ;' which being spoken aloud in her soldiers' hearing they broke out into shouts and acclamations of joy, all closing with this general voice, 'We will die for his Majesty and your honour ! God save the King !'"

The crisis had arrived, as the Countess well knew, when she used this language of defiance bordering on desperation. It was resolved that a strenuous effort should be made to capture the terrible mortar, previous attempts to spike it having failed. The day after Rigby's summons to surrender, at four in the morning, a sortie was made, and made successfully. On the very day for which Rigby had issued invitations to

his friends in the neighbourhood to come and witness the finale of the siege, the great mortar was brought in triumph into the court-yard to the feet of the delighted Countess, who "immediately ordered her chaplain to be called, and gathered her household together in the chapel to return thanks to God." From the time of this achievement of the besieged despondency fell on the besiegers. Their ranks were thinned by desertion, while the garrison redoubled its efforts to harass them. A portion of the besieging force was summoned on duty elsewhere, and in a letter which he wrote on the 1st of May to the Deputy-Lieutenant of Lancashire, Rigby thus dolefully sketched his situation. "We are obliged," he said, "to drive them"—the garrison—"back as often as five or six times in the same night. These constant alarms, the strength of the garrison, and the numerous losses we have had, oblige the soldiers to guard the trenches sometimes two nights running, and always the whole of the two nights; my son does this duty, as well as the younger officers. And for my own part I am ready to sink under the weight, having worked beyond my strength." Rigby's complaints procured him some additional force, but all was in vain. Before the end of May it was intimated to Lady Derby that the original conditions of surrender asked by her would be granted. "Let that insolent fellow Rigby," was her reply, "send me no more propositions, or his messenger shall be hanged at my gates."

And help, effective help, was at hand. After having quieted the malcontents among the Manxmen by tact and conciliation, Lord Derby left the island and was at Chester in the March of 1644, doing his best to procure succour for his Countess. His chief hope was in Prince Rupert, who, as son of the Queen of Bohemia, was a kinsman of his wife's, and who alone of the Royalist generals was making head against the parliament's forces. "Sir," Lord Derby wrote

to the Prince from Chester on the 7th of March 1644, "I have received many advertisements from my wife of her great distress and imminent danger unless she be relieved by your Highness, on whom she doth more rely than on any other whatsoever, and all of us consider well she hath chief reason so to do. I was in hope to have seen your Highness here yesterday, being you were so resolved when last I had the honour to wait upon you. But not now knowing any certainty of your coming hither, and my Lord Byron and others most unwilling to stir hence, with any forces towards her, without your Highness's special direction, I do take the boldness to present you again my most humble and earnest request in her behalf, that I may be able to give her some comfort in my next. I would have waited on your Highness this time, but I hourly receive little letters from her,[1] who haply a few days hence may never send me more." On the 23d of March the leading Royalists of Chester addressed a memorial to Prince Rupert (among the signatures to which is that of "Richard Grosvenor," ancestor of the present Marquis of Westminster) on behalf of the lady whom they styled "your very heroic kinswoman." After referring to her gallant, and so far successful, resistance the memorialists go on to say:—"But she hath wasted much of her ammunition and victual, which must needs hasten the sadness of her Ladyship's condition, or render her captive to a

[1] Lord Derby has left on record some of the devices by which he was enabled to keep up a correspondence with his beleaguered Countess:— "When Latham," he says, "was besieged in the year 1644, my wife, some children, and good friends in it, I did write letters to them in ciphers as much in as little compass as I could. I rolled the same in lead, sometimes in wax, hardly as big as a musket bullet, that if the bearer suspected danger of discovery he might swallow it, and physic would soon find it again. I have writ in fine linen, with a small pen, which hath been sewed to the bearer's clothes, as part of the linings. I have put a letter in a green wound, in a stick, pen, &c."

barbarous enemy, if your Highness's forces do not speedily relieve her; in contemplation whereof, as also of the happy effects of her gallantry, who, by this defence, hath not only diverted a strong party of the Lancashire forces from joining with those who would endeavour to interrupt your Highness's march and retreat, or otherwise might have joined in one body to have annoyed us here in the division of your forces—we are, therefore, all bold (with an humble representation) to become suitors to your Highness for your princely consideration of the noble Lady's seasonable and speedy relief, in which (besides her particulars) we conceive the infinite good of all these Northern parts will be most concerned, and his Majesty's service very much advanced."

Two months, however, passed before the prayer of the memorial was complied with. It was not (Clarendon hints) until Lord Derby offered the bribe of a levy of 2,000 men and of "a considerable sum of money" that Charles resolved on the relief of Latham, and "sent his permission and approbation to the Prince, hoping that he would be able to despatch the service in Lancashire and return with his notable recruits to Oxford." On the 25th May (1644) Rupert entered Lancashire by Stockport bridge, and there defeated, with a loss of 800 men, a Parliamentary force attempting to bar his way. With Rupert thus making a successful entry into Lancashire, it would have been imprudent any longer to prosecute the siege of Latham. It was raised at midnight on the 27th, and Rigby threw himself into Bolton, "the Geneva of Lancashire Puritanism," on which Rupert and Lord Derby were marching with 8,000 men. Scarcely had Rigby entered Bolton when, on the afternoon of the 28th, the Royalist army appeared on the moors, by which the town was surrounded, and the tables were turned on the Puritan lawyer-colonel. His force is said to have consisted of "about two thousand soldiers, and five hundred towns-

men armed chiefly with clubs." The Royalists were flushed with their recent success, and Lord Derby, especially, was stirred by resentment for all that had been suffered by his Countess and friends at Latham. Rigby's men, however, made a desperate resistance, and before they were driven back into the town, from which they seem to have sallied to confront the enemy outside its dilapidated walls, "three hundred men, including the colonel and major," of Rupert's own regiment of infantry, were slain by the stubborn Puritans. The storm of the town followed. The assault on it was led by Lord Derby himself, "with two companies of his old soldiers, then under the command of Colonel Tyldesley, and with a handful of men, consisting principally of his own Latham tenantry who had been daily on parade there." In less than half an hour, after much fierce and confused fighting, the town was in the hands of the Royalists, and Rigby on his way to Blackstone Edge, to take refuge at Bradford. Lord Derby's gallantry on this day, or rather the circumstances under which it was exhibited, proved most disastrous to him afterwards, when he was a prisoner in the hands of his foes. The Cavaliers seem to have given no quarter to the soldiers of the parliament, though, possibly through Lord Derby's exertion of his influence, they showed a little more mercy to the townspeople. But "the Bolton massacre," as it has been called, was never forgiven while he lived, and if the historian of Lancashire Nonconformity is forced to admit that "the Puritan accounts are undoubtedly exaggerated," Lord Derby's admiring biographer makes on the other hand the candid avowal: "There can be no doubt there was too great an extermination of life on that sad day."[1] The future, however, was concealed from view, and Lord Derby felt nothing but joy when, on the evening of the same day on which Bolton had been stormed, he and Prince Rupert made a

[1] Raines, i. cxi.

triumphal entry into Latham, and the heroine of the siege reaped the reward of her gallant resistance.

This was on the 28th of May 1644. During the subsequent month Prince Rupert was capturing Liverpool and, after his usual fashion, harrying Lancashire, which seems once more to have submitted to the King and his representative, Lord Derby. Towards the end of June, accompanied by Lord Derby, "Prince Rupert," says Carlyle, "with an army of some 20,000 fierce men, came pouring over the hills from Lancashire, where he had left harsh traces of himself, to relieve the Marquis of Newcastle, who was now, with a force of 6,000, besieged in York by the united forces of the Scots under Leven, the Yorkshiremen under Fairfax, and the associated counties under Manchester and Cromwell." "On hearing of his approach," adds this historian, "the Parliament-General raised the siege, drew out on the Moor of Marston, some four miles off, to oppose his coming. He avoided them by crossing the river Ouse; relieved York, Monday, 1st July, and might have returned successful, but insisted on Newcastle's joining him and going out to fight the Roundheads. The battle of Marston Moor, fought on the morrow evening, Tuesday, 2d June 1644, from seven to ten o'clock, was the result—entirely disastrous for him." At this battle of Marston Moor, the very bloodiest of the whole Civil War, Lieutenant-General Cromwell commanded the left wing of the Parliamentary army, and attacked with his mounted Ironsides Prince Rupert's horse, who fled routed before those terrible men of God and of war. Lord Derby is said to have been at Marston Moor, fighting bravely, and "to have rallied his men three times," but in vain. There was nothing for it but a retreat into Lancashire, which, after the defeat of Rupert, was found no longer tenable for the King.

Having in the interval, no doubt, strengthened and re-

victualled Latham, Lord Derby sent his Countess and family to that safe refuge, the Isle of Man, where she arrived on the 30th of July, and was probably soon joined by her husband. Nearly eighteen months elapsed, and not only was Lancashire once more lost to the King but, after a long siege and various intricate negotiations with Lord Derby in the Isle of Man, Latham surrendered to the parliament on the 2d December 1645. The second was not so picturesque a siege as the first, but the garrison of Latham did their duty to the last, only capitulating when starvation stared them in the face, and at the express command of the King. Latham was dismantled and gutted by the relentless foe, and in the general devastation, it is supposed, most of the old papers of the Stanley family were destroyed. When Lord Derby, in the Isle of Man, heard the sad news, he collected a series of texts applicable to the occasion and inserted them, according to his pious wont, in a book of "Private Devotions" which has been preserved and printed. The extracts from the Bible are headed:—"A Meditation which I made when the Tidings were brought to me of the Delivery up of Latham House to the Enemies after a long siege; my Servants having kept the same very handsomely till all the Provisions were spent. Also I had other ill news of the affairs in England," the battle of Naseby, the storm of Bristol, with other events disastrous to the royal cause and preluding the close of the first Civil War. Among the texts written down by Lord Derby on hearing of the fall and sack of Latham are such as these:—"*Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised Thee, is burned with fire: and all our pleasant things are laid waste.*—Isaiah lxiv. 11. *I have forsaken mine house; I have left mine heritage; I have given the dearly beloved of my soul to the hand of her enemies. Mine heritage is unto me as a lion in the forest; it crieth out against me.*—Jerem. xii. 7, 8.

The cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it: the line of confusion is stretched upon it, and the stones of emptiness.—Isaiah xxxiv. 11. *An habitation it is for dragons, and a court for owls. The satyr shall cry to his fellow; the screech-owl takes her rest there.* —Isaiah xxxiv. 13, 14."

For four or five years—years of comparative tranquillity and happiness—Lord Derby remained in his island-kingdom, hearing only in the distance the shock of civil war, and giving hospitable shelter to Royalist-fugitives from the mainland. His residence was Rushen Castle, "founded by Danish Vikings in the tenth century, the royal abode of the Scandinavian Kings of Man for near three hundred years," and standing on "the western margin of Castletown Bay, where the waters of the Silverburn, flowing past Rushen Abbey, fall into the sea." When, a year or two previously, he "first came into the blessed Isle of Man"—as he calls it in his diary—at the bidding of the Court, to repress movements which, if successful, might have lost the island to the King, he had by tact and firmness, redressing grievances here, punishing the stubborn there, restored peace and quietness among the excitable and turbulent population of Celtic blood with a dash of Norse. On returning to it, he amused himself by applying to the little affairs of his little kingdom the maxims of statecraft which he had picked up in his reading, and of these proceedings he has left a formal record in his "History and Antiquities of the Isle of Man," written probably during his second residence. His means were limited, since his English estates had been sequestrated by the parliament, which had also excepted him from any act of amnesty; otherwise he might have carried out some of the schemes which he cherished for the improvement of the island, with its promising situation if sterile soil. In this "History of the Isle of Man," written

partly in the form of a letter to his son, he thus states his views in regard to the "development of its resources":— "This isle will never flourish until some trading be. And though you may invite strangers or natives to be merchants, yet never anything will be done to purpose till yourself do lead. And therefore get some sum of money; as God willing, I shall. For I rather will sell land in England than miss so excellent a design. There is no doubt but hereby you may grow rich yourself and others under you. Your people may be set a-work, that in short time you will have no beggars. Where one soul is now will be many. Every house almost will become a town. Every town as a city. The island full of ships, &c. This country," he adds, "is so seated as I cannot conceive but all this is very feasible. When I go on the Mount you call Baroull, and but turning me round can see England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, I think shame so fruitlessly to see so many kingdoms at once (which no place, I think, in any nation that we know under heaven, can afford such a prospect), and to have so little profit by them." Elsewhere in the same work he speaks of a plan of a loftier kind than any for the promotion of mere industry and trade:—'I had a design, and God may enable me, to set up a University, without much charge (as I have contrived it), which may much oblige the nations round about us. It may get friends unto the country, and enrich this land, of which some share in time will come to the Lord's purse," the purse, that is, of the Lord of the Island. "This certainly would please God and man. But of this I shall tell you more when it pleases the Lord to settle me again in mine own;" an aspiration which Heaven did not grant.

Thus, planning, governing, fortifying, and always reading, writing, and thinking, Lord Derby passed his time in the Isle of Man. The arrival of a new Royalist-

fugitive[1]—an annual horse-race (to which has been traced the origin of the Derby itself[2]), or other festivity under the patronage of the little Court of Rushen, would vary the monotony of insular existence, and such an incident as the seizure of a Commonwealth bark in the June of 1650 was quite an event to the secluded Earl and his household. To this last episode we owe a rather curious little picture of the straits to which the Derby household, cut off for the most part from communication with the mainland, was reduced for want of clothing. The captured vessel's freight included a quantity of mercer's wares belonging to one Massey of Warrington. According to the subsequent depositions of

[1] In a letter to Clarendon, dated from Dublin, January 4, 1645, Digby gives an account of his wanderings after Marston Moor. In it he speaks thus of a sojourn in the Isle of Man with Lord Derby, to whom and to whose interests he had never shown himself particularly friendly or favourable :—"Since my coming out of England I staid a month for a wind at the Isle of Man, which time I cannot think mis-spent, having there received great civility from my Lord of Derby, and had the means of a particular acquaintance with his noble lady, whom I think one of the wisest and generousest persons that I have known of her sex. From thence I and my company were very securely conveyed hither in a light frigate of his Lordship's," &c., &c.—Rushworth, *Historical Collections*, part iv. vol. i. 129.

[2] "It would be somewhat interesting in the present day, when the Derby has attained a world-wide fame, to trace it up to its origin in the little isle in the midst of the Irish Sea, where a party of English noblemen and gentry, exiled from their fatherland, used to assemble together on the 28th of July, to witness the race run by horses bred in the Isle of Man, or in the Calf Island, for the Silver Cup, instituted as a prize by James seventh Earl of Derby. But it may be deemed singular that such a high legal functionary as the Clerk of the Rolls, a Member of the Supreme Council of the Isle, should have been appointed to the office of Steward of the Races. Yet such was the case ; and every person intending to compete had to deposit in his hands for every running horse, mare, or gelding the sum of five shillings towards augmenting the plate for the year following, and one shilling for the Steward for entering their names and engrossing the articles."—Cumming's *Great Stanley*, p. 141.

two of the crew, when the owners petitioned parliament to be compensated for their losses, "the cloths, silks, and taffetas, and other goods found in the ship, were soon disposed of in the Earl's own house, or made into garments for the commander's gentlewomen." It was further testified that "in the house, or castle, wherein the said Earl"—of Derby—"lives and keeps his court of guard, he"—the deponent—"saw about twenty-three tailors all busy at work, making garments out of Massey's goods for the half-naked servants and others of the household."[1] But in spite of this, and of other little troubles of the kind, Lord Derby enjoyed the repose of his second residence in the Isle of Man. In his book of "Private Devotions," and close by the sorrowful "meditation" on the fall and spoiling of Latham, already quoted, there is from the same pious hand "A Prayer," which might be more properly styled "A Thanksgiving," for mercies vouchsafed in the island to its devout possessor. "O Lord," he says in it, "I thank thee for this island which hath been to me a very blessed and happy place of retreat from the storms and inconveniences of war, which many better than myself have suffered in the three kingdoms about us. I give thee thanks, O Lord—I never enough can thank thee, O Lord—for preserving my soul from the trouble and danger of taking the many oaths that have been pressed on very many against their consciences, and for which divers of thy servants have suffered martyrdom. O Lord, I thank thee for the plentiful seasons we have had, by which I have not only fed and clothed myself and family, but have relieved many strangers which have been distressed. O Lord, thou hast given me much honour here, therefore whilst I live and have a being I will, to the utmost of my power, give thee glory. . . . Let me never forget thy great goodness, O my God, in

[1] Raines, i. clix.

having made me so exceedingly happy with a blessed wife and with many sweet and hopeful children!"

Some of these "sweet" children had troubles of their own during their father's second and last stay in the Isle of Man, and one of them was not so "hopeful" as could have been wished, especially as he was the eldest son and heir to the Earldom which he afterwards inherited. About a year after his father and mother's arrival in it, Charles Lord Strange "stole away" from the Isle of Man to his aunt, the Duchesse de la Trémoille in Paris, and his conduct then and afterwards added much to the anxieties of his poor mother, who had cares enough upon her hands. In the February of 1647, we find this intrepid woman herself leaving her husband and their island-refuge to do what she could for the interests of Lord Derby, whose estates, as already mentioned, had been sequestrated and whose name was one of those in the parliament's list of persons excluded from amnesty. After raising, or trying to raise, a little money in Lancashire, she proceeded to London, and did not return to the Isle of Man until the spring of 1648. She arrived in England just after the surrender of the King by the Scotch to Fairfax and the parliament. When she left it Charles was a close prisoner at Carisbrook. During the interval, the old quarrel between the parliament and the King was complicated by the defection of the City and of leading Presbyterians from the Puritan cause, forcing Cromwell and the army into an attitude of hostility to former friends and allies, who now cried out for peace with Charles. Such a troubled time of political transition, to end ere long with the appearance of Charles on the scaffold at Whitehall, was not favourable to negotiations and appeals like those of Lady Derby, whose letters to her sister-in-law, during this stay in London, are indeed more full of public affairs than of her own.

Some of these letters give a lively picture of the impression produced on her orthodox mind by the vagaries of Puritanism and by other and non-Puritan developments of English spiritualism, which "the liberty of unlicensed printing" was fostering. "As for my husband and myself," Lady Derby writes, "all that relates to religion is, thank God, so thoroughly engraved on our hearts that nothing with His grace can take it away. If the parliament had for their end religion and the glory of God, as you think they have, they would not act with the cruelty and injustice which characterise all they do. As for religion, they have so deceived the people that now—when they perceive their errors and groan under the burden of their tyranny—even those who have been the most attached to their cause deplore our misery and their own. They would find it hard to tell you their creed when there are as many religions as families. The test is publicly maintained; books printed which deny the Holy Ghost, and the persons known to have produced them not punished; the commandments of God and the confession of faith disregarded; the Lord's Prayer neglected, and not thought necessary to be said; the sacraments administered according to the fancy of the person administering; the ministry neglected —every one who thinks he is able to preach, even women, may do so without any examination; baptism is thought nothing of and not administered to children; and worse things, which make all who have any religion left shudder to see it so abused."[1] In subsequent letters, written after her return to the Isle of Man, but some extracts from which may as well be given here, she reverts to the subject of the spiritual licence of the time, her sister-in-law having apparently been led to fancy that it was conducive to the spread of the "evangelical" principles of French Protestantism.

[1] Madame de Witt, p. 133.

"Dear sister," says Lady Derby, "if you had the least notion of the truth, you would change your opinion. The sects of which you speak increase daily, and it makes one's hair stand on end to think of it. The Koran is printed with permission. It is common to deny both God and Jesus Christ, and to believe only in the Spirit of the Universe. I am not repeating from report, I have heard these blasphemies; as for baptism they make a joke of it. I assure you the hearts of those who have any religion left bleed to talk of these things." Again—"I hope, dear sister, thât my letters have shown you the truth, and the designs they have in England with regard to religion, and permit me to say that nothing has ever so grieved me as to see that you entertained a belief so opposed to what is professed in England and other places where these monsters have power. Not a week passes but some of their people are here"—in the Isle of Man—"and to hear the blasphemies they utter is almost beyond belief, and how they pervert the Scriptures, declaring that whatever wickedness is done by the elect is done by the inspiration of the spirit they call Holy; and that every one may serve God after his own fashion; that Christ and his apostles had some light, but that they were come to restore religion, and that there was more error in the Presbytery"—the Presbyterians—"than in the Church of England under the government of bishops. I declare that what I am writing is the least extravagant of their doctrines, in which one can perceive no foundation, since they change their fancy, and provided nothing is said against their tyrannical government, every kind of vice the most monstrous and of heresy the most execrable and unheard of is endured. I am assured that if this goes on in a few years the Catholic religion will be openly professed in England: it is now very freely tolerated, and the votaries of this religion live peaceably and enjoy their property." Once more, and to conclude

—"I received a letter yesterday from a person of credit, who has always been of their party"—the party in power—"who tells me that one of their ministers, whose name she gave me, and the place where he preached, had said and maintained openly in church that there was no greater Divinity than himself, and as he was not God therefore there could be no God. Some one complained of it to the governor of the town; but the man was not punished, and nobody seemed to consider it strange. If you understood English, I would send you the letter. One of our people, who returned from Scotland a short time ago, had seen many sorcerers burned, who all declared that they were always present with Cromwell when he fought; and others in England, near Newcastle, say the same thing, our doctor being present at the time; and there is a sorcerer now in prison in Edinburgh who affirms that he was present when Cromwell renounced his baptismal vow"[1]—and good, brave, clear-headed Lady Derby believed this nonsense!

During that sojourn in England the Countess of Derby contrived to do something for her children, but found herself forced to return to the Isle of Man without having procured any improvement in her husband's position. In the September of 1647, a fifth part of the income arising from such of Lord Derby's English estates as had not passed into the hands of other owners was allotted to the Countess and her children, and charged on the Manor of Knowsley. Thither two of the daughters, Catherine and Amelia, were forthwith sent by their father, and the military officer intrusted by the parliament with the care of Knowsley received orders from Fairfax to quit the house. Lady Derby returned to the Isle of Man in the March of 1648. Before another year had elapsed, Charles was executed at Whitehall. Everywhere the rule of the Commonwealth

[1] Madame de Witt, p. 147.

was accepted except in Ireland and in the Isle of Man. During the same month of July 1649, in which Cromwell started to "pacify" Ireland sword in hand—Lord Derby was summoned by Cromwell's son-in-law Ireton to surrender the Isle of Man into the hands of the Commonwealth-authorities. He was offered as a reward for compliance the peaceable possession of "half of his estate." The offer was a tempting one, but Lord Derby rejected it in the well-known letter, the style and spirit of which roused the enthusiasm of Horace Walpole himself. Thus ran Lord Derby's reply to "Commissary-General Ireton":—"Castletown, July 12, 1649.—Sir,—I received your letter with indignation and scorn, and return you this answer, that I cannot but wonder whence you should gather any hopes from me that I should, like you, prove treacherous to my Sovereign, since you cannot but be sensible of my former actings in his late Majesty's service; from which principles of loyalty I am no whit departed. I scorn your proffers, disclaim your favour, and abhor your treason, and am so far from delivering up this island to your advantage that I will keep it to the utmost of my power and your destruction. Take this for your final answer, and forbear any further solicitations, for if you trouble me with any more messages on this occasion I will burn the paper and hang the bearer. This is the immutable resolution, and shall be the undoubted practice, of him who accounts it his chiefest glory to be His Majesty's most loyal and obedient servant, DERBY."

This was the first offer of amnesty and partial restoration of his estates which had been made to Lord Derby, and he rejected it. A later one was that made by Fairfax under circumstances not very creditable seemingly to the Lancashire representatives of the Commonwealth. Two of Lord Derby's daughters, the Ladies Cathe-

rine and Amelia, had entered upon the occupation of Knowsley, and were drawing the allowance conceded them by the parliament, when they were seized and thrown into prison by Colonel Birch, the governor of Liverpool—"a small town called Liverpool" Lady Derby designates it when describing the event in a letter to her sister-in-law in France. "No reason is given for this," she adds, "but we hear it is because they are thought to be too much liked, and that people were beginning to make applications to the parliament in the hope that their father might come to terms, of which I see no chance. They are kept so strictly that no one about them is allowed to go the distance of even six miles from their residence." Further on, the anxious and naturally-aggrieved mother says:—"We hear that they are bearing it bravely, and I have no doubt this is true of the eldest; but my daughter Amelia is delicate and timid, and is undergoing medical treatment. They are in a wretched place, ill-lodged and in a bad air; but these barbarians think of nothing but carrying out their damnable designs, which could not be worse if all Hell itself had invented them." Complaints were made on the subject to Fairfax, who had always behaved to the young ladies like a gentleman, but his reply to the indignant father was "that if his Lordship would deliver that island"—the Isle of Man—"to the parliament's commands, his children should not only be set at liberty but he should peaceably return to England and enjoy one moiety of all his estates." "To which," according to Seacome, his Lordship returned this answer: "That he was greatly afflicted for the suffering of his children; that it was not the course of great and noble minds to punish innocent children for their father's offences; that it would be a clemency in Sir Thomas Fairfax either to send them back to him or to Holland or to France; but if he could do none of these things, his children must

submit to the mercy of God Almighty, but should never be redeemed by his disloyalty." The time was at hand when fear of their father was to release the young ladies from this unjust and unjustifiable detention.

To the anxiety given poor Lady Derby by the imprisonment of her daughters were soon added other maternal sorrows arising out of the conduct of her eldest son. The young Lord Strange had quitted France, and was living "in idleness" in Holland, to the great indignation of the high-spirited lady who had defended Latham House, and who was pained to see the heir to the Earldom of Derby wasting his days in inglorious ease or inaction. "We have written to your nephew," she says in a letter to her sister-in-law, "desiring him to return to France that he may see a campaign there, for it is shameful for a person of his age" —not twenty-three—"never yet to have seen anything. He has received some hints of this kind from those about him, which have piqued him greatly and inspired him with a desire to see service, for which I do not blame him." This creditable inspiration seems to have been neutralised, however, by an attachment which Lord Strange had conceived for a certain "Mademoiselle de Rupa, a young German lady of good family, but without fortune or rank," said to have been "maid of honour to Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia." In spite of the opposition of his parents the young gentleman married Mademoiselle, nay, before the end of the year 1650 he seems to have come over to England to make his peace with the parliament and save what could be saved of the family estates. For these offences neither father nor mother ever forgave him. Not long afterwards Lord Derby commemorated his paternal ire in a will, a section of which ran thus:—"I give and bequeath to my most gracious Sovereign and liege Lord, King Charles, the second of that name, one cup of fine

gold of the value of one hundred pounds, humbly beseeching his Majesty, if God shall call me out of the world before I see my estates settled—by his grace and favour, my chief honour and estate may descend upon my son Edward and his issue male, and in default of him upon my son William and his issue male, or in default of any such issue upon my daughter Mary and her two sisters Catherine and Amelia successively; and this by reason of my just sense against Charles, my eldest son, for his disobedience to his Majesty"—and myself!—" in the matter of this marriage, as his Majesty well knows, and for his going to join the rebels of England at this time, to the great grief of his parents, by which he hath brought a stain upon their blood if he were permitted to inherit." The young gentleman himself protested that he had no thought of "joining the rebels," actively or disloyally. "Some people," he writes to his aunt, the Duchesse de la Trémoille, in the December of 1650, "have sent me word that if my father did not make his peace with the parliament within two months neither he nor any of his race after him should enjoy his estates in that country; urging upon me that, since they were sure the Parliamentarians would never come to terms with my father, I should do well to go over and make terms with them on my own account, which being done my father might enjoy his property in my name. I do not wish to say anything about this to my father and mother until I have your approval of it. I hope you have not so bad an opinion of me as to think that in this matter I look to my own profit so much as to the good of our house; whatever advantage I may reap from this negotiation, my chief desire is that I may bring back the waters to their source."[1] In spite, however, of such excuses made to himself and to others, these and subsequent offences, real or supposed,

[1] Madame de Witt, p. 157.

alienated from him not only his father but his mother, in whose will, written long afterwards, stands the significant record, " I give to my son Charles Earl of Derby, the sum of five pounds." On hearing the news of the contemplated Rupa-match, her excitement and anger were so great that she rushed from the Isle of Man to make her way, if possible, to Holland, and have the marriage broken off or deferred. The following letter to her sister-in-law, written from Kirkcudbright in the August of 1650, thus chronicles her movements with that object:—" Dear Sister,—I had the honour of writing to you two days before my departure from the Isle of Man, which was on the 26th of last month, when I told you my resolution to go through this country to Holland, to remedy, if possible, this sad business "—of her son's marriage—" but finding that the English army had come here in great force I could not travel without a passport. I have sent to ask for one, and I shall wait for it in the Isle of Man, to which place I return to-day, please God. With a fair wind it is but a ten hours' voyage. I have been here fifteen days, suffering every imaginable inconvenience, being reduced to eat oaten bread "—the oat-cakes of Scotland—" and some of us to lodge in the house of the chief person of the place, though I never saw anything so dirty "—the clartier the cosier!—" But this is nothing to the religion. I fear greatly the result of the war, and I assure you that those who are in power are not so much in favour of monarchy as against the Duke of Hamilton and his faction. The King, Charles II., behaves with wonderful prudence; he is obliged to listen continually to sermons against his father, blaming him for all the blood that was shed; and those which I have heard in this place are horrible, having nothing of devotion in them, nor explaining any point of religion, but being full of sedition, naming people by their names, and treating of every-

thing with such ignorance, and without the least respect or reverence, that I am so scandalised I do not think I could live with a quiet conscience among these atheists (!). I shall do my utmost to make out my journey from the island; if my passport comes, as I have reason to hope it will, I shall certainly attempt it. But if it does not, look with compassion, dear sister, on this unfortunate affair, which is of so much consequence to my poor distressed family. Have pity on an unfortunate mother distracted with grief, for I know not what to do. If my passport is refused, I see no means of breaking off this affair by personal interference, unless you would take it in hand with that prudence and skill with which you manage whatever you are pleased to undertake."[1] The passport did not come. The marriage did take place. But for poor Lady Derby a still greater disaster was at hand than the *mésalliance* of her eldest son.

Some twelve months after Lady Derby wrote her letter from Kirkcudbright, his Majesty King Charles II. was on the road from Scotland to England. The year before, Cromwell had gained the victory of Dunbar (2d September 1650), and marching this way and that was subduing the whole of Scotland, until Charles at Stirling found his position untenable. The King and his advisers accordingly resolved on a desperate movement, an expedition into England, fancying that Royalism might have a chance again, the English Presbyterians and Moderates being now alienated from the Commonwealth. Charles with his Scotch army entered England, on the 6th of August 1651, by way of Carlisle and, with Cromwell following in his rear, took his southward way through Lancashire, which he hoped to raise. From his Island home the loyal Lord Derby hastened to the aid of his Sovereign as soon as he heard the news and received the royal

[1] Madame de Witt, p. 155.

summons. On the 1st of September 1651 Lady Derby writes thus from the Isle of Man :—"We are still existing here, by the goodness of God, who has permitted my husband to reach the King his master in safety with a considerable force. He took with him ten ships which nothing but God's help could have brought there safely, for since his departure we have been harassed by the enemy's ships. He left this on Wednesday and landed in England on the 15th, in a part of Lancashire called Wyre water. I hear that the King received him with great joy and with every mark of affection. I wait impatiently for further particulars, which I much fear will not arrive soon, on account of the enemy's ships which infest this coast."[1] After this scrap of a letter, there is a blank in Lady Derby's correspondence for six months, during which befell many events interesting to her and to England.

With three hundred Manxmen and several English gentlemen whom he had sheltered in the Isle of Man, on the 15th of August (1651) Lord Derby landed from his vessels "on the north side of the river Wyre upon Preesal sands, opposite Rossall Warren." Next day he visited what remained of Latham House, seeing it then for the last time. He proceeded to Preston, which town he made his headquarters, and there he remained, recruiting for the King and negotiating with the Lancashire Presbyterians, while Charles marched southwards to Worcester, "a city of slight garrison and loyal mayor." Charles had taken the covenant, and the heads of Lancashire Presbyterianism wished to make it a condition of joining the King that Lord Derby should follow in this respect his royal master's example. Their demand was met by a prompt and peremptory refusal, in spite of which, however, a good many Presbyterians seem to have joined him. He had despatched a number of men to the royal army and had marched to take possession of Wigan when,

[1] Madame de Witt, p. 162.

near Wigan Lane, he and his troops were confronted by Colonel Robert Lilburne and a superior Parliamentary force. Lord Derby and his second in command, Sir Thomas Tyldesley, a brilliant and gallant Cavalier, fought with the utmost courage, but in vain. Sir Thomas was killed, and Lord Derby, severely wounded, had to take refuge in a friend's house at Wigan where he evaded the search of the enemy. This was on the 25th of August. Despite his wounds he started immediately for Worcester, where Charles had planted his standard on the 22d. Stealing southward in disguise, finding friendly shelter here and there, from the Penderells at famous Boscobel among other places, Lord Derby at last with difficulty and still suffering severely from his wounds reached Worcester on the 31st of August. The battle of Worcester, Cromwell's "crowning mercy," was fought on the 3d of September, and Lord Derby accompanied the King in his evening flight. He left his royal master safe in the hands of the Penderells, and with Lord Lauderdale, Lord Talbot, and forty troopers started in the hope of overtaking the remains of the Scotch army which was in rapid retreat northward. "I escaped," he wrote afterwards to his Countess, "one great danger at Wigan, and I met with a greater at Worcester. I was not so fortunate as to meet with any that would kill me, for the Lord Lauderdale"—Lotherdaile *in orig.*—"and I having tired horses, we were not thought worth the killing, for we had quarter given by one Captain Edge, a Lancashire man; and one that was so civil to me that I and all that love me are beholden to him." This was Oliver Edge, who belonged to "a family of second-class gentry, resident in Rusholme," and like "their grander neighbours, the Birches and the Worsleys," had been among the earliest favourers of Independency in that district. A rather curious account of Lord Derby's capture is given in the Memoirs of Captain

Hodgson[1] (Carlyle's "pudding-headed Yorkshire friend"), seemingly an officer in Edge's regiment, which, proceeding from Manchester towards Worcester, had reached Nantwich. "Marching," he says, "one morning upon the downs from Whitchurch in Staffordshire, a countryman comes riding in haste and informs us of a great party of horse that was coming on, and if we made haste we might take a bridge before them, and hinder a pass, and secure ourselves. And the foot being so zealous would compare with the horse, took the pass, and prevented the Scots. The Scots seeing themselves stopt, marched another road towards Nantwich, which was about half a mile off us, and we had a party of horse and foot drawn out to interrupt them, and our soldiers had pleasant work with them while they marched by"—the poor, beaten, wearied men, crowed over by pudding-headed Hodgson!—"They were by computation about five or six hundred men, and our musketeers would have gone into the lane and taken by the bridle the best-like person they saw, and brought him out without a stroke, so low was the Scot brought. But the most remarkable thing," Hodgson continues, "was that Oliver Edge, one of our captains, had a mind to see what had become of the forlorn; hearing such a great firing . . . he spies a party of horse behind him in the fields, and having no order to be there he retreats towards the regiment, but they called upon him and asked if he was an officer; and drawing towards them, about eighteen or twenty horsemen lighted, and told him they would surrender themselves prisoners; there was the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Lauderdale, Sinclair, and a fourth. These became prisoners to one single captain, but the soldiers fell in with him immediately."

Lord Derby and the companions of his flight soon found themselves close captives in Chester Castle. He had fancied,

[1] *Original Memoirs*, &c. (Edinburgh, 1806), pp. 154-5.

when surrendering to Edge, that he would be entitled to the immunities of a prisoner of war, and perhaps this fancy induced a surrender, which would otherwise in the circumstances seem singular, unless indeed the horses of himself and his companions were so tired out that they felt the impossibility of flight further a-field. He was soon undeceived. On the 11th of September, only eight days after the battle of Worcester, the parliament resolved that the Earl should be tried at Chester by a court-martial, under a commission from the Lord-General Cromwell. A month or so before, when it was known that the King was on his march from Scotland to England, an Act had been hurriedly passed "prohibiting correspondence with Charles Stuart and his party," as high treason against the Commonwealth, and for having disobeyed the prohibition Lord Derby was to be tried for his life. Presumably, it was after hearing of this decision at headquarters that the Earl wrote, at Chester Castle, to his Countess in the Isle of Man, the letter from which has been already given an extract describing his capture. In it he advised his wife to treat with the Commonwealth on conditions explained to her in a missive to be delivered to her by a faithful follower, sent to her for the purpose. The following passage of the letter breathes the spirit of the English nobleman :—"Take it not as from a prisoner, for if I be never so close"—in confinement—"my heart is my own, free still as the best, and I scorned"—would scorn —"to be compelled to your prejudice, though by the severest torture. I had procured Baggarley, who was prisoner in this town, to come over to you to satisfy my letter. I have told him my reasons, and he will tell them you, which done may save the spilling of blood in that island *and, maybe, of some here, which is dear to you ;* but of that," he adds finely, "take no case, neither treat at all for it, for I perceive it will do you more hurt than good." He passes then to

the subject of their children :—"Have a care, my dear soul of yourself and of my dear Mall, my dear Ned, and Billy. As for those here"—the two of his daughters who had been at Knowsley and were now at Chester—"I give them the best advice I can. It is not with us as heretofore. My son with his bed-fellow and my nephew Stanley have come to see me. Of them all I will say nothing at this time, excepting that my son shows great affection, and is gone to London, with exceeding concern and passion of my good. He is changed for the better, I thank God, which would have been great comfort to me if I had more to leave him, or that he had better provided for himself." After a reference to the missive as well as oral messages which Baggarley was to deliver to her about treating for the Isle of Man, the brave Earl proceeds :—"You know how much that place is my darling, but since it is God's will to dispose thus of this nation and of Scotland, and I believe of Ireland too, there is no more to be said of the Isle of Man, but to refer all to the good will of God, and to get the best conditions you can for yourself and our poor friends there, and those that came over with me; and so trust God, and begin the world again, though near to winter. The Lord of heaven bless you and comfort you and my poor children! The Son of God, whose blood was shed to do us good, preserve our lives that we may meet "again on earth, however"—that is, but if not on earth, then "in heaven, where we shall never be plundered. And so I rest, everlastingly, your faithful DERBY."

"My son with his bed-fellow"—Lord Derby seems to shrink from calling her "wife"—was Charles and the lady whom the Countess of Derby loved to style Delilah. Charles had hurried to Chester on hearing of the capture of his father, and did all that a son ought to do and could do in the great and sad emergency. His conduct seems to have touched his father's heart, though it did not lead Lord Derby

to alter the will, already referred to, made in the preceding August.[1] With the certain prospect of death before him Lord Derby wrote to his Countess on the 12th of October :— "I must forgive all the world, else I could not go out of it as a good Christian ought to do, and I hold myself in duty bound and in discretion to desire you to forgive my son and his bed-fellow. She hath more judgment than I looked for, which is not a little pleasing to me, and it may be of good use to him and the rest of our children. She takes care of him, and I am deceived much if you and I have not been greatly misinformed when we were told ill of her. I hope you will have reason to think so too."

By this time, at least in the mind of the Earl himself,

[1] On this rather perplexing subject of Lord Derby's will, Canon Raines has the following remarks (ii. cclxxii.) :—"At the time Earl James made his will he was not in possession of any pecuniary resources in England, and the large sums left to the younger children were therefore prospective, and charged upon both the personal and real property. The admission that the validity of the will depended upon the King's having the power and the inclination to second Lord Derby's views is clearly expressed. It had, therefore, a relation to some future time of uncertain occurrence, and the King was requested to deprive the eldest son of the titles and estates, to give them to his younger brothers in succession, and, if necessary, to confer them on the daughters. The Earl did not seek to divide his property equally among his children, and thus abolish the law of primogeniture, but simply sought to mark his strong disapprobation of disloyalty, and to enforce a principle not so much of justice or of injustice as of public policy. To those at all acquainted with the laws which regulated such matters in England, and especially with the circumstances under which the father of the seventh Earl inherited these very honours and lands, and the close entails made by the seventh Earl himself in 1626, and subsequently, this interference with the direct descent will appear almost incredible. We can only reconcile the curious facts by believing that, after the testamentary papers had been executed, the Earl had discovered that the provisions contained in it were illegal, and therefore altogether null and void, and that it had consequently ceased to exist as a formal, legal instrument. Although the will had probate granted in the proper ecclesiastical court, it does

all hope was over. The court-martial began its sittings on the 29th of September, but his death was a foregone conclusion, and the very place of his execution had been decided on. On the day itself of the meeting of the court-martial, an official person in London, writing to the Commonwealth-Resident at Hamburg, made the confident announcement, "Derby will be tried at Chester and die at Bolton."[1] The Earl, on being interrogated, admitted all the allegations on which he was tried. Only when the President, reading the Act of Parliament with a breach of which he was charged, came to the words, "and such as shall suffer death shall also forfeit all his and their lands and goods and other estate, as in case of high treason," Lord Derby exclaimed, "I am no traitor neither"——"Sir," rejoined the President, a Colonel Mackworth, "your words are contemptible. You must be silent during the reading of the Act and your charge." The articles of charge having been delivered to him, next day, the 30th, the Earl was brought to the bar, and on the 1st of October he made his defence, a summary of which is preserved among the manuscripts at Knowsley. He was being tried, he said, by a court-martial, and, therefore, their proceedings were to be regulated in accordance with the laws of war. Captain Edge, he urged, had given him quarter for life, and this, he pleaded, "was a good bar to avoid trial for life by a council of war. Quarter given by the meanest soldier, if

not appear to have been acted upon by the executors, nor recognised by the family; and there is no trace of it in the litigation to which the Derby property was exposed after the Restoration, and no property was more thoroughly sifted as to its controlling powers under the Cromwell rule." The inference is that after being reconciled to his eldest son Lord Derby did not alter the unfavourable will simply because he discovered before his death that it was altogether invalid.

[1] *Ffarington Papers* (vol. xxxix. of the Chetham Society's publications), p. 108

not forbidden, obliges as far as if the general had done it." From the official record of the proceedings of the court martial, it would appear that after this statement a member interposed the objection that, if such an argument were valid, any private soldier, by giving quarter, might pardon treason. "To this, I say," was Lord Derby's rejoinder, "I plead it not as an absolute pardon, but as a bar to a court-martial. The profession of a soldier," according to the Knowsley MS., Lord Derby proceeded, "hath danger enough in it, and he needs not to add any to destroy the right of arms. I am before you as a court-martial; it may be that some or most of you have in some action or other, since these troubles began, received quarter for your lives, and would it not be hard measure that any court-martial should try you afterwards? If this quarter be foiled or nulled, all the treaties, articles, terms, or conclusions since the wars began may be examinable by any subsequent court-martial. Nay, by this, the sword, the law of arms, all military interest and your own safety is judged and jeoparded as well as mine. But I shall not multiply" arguments, "presuming you will judge by laws of war, in which capacity only you sit, and that you will in religion and justice allow that plea which is universally, even in all parts of the world, allowable. If you be dissatisfied, I pray that, as an essential to justice, I may have a Doctor of the Civil Laws assigned, or, at least, liberty to produce their books of opinions, and in the interim you suspend your sentence." Passing to another branch of the charge, and to the Act of Parliament under which he was tried, Lord Derby continued thus, "Touching my levying of forces in the Isle of Man and invading England, I might plead myself (and that truly) a stranger to all acts for treason, and in particular to the Act of the twelfth of August; and that the Isle of Man is not particularly named in any of the

Acts touching treason, and being not particularly named, those Acts reach not nor bind those of the island, and especially that I was in the Isle of Man when the last Act was made"—that of August, declaring it treasonable to hold correspondence or communication with the King—"and the law looks not backward; and whilst I was in England"—levying troops, fighting in Wigan Lane and on Worcester-field—"I was under an unlikelihood and impossibility of knowing the new Acts (and in martial law, *ignorantia juris* is a good plea), which I leave to judgment, having, as to the matter-of-fact, confessed and submitted to the parliament's mercy." Finally, "I do, as to your military power, earnestly plead quarter as a bar to your further trial of me, and doubt not but you will deeply weigh a point so considerable both to your own consciences and concernments, before you proceed to sentence, and admit my appeal to his Excellency, the Lord-General Cromwell"—the victor of Worcester, and unmistakably the first and most powerful man in England. In vain; the same afternoon the court-martial, with only two dissentients, rejected the plea of quarter, adjudged Lord Derby worthy of death, and condemned him to be executed "by severing his head from his body" at Bolton on the coming 16th of October, a day close at hand.

Meanwhile, Lord Derby's eldest son had not been idle. On the very day of the meeting of the court-martial was drawn up, on Lord Derby's behalf, the first of three petitions to the authorities, which, though signed by him, do not, from a certain humility in their tone, seem to have been his actual composition. This first petition was to the Council of State, of which the famous Bradshaw (a Cheshire man) was President, and a brother of his, Colonel Bradshaw, a member of the court-martial, is said, though voting for the rejection of Lord Derby's pleas, to have

exerted in favour of the condemned nobleman what influence he possessed with his powerful relative the Lord President of the Council. In the petition to the Council of State, Lord Derby was spoken of as having "unfortunately been in arms in the late wars," and as having 'certified his willingness" to direct his wife in the Isle of Man "to have the military strength of that island delivered to the power of the parliament of England, upon such conditions; and with respect to the petitioner, his wife and children and their deplorable estate, as in the mercy and indulgence of the parliament of the renowned Lord-General"—Cromwell—"should be thought fit." The surrender of the Isle of Man was the one offer which might tempt, it was thought, the powers that were to spare Lord Derby's life. 'Your petitioner," the document continued, "doth thereupon most humbly supplicate this honourable Council of State to mediate and intercede for him upon this annexed petition to that High Court of Parliament for such good conditions as in their great goodness and wisdom they shall vouchsafe, and that, for the better and more speedy effecting of their commands therein, that your petitioner may have liberty to send over some discreet and able person to the island to his wife, such as she may rely upon, to the end she may be prepared to perform the commands of the parliament thereupon." The "annexed petition," dated the same day, the 29th September 1651, begins with the humble enough avowal that the petitioner "acknowledgeth he is conscious to himself that in the midst of the late great and various changes of the Commonwealth he hath justly incurred the penalty of the laws and the displeasure of the Supreme Judicature." Nevertheless, his "hope and confidence is that, in the midst of his misery and of your honours' judgment, you will be pleased to imitate the most high God (who exalts Himself to be gracious) and

extend your favour and goodness, not only to your petitioner, but to his lady and harmless posterity in that eminent manner, that in all time to come it may be as an indissoluble obligation on him and them, for ever hereafter, to deserve and endeavour the future peace and prosperity of this Commonwealth." The petitioner wound up with an offer to surrender the Isle of Man, "though he humbly conceived it to be a distinct interest from England." A third petition or memorial, very brief, with an enclosure containing the pleas urged before the Court Martial, was sent to Cromwell himself.

Probably it was to present these petitions and memorials that, according to Seacome (confusing them with a letter to Speaker Lenthall, afterwards referred to), "the Lord Strange"—Charles, of the *mésalliance*—"having beforehand laid horses ready, rode post to London in one day and night." Whether this were so or not they were fruitless; and it seems that no member of the House of Commons could be induced to present the petition to the Rump. When the day fixed for the execution was very near—on the 11th of October—a pathetic letter was written by Lord Derby, or in his name, to Lenthall, the Speaker of the House of Commons, accompanied by a petition to that assembly—probably the same document of which an abstract has been given. Addressed, "For the Right Honourable, William Lenthall, Esq., Speaker of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England"—now a mere Rump of the House of Commons, the House of Peers having been abolished—this rather touching epistle ran as follows:—

"Sir,—Being now, by the will of God, for aught I know, brought to the last minutes of my life, I once more humbly pray the parliament will be pleased to hear me before my death. I plead nothing in vindication of my offences, but humbly cast myself down at the parliament's feet, begging

their mercy. I have several times addressed my humble petition for life, and now again crave leave to submit myself to their mercy, with the assurance that the Isle of Man shall be given up to such hands as the parliament intrust to receive it ; with this further engagement (which I shall confirm by sureties) that I shall never act or endeavour anything against the established power of this nation, but end my days in prison or banishment as the House shall think fit." But if death must be his doom, let him be spared one needless pang and disgrace :—" Sir,—It is a greater affliction to me than death itself that I am sentenced to die at Bolton, so that the nation will look upon me as a sacrifice for that blood, which some have unjustly cast upon me"—the so-called "Bolton Massacre"—" and from which I hope I am acquitted in your opinions, and the judgment of good men, having cleared myself by undeniable evidence. Indeed, at my trial it was never mentioned against me, and yet they adjudge me to suffer at Bolton, as if, indeed, I had been guilty. I beg a respite for my life upon that issue that if I do not acquit myself from that imputation, let me die without mercy. But, sir, if the parliament have not this mercy for me, I humbly pray the place appointed for my death may be altered, and that if the parliament think it not fit to give me time to live, they will be pleased to give me time to die, in respiting my life for some time, whilst I may fit myself for death ; since thus long I have been persuaded by Colonel Dukinfield that parliament would give me my life. Sir, I submit myself, my family, wife, and children to the mercy of parliament, and shall live or die, Sir, your contented and humble Servant, DERBY." On the margin there was this postscript, as we should call it :—" Sir, I humbly beg the favour that the petition of a dying man here enclosed, may by your favour be read to the House." By a later hand the packet is endorsed :—

"A letter from the Earl of Derby of the 11th of October 1651, with the petition of the said Earl of Derby. Received 14th October 1651." In the *Commons Journals*,[1] under date "14th October 1651," there is this brief and meagre record of the reception of Lord Derby's petition and letter:—"Mr Speaker, by way of report, acquaints the House with a letter which he had received from the Earl of Derby; and the question being put: That the said letter be now read, the House was divided. The Yeas went forth; Sir William Brereton"—the Member for Cheshire—"and Mr Ellis, Tellers for the Yeas, with the Yeas 22; Mr Bond and Major-general Harrison, Tellers for the Noes, with the Noes 16, so it passed in the affirmative. A letter from the Earl of Derby, of the 11th day of October 1651, with a petition therein enclosed, entitled, 'The Humble Petition of the Earl of Derby,' was this day read." And the record closes. Letter and petition were of no effect: Lord Derby was to die. Seacome's version [2] of this parliamentary incident is as follows:—"His son, the Lord Strange, having beforehand laid horse ready, rode post to London in one day and night, and got his petition read in the Junta by Mr Lenthall, their Speaker, which no man else would read or receive. But Cromwell and Bradshaw had so ordered the matter that when they saw the major part of the House inclined to allow the Earl's plea, as the Speaker was putting the question, eight or nine of them quitted the House, and those left in it being under the number of forty, no question could be put." The extract just given, however, from the *Commons Journals* shows that Seacome was gossiping, or retailing gossip, without book, since, as has been seen, in the division on the question whether Lord Derby's letter should be read, only 38 members, including the tellers, voted. "So," Seacome continues, "the Lord Strange, seeing all attempts or

[1] vii. 27. [2] p. 173 (edition of 1821).

endeavours to save the life of his father fruitless, and of no effect, the grandees having resolved on his death, with incredible speed returned to his father, before the hour of execution, and acquainted him with the cruel and bloody resolution of his professed and implacable enemies. His father, embracing him with all the tenderness of natural love and affection, said to him :—'Son, I thank you for your duty, diligence, and best endeavours to save my life, but since it cannot be obtained, I must submit.' And kneeling down, said, '*Domine, non mea voluntas sed tua.*'" 'Tis a pretty story, but as Mr Ormerod has remarked, an incredible one. Lord Strange was at Chester on Monday the 13th, and at Leigh, 197 miles from London, soon after 6, on the morning of the 15th. Moreover, as Lord Derby was to die on the 15th, it is very doubtful whether, if the prayer of his petition, presented the day before to the House of Commons had been granted, the news could have reached Chester and Bolton in time to save his life.

About a week before this, Lord Derby, with the aid of his friends, had made an attempt to escape from Chester Castle, and it was nearly successful. "During the night, on some pretext, he reached the leads over his chamber, and, being furnished outside with a long rope, by a desperate and almost incredible effort he lowered himself from the top of the castle to the ground, and escaping from the precincts of the castle, got out of the city. He had not proceeded far before his escape was discovered, and eager pursuers were soon despatched after him in all directions. He was apprehended on the Roodee"—where now every year the Chester Cup is run for—"having unfortunately, in some way unknown, discovered himself unawares to pitiless enemies instead of friends."[1] The result was that Lord Derby was guarded more strictly than before. When

[1] Raines, ii. ccxxii.

instructions were sent from London to the court-martial at Chester to make arrangements for the execution of the sentence at Bolton, some uneasiness seems to have been felt lest a rescue might be attempted, or a tumult provoked, on the occasion of the transfer to Bolton, or by the execution so near his own domain, of the greatest nobleman in Lancashire. Cromwell himself took in hand the military arrangements for the escort of the prisoner to Bolton, and for the execution there, which was to take place on Wednesday, the 15th of October.

On the Sunday, three days before his death, Lord Derby took up his pen to write this, his last letter to his brave wife, still in the Isle of Man :—

"*My Lord's last Letter to my Lady, October* 12, 1651, *from Chester* :—

"MY DEAR HEART,—I have heretofore sent you comfortable lines, but, alas! I have now no word of comfort, saving to our last and best refuge, which is Almighty God, to whose will we must submit. And when we consider how He hath disposed of these nations, and the government thereof, we have no more to do but to lay our hands on our mouths, judging ourselves, and acknowledging our sins, joined with others, to have been the cause of their miseries, and to call on Him, with tears, for mercy.

"The governor of this place, Colonel Dukinfield, is general of the forces which go now against the Isle of Man, and however you might do for the present, in time it would be a grievous and troublesome business to resist, especially them that at this hour command three nations. Wherefore my advice is, notwithstanding my great affection to that place, that you make conditions for yourself and children, and servants and people, and such as came over with me, to the end you may go to some place of rest where you may not be concerned in war; and taking thoughts of our poor children, you may in some sort provide for them. Then prepare yourself to come to your old friends above, in that blessed place where bliss is, and no mingling"—jangling ?—"of opinions.

"I conjure you, my dearest heart, by all those graces which God hath given you, that you exercise your patience in this great and strange trial. If harm come to you, then I am dead indeed, and until then I shall live in you, who is truly the best part of myself. When there is no such thing as I, then look upon yourself and my dear children: there take comfort, and God will bless you.

"I acknowledge the great goodness of God to have given me such a wife as you: so great an honour to my family; so excellent a companion to me; so pious—so much of all that can be said of good, as I must confess an impossibility to say enough thereof. I ask God pardon with all my soul that I have not been enough thankful for so great a benefit, and when"—if—"I have done aught that at any time might justly offend you, with joined hands I also ask your pardon.

"Baggarley and Paul"—Moreau—"go by my directions to tell you my further reasons for the delivery of the island, according to these desires which you will see under my hand."—A note in the margin says:—"It was promised to my Lord that they should have leave to go, but not performed."

"Oh, my dear soul! I have reason to believe that this may be the last time that ever I shall write unto you. I thank you for all your goodness to me. For Jesus's sake forgive me when at any time I have not been good to you. Comfort yourself the best you can. I must forgive all the world; else I could not go out of it as a good Christian ought to do, and I hold myself in duty bound, and in discretion, to desire you to forgive my son and his bed-fellow"—Charles and the young lady of the *mésalliance.*—"She hath more judgement than I looked for, which is not a little pleasing to me, and it may be of good use to him and the rest of our children. She takes care of him, and I am deceived much if you and I have not been greatly misinformed when we were told ill of her. I hope you will have reason to think so too"—which expression of opinion the reader has heard once before.

"It will be necessary that the writings concerning the estates be sent over, to the end my son"—Charles—"may put in his claim betimes"—this looks as if the Earl knew and intended the disinheriting clauses of the will to be of no effect.—"Oh, my dear, again I ask you to take comfort. When you so do, rejoice thereat I beseech you, as doing me a great favour. And for my sake keep not too strict, too severe a life, but endeavour to live for your children's sake, which, by an over-melancholy course, you cannot do, but both destroy them and yourself, and neglect my last request. The world knows you so full of virtue and piety that it will never be ill thought of if you do not keep your chamber as other widows who have not reached to that reputation which you have, and than which there is not a greater upon earth. I draw near the bottom of the paper, and I am drawing on to the grave, for presently I must away to the fatal stroke, which shows little mercy in this nation, and as for justice—the Great Judge judge thereof.

"I have no more to say to you at this time, than my prayers for

the Almighty's blessings to you, my dear Mall and Ned and Billy Amen ; sweet Jesu.—Your faithful "DERBY."[1]

"My dear Mall" (the Lady Henrietta Maria Stanley, afterwards Countess of Strafford), "Ned, and Billy" were the three surviving youngest of Lord Derby's children, at this time aged respectively twenty, twelve, and ten. His three elder children, Lord Strange, the Lady Amelia—afterwards Marchioness of Athole—and the Lady Katharine—who became the wife of the first Marquis of Dorchester—were then aged respectively twenty-three, eighteen, and twenty. His elder children were with him, or near him, at Chester ; but the younger were in the Isle of Man, and to them this letter of farewell had to be penned :—

"*My Lord's Letter to my Lady Mary*"—Henrietta Maria—"*Mr Ed., and Mr William.*

"MY DEAR MALL, MY NED, MY BILLY,—I remember well how sad you were to part with me when I left the Isle"—of Man—"for England. But now I fear you will be more sad to know that you can never see me more in this world. But I charge you all to strive against too great a sorrow. You are all of you of that temper that it would do you harm. And my desires and prayers to God are that you may have a happy life. Let it be as holy a life as you can, and as little sinful.

"I can well now give that counsel, having in myself at this time so great a sense of the vanities of my life which clouds my soul with sorrow. Yet I rejoice to remember when I have sometimes blessed God with a pious devotion ; and it is my chief and only delight, and must be my eternal happiness.

"Love still the Archdeacon"—Rutter, the domestic chaplain of the Stanleys, and who, after the Restoration, was made Bishop of Sodor and Man.—"He will give you good precepts. Obey your mother with cheerfulness, for you have great reason so to do, for besides that of mother, she is your example, your nurse, your councillor, your physician, your all under God. There was never, nor ever can be, a more deserving person.

"I am called away, and fear this may be the last I shall write. The Lord my God bless you and guard you. So prays your father that

[1] "MS. vol., 4to ; Knowsley. This letter is here printed for the first time entire, probably from Archdeacon Rutter's transcript."—Raines, ii. ccxxv. *note.*

sorrows most at this time to part with Malckey, Neddy, and Billy. Remember "J. DERBY."

As close to the sad story there only remains to print the narrative of Lord Derby's last days, by the faithful Baggarley, with the copy and report of his speech on the scaffold, and the account otherwise of his execution.

"*A Relation of Mr Humphrey Baggarley touching my Lord's Death and some Passages before it.*

"Upon Monday, the 13th of October 1651, my Lord procured me liberty to wait upon him, having been close prisoner ten days. He told me the night before, Mr Slater, Colonel Dukinfield's chaplain, had been with him from the governor, to persuade his Lordship that they were confident his life was in no danger. But his Lordship told me he patiently heard his discourse but did not believe him: 'For,' said he, 'I was resolved not to be deceived with the vain hopes of this fading world.'

"After we had walked"—talked?—"a quarter of an hour and" his Lordship "had discoursed his commands to me, in order to my journey into the Isle of Man, as to his consent to my Lady to deliver it up—upon those articles his Lordship had signed for the purpose—with his affectionate protestations of honour and respect to my Lady, both for her birth and goodness as a wife, with much tenderness of his children there, especially my Lady Mary—then immediately came in one Lieutenant Smith, a rude fellow (and with his hat on), who told my Lord he came from Colonel Dukinfield, the governor, to tell his Lordship he must be ready for his journey to Bolton. He replied, 'When would you have me to go?' 'To-morrow morning, by six of the clock,' saith Smith, 'Well,' said my Lord, 'I thank God I am readier to die than for my journey; but commend me to the governor, and tell him by that time I will be ready for both.'

"Then said Smith, 'Doth your Lordship know any friend or servant that would do that thing your Lordship knows of? It would do well if you had a friend.' My Lord replied: 'What do you mean? Would you have me to find one to cut off my head?' Smith said, 'Aye, my Lord, if you could, a friend.' My Lord said, 'Nay, sir, if those men that will have my head will not find one to cut it off, let it stand where it is. I thank my God my life hath not been so bad that I should be instrumental to deprive myself of it, although He hath been so merciful to me as to'" make me "'be resolved against the worst terrors that death can put upon me; and for me and my servants, our ways have been to prosecute a just war by honourable and just means, and not those barbarous ways

of blood which to you is a trade.' Then Smith went out, and repeated his discourse and desires to me. I only told him my Lord had given him an answer.

"At my coming in, my Lord called for pen and ink, and writ his last letter to my Lady, and that to my Lady Mary, and his sons in the Isle of Man"—the letters already given.—"In the meantime Mr Paul Moreau, a servant of his Lordship, went and bought all the rings he could get, and my Lord wrapt them up in several papers, and writ within them and made me subscribe them to his children and servants"—last memorials and bequests of the father and the master.

"The rest of that day he spent with my Lord Strange, my Lady Katherine, and my Lady Amelia. At night about six I came to him again, when the ladies were to go away. And as we were walking, and my Lord telling me he would receive the sacrament on the next morning and on Wednesday morning both, in came the aforesaid Smith, and said: 'My Lord, the governor desires you would be ready to go in the morning by seven o'clock.' My Lord replied: 'Lieutenant, pray tell the governor I shall not have occasion to go so early. By nine o'clock will serve my turn, and by that time I'll be ready. If he has earnester occasion, he may take his own hour.'

"That night I stayed, and at supper my Lord was exceeding cheerful and well composed. He drank to Sir Timothy Featherstone (who was a gentleman that suffered at Chester a week after in the same cause) and said, 'Sir, be of good comfort. I go willingly before you, and God hath so strengthened me that you shall hear (by His assistance) I shall so submit both as a Christian and a soldier, to be both a comfort and an example to you.' Then he often remembered my Lady, Lady Mary, and Masters"—Stanley—"and drank to me and once to all his servants, especially to Andrew Browne, and said he hoped now that they who loved him would never forsake his wife and children; and he doubted not but God would be a Master to them, and provide for them after his death.

"In the morning my Lord delivered me the letters for the island, and said, 'Here, Baggarley, deliver these with my most tender affection to my dear wife and sweet children, which shall continue with my prayers for them to the last minute of my life. I have instructed you as to all things for your journey. But as to that sad part of it (as to them) I can say nothing, but silence and your own looks will best tell your message. The great God of Heaven direct you, and prosper and comfort them in this their great affliction.'

"Then his Lordship took leave of Sir Timothy Featherstone, much in the same words as at night. When he came to the castle gate"—the gate of Chester Castle, his journey to Bolton being now begun—"Mr

Crossen and three other gentlemen which were condemned came out of the dungeon (at my Lord's request to the Marshal) and kissed his hand and wept to take their leave. My Lord said: 'Gentlemen, God bless and keep you. I hope now my blood will satisfy for all that were with me, and you will in a short time be at liberty. But if the cruelty of these men will not end there, be of good comfort. God will strengthen you to endure to the last, as He hath done me. For you shall hear I die like a Christian, a man, and a soldier, and as an obedient subject to the most just and virtuous Prince this day living in the whole world. So the prisoner and escort rode forth, accompanied by the two young Ladies Stanley in a coach."

"After we were out of town"—near Hoole Heath, it would seem—"the people weeping, my Lord, with a humble behaviour and noble carriage, about half a mile out, took leave of my Lady Katherine and Amelia, upon his knees, by the boot of the coach (lighting to that end purposely from his horse), and there prayed for them, and saluted them, and so departed. This was the saddest hour I ever saw, so much tender affection on both sides.[1]

"That night, Tuesday, the 14th of October 1651, we came to Leigh, but in our way thither, as we rode along, his Lordship called me to him and bade me, when I should come into the Isle of Man, to commend him to the Archdeacon there"—the aforesaid Rutter—"and tell him he well remembered the several discourses that had passed between them concerning death and the manner of it. That he"—Lord Derby—

[1] "A finer subject for an historical picture, without requiring any luxuriance of imagination could scarcely be devised; and it would embrace points of far deeper interest than any that were witnessed in a gorgeous scene on Hoole Heath twenty years before, when Earl James, attended by the nobility, gentry, and six hundred inhabitants of four counties, met his royal relatives and their splendid suite, and conducted them on their way to Knowsley. The Earl just alighted from his mean horse and kneeling by the side of the coach on the bare ground, near his two daughters (the elder aged twenty and the younger eighteen), his hands and eyes uplifted, his strong faith, his meek resignation, his undaunted mind, are visible in his grave countenance; the ruthless soldiery, impatient of the scene, the weeping and sympathising spectators who had accompanied him all the way from Chester, with here and there a coarse and callous Republican looking with disfavour upon the affecting incident, the day being of that quiet and almost melancholy beauty which is the last lingering luxury of autumn before the drear winter arrives in all its rudeness. We are told that the cold east wind prevailed; and we know that the season had been wet, so that the trees were tinged with yellow, and the tints of decay were visible upon the crisping foliage, and many a sear leaf in that October morning dropped silently down from the lofty oak or sycamore, and fell from time to time on the Earl's path, reminding him of his mortality, after he had parted with his daughters on Hoole Heath, and pursued his appalling journey over execrable roads to the scaffold, which the people were refusing to erect, at Bolton."—Raines, *Memoir of James Seventh Earl of Derby*, ii. ccxxxiii.

"had often said the thought of death could not trouble him in fight or when with a sword in his hand, but that he feared it would somewhat startle him tamely to submit to a blow upon a scaffold. 'But,' said his lordship, 'tell the Archdeacon from me that I do now find in myself an absolute change as to that opinion. For I bless my God for it, who hath put these comforts and this courage into my soul, I can as willingly now lay down my head upon a block as ever I laid it on a pillow.'

"My Lord supped a competent meal, saying he would imitate his Saviour. A supper should be his last act in this world, and indeed his Saviour's own supper, before he came to his cross, which (he said) would be to-morrow. That night he spent upon his bed, from betwixt ten and eleven until six in the morning. As he laid him down upon the right side, with his hand under his face, he said, 'Methinks I lie like a monument in a church; and to-morrow I shall really be so.' As soon as he rose, after prayer, he shirted him, and said, 'This shall be my winding-sheet, for this was constantly my meditation in this action. See,' saith he to Mr Paul"—Moreau—"see that it be not taken away from me; I will be buried in it.'

"Then he called to my Lord Strange to put on his order"—the Garter—"and said, 'Charles, even this day I will send it you again by Baggarley. Pray return it to my gracious Sovereign, when you shall be so happy as to see him; and say I sent it in all humility and gratitude—as I received it, spotless and free from any stain, according to the honourable example of my ancestors.'

"Then he went to prayer, and my Lord commanded Mr Greenhalgh to read the Decalogue, and at the end of every commandment made his confession, and then received absolution and the sacrament; after which, and prayer ended, he called for pen and ink, and wrote his last speech and a note to Sir E. S.[1] When we were ready to go, he drank a cup of beer to my Lady, Lady Mary, Masters, and Mr Archdeacon, and all his friends in the island, and bade me remember him unto them, and tell the Archdeacon he said the old grace which he always used in these words"—which are not given. "Then he would have walked into the church"—at Leigh—"to have seen Sir T[homas] T[yldesley]'s grave, but was not permitted, nor to ride that day upon his own horse, but they put him upon a little nag, saying they were fearful the people would rescue his Lordship."—Sir Thomas Tyldesley was the gallant Lancashire Cavalier, mentioned once before, loved by his friends and honoured by his foes, who fell in the fight of Wigan-lane. It was

[1] "Edward Savage. It would be interesting to know the purport of this note. As Sir Edward Savage was one of the executors named in the Earl's will, had it any reference to the cancelling of that document or any of its clauses?"—*Note* by Canon Raines.

churlish and harsh in Lord Derby's escort not to allow him to have a last look at the resting-place of his former comrade in arms.

"As we were going, in the middle"—half—"way to Bolton, the wind came easterly, which my Lord perceived, and said to me, 'Baggarley, there is a great difference betwixt me and you now, for my thoughts are fixed, and I know where I shall rest this night; and every alteration moves you of this world, for you must leave me to go to my wife and children in the Isle of Man, and are uncertain where you shall be; but do not leave me if possible'"—possibly—"'you can otherwise, until you see me buried, which shall be as I have told you.'" [1]

This was said half-way between Chester and Bolton. Of what was said and done by the ill-fated Earl when Bolton was reached, there are two contemporary records. The more copious and accurate is rubricked—

"*The True Speech of James Earl of Derby upon the Scaffold at Bolton, in Lancashire, together with his Deportment and Prayers before his death, on Wednesday, the 15th day of October* 1651.[2]

"The Earl of Derby, according to the order of the court-martial held at Chester, by which he was sentenced to die at Bolton in Lancashire, was brought to that town with a guard of horse and foot of Colonel Jones's, commanded by one Southley, who received his order from Colonel Robert Dukinfield, between twelve and one of the clock, on Wednesday the 15th of October; the people weeping, praying, and bewailing him all the way from the prison at Chester to the place of his death.

[1] "There was a tradition long current in Bolton, that the Earl and some of his family had expressed a wish that his body should be buried at Ormskirk, but that his enemies desired that it should be thrown irreverently into an ordinary grave in Bolton churchyard. It was said that Colonel John Okey, of Bolton, the Earl's great political foe, forgetful of supposed wrongs, offered his Lordship every service in his power, and obtained for the Stanley family the sad privilege of interring the corpse in the Derby Chapel at Ormskirk."—*Note* by Canon Raines.

[2] "On the back of this MS., which is written distinctly on folio sheets of paper in the handwriting of the seventeenth century, and is unquestionably an original document, is the following indorsement by William George Richard, ninth Earl of Derby:—'My grandfather's (of blessed memory) deportment and his speech upon the scaffold, which I read and remarked particularly upon, 13th October 1696 Knowsley.' As there were two reporters upon the scaffold at the time of the Earl's execution, and their reports would naturally find their way to Knowsley, we may conclude that this is one of them, and that Seacome's is the other. They are both the same in substance, but there are interesting variations, and some facts omitted in one are preserved in the other."—*Note* by Canon Raines. The variations of Seacome's report do not seem in any case of sufficient importance to be allowed to encumber the text.

"He was brought to a house in the town"[1]—Bolton—"near the cross, where the scaffold was raised, and, as he passed by, said: '*Venio, Domine*, I am prepared to fulfil Thy will, O my God! This scaffold must be my cross; blessed Saviour, I take it up willingly and follow Thee!' From thence, going into a chamber with some friends and servants, he was advertised by the commander-in-chief that he had till three of the clock allowed him to prepare for death; for, indeed, the scaffold was not ready, the people of the town and country generally refusing to carry so much as a plank, or strike a nail, or to lend any assistance to that work, their cry being generally in the streets, 'O sad day! O woeful day! shall the good Earl of Derby die here? Many sad losses have we had in the war, but none like unto this; for now the ancient honour of our country must suffer here!' And to add to his trouble, most of the timber that built the scaffold was of the ruins of Latham House. But nothing could alter his Lordship's resolution and courage, for with a steadfast, composed countenance and a cheerful" voice "he called the company which were present to prayers with him, wherein he showed admirable fervency and a kind of humble importunity with Almighty God, that He would pardon his sins, be merciful to his soul, and be gracious to this land in restoring the King, laws, and liberty; and that He would be a Husband to his wife, a Father to his children, and a Friend to all those that suffered by his loss, or that had been friends to him.

"Rising from prayer, he sate down with a very pleasing countenance, and assured the standers-by that God had heard his prayers, which the blessed Spirit of God witnessed unto him, in the present comforts he now held in his soul. Then he entered into a discourse of his life, and beseeched God to forgive the days and time he had misspent; and said it was his comfort that, although he had not walked so circumspectly as he ought to have done, yet he ever had a sense of his sins, and a tender respect to all the services, servants, and ordinances of his God; and that he knew God had mercy for him—that He had strengthened and comforted him against all the terrors of death. After these and some other words to this purpose he desired his friends and the people by to pray with him again; which when he had ended, rising from his knees, he appeared fully satisfied of a gracious return to his prayers, and never after showed any sadness in his countenance.

"His next business was with his son, the Lord Strange, whom he publicly charged to be dutiful to his sad mother, affectionate to his distressed brothers and sisters, and studious of the peace of his country.

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[1] "It is not stated that this was an inn, but oral tradition has long declared that it was the inn standing on the south side of Churchgate, and known by the sign of the Pilkington crest, 'The Man and Scythe.'"—*Note* by Canon Raines.

'But especially,' said he, 'son, I charge you, upon my blessing and upon the blessing you expect from God, to be ever dutiful to your distressed mother, ever obedient to her commands, and ever tender how you in anything grieve or offend her. She is a person well known to the most eminent personages of England, France, Germany, and Holland; noted for piety, prudence, and all honourable virtues; and certainly, the more you are obedient to her the more you will increase in favour with God and man.'

"Then he desired to be private in the room himself, when he was observed to be about half an hour upon his knees, with frequent interjections of groans and sighs, before his God. Then, when he called the company in again, his eyes witnessed unto us that he had abundantly mixed tears with his prayers. He told us that he was very willing to leave the world, being assured by the testimony of God's Spirit that he should be carried from trouble to rest and peace, from sorrow to joy, from death to life; and that death had no other bitterness in it to him but that it took him from his dear wife and children, whom he humbly commended to the protection and providence of a better Father. And that yet he did not doubt but that the General"—Cromwell—"and they who sate in the seat of authority, would make provision for them, hoping that his death might satisfy all those who sought his life, whom he freely forgave, and desired God to do the like. Then, calling for his son, he took his leave of him, and blessed him, which indeed would have grieved any one's heart (though never so hardened) to see this tender parting of him with his son; and also with his two daughters, the Lady Katherine and the Lady Amelia Stanley, on the road betwixt Chester and Bolton the day before"—a parting which has been already recited.

"This ended, he called the officer, and told him he was ready. On his way to the scaffold, the people prayed, and wept, and cried aloud, to whom his Lordship, with a cheerful countenance and courteous humbleness, said, 'Good people, I thank you; and I beseech you, still pray for me, and our blessed God return your prayers back into your own bosoms. The God of Mercy bless you, the Son of God establish you in righteousness, and the Holy Ghost fill you with all comforts.'

"Coming near the scaffold, he looked up, and said: 'God, I thank Thee that I am not afraid to go up here, though I am to die there; there are but these few steps to my eternity.' Then kissing the ladder, he went up, and saluted the people. He walked a turn or two upon the scaffold; then went to the east end of the scaffold, and pulled off his hat again, and saluted the people with a cheerful countenance, and said:—

"'I am come, by the will of my Heavenly Father, to die in this place, and I thank God I do, with all willingness and readiness, submit to His most blessed will. 'Tis a place I desired to see when I was last in the

country, both for the mutual obligations that have been betwixt this town and my family, as also for your particular respects to me, whom '" —that is "you"—"I have understood to be ready to clear me from the foul imputation that I was a man of blood, and that particularly I killed one Bootle in cold blood' "[1]— the "Bolton massacre," in this statement of it shrinking to very small dimensions.—" 'I doubt not but there are here many men, present both that day the town was taken, and divers other times during this war, that can certify I preserved many lives. But I know there is not any one present that can lay the blood of any man whatsoever to my charge, unless what might casually happen in the fury and heat of battle. And why I die in this town I know not, unless it be to persuade the nation that I fall as a sacrifice for the blood which some said I shed here, from which charge I am acquitted before you, and from which I had also cleared myself before my grand judges at Westminster had they pleased to hear me before they had destroyed me, their report being hastily brought up among them by some that I hope God hath forgiven, and too readily drank in by others whom I pray God to forgive.

" 'As for my crime (as some are pleased to term it) which was objected against me by the Council of War (for Bootle's death was never mentioned against me then, that being only secretly used to raise a prejudice against me in the judgments of such as did not know me), my crime, I say, though I hope it deserves a far better name, was that I came into my own country with my own lawful King—I came in obedience to his Majesty's call, whom, both by the laws of God and the laws of this land, I conceived myself obliged to obey, and according to the protestation I took in parliament in the time of that blessed Prince his father. So if it be my crime, I here confess it again before God, angels, and men, that I love Monarchy as the best Government, and I die with love and honour, and for the love and honour I bear to my master that now is, Charles II. of that name, whom I myself in this county proclaimed King. The Lord bless and preserve him, and incline the hearts of those that have power in this nation to accept him to his father's throne with honour and peace. For certainly, as I believe, this nation will never be well contented, never thoroughly happy, without a King. So I believe also that King Charles II., our now lawful King, were he a stranger to this crown, were'" —is—" 'the most fit and most accomplished Prince that this day lives

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[1] The "Captain Bootle" for the story of whose death, at Lord Derby's hands, Royalist writers are partly responsible. They represent, with a certain exultation, Lord Derby killing in cold blood, at the storm of Bolton, this Bootle, described as a servant of his, who had deserted from Latham and betrayed his mistress. Mr Beamont (*Lanc. Warr*, p. 135, *note*) has sifted the story with his usual careful diligence, and shown it to be in the highest degree improbable.

to take the government of this people ; his admirable piety, virtue, justice, great valour, and discretion, far above so few years'"—poor Lord Derby !—"'doth now make him in all places'" where "'he comes highly beloved, and will hereafter make him honourable among all nations. And I wish the people of this nation so much happiness (when my eyes are closed) that he may peaceably be received to the enjoyment of his just rights, and then they shall never want their just rights which, till then, they will always want.

"'As for my being in arms in the beginning of this war, I profess here, in the presence of God, before whom, within a few minutes, I must make an account for this profession, I only fought for peace and settling the late King, my master, in his just rights, and the maintenance of the laws of this land, and that I had no other design, intent, or purpose for my taking up arms. And for this last engagement'"—coming from the Isle of Man to help Charles II.—"'I profess here again, in the presence of the same God, that I did it for the restoring my lawful Sovereign into that throne out of which his father was most unchristianly and barbarously taken by the most unjust sentence of a pretended Court of justice, and himself, against law and all justice, kept out and dispossessed of ; and this was all my reason. For as for estate or quality I wanted not a sufficient competency ; neither was I ever ambitious to enlarge either, for, by the favour of my King's predecessors, my family was raised to a condition well known in this country, and now it is as well known that by his enemies I am adjudged to die, and that by new and monstrous laws, as making me an enemy to my country for fighting for my country, as a traitor to the laws for endeavouring to preserve the laws. But, O God, give me grace to consider Him who suffered such contradiction of sinners, and, O my God, assist the King to his father's throne ! Assist the laws to their former honour, and restore Thy own religion in its purity, that all these shadows and false pretences of religion may vanish away, and our children's posterity may serve Thee in spirit and in truth !

"'Good friends, I die for the King, the laws of the land, and the Protestant religion, maintained in the Church of England, all of which I was ready to maintain with my life, so I cheerfully suffer for them in this welcome death.'

"At the words '*King and laws*' a trooper said aloud, 'We will neither have King, lords, nor laws.' And upon a sudden the soldiers, being either surprised with fear at a strange noise that was heard or else falling into mutiny, presently fell into a tumult, riding up and down the streets, cutting and slashing the people, some being killed and many wounded. His Lordship looking on this sad spectacle said thus : 'Gentlemen, it troubles me more than my own death that others are hurt,

I fear, die, for me. I beseech you stay your hands! I fly not. You pursue not me; and here are none to pursue *you!*" But being interrupted in his speech, and not permitted to go on further (for which the officers were much troubled), he turned aside to his servant and gave him the speech"—a written one, and of which the reader has been perusing what is in all probability a faithful transcript—"into his hands, saying, 'I will speak to my God, who I know will hear me, and when I am dead, let the world know what I would have said.' Here his Lordship was interrupted; but it was as follows in his own copy under his own hand:—

"'I am sentenced to death by a Council of War after quarter for life and assurance of honourable and safe usage by Captain Edge. I had reason to expect that the Council would have justified my pleas which have been ancient, honourable, sacred, and inviolable until this time that'"—when—"'I am made the first suffering precedent; for I dare affirm it that never gentleman before, in any Christian nation, was adjudged to death by a Council of War after quarter given. I am the first, and I pray God I may be the last precedent in this case. I must die, and I thank God I am ready for it. Death would now be my choice had I the whole world in competition with it. I leave nothing behind me which I care for but my King, my wife, children, and friends, whom I trust the never-failing mercy of my God will provide for. I beseech God to show mercy to those who neither had mercy nor justice for me. My blessed Saviour taught me, by His example and command, both to pray for my enemies and to forgive my enemies. I forgive them freely, even those that contrived my ruin, and pursued me to death. I thank God I never personally offended them to my knowledge in my life; and let me not offend against them at my death. I forgive them freely, and pray God for Christ's sake to forgive them also.

"'Of my faith and religion, I shall not, I hope, need to say much. Herein I hope my enemies (if now I have any) will speak for me. I profess my faith to be in God, for whom I look for my salvation, through the precious merits and sufferings of my blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ, which merits and sufferings are applied to my soul by the blessed Spirit of Comfort, the Spirit of God, by whom I am assured, in my own soul, that my God is reconciled unto me in Jesus Christ, my blessed Redeemer. I die a dutiful son to the Church of England, as it was established in that blessed saint my late master's reign, which all men of learning and temperance will acknowledge to be the most pure and agreeable to the Word of God and primitive government of any church within 12 or 1300 years since Christ, and which (to my great comfort) I left established in the Isle of Man. God preserve it there and restore it to this nation!

"'And, O blessed God, I magnify Thy name that Thou gavest me the happiness and mercy to be born in a Christian nation, and in a nation where Thy truth was professed in purity, with honour to Thy name and comfort to Thy people. I ascribe the comforts of Thy Holy Spirit which I feel in my bosom to the ministry of Thy Word and Sacraments conveyed unto me in Thy Church, and made effectual by the operation of the same blessed Spirit. In this faith, good people, I have lived and in this I die. Pray for me, I beseech you, and the God of mercy hear your prayers and my prayers for mine and your salvation.'" Here endeth Lord Derby's written, and partly undelivered, speech.

"Presently, after the tumult was over, his Lordship called for the headsman and asked to see the axe, and taking it in his hand said, 'Friend, I will not harm it, and I am sure it cannot hurt me,' and then kissing it, said, 'Methinks this is a wedding ring, which is a sign I am to leave all the world, and eternally to be married to my Saviour.' Then putting his hand into his pocket, said to the headsman: 'Here, friend, take these two pieces, all that I have. Thou must be my priest. I pray thee do thy work well and effectually.' Then handling the rough-furred coat the headsman had on, 'This,' says he, 'will be troublesome to thee, I pray thee put it off, and do it as willingly as I put off this garment of my flesh that is now so heavy for my soul.' Then some of the standers-by bade the headsman kneel and ask his pardon; but he did not, but was surly and crabbed. But his Lordship said, 'Friend, I give thee the pardon thou wilt not ask, and God forgive thee also!' Then turning up his eyes to heaven, said aloud: 'How long, Lord, how long?' Then gently passing over the scaffold, and seeing one of his chaplains on horseback among the people, 'Good Sir,' said he, 'pray for me, and the Lord return your prayers unto your own bosom, and I pray remember me kindly to your brother, and God remember him for his love to me and mine.' Then turning towards his coffin: 'Thou art,' said he, 'my bridal-chamber. In thee I shall rest without a guard, and sleep without soldiers.' Then looking toward the block, he asked if all were ready. 'That,' says he, 'methinks is very low, and yet there is but one step betwixt that and heaven.' Then turning his eyes to the people, he saluted them, and desired again their prayers; then said, 'I see your tears and hear your sighs and groans and prayers. The God of heaven grant your supplications for me, and mine for you, and the mediation of Jesus Christ for us all.'

"Here his Lordship caused the block to be turned that he might look upon the church"—the old, no longer extant, parish church of Bolton—"saying, 'Whilst I am here I will look towards Thy holy sanctuary.

and I know that within a few minutes I shall behold Thee, my God and my King, in Thy sanctuary above. Under the shadow of Thy wing shall be my refuge till this calamity be overpast.' Then he pulled off his blue garter, and sent it to his son; and pulling off his doublet,[1] with a very religious faithfulness he said: 'I come, Lord Jesus,' and 'O come Thou quickly, that I may be with Thee for ever.' Upon this he said, 'Pray tell me how I must lie. I have been called a bloody man, yet truly I never yet had that severe curiosity to see any man put to death in peace.' Then laying himself down on the block, after a few minutes he rose again, and caused the block to be a little removed, then said to the headsman, 'Friend, remember what I said to thee, and be no more afraid to strike than I to die, and when I put up my hand do thy work;' so looking round upon him, his friends, and the people, he said: 'The Lord bless you all, and once more pray for me and with me;' at which words he knelt down,[2] and prayed privately within

[1] "There are records and traditions remaining in the family of the Rev. C. K. Prescot, M.A., the venerable Rector of Stockport, regarding an ancestor who was a zealous Royalist, and devoted to his master, James Earl of Derby, and there is no reason to doubt their authenticity. William Prescot was born in the year 1603, and held the copyhold estate of Ayrfield, in the township of Upholland, near Wigan, situated about four miles from Latham House. Lord Derby was the manorial lord of Upholland, and William Prescot joined the army of his master, and continued faithful to him and the King throughout the war. His estate was sequestered by the parliament, and the original act of sequestration, with the commissioners' names annexed, still exists in the family. Mr William Prescot was on the scaffold with the Earl, and the following incident was recorded in writing by a member of his family in the seventeenth century, the paper being still preserved:—'Ralph Barton, who, though a tenant to the Earl, was a private under the parliament, and appointed as one of the guards of this execrable execution, and, standing near the block, has often, on occasion, declared that when the Earl kneeled down, laid his neck upon it, and stretched out his body on the scaffold, speaking to the said William Prescot, said, "Faithful Prescot, set thy foot to mine," with the design, as Barton took it, to prevent any start or shrinking in the execution. And (before the execution) the care of the body, with a charge that it should be removed immediately, and that not a drop of his blood should remain in Bolton, was committed by him (the Earl) to Henry Ashton of Whiston, William Prescot of Ayrfield, Richard Worthington of Newborough, gentlemen (who had been intrusted in several affairs and services by the Earl), and to Paul Morray, a native of the Isle of Man, his menial servant, who thereupon conveyed it the same night to Wigan, and afterwards to Ormskirk, where it was interred in the sepulchre of his ancestors.'"—*Note* by Canon Raines. The same annotator quotes from a competent and contemporary authority the statement that Lord Derby, on the scaffold, gave this William Prescot "his hat, his gloves, his band, and a Queen Elizabeth's sixpence, the only money in his pocket." Canon Raines adds: "The singularly small gloves, the band, and sixpence are still preserved as hereditary relics, as well as two promissory notes of hand for £50, each given to William Prescot by the celebrated Countess, and signed by herself."

[2] "The chair at which he knelt," says Canon Raines, in a note, "is preserved at Knowsley."

himself, with great sighing, about half a quarter of an hour, concluding with the Lord's Prayer. Then rising up again, he said, smilingly, 'My soul is now at rest, and so shall my body be immediately. The Lord bless my King, and restore him to his rights in this kingdom, and the Lord bless this kingdom, and restore them to their rights in their King, that he and they may join hand in hand to settle truth and peace; and the Lord bless this county, and this town, and this people. The Lord comfort my sad wife and children, and reward all my friends with peace and happiness, both here and hereafter; and the Lord forgive them who were the cause and authors of this my sad end and unjust death, for so it is to mankind, though before God I deserve much worse; but I hope my sins are all washed in the blood of Jesus Christ.'

"So, laying his neck upon the block, and his arms stretched out, he said these words: 'Blessed be God's glorious name for ever and ever; amen. Let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen; amen.' At which words he gave the headsman the sign; but he, either not observing it, or not being ready, stayed too long, so that his lordship rose up again, saying, 'Why do you keep me from my Saviour? What have I done that I die not and that I may live with Him? Once more I will lay down myself in peace, and so take my everlasting rest.' Then saying, 'Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly,' he stretched out his arms and gave the sign, repeating the same words, 'Blessed be God's glorious name for ever and ever. Let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen; amen.' Then lifting up his hand, the executioner did his work at one blow, all the people weeping and crying, and giving all expressions of grief and lamentation."

Seacome's narrative adds what is worth quoting: "When the corpse was carried off the scaffold, they conveyed it to a house in the town, where was thrown into his coffin, on a piece of paper, these two lines: '*Upon James Earl of Derby*:—

'Bounty, Wit, Courage, here in one lie dead,
A STANLEY'S hand, VERE'S heart, and CECIL'S head.'"

His mother, it will be remembered, was a Vere, and her mother, again, a Cecil.

So perished on the scaffold, in his forty-fifth year, the seventh Stanley Earl of Derby—a high-spirited and high-minded, a cultivated and devout nobleman, the victim of a beaten cause, and whose character is easily decypherable.

The first Stanley Earl of Derby gained high rank, increased his estates, and reaped through life great worldly prosperity by the skill with which he contrived to be always on the winning side. The seventh Earl of Derby reduced the fortunes of the family to their lowest by throwing in his lot with the losing side, and he died a martyr to "principle." But the contrast between the careers of the first and the seventh Earls of Derby, and the results and close of each, forms a theme for the moralist rather than for the biographer.

Lord Derby's head thus fallen, the ruling powers had next to possess themselves of the Isle of Man, which, held by the Countess, was the only region in the three kingdoms where the Commonwealth was not recognised. A fortnight before the execution of the Earl, an expedition against the island had been resolved on and partly organised, respecting which there is extant this hurried note from the Lord-General Cromwell himself to Colonel Birch, Governor of Liverpool, and member for the same :—

"*For the Honourable Colonel Birch, at Liverpool, these; post haste.*

"SIR,—I do well assure you that before this I sent you an order to be assisting in the expedition against the Isle of Man, but hearing nothing from you I doubt whether my orders came to you. But now I thought fit to send this desire, that (Colonel Lilburne being employed another way) you would be assisting Colonel Dukinfield in this service, who is the Commander-in-chief.

"I rest your very loving friend,

"Septr. 30, 1651." "O. CROMWELL."[1]

The Lord-General's orders were obeyed, and before the end of October ten vessels, carrying Birch and Dukinfield with a military force, anchored in Ramsey Bay. The news of the expedition had roused the islanders to demand redress for an old grievance connected with their land tenures.

[1] Raines, ii. cclx. Not in Carlyle's "Cromwell."

They placed their demands in the hands of William Christian, who was receiver-general of the island, and whom Lord Derby, before embarking for the mainland, had appointed commander of the insular militia. There is little doubt that Christian pleaded the cause of the malcontent islanders with Lady Derby, and procured her consent to their demands; though otherwise his conduct to her seems to have been misrepresented. With the arrival of the Commonwealth-ships in Ramsey Bay, a deputation of the disaffected islanders waited upon the commanders of the expedition, and offered to submit if their lands and old liberties were secured to them. The Commonwealth-troops landed. Lady Derby and the commanders of the expeditionary force came to an agreement for the surrender of the island. The lordship of the Isle of Man was conferred on Fairfax, by whom Christian was reappointed receiver-general, and afterwards deputy-governor. We shall hear more of this Christian, whom Sir Walter, in "Peveril of the Peak," makes the brother-in-law of its Major Bridgenorth.

In the following December, Lady Derby seems to have obtained permission to go to England; but the first extant letter of hers written after the execution of her husband is dated the 26th of March 1652. As given in the translation of her recent lady-biographer, it is to this effect:—

"Dear Sister,—In all my heavy trials I have desired nothing so much as the honour of your letters, which were so full of friendship for that unhappy one"—the Earl, her husband—"and of compassion for the misfortunes I have suffered, that, I confess, if my grief were not inconsolable, you would have relieved it. But, alas! dear sister, there is nothing left for me but to mourn and weep, since all my joy is in the grave. I look with astonishment at myself that I am still alive after so many misfortunes; but God has been pleased to sustain me wonderfully, and I know that without His help I could never have survived all my miseries. To tell you all would be too distressing; but, in short, dear

sister, I have endured all the sharpest sorrows that could be conceived. and they were announced to me by the destroyers of my happiness, with all imaginable particulars, to overwhelm me. It is in this that I have experienced the wonderful assistance of my God, that I did not despair as, humanly speaking, stronger minds than my own might have done ; but His providence supported me, and led me in my misery to adore His goodness towards me, and to magnify Him in my sorrow for the noble end of that glorious martyr"—her husband, of course—"who showed such wonderful constancy—nothing shaking him in the least but the thought of the wretched condition in which he foresaw I should be. In his letters he gave me far greater proofs of his affection than I had any right to expect, and his last request was that I would live, and take care of his children. This thought alone sustained me in my afflictions, for my son, the Earl of Derby"—Charles of the *mésalliance*—"does nothing to comfort me, both he and his wife showing great bitterness of feeling towards me. But this is the will of God, to wean me altogether from the world, and to show me its vanities. If I were not obliged for my children's sake to look after my affairs, which are in an uncertain state, I should no longer have any concern with the world. It is true that in one of their courts, after incredible trouble, I have succeeded in getting my marriage-contract allowed, which settled on me, besides my dowry, certain estates bought with my own money, which is all that I have for my five children. I must, however, obtain the authorisation of another of their courts, in order to receive the revenue of the estates, and it is here that my enemies endeavour to prove me guilty ; if this should happen, it will be necessary to present a petition to parliament, which is a very difficult and tedious thing. But I have reason to think that I shall obtain what I desire ; the most influential people tell me to hope. God has hitherto blessed my endeavours, and has given me both friends and means of subsistence ; for I have lost all my personal property, having had only 400 crowns' worth of silver plate allowed me to bring me here from the Isle of Man, and nothing more since that. You see, then, the unhappy condition to which my life is reduced. I wish to end it with you, but I cannot yet tell what will become of me. . . . If I could get the produce of what has already been granted to me, I should have the means of bringing up my children in a manner befitting their birth, my two youngest sons"—Edward and William—"being of great promise, healthy, tall, and well grown for their age, and studious, especially the younger, who, I think, will be a good scholar. If it please God to bless them and make them worthy of their father, they will doubtless feel how much honoured they are by their connection with so many virtuous persons."

In the next letter, the date of which is not given, she announces the welcome news of the engagement of her daughter Catherine to a wealthy nobleman, an old friend of her husband's : "I was very far from thinking of such a marriage in our poverty, or indeed of any marriage. The gentleman is the Marquis of Dorchester. He has been married before, but he has only two daughters. He is a Protestant, aged forty-four ; sensible, clever, accomplished, and rich, having fourteen thousand a year, his brothers and sisters provided for, and ready money in his purse. The best and highest alliances in England have been offered to him, and yet he has sought us out. I shall not be able to give her anything until my affairs are settled ; but this alliance will help us not a little. . . . I hope that God will provide as well for the others who are in my charge ; I know of nothing in them but what is good and agreeable. As for my eldest, I cannot say as much for him ; he is worse than the prodigal son ; and I often think of what that martyr, his father, said to me about him before he went to France, 'That he had no good opinion of him ; for,' said that sainted soul, 'he has no shame for his faults, and I never saw him blush for anything that he did.' Alas ! I deluded myself ; but his father knew him better than I did. There never was so malignant a nature as that woman's"—the de Rupa—"who has nothing good or pleasant about her."

The match made by the Lady Catherine did not, at first at least, turn out very well. Three months after her marriage, her mother writes : "I have not made her so happy as I expected ; I was led to hope for better things; but what consoles me is that she behaves with admirable wisdom and patience ; and, certes, she is gaining an unexampled reputation." It may as well be added here, that the Lady Henrietta Maria Stanley was married, in 1654, to the second Earl of Strafford ; a dull and worthy man, very unlike

his great father; and that in 1659, the Lady Amelia "was made," according to her own statement, "the happiest creature alive" by marrying John second Earl and first Marquis of Athole, a very loyal nobleman, ancestor of the Duke of Athole that now is. When, in 1736, James tenth Earl of Derby died without heirs of his body, the lordship of the Isle of Man went to James second Duke of Athole, as only surviving descendant of the seventh Earl, and was afterwards bought up and cancelled, as it were, by an Act of Parliament, on payment of a due consideration.

The poverty of the Stanleys did not prevent them, it has been seen, from forming good alliances, and of the consideration in which the family was held, there is an interesting proof in a letter from Lady Derby to her sister-in-law, written in the May of 1654, after she had despatched her second son to join his relatives in France. "I send you," she writes, "in this dear child, one of the best parts of myself: I pray that God will bless him and make him acceptable to you. He is very anxious to please you, and I have commanded him to obey, reverence, and love you as he does myself. He is gentle, and of a good disposition, brave but without pride, a very common vice of his nation. His *valet de chambre* is a gentleman whose father is so much attached to our poor family that he desires he should be with him, rather than in another position where he might have greater external advantages."

A year later, we find Lady Derby at Knowsley, driven thither from London by poverty, and a wish to "retrench." On the 1st of June 1655, she writes from Knowsley thus: "You may believe, dear sister, how changed I find everything in this place, never having been here since my troubles; and how cruelly it recalls to my mind my past happiness, and makes my present sorrow press more heavily than ever upon me. God, however, will not forsake me, but will

strengthen me of His goodness. . . . As for my affairs, they are in so bad a state—my debts being so great—that I am obliged to live here, and to reduce my expenses to suit my poor condition, in order to pay them if possible." A few months later she writes: "I know not if you have heard of the Protector's last proclamation, in which new taxes are imposed on all those whose estates have been in the hands of the parliament, and who have paid large sums to recover them. I had hoped that in the poor condition to which it has pleased God to reduce me, and by not interfering in anything whatever but what regards my own little property, I should not be reckoned in that number; but I am assured that I am one of them, and everything I have in the world is mortgaged to pay my debts. The sum now demanded is the tenth part of the value of the estates, and the fifteenth part of the personal property; but I hope I shall not have to pay for more than I possess, which is next to nothing. The good God will not forsake me, as He hath had compassion on me in all my trouble." This was the time of the major-generals, and the ten-per-cent. income-tax upon Royalists. In the following extract of a letter from Lady Derby, written in November 1655, we catch a glimpse of that Lancashire Worthy of a previous memoir, Major-General Worsley, dealing rather sternly with the Lady of Latham, and we hear of other and spiritual troubles: "I have been taxed on 8000 livres"—say £320—"more of rent than I receive. The major-general, the person who manages everything in the provinces where he is in command, would not listen to my agent, or to any one who like him had received the rents from the time that they were in the hands of the parliament. He asserted that I had great estates beyond the sea (as he expressed it), and many jewels and other imaginary things, and would hear nothing in my behalf, nor treat with any one who came from me. . . .

Everything, however, would be endurable if they had left us the free exercise of our religion; but that is most strictly forbidden. It is the same religion as that professed in the time of Henry VIII. and of his daughter Mary, who made all suffer martyrdom who adhered to it; and my mother believed it to be that of the primitive Church. She never failed to attend prayers, and had the English liturgy translated into French, and commanded me to conform to it, and to the administration of the sacraments; as I have done, and will continue to do, with God's blessing, to the end of my days. And it was one of the last wishes of my husband that his children should be brought up in this creed."

A few years more, and Lady Derby's troubles from Cromwell and his major-generals were over, but the Restoration did not prove the "Paradise Regained" which she had fancied that it would be. At first, however, and naturally, all was hope with her. On the 7th of May 1660, she writes thus to her sister-in-law, announcing the approaching return of Charles II.: "My son, Derby, has taken his place in the House of Peers, according to his rank. His younger brother has been elected to the other House, but with much opposition; however, by the grace of God, he was successful. My second son is with the King, his master, who, they tell me, does him the honour of liking him, and I have the hope of seeing him soon, if I can, please God, make preparation for going to London. I should be already there if I could have found the means of accomplishing it, but my poverty is very great; yet I must make an effort, for the good of my children depends on it. You may believe that the sight of the great world and the joy therein will call up many and opposite thoughts, and the contemplation of my own misfortunes in the midst of so much happiness will revive very bitter recollections." A few weeks more and the King had actually returned, and Lady Derby had seen him, but things

had not turned out quite so well as she expected. On the 16th of July she writes from London : " I have been here for six weeks, and the King has done me the honour to treat me with great kindness and sympathy in my heavy afflictions. Nothing, however, has yet been done for me. Such confusion prevails in the Court, and in public affairs, that it would require much more cleverness than I possess to see my way through all this disorder. The King is overwhelmed with business, and has promoted some who have not hitherto done him good service, and cannot, it seems to me, ever be of much use to him. I am sure it is against his own inclination, but his advisers think it is good policy to govern in this fashion. I hope that, after working so many miracles to bring his Majesty back to us, God will strengthen his throne, and give him great grace to re-establish His Church, and deliver it from schism, of which it is now so full. . . . I am engaged, dear sister, in pursuing the pretended judges of Monsieur, my late husband, and I hope to have justice on them, which I do not desire so much for my own satisfaction as to show God's blessing on the King and his people, by the punishment of those who spilt that dear and innocent blood with so much cruelty. I have already made some progress in the matter, and I hope tomorrow to have this issue as I desire it. I leave all to God, and I shall at least have the consolation of having done my duty. Many who have undergone similar losses have followed my example."

Court-gossip forms the staple of the elderly Countess's letters to her sister-in-law after the glorious Restoration. Here and there a passage may be picked out of them, possessing greater or smaller personal interest ; as when, for instance, she records the arrival of Charles's widow, Henrietta Maria, with whose fate her own had some similarity :—" I have to beg you a thousand pardons for not having told you before

of the arrival of the Queen, which took place last Friday, to everybody's delight, with the acclamations of the whole nation. I saw her on her arrival and kissed her hand. She met me with much emotion, and received me with tears and great kindness. You may imagine what I felt. Her Majesty charms all who see her, and her courtesy cannot be enough praised." Greater still than this event was a visit from the King, in person, recorded thus : "I told you about my illness ; I can tell you now that I am better, thank God ! But it is not so much for that I trouble you, as to tell you the surprise I had last night. I had only my daughter Strafford with me when suddenly they told me the King was on the stairs, attended only by the Marquis of Ormond. He did me the honour of assuring me that he wished to take charge of my children and me, and he told me that that little matter was done which I spoke to you about ; and that it was his own business which had prevented him from doing this honour before. It must be owned that he is the most charming prince in the world! I have not been to Court for a week or ten days, but I am going after dinner." In spite of this distinction, Lady Derby did not find her position much improved. Listen to her moralising on the wickedness of Cromwell and his associates, but forced to conclude with an avowal of her own unhappy plight. On the 31st of January 1661, she writes: "There was a fast yesterday in memory of the death of the late King, of glorious memory, which was observed throughout his Majesty's dominions. An Act of Parliament had been passed ordering that the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw should be disinterred the day before, dragged in a hurdle through the town, hanged on the common gibbet, and buried under it. Nothing makes me recognise so clearly the vanity of the world, and that we have no hope but in the fear of God. It will be said with reason, that it

would have been better for this man"—Cromwell—"if he had never been born. All this wickedness, these murders, this Macchiavellian policy, have marked him and his family with eternal infamy. The thought that it is better to be poor and at peace with one's conscience, makes me patiently bear my miserable condition, and that of my children, for though this pension"—some pittance flung to the heroine of Latham—"will help me a little to live, yet, having received nothing for them but that, I do not know what will become of us. A great deal is promised, but the fulfilment is long in coming."[1] But nothing could shake the good old lady's loyalty. Describing the coronation of his most gracious Majesty, Charles II.: "as a very grand and imposing sight," she adds: "It is the last thing of the kind I shall see, and I have greatly desired to witness it, having prayed with tears to be permitted to behold this crown on the head of his Majesty. May he and his posterity long wear it, and may God accord to him and to us the grace of never forgetting His miraculous blessings!"

In the course of a year or so, debt and difficulty drove poor Lady Derby once more from London to Knowsley. She had been promised the place of governess to the King's children, but as none arrived, she was fain to content herself with the good wishes of royalty. Speaking of her removal, she says, in one of her letters: "I was forced to it by absolute necessity, not having enough to support me, and being in continual misery about the payment of my debts. All sorts of people refused to supply me with the most necessary things." Before her death, which befell at Knowsley on the 31st of March, 1664, she had the small satisfaction of seeing one of her younger sons made a cornet

[1] Madame de Witt, p. 263. All the extracts in the text from Lady Derby's letters are furnished by Madame de Witt's volume. Of this one, however, there is also an English version in *Raines*, ii., cclxix.

in the Guards, and another "first and sole gentleman of the bed-chamber" to the Duke of York, afterwards James II. Her eldest son, Charles eighth Earl of Derby, behaved, according to her own account, very badly to her. Not long before she died, she wrote of him thus: "The Isle of Man was restored to my son Derby immediately after the arrival of the King. Monsieur, his late father, gave it to me for twenty-one years; and my son, without saying a word to me, after I had helped him in prison, and maintained him and all his family, has treated me in this manner. Our friends advise me strongly to come to some agreement by which I should have half the revenue. But I do not believe I shall get anything except by force. His wife"—that Delilah!—"is a person without a single good quality. What shocks me most of all in her is that she never speaks the truth, and that she makes her husband do things that are quite unworthy of him, which, however, I fear he is too much inclined to do; and I apprehend there will be complaints of him from the parliament, for not acting legally in his government of the province of Lancaster and Chester, having raised money and overtaxed the people; but I cannot help it, as I am quite a stranger to his proceedings. . . . As for that sword which has been restored to my son, I cannot tell what it means; for Monsieur his father never had any carried before him in the Isle of Man. It is a piece of his wife's vanity to have it put in the *Gazette.*" The Countess made her will in the May before her death, and, as has been already mentioned, she testified her sense of her eldest son's demerits by the one and the emphatic sentence devoted to him in it: "I give to my son, Charles Earl of Derby, five pounds." Sir Orlando Bridgman, it may be added, was one of her executors; the other was "John Rushworth, Esq.," the compiler of the Historical Collections.

"I had helped him in prison, and maintained him and all

his family," it will have been seen in the foregoing extract, Lady Derby says of her eldest son. The reference is to what happened in the May of 1659, when, after the resignation of Richard Cromwell, Sir George Booth made in the North an unsuccessful rising for the King, this time with the aid, or, at least, with the sympathies, of Puritan Lancashire generally. He was joined by Charles Earl of Derby, "the boisterous merriment and profanity of whose men" were, according to the historian of Lancashire Puritanism, a stumbling-block and an offence to more godly brethren with whom they found themselves allied. The rising was quelled by Lambert, and Lord Derby was taken prisoner "in the habit of a serving-man," and thus surely effaced any suspicion of disloyalty which may have previously attached to him. After the Restoration, he was appointed Lord-Lieutenant both of Lancashire and Cheshire, and seems, according to his mother's account, to have carried matters with rather a high hand. Probably, however, she did not disapprove of his severity—clearly illegal—towards the William Christian who was Receiver-General of the Isle of Man when she surrendered it to the Commonwealth, and who was confined in the office by Fairfax. While filling the office, Christian became a defaulter, fled to the mainland, and, after various vicissitudes, returned to the island in 1662, to take advantage, as he thought, of the general amnesty which followed the Restoration. Earl Charles, in his regal way, had Christian arrested, tried by a packed Court of Keys for having been at the head of an insurrection against the Countess of Derby in 1651, and shot to death he was in the January of 1663.[1] His son appealed

[1] William Christian has found a modern defender in the Rev. Mr Cumming, who is also a Stanley-worshipper.—(See *The Great Stanley* p. 255, &c., § "Illiam Dhone." There is an earlier and much ampler defence of him, with *pièces justificatives*, in the appendix to the Introduction to Sir Walter's *Peveril of the Peak*. In the Introduction itself,

to the Privy Council, which condemned the sentence and execution, and the King himself is said to have been displeased with Lord Derby for his share in the transaction, though probably the displeasure was less at the severity of the act than because it was committed in disregard of the royal prerogative.

Earl Charles seems to have been a great enemy of Popery and Quakerism, and wrote two pamphlets against them, both published anonymously. Some rather interesting anecdotes are told of him. When Bishop Wilkins (of lunar memory) preached at Knowsley one Sunday, sabbatically, on the observance of the Sabbath—after dinner, as if in practical refutation of the episcopal arguments, my lord "called for tables"—draughts—"to play with his guests." "It is due," says the historian of Lancashire Puritanism, "to the memory of Charles Earl of Derby, the son of James, who was beheaded at Bolton, to observe that instead of showing any disposition to avenge the death of his father upon the Nonconformists, he was rather disposed, as Lord-Lieutenant of Lancashire, to protect them, and to execute the severe laws of which he was the reluctant minister with as much leniency and forbearance as possible." In the "Diary" of Henry Newcome is found honourable mention of several instances of the Earl's kindness to the Nonconformists. On one occasion, when his neighbour, Sir Roger Bradshaigh, complained to him of the conventicles which were held as near his residence as St Helen's, the Earl replied that if he was compelled to enforce the laws against the Presbyterians, he must with equal severity enforce them against the Papists, whom Sir Roger protected. On another, when the rector of Walton requested him to suppress a conventicle which was held at Toxteth Park, the Earl

Sir Walter makes the *amende honorable* for having, in his pleasant novel, represented the Huguenot Countess of Derby as a Roman Catholic.

inquired what the people did at the conventicle. "Pray and preach," was the reply of the rector, who was not remarkable for his own attention to such duties. "Ah!" said the Earl, "you neither pray nor preach yourself: you might thank others who pray and preach for you." Earl Charles died in 1672, and his memory was regarded by Puritanism with feelings curiously mixed. Oliver Heywood says of him: "The Earl of Derby is dead, having endured a long, pining disease. His body was opened, and the physicians found not one drop of blood in it, except a drop or two at his heart. It calls to my mind his commanding Mr Christian to be shot to death in the Isle of Man, upon his mother's instigation, for delivering the castle to the parliament many years before. This was upon the King's coming in, for which his Majesty frowned upon him. Christian's blood shed left no blood in a noble's body." After which odd bit of superstitious gossip, the honest Puritan adds: "There is a loss of him in Lancashire, as being a great bulwark against Papists."[1] His wife—"that Delilah!"—died in 1703, in the odour of Protestant sanctity. The funeral sermon preached on her extols "her great care for the poor," and speaks of "the great number of families who subsisted only upon her charity." She not only clothed and fed the poor, it seems, but doctored them most successfully. "She restored great numbers to that health which they had in vain sought for elsewhere." Her own death is said to have been hastened by that of her lord.

All the estates of the Stanley family were formally confiscated by Act of Parliament before the execution of James the seventh Earl. Some of them, however—Knowsley and Lathom, for instance,—seem to have escaped actual sale; while certain of Lady Derby's rights, acquired by her marriage settlement, were nominally respected. After the

[1] Halley. ii. 237-8.

Restoration, therefore, a portion of the large domains of the family reverted to it, with the Isle of Man. An attempt was made by Earl Charles to recover the estates which had been sold under the Commonwealth by the agents of sequestration, without his consent. A bill to this effect passed the Lords under a protest from Clarendon (who never loved the Stanleys) and other peers, and, through his and their influence, it was dropped in the Commons.[1] Thus the loyalty of the seventh earl sadly diminished the hereditary estates of the Earls of Derby, which, says Seacome,[2] "so reduced the said Earl Charles that he had scarce sufficient left to support the honour and dignity of his character. Insomuch," he adds, "that his eldest son and successor, Earl William, whom I had the honour to serve several years as household-steward, hath often told me that he possessed no estate in Lancashire, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Yorkshire, Cheshire, Warwickshire, and Wales, but whenever he viewed any of them he could see another near, or adjoining to, that he was in possession of, equal, or greater of value, lost by his grandfather for his loyalty and service to the Crown and his country."

Among the estates purchased from the agents of sequestration, without the consent, expressed or implied, of Earl Charles, was one to which some little interest attaches in our own time. Hawarden, in Flintshire, an estate of the Stanleys, was bought, after the execution of Earl James, from

[1] Raines, cclxxiv. vi. Thus there was a certain want of accuracy in the indignant inscription at Knowsley, said to be still extant there, as a memorial of the indignation of—so it runs, or ran—"James Earl of Derby, Lord of Man and the Isles, grandson of James Earl of Derby, and of Charlotte, daughter of Claude, Duc de la Trémoille, whose husband James was beheaded at Bolton, 15th October, 1652, for strenuously adhering to Charles II., who refused a bill passed unanimously by both Houses of Parliament, for restoring to the family the estates lost by his loyalty to him."

[2] p. 208.

the agents of sequestration, by the notorious Serjeant Glyn (or Glynne), who served the Commonwealth with zeal[1] and with profit to himself. Trimmer of trimmers, rat of rats, after having been Lord Chief Justice during the Protectorate and one of Cromwell's peers, he managed matters so dexterously that he was taken into favour by Charles II., and died in 1666 Sir John Glyn, Knight, and his Majesty's Ancient Serjeant.[2] This was the Glyn who pressed the crown upon Oliver in an elaborate speech, which he actually republished after the Restoration, in proof of his royalism, with the title, "Monarchy asserted to be the Best, Most Ancient, and Legal Form of Government"! Hawarden belonged to a batch of domains expressly named in the bill of restitution, the fate of which has been already told.[3] In the hands of Glyn, however, it remained, and was inherited by his descendants, in the possession of one of whom, Sir Stephen Glynne, Bart., it now is. Hawarden Castle, Flintshire, is the country-residence of the Right Hon. William E. Gladstone, married to a sister of this Sir Stephen Glynne—a fact rather curious to consider when it is remembered what has been the part played by the late and by the present Earl of Derby on the political stage of England in relation to that Right Honourable gentleman.

[1] "Was not the King by proclamation,
Declared a rebel all o'er the nation?
Did not the learnèd Glyn and Maynard,
To make good subjects traitors strain hard?"—Butler's *Hudibras*.

[2] Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chief Justices* (London, 1849), i. 435-43.

[3] See Raines, ii. cclxxiii.-vi.

VIII.

*BOOTH THE PLAYER.**

PUSH your way through the shabby swing-door that admits into the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, and on the right hand the first monument that meets your eye is that of the Elizabethan Michael Drayton, with an epitaph by Ben Jonson. Next to Drayton, on the same side, is a medallion bust (with Roman toga flowing from the shoulders), showing in profile a handsome, spirited face. Overhead two cherubs suspend a laurel crown, and one of them unfolds a scroll, the inscription on which is mainly obliterated, though enough remains to tell that the monument was erected "in memory of Barton Booth, Esq." This famous actor sprang from the ancient and honourable family of the Booths of Barton (in the parish of Eccles), one closely allied to the old Earls of Warrington, and which, in the reign of Henry VI., gave two archbishops to the see of York, and in their persons two chancellors to England. He was the third and youngest son of "John Booth, Esq., of Barton," and was born in Lancashire, in 1681, the year before the amalgamation of the King's players under Killi-

* Chetwood's *General History of the Stage* (London, 1749), § "Barton Booth, Esq."; *The Life and Character of Barton Booth, Esq.*, by Victor (London, 1733); Theophilus Cibber's *Lives and Characters of the Most Eminent Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and Ireland* (London, 1753), part I., "The Life of Barton Booth, Esq."; *Biographia Britannica*, § Barton Booth; Colley Cibber's *Apology* (London, 1830); Lucy Aikin's *Life of Addison*; Johnson's *Lives of the English Poets*, &c., &c.

grew with the Duke's players under Davenant, and their earliest conjoint performance at Drury Lane Theatre, Dryden furnishing both prologue and epilogue on the great occasion. "Blood and culture" united to form the future friend of Bolingbroke, and first performer of the hero of Addison's "Cato." He was in his third year when his father, in embarrassed circumstances, removed to London to push the family fortunes, and in his ninth he was sent to Westminster School, then presided over by the terrible Dr Busby, a pedagogue, with all his severity, however, quick to discern any promise in a pupil. Barton's own phrase subsequently, when he had to mention the place of his education, was that he had been "under the correction" of Dr Busby, but he himself was a favourite pupil. He turned out a good scholar, showing for Horace a special relish, which he retained in after-life; and Chetwood, the prompter, records his habit in later years, of "taking a classic" from his shelves, and reading it off in the most "elegant English."

At school he betrayed the qualities which beckon their possessor to the stage. Knipe, Busby's successor in the head-mastership of Westminster, told the writer of the elaborate memoir with which Booth was honoured by the "Biographia Britannica" that in the routine of lesson-saying the little Lancashire boy "repeated passages from the classics with such action and feeling that he was taken notice of by the whole school," and among Booth's school-fellows was Nicholas Rowe, afterwards a famous dramatist and Shakespearian editor and biographer. Booth's doom was sealed when Busby praised and his fellow-pupils applauded his Pamphilus in the "Andria," at the annual performance of a Latin play, the fine old custom still kept up at Westminster. Soon after this approval Busby died, and Booth's father, angry at his son's inclination for the stage,

used to say that "the old man had poisoned him with his last breath."

Mr Booth of Barton intended his hopeful for the Church, and, at seventeen, the youth was told to be in readiness for "the university." According to one rather apocryphal-looking account of his early life, he really did go to Trinity College, Cambridge, but soon decamped from it with a company of strolling players, and only after a series of romantic adventures, including a reconciliation with his angry family, found himself on the Dublin boards. He certainly acted at Dublin in 1698, and he told Chetwood of a mishap which befell him on the night of his first appearance in the Irish metropolis. He was playing the hero in Southern's now all but forgotten "Oroonoko," a so-called tragedy, in which a stratum of rant is superimposed on a lower formation of the coarsest indecency. The night was hot; and, before going on the stage, Booth wiped his face, forgetting that it had been blacked to suit the part. When he came forward, he had, he said himself, "the appearance of a chimney-sweeper," and the laughter with which the audience greeted him was anything but appropriate to the effect which he wished to produce. It says something for his powers that, in spite of this *contretemps*, he was successful. His "Oroonoko" brought him five guineas at a time when, as he avowed in confidential moments, "his last shilling was reduced to brass." His career in Dublin was of a kind to bind him firmly to the stage, and, after two or three years, he returned to England with the reputation of an actor of the highest promise.

At this time he appears really to have effected a reconciliation with his family, fear of whose anger is said to have prevented Betterton, at a former period, from acceding to his request to be allowed to try his chance on the London boards. However this may have been, he secured friends

in higher spheres, and Betterton at once accepted his services on the introduction of Lord Fitzhardinge, a Lord of the Bed-chamber to Prince George of Denmark, the consort of Queen Anne. Booth's first appearance was in or about the opening year of that sovereign's reign. He played Maximus in Lord Rochester's "Valentinian," and soon afterwards, his old school-fellow Rowe producing the "Ambitious Stepmother," assigned to him the part of Artaban. Betterton was growing old, and it was not long before public opinion decided that his successor would be this handsome and stately young Lancashire gentleman, whose "style," from what we read of his great dignity of mien, seems to have prefigured John Kemble, and whose voice, says Victor, was "completely harmonious, from the softness of the flute to the extent of the trumpet." The veteran Betterton, who had been taught by Davenant how Hamlet was played in Shakespeare's own day, died in 1710, and Booth was proclaimed his successor. His only rival was Wilks, a more versatile actor than himself, and a better performer of such parts as Sir Harry Wildair, but indisputably his inferior in "pure" tragedy.

The year after Betterton's death, Wilks, Colley Cibber (of "Provoked Husband" and "Apology" celebrity), and Dogget, the comedian (whose coat and badge are still rowed for by the London watermen on every first of August), became patentees and managers of Drury Lane. Before long, Booth himself was playing at the theatre of which his chief histrionic competitor, Wilks, was one of the managers. To be a patentee like the others became, of course, his ambition, and it was one for the attainment of which he required not so much capital as the exertion of Court influence. The Drury Lane licence was granted by the Crown, and the Crown nominated the patentees. In his previous career, Booth

had not "pulled" well with Cibber, Dogget, and Wilks, and for merely business reasons, apart from personal feeling, though this also contributed to their resistance, they wished to keep Booth from participating in their profits. Thus began a contest between Booth on the one side, and the patentees on the other, some of the details of which form very curious reading in the present age. Booth, as then befitted a man of his family and county, was a Tory, and he was befriended by Lord Bolingbroke, who, in the year of Betterton's death, had been appointed Secretary of State, when the Whigs, in a body, were ejected from office. Booth had Bolingbroke and other friends at Court, which was then much at Windsor. It gives a strange and a vivid notion of the interweavings of theatrical with political life in those days, to read of the stratagem by which the patentees endeavoured to keep Booth away from Windsor. They did not dare to dismiss him; he was too great and popular an actor to quarrel with, and perhaps drive into managerial rivalry. Accordingly, they gave him part upon part, in order to retain him as much as possible in London. Booth "accepted the situation," which enabled him to gain a firmer hold on the admiration and affection of the play-going public, while, at the same time, he defeated the stratagem of his employers by another. Let us, however, give this odd episode of theatrical history in the words of Chetwood, the prompter, who had the story from Booth himself. "To prevent," quoth Chetwood, "his soliciting his patrons at Court, then at Windsor, they"—the patentees —"gave out plays every night, when Mr Booth had a principal part. Notwithstanding this step, he had a chariot and six of a nobleman's horses waiting for him at the end of a play, that whipt him the twenty miles in three hours, and brought him back to the business of the theatre the next night. He told me not one nobleman in the kingdom

had so many sets of horses at command as he had at that time, having no less than eight ; the first set carrying him to Hounslow from London, ten miles ; and the next set ready waiting with another chariot to carry him to Windsor." So great in those days was the influence of "blood and culture," even in the person of an actor, who happened, however, in Booth's case, to belong to the right side in politics, at least for the time being.

These were the relations between Booth, the patentees of Drury, the public, and the Court, when there befell a memorable dramatic and theatrical event, decidedly the greatest in his histrionic career. It came, too, at the very time to be of use of him. In the year 1712, the cautious, careful, and nervous Mr Addison determined to finish and to bring at last on the stage the tragedy of "Cato," some acts of which had lain by him for many years, having, in fact, been written during his Italian tour, and before he was properly known to fame. In 1712, the judicious as well as cautious Mr Addison thought that the time had arrived for the completion and production of his "Liberal" tragedy, and that, with himself and his friends flung out of office, it might be desirable, as Colley Cibber puts it, to "animate the public with the sentiments of Cato." Of course there was little difficulty about the acceptance of the great Mr Addison's play, and nothing marks more clearly the histrionic position which Booth had reached than that there was no hesitation in assigning to him the part of the hero. Many years before, when Steele read the first draught of the tragedy, he exclaimed, "Good God, what a part would Betterton make of Cato!" Betterton was gone, but here was Booth ; nor did Cibber and Wilks, though they had a grudge at him, and he was merely a servant of theirs, for a moment dream of giving the part to any one else. Cibber was to play Syphax, Wilks Juba, and the only question with

them was whether, being a young man, Booth might not object to representing so old a personage. He was waited on, accordingly, with a respectful request, approaching to a petition, that he would undertake Cato, and thus, as it were, "oblige the management." Booth saw what a grand opportunity was presented to him, and was overjoyed at the offer, but carefully dissembled his satisfaction, and pretended to be the obliger instead of the obliged. The rehearsals took place—Swift, in his "Journal to Stella," has chronicled in a characteristic jotting his presence at one of them[1]—and at last the eventful day arrived, on the morning of which the London *Daily Courant* contained the interesting announcement:—"Never Acted Before. By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians. At the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, this present Tuesday, being the 14th of April, will be represented a new Tragedy call'd Cato."

The "town" was in a state of the greatest excitement, and the chiefs and rank and file of both political parties had determined to muster in force, and show that each claimed the Roman patriot as its own. On the Friday week before, Good Friday as it chanced, Bolingbroke's younger brother, George, had arrived at Whitehall with a packet containing the Treaty of Utrecht, signed and sealed; and, as soon as the welcome document was received, another sweep was made of the few remaining members of the Opposition still in office. Never had the Whigs been so angry with the Tories, and the performance of "Cato" was looked forward to as

[1] "I was this morning at ten at the rehearsal of Mr Addison's play called 'Cato,' which is to be acted on Friday. There were not above a half a score of us to see it. We stood on the stage, and it was foolish enough to see the actors prompted every moment, and the poet directing them, and the drab that acts Cato's daughter out in the midst of a passionate part, and then calling out, 'What's next?'"—*Journal to Stella*, April 6, 1713. The "drab" was Mrs Oldfield, Pope's "poor Narcissa," and the generous benefactress of Richard Savage.

affording an opportunity for a demonstration against the Government. But there sate Bolingbroke, radiant, in the stage-box, and applauding Tories on one side of the house echoed the claps of Whigs on the other.[1] The victory was with Bolingbroke, who, by the neatest of turns, converted the triumph of the Whig dramatist into a Tory one. An attempt had been made by the Whigs, when in office, to nominate their military favourite, the Duke of Marlborough, Captain-General; and, after one of the acts, Bolingbroke, sending for Booth, presented him with fifty guineas, "for defending," as he expressed it, "the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual Dictator." Booth's acting on the occasion is represented as having been very fine, and the part remained one of the best in his repertory. But his triumph was partly due to extraneous circumstances, and

[1] "The numerous and violent claps of the Whig party on the one side of the theatre were echoed back by Tories on the other, while the author sweated behind the scenes with concern to find their applause proceeding more from the heart than the head. This was the case, too, of the prologue-writer"—Pope himself—"who was clapped into a staunch Whig at almost every two lines. I believe you have heard that after all the applause of the opposite factions, my Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth, who played Cato, into the box, between one of the acts, and presented him with fifty guineas, in acknowledgment (as he expressed it) for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual Dictator. The Whigs are unwilling to be distanced this way, and therefore design a present to the same Cato, very speedily: in the meantime they are getting ready as good a sentence as the former on their side; so betwixt them it is possible that Cato (as Dr Garth expressed it) may have something to live upon after he dies."—*Pope to Sir William Trumbull*, April 30, 1713.

There are several allusions to Booth in Pope's verse, the most noticeable of them being that in the well-known lines which preserve the costume in which he played Cato:—

> "Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
> 'But has he spoken?' Not a syllable.
> What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
> Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair."

to the adroitness of Bolingbroke. It gained him, however, the coveted position of patentee, and he shared, nearly to the end of his days, with Cibber and Wilks (Dogget retiring in disgust), the profits and perils of managerial proprietorship. Cato had a greater "run" than was known to have been enjoyed by any piece acted until then, and reverting to the time at which it was produced, Colley Cibber exclaims, with retrospective enthusiasm, "This, then, was that happy period when both actors and managers were in their highest enjoyment of general content and prosperity. Now it was that the politer world, too, by their decent attention, their sensible taste, and their generous encouragements to authors and actors, once more saw that the stage, under a due regulation, was capable of being what the wisest ages thought it *might* be—the most rational scheme that human wit could form to dissipate with innocence the cares of life, to allure even the turbulent or ill-disposed from worse meditations, and to give the leisure hours of business and virtue an instructive recreation."[1] Joys too bright to last!

The remainder of Booth's life was for the most part tranquil and prosperous, if clouded towards the close by ill health. He lived long enough to know himself ranked among the masters of his art, and few successes could have pleased him more than the tribute paid to his fame by the Westminster boys, proud of the great actor whom their cloisters had sent forth. A few years before his death he had the satisfaction of hearing himself complimented in an epilogue to the annual Westminster play, one line of which declared that

"Old Roscius to our Booth must bow,"

and with the mention of his name, the ancient dormitory, we may be sure, rang with applause.

[1] *Apology*, p. 256.

After the death of his first wife (the daughter of a Norfolk baronet), and the termination, under circumstances most honourable to him, of a subsequent *liaison*, Booth had married Hester Santlow (Gay's "Santlow famed for dance"), a beautiful *danseuse* who developed into an actress, and who, though she had been the mistress of the great Duke of Marlborough, made him a most excellent wife. He celebrated her charms and her merits in enthusiastic verse, some of it written, be it noted, years after marriage. She weaned him from his only vice, the bottle, and had to take care lest, as sometimes happens with modern votaries of so-called temperance, he did not rush from the extreme of drinking into the extreme of eating. "I have known Mrs Booth," says Chetwood, "out of extreme tenderness to him, order the table to be removed, for fear of overcharging his stomach." He died on the 10th of May 1733, a wealthy man, leaving much property in town and country, and was buried in the Church of Cowley, near Uxbridge, in Middlesex, where some of it lay. Nearly forty years afterwards, in 1772, his widow erected the monument in Poets' Corner. This is not the only memorial of him still surviving in the vicinity of the famous school where he first learned to be an actor. Behind Westminster Abbey lurk two quaint little streets, running at right angles with each other, and the appearance of which, unchanged after the lapse of a century and a half, or more, bespeaks them of the age of Queen Anne, or of the first of the Georges. They were built by Booth, who called them Barton Street and Cowley Street, names that explain themselves, and which they still retain.

We always think of Barton Booth as "a scholar and a gentleman." He was apt to act carelessly when the house was thin. On one such occasion, and having suddenly exchanged languor for fire and energy, he replied, when afterwards asked the reason, "I saw an Oxford man in the

pit for whose judgment I had more respect than for that of the rest of the audience"—an anecdote as characteristic as anything that has been recorded of him. "He was," we are told, "no great speaker in company, but when he did, it was in a grave, lofty way, not at all unlike his pronunciation on the stage." Theophilus Cibber (Colley's son) says, in his Memoir of Booth: "He had the deportment of a nobleman, and so well became a star and garter he seemed born to it." So long as histrionic success bestows celebrity, the name of Barton Booth will shine with a certain lustre of its own in the annals of the British stage. And, as Dean Stanley reminds us, "his surname has acquired a fatal celebrity from his descendant Wilks Booth, who followed in his ancestor's profession, and by the knowledge so gained, assassinated President Lincoln in Ford's Theatre at Washington, on Good Friday 1865."

IX.

*JOHN BYROM.**

IN the year 1725, "the town" rang one summer day with an epigram which had appeared in the papers of the morning, and which has since become classical. Few people remember the Treaty of Vienna, concluded in that year, or the rumours produced by it of a coming European conflict, in which the belligerents of the Spanish Succession war were to change partners, and Spain and Germany to be ranged against England and France. But thanks to this epigram everybody remembers the bloodless, though not inkless, war of 1725, between the English partisans of Handel the celebrated, and his Italian rival, Bononcini, the otherwise forgotten. An illustration, which no amount of use and familiarity seems to hackney, is still borrowed by speakers and writers from the well-known lines :—

> "Some say, compared to Bononcini,
> That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny,
> Others aver, that he to Handel
> Is scarcely fit to hold a candle :
> Strange all this difference should be
> 'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee ! "

The wits of London attributed the epigram to the great Dr Swift, at or about that time deep in the composition of

* *The Private Journal and Literary Remains of John Byrom ;* edited by Richard Parkinson, D.D. (Manchester, 1854-7.), being vols. xxxii., xxxiv., xl., and xliv. of the Chetham Society's publications. Byrom's *Miscellaneous Poems* (Leeds, 1814). *Biographia Britannica,* § John Byrom. Chalmers's *English Poets* (London, 1810). vol. xv. Monk's *Life of Bentley* (London, 1830.) Victor Schoelcher's *Life of Handel.* *The Spectator.* Gibbon's *Autobiography,* &c.

"Gulliver." It has often since been printed in Swift's works, and Handel's latest biographer reproaches Swift with its authorship. Speaking, not many years ago, of the feud between the Handelists and the Bononcinists, M. Victor Schoelcher refers to the famous lines, and says querulously: "Swift, who admired nothing, and who had no ear, wrote an epigram upon the subject"—and for his own part, M. Schoelcher considers "the angry injustice of the nobles" who caballed against Handel, "far preferable to the empty eclecticism of the Dean of St Patrick's." Handel's biographer might have saved himself the trouble of throwing this stone at "the Dean of St Patrick's." Though the epigram may be very much "in the manner of Dr Swift," yet in reality it is none of his. Its author was undoubtedly John Byrom, a Lancashire man, and one of the first natives of his county who gained a position in the literature of his country. Byrom's verse figured in the old-fashioned, many-volumed collections of the English poets; his life is in the "Biographia Britannica"; the system of short-hand which he invented makes him conspicuous in the annals of stenography. He was a man of mark in his day and generation; while of late years attention has been recalled to him, and new light been thrown on his character and career, through the discovery of his private journal, and its appearance among the publications of the Chetham Society. John Byrom merits a place in any Gallery of Lancashire Worthies, and the details which he has given of himself in his journal, lighten in some respects the task of the delineator.

The Byroms were what the biographers of last century called "a genteel family," belonging to the lesser squirearchy, and they contributed to the fashionable world of London, in the first half of the eighteenth century, a "Beau Byrom," who wasted his substance about town, and is still faintly remembered as a predecessor of the Nashes

and Brummells. The Byroms of Kersall, near Manchester, the branch which produced the poet and stenographer, had diverged into trade, by a process the reverse of that which takes place now, when successful commerce buys land and seeks a footing among the county families. Long before the inventions of Hargreaves, Arkwright, and Crompton, and the enormous impetus which they gave to the staple industry of Lancashire, Manchester and the cotton trade were growing at a rate considered rapid by our slower forefathers; and Dr Aikin notes that "in George the First's reign many country gentlemen began to send their sons apprentices to Manchester." John Byrom's father is styled "a linen draper," which meant a great deal more then than now. He seems to have been what we should call "a Manchester warehouseman," and had a place of business in London as well as in Manchester. John, his second son, was born in 1691, and being a clever boy, was destined for a professional, not a commercial career, while his elder brother was brought up in "the business." He was sent to school at Chester, and thence, probably with the aid of his father's city connections, he migrated to Merchant Taylors', still a famous London public school. There he studied with such distinction that, in 1709, he was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Cambridge, of which the great Bentley was master. While at college he was carefully watched in the distance by his father, some of whose letters to him have been preserved, and they are not without interest. "Dear son John"—it was thus a Manchester trader admonished his son at college in the reign of Queen Anne—"I wrote to you by Mr Brookes, and sent you a piece of gold for a token. . . . As for your wig, let us know whether you will have it a natural one, or wherein you would have it differ from such as Mr Banks wears, or Mr Edmondson, Mr Worsley's tutor. I took it as a piece of

extravagancy, the giving a guinea for altering the last in London, and no doubt but you were cheated, and worse hair for your own put in. So I say, write to us when you have noted those gentlemen's wigs, wherein you would have yours differ, and we will venture it, and so you may be sure of your sister's good hair and no cheat, as you will certainly be if made in London." Fancy a Manchester young lady now, in this age of chignons, sacrificing her locks to eke out the wig of her clever brother at Cambridge! Altogether the style of living in those days in Manchester is scarcely conceivable at present. In the early decade of the eighteenth century an "eminent manufacturer" in Manchester was at his warehouse at six in the morning. At seven, he and his children and apprentices took "a plain breakfast" together. In the centre of the group was "one large dish of water pottage, made of oatmeal, water, and a little salt, boiled thick and poured into a dish." At its side was "a pan or basin of milk," and each dipped his wooden spoon first into the one and then into the other, until Paterfamilias said, "Hold, enough."[1] The other refections of the day harmonised with this their homely prelude. The veracious Aikin records of "an evening club of the most opulent manufacturers" of the same period, that "the expenses of each person were fixed at fourpence halfpenny, fourpence for ale and a halfpenny for tobacco!"[2] No wonder that a guinea for merely "altering" a wig seemed an "extravagancy" to old Mr Byrom, who could procure the raw material at a much lower cost from his daughter's head.

Then the young gentleman had to be cautioned not only against profusion, but against heterodoxy, for Arianism, nay, materialism, was abroad. "I have not," proceeds the worthy Manchester trader, "Mr Locke's Book of Human

[1] Aikin's *Description of the Country round Manchester*, p. 183.
[2] P. 188.

Understanding: it is above my capacity, nor was I ever fond of that author, he being (though a very learned man) a Socinian or an Atheist, as to which controversy I desire you not to trouble yourself with it in your younger studies. I look upon it as a snare of the devil, thrown among sharp wits and ingenuous youths, to oppose their reason to revelation, and, because they cannot apprehend reason, to make them sceptics, and so entice them to read other books than the Bible and the comments upon it. . . . I had thought to have concluded here, but I am alone this evening, and shall observe to you two things I noted in the psalm and lessons for this morning's service," &c., &c. After some further references to Bible commentaries which he had been reading, the fond parent adds, almost pathetically: "If I have, by the few books I have, so much delightful reading, what pleasure may you have in the many works of so learned men your library and learning may peruse, if you apply to them; and the pleasures of the mind much excel those of sense." To conclude with a little domestic news: "Cousin Dicky and Betty have had the small-pox at Rochdale, and Cousin Anne at our house, and we are all well again; and yesterday your sister Phœbe began, and I hope she will do well also. If your mother does not write, it is because she is busy attending my dear Phœbe." Small-pox was then a frequent and terrible scourge in English households, for Lady Mary Wortley Montague had not yet brought inoculation from the East, nor was Jenner even born. And Socinianism and Atheism were rampant; worse pestilences than the small-pox. From such a father presiding over such a home, the young gentleman could learn nothing that was dangerous, unless it was Jacobitism, and the Byroms seem to have been Tories of the Tories. From an early age, piety and prudence were engrafted on his lively disposition, and they bore him good

fruit throughout life. In his Lancashire home, Byrom acquired a love of domesticity and a relish for homely pleasures which never forsook him. "Brother John is most at Kersall," writes his sister of him to a friend, during the long vacation of 1712, "he goes every night and morning down to the water-side, and bawls out one of Tully's orations in Latin, so loud they can hear him a mile off; so that all the neighbourhood think he is mad, and you would think so too, if you saw him. Sometimes he threshes corn with John Rigby's men, and helps them to get potatoes, and works as hard as any of them. He is very good company, and we shall miss him when he is gone, which will not be long to, now; Christmas is very near!"

This cheerful and genial young gentleman, ready for anything, from spouting Cicero by the side of the then clear-flowing Irwell to threshing corn with John Rigby's men, was just the youth to become popular; and his college friends were many, and helpful to him throughout life. Among them was a Mr Thorp, "son of Archbishop Thorp," in whose company he learned short-hand (so useful in note-taking to a diligent reader of books and hearer of lectures), and dissatisfied with the cumbrous systems of stenography then in use, Byrom began already to frame one of his own, and to practise it sedulously. The studies of the place he prosecuted successfully, though his turn seems to have been more for classics, philology, and general literature, than for mathematics. His classics he must have known well, otherwise no amount of geniality would have procured him the personal friendship of that grim Aristarch, the great Bentley, into whose family circle the young Lancashire scholar seems to have been admitted on familiar terms. With the Master of Trinity's nephew, "Tom," Byrom formed a firm intimacy; and there was a daughter, Joanna whom the great critic and her familiars called

"Jug." For her Byrom is said to have entertained a peculiarly tender regard, in which case the young lady must have been prematurely fascinating, since, when Byrom is said to have celebrated her charms in verse, she was only at the unripe age of eleven. According to grave Bishop Monk, indeed, she was "the object of universal admiration for her beauty, wit, and accomplishments, and she is said from her earliest youth to have captivated the hearts of the young collegians." It was "Jug" that read the daily *Spectator* to the grim Bentley, for so universal was the fascination exercised by Mr Addison's periodical that the slayer of Phalaris deigned to listen to it with pleasure, and is reported to have growled out an expression of regret when, lest Steele should spoil the character, Sir Roger de Coverley was hurried to the grave.

Even in Johnson's time, to have written a paper in the *Spectator* was something that made you be pointed at in society; and when that ingenious journal was in the full tide of popularity and success, the honour of contributing to it exceeded any that can be conceived in these days of universal scribbling and general printing. Byrom at Cambridge must have deemed it a day of days in his young existence when the *Spectator* for the 17th of August 1714, made its appearance at the university, and he recognised for its contents a paper which he himself had written and sent, and which Mr Addison prefaced in this complimentary fashion: "By the last post, I received the following letter, which is built upon a thought that is new and very well carried on; for which reasons I shall give it to the public without alteration, addition, or amendment." The lucky contribution, thus pleasantly welcomed by the great Mr Addison, was a mildly ethical disquisition on dreams and the re-appearance of waking thoughts in visions of the night, not at all of a

kind to produce a sensation now. "John Shadow," as its author signed himself, was soon known to be Byrom, and the fact stamped him as somebody. Perhaps he heard "Jug" pronounce something equivalent to the "how nice!" of our young-ladydom; perhaps the stern Bentley's brows relaxed when the little piece was read, and its authorship divulged. At any rate, according to general tradition, "Jug" was the heroine of the pastoral from Byrom's pen, which duly appeared in the columns of the same journal about a couple of months afterwards—on the 6th of October, to wit—Mr Spectator again introducing it in complimentary fashion, thus: "The following copy of verses comes from one of my correspondents, and has something in it so original that I do not much doubt but it will divert my readers." This "copy of verses" was the once famous "Colin and Phœbe;" "the first production," says Alexander Chalmers, in his memoir of Byrom, "which brought him into general notice, and which was, as it continues to be, universally admired." Chalmers wrote in the first decade of the present century, and if "Colin and Phœbe" has ceased to be "universally admired," a popularity of nearly a hundred years is something to boast of; while even Bentley's comparatively recent, and decidedly solemn biographer, Bishop Monk (Sydney Smith's Simon of Gloucester), pronounces it a piece "celebrated as one of the most exquisite specimens in existence" of playful poetry. Our Queen Anne was just dead, and Louis Quatorze was soon going to die, and Mr Alexander Pope had been a year or two at work upon his translation of the "Iliad," when Colin's lament for the absence of his Phœbe thrilled the hearts of the young ladies and young gentlemen of England:—

> "My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
> When Phœbe went with me wherever I went,

Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
But now she has gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the spring, but alas! it was she.

. . . .

"When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen,
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!
What a lively appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn-fields and hedges and everything made!
But now she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

"Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale, too;
Winds over us whispered, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody 's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave everything else its agreeable sound.

"Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they now smile?
Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you drest
And made yourselves fine for—a place in her breast:
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be plucked by her hand, on her bosom to die."

This is a sample of Byrom's pretty pastoral, and of the innocent erotics which pleased the girl of *that* period. If consolation was needed, Colin found it elsewhere, as will be seen anon. Some years afterwards, Phœbe made a match not unsuitable for the daughter of a Master of Trinity; she married a (future) bishop. The happy prelate (as he became) was Dr Cumberland, Bishop successively of Clonfert and Kilmore, and from his union with the fair Miss Joanna Bentley

sprang Richard Cumberland, the dramatist, whose Memoirs are still occasionally dipped into by the curious.

His college-degree taken, Byrom had to choose a profession. Either the Church or the Bar would have been a natural career for him, but it looks as if by this time he was rather deep in Jacobitism, and therefore, perhaps, it was that, for a season, he inclined to physic as the profession in which progress could be made with least dependence on the powers that were. At any rate, in 1717, he crossed the Channel (the peace and the Treaty of Utrecht having re-opened France to English visitors), and resided for a year or so at Montpelier, where he attended medical classes. The editor of his journal surmises that politics had something to do with his French visit, over which a certain mystery hangs. The rising of 1715 had been quelled, but there was a good deal of plotting in France, and elsewhere on the continent, to foment another Stuart insurrection in Britain, and Byrom, as a young and ardent Jacobite, may have been mixed up in it. In another year, however, he was back in London, without any definite prospects, and would have been glad to accept the librarianship of the Chetham Library, then vacant; not, however, for its emoluments alone, but from that love, which never forsook him, of his native town. "I should be very willing," he writes from London, in 1718, "to have the library. . . . It would be better worth while than staying for a doubtful fellowship, where profit will be slow a coming: besides, 'tis in Manchester, which place I love entirely." In Byrom's case, there was a person, as well as a place to love, for he had been smitten by a fair cousin, a daughter of his father's brother, who was also in the Manchester trade. The cruel uncle seems to have objected to the match, apparently because the wooer was without profession or prospects, and possibly, too, because he looked upon

him as eccentric and impracticable, since, during his residence in France, Byrom had engrafted mysticism of the Fénélon school on a Jacobitism which was in itself dangerous to his success in life. The young lady's papa at last gave his consent, though probably not his approval, and in 1721 the young couple were married.

There is a tradition that Byrom, at or about this time, practised medicine in Manchester, which would account for his customary designation of Dr Byrom. But if so, he made nothing of it, and in this emergency it doubtless was that he bethought him of the new system of short-hand which he had elaborated, and of earning a livelihood by teaching it. To those who think of short-hand only as it is chiefly practised now, by parliamentary, legal, and general reporters for the press, the project may appear to have been unpromising. The newspapers of those days were not allowed to publish the proceedings of parliament; and their reports of any kind were of the meagrest description, little needing or rewarding the industry of the stenographer. But, it must be remembered, short-hand was then, much more than now, practised by the higher and the educated classes. In a time of disputed succession, vigilant governmental supervision of the individual, and frequent domiciliary seizures of papers by the authorities, short-hand seems to have served as a sort of private cypher. With books, too, both dear and voluminous, and with the prevalent diligence of students and inquirers in heaping up manuscript collections *de omni scibili*, short-hand facilitated and abbreviated the labour of perpetual transcription. Last, not least, to keep a diary was a general practice, and the use of short-hand for that purpose baffled of course the impertinent curiosity of any stranger into whose hands one's daily jottings of sayings and doings, thoughts and feelings, might happen to fall. In the preceding generation, Mr Pepys had written

in short-hand his famous diary, which lay in the library of Magdalen, undeciphered, almost to our own day. At present, if a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, were to begin life as a teacher of short-hand, his pupils would be chiefly among "gentlemen of the press:" it was to the upper and cultivated classes, on the contrary, that Byrom looked for his pupils, and there he found them. His system, though now exploded, or superseded, is said to be the parent of all now in vogue. It certainly was phonetic, and the principles on which it was based almost claimed for it the dignity of a science. In this way, it procured Byrom the honour of admission into the Royal Society, and enabled him to rank among his pupils Lord Chesterfield, the Duke of Devonshire, Horace Walpole, Bishop Hoadley, Hartley the metaphysician, Lord Camden, and others, a list of whose names would excite the wondering envy of living professors of stenography.

It was in London, of course, that Byrom mainly sought a market for lessons in an art and mystery for which there could have been little demand in the Manchester of his time. His home and his heart, however, were in his native town, where his wife and children remained, while he was doing business (in combination with harmless pleasure) in London, some months of every year, during a considerable portion of his life. It is of almost daily records of these visits to London (with occasional trips to Cambridge and his *alma mater*) that the most interesting sections of his journal consists; the jottings of his home life in Manchester being very meagre and inconsiderable. He takes horse from Manchester, say at noon on the Monday, "lies" at Lichfield on the Tuesday, and, jogging on by Oswestry, Daventry, Towcester, Stony Stratford, Barnet, and Highgate, does not hear the hum and see the lights of what was, even then, the great city, until the night of Friday, con-

suming nearly as many days in the journey as hours are now required to perform it by rail, express. Arrived in London, he seeks out old friends, collegiate, Lancashire and Cheshire, clerical and legal. He gives lessons to old pupils, and beats up for new. Much of the day and evening is spent in coffee-houses, each with its type of visitors almost as strongly marked as that of the members of a London club of to-day. Here, chosen at random, is his photograph of a single day in London, done soon after his arrival on one of his periodical visits. The date is "April 22, 1725." "Rose at seven; called up Clowes; went to George's coffee-house; Harry Hatsel coming by in a coach, I went with him as far as the Horse Guards, when I went to Walker's with him till near ten: he showed me Burnet's book in Latin, that was printed, but not dispersed"—Dr Thomas Burnet's very curious book "De Statu Mortuorum," of the first edition of which a few copies only were printed "for private circulation"—"thence I went to Whitworth's; he said his brother Frank had a mind to learn if he could"—Byrom's short-hand, of course—"and promised to send me word to Richard's when I should go to him"—to give the first lesson—"that the Duchess of Grafton had my Tunbridge verses and my psalm"—poetry of Byrom's, grave and gay, shown about in manuscript—"and likes them very well; that"—greater honour still—"Mr Pope was a subscriber to me,"—a treatise on short-hand, by Byrom, always on the stocks. "Thence came to Richard's; thence with Jemmy Ord, Holmes, Leycester, Cooper, to the Mitre,"—not yet Johnson's and Bozzy's—"where I supped heartily. I went this afternoon"—bent on "practice"—"to St Dunstan's Church, and took down as much of Dr Lupton's sermon as I could in short-hand. Thence to the Royal Society; Sir Isaac there"—the great Newton, a white-headed old gentle-

man of eighty-three. "Dr Jurin read several things of Cotton Mather's. Dr Stukeley," the Stonehenge antiquary, "spoke to me to print my book; said that my Lord Harcourt and everybody would buy it. Dr Pierce at the" Royal "Society, and afterwards at Richard's, where I spoke to him and had some talk about short-hand, and he asked me to come and see him; we were exceeding merry at the Mitre, and I was myself in very good humour." A day well spent, like hundreds of others recorded in the Journal, and many of which testify still more distinctly to Byrom's possession of the true Lancashire energy and push. Occasional verses on any conceivable subject Byrom threw off with the greatest ease, and the friends they procured him in high and cultivated society of course helped him to short-hand pupils. A few months before the entry just quoted occurs the following, which would settle the controversy, if there still were one, as to the authorship of the famous lines attributed to Swift: "June 25, 1725. My epigram upon Handel and Bononcini in the papers."

With his powers, accomplishments, connections, and sociality, Byrom may have been much tempted to take up his residence in London, but if he felt the temptation, he resisted it successfully, and always returned to "Mrs Byrom, near the Old Church, Manchester." She seems to have preferred her native town to London, and where she was, Byrom's heart was. Wherever he goes, he never forgets her, or to write to her; and if he has not celebrated this Phœbe in verse, his prose letters overflow with genuine tenderness for her:—"And this, you see, is how I go on," he writes, after one of his circumstantial descriptions of his busy and occupied life in London; "dull enough for me to be obliged to such an absence, but so it must be. I would give twopence halfpenny for a moment's talk with thee and my little wench. I am pretty well tired with walking up

and down these long streets. Prithee, good girl, write to me as often as thou canst afford; I have stepped into Richard's coffee-house to write this. . . . My dear, it is near ten, and I must get a mouthful of supper, would it were with thee; farewell, my dear. . . . Farewell, sweetheart. Your constant admirer and lover, J. B." Again, when perhaps some friends had been urging him to settle in London and teach short-hand all the year round instead of by fits and starts, the good husband writes to his spouse: "I should have many scholars if I were to open shop, but my heart is at Manchester while thou and thine are there;" and to Mrs B., presumably, Manchester was all the world.

Thus, for years and years, between Manchester, London, and Cambridge, Byrom's life flowed on; his greatest adventure an attack on the road to Cambridge, near Epping, by a highwayman, "in a red rug upon a high horse, who came out of the bushes, and, presenting a pistol first at the coachman, and then at the corporation within, with a volley of oaths demanded our money," and got it—an incident which Byrom has pleasantly versified in a poetical epistle to Martin Foulkes. Now and then, there is a little political excitement, as when Byrom has his usual business in London complicated by a commission to oppose in Parliament the progress of such a measure as the Manchester Workhouse Bill, one which, with all respect for the worthy man, seems to have been really a good measure, and to have been opposed tooth and nail by his friends and himself, simply because its success would have thrown power into the hands of the Whigs. In the course of the proceedings of a select committee on this Bill, Byrom tried to take notes, in his beloved short-hand, of what was going on, but was called to order, as thus narrated by himself:—"Before I go to Bedfordshire, I must tell you to get another petition ready to offer to the House, that a body may write

short-hand in the cause of one's country. I have ventured to stand the threats of a complaint and the danger of a committee, in defence of the natural right of exercising the noble art which I have acquired. At the last committee but one I was threatened by a Scotch knight, whom I provoked to execution of his said threatening yesterday, for, in the midst of Serjeant Darrell's reply, out he comes at the instigation of one Brereton, and suddenly and loud, he pronouncing these terrible words: 'To oadar, I speak to oadar, I desair to knaw if any man shil wrait here that is not a clairk or solicitour.' . . . If these attacks," quoth Byrom, "upon the liberty of short-hand men go on, I have a petition from all countries where our disciples dwell, and Manchester must lead 'em on." Again, some years afterwards, he jots: "To the Parliament-house, where I should have taken notes in an election, but an order was made yesterday to admit no strangers, the House being scarce able to hold its own members." Fearing an "unauthorised report," Orator Henley, too, the fashionable preaching-quack of the time, still remembered by Pope's mention of him and his "gilt tub," tried to check Byrom's reporting zeal after a fashion thus described by himself: "As to Henley's turning me out, I went there one Wednesday night with Mr Dasy, senior, and took out my pen and wrote. His manager came to me and told me the Rector, as he called him, did not allow of writing. We had a long squabble; sometimes I wrote, sometimes I gave over, for Mr Orator went on so much faster than usual that he took the only way to stop me. The man at last brought me my shilling, and desired me to walk off. I told him I should go when I thought fit. I was here to write, and I shall as long as the Doctor preaches. 'Sir, he may have his discourse printed upon him.' 'Not by me, sir, I give you my word.'" Here is a

curious jotting on another Manchester Bill, by which the Legislature kindly allowed, on certain conditions, the sale of home-made and home-printed calicoes. On the 23rd of March 1736, Byrom writes to his wife: "Well, your Manchester Cotton Bill is past the Lords. I am glad on't heartily, not only upon my countrymen's account, but for the respect which I bear to the vegetable nation" —Byrom, for his stomach's sake, indulged in occasional fits of vegetarianism. "Is there not some men's ware of it proper for me, for I have bought none yet?"— so little did this Manchester man know of the manufacture and use of printed calicoes. By way of variation let there be given something of one conversation with Bentley, who was always friendly to Byrom. The date is "14th June 1735," when Bentley was seventy-three, and his quarrel with his college, or its visitor, had reached its acme. Byrom visiting him at Trinity Lodge, Bentley told him of his discovery of the digamma, called Epiphanius "an old rascal," &c. &c. "When Dr Walker went out for something," Byrom proceeds, "he asked me how many children I had, and talked about the world,"—in a rather rambling as well as melancholy strain,—"that the great men he had known had come to nothing, and the Duke of Marlborough whose family came to nothing and himself an idiot; and said if the life of a man was two hundred it would be something, that he might have three hundred of his posterity; that boys and girls would take their own ways; told how he had but £8000 in the world, and had lost £4000 in the South Sea; that his family must lose it; that he had enough for himself; that he ate not much nor drank much; that the newspapers were full of nothing but murders and robberies; that we had a revolution for the sake of religion, and had less religion than ever we had"—not very cheerful talk.

But the great episodes in Byrom's uneventful life—greater,

even, than his meetings and conversations with Bentley, Warburton, and Bishop Butler—were his occasional interviews with the master-mystic of the England of his time—William Law. Law, whose "Serious Call" first stirred with religious emotions the careless mind of young Samuel Johnson, was tutor to the father of Gibbon, the historian, who has given of him (in the autobiography) one of those stately characters which made Thackeray say that to be thus mentioned by Gibbon was like having your name inscribed on the dome of St Peter's. There are various interesting little notices of communings with Law in the green fields at Putney, and in the house of the Gibbons. It is curious indeed to note in Byrom's Journal the frequency of discussions on religion, in the miscellaneous society which he moved in. Entries like the following are common in his diary :—"We had a supper of turbot, turkey, sweetbread, rabbit, and dessert of cherries, strawberries, raspberries, a great custard—a mighty fine supper, in short ; and then up-stairs again to wine, and took punch in bottles. We stayed till past twelve, and then came away. We talked about persecution and prosecution, believing Christianity, original sin ; *and they all sung a song;* but I did not, because I could not." And again, "We drank a bottle of French wine, and ate bread and cheese and butter, and took snuff, and he"—his entertainer—"was pleased to converse upon religious subjects." Byrom's religion, however mystical, was always cheerful, and for Calvinism he had a profound distaste. His many controversial poems are always light and kindly. Men of worth with whom he differed he could respect, and he gave them the go-by, when it was necessary, with an amiable ingenuity. "Mr Wesley,"—the Rev. John,—he records once in his diary, "preaches at Moorfields and Kennington on Sunday morning and night ; he asked me if he should invite me to come and hear him ; 'Shall I invite you to stay at home?' said I. 'No,' said he. 'Then,'

says I, 'don't invite me to come'"—an anecdote characteristic of the man.

Whether Byrom made what is vulgarly called a good thing of his short-hand, and his journeys to London to teach it, is not recorded, nor do his biographers give the precise date of the death of his elder brother, Edward Byrom, "without issue," by which event he became "owner of the family estates at Kersall," and was enabled to pass the rest of his days in ease and quietness. To judge from various indications in his "Remains," he seems to have been enjoying his *otium cum dig.* at the time of the rebellion of 1745, when, on the successful march as far as Derby, Manchester is said to have been taken for Prince Charles Edward by "a sergeant, a drum, and a woman." Byrom's Jacobite zeal was still strong, but age had tempered it with discretion, a fact to which we have significant testimony in the diary of his daughter during the occupation of Manchester by the Jacobite forces. On the night of the arrival of the rebels in Manchester, the young lady (*ætat* 23), who does not conceal her exultation, jots (28th November 1745): "My papa took care of me to the Cross, where I saw them all: it is a very fine moonlight night." Other entries are conclusive as to Byrom's cautious behaviour at this crisis. For instance: "My papa and my uncle are gone to consult with Mr Croxton, Mr Fielden, and others, how to keep themselves out of any scrape and yet behave civilly," which bespeaks more prudence than ardour. Still more significant is the fair and enthusiastic young Jacobite's account of the very peculiar way in which Byrom paid his homage to the young Pretender. On Saturday the 30th November 1745, Byrom's daughter thus jots again: "St Andrew's Day; more crosses making till twelve o'clock. Then I dressed me up in my white gown and went up to my Aunt Brearcliffe's, and an officer called on us to go see

the Prince"—Charles Edward, then in full occupation of Manchester. "We went to Mr Fletcher's and saw him get a-horseback, and a noble sight it is. I would not have missed it for a great deal of money. His horse had stood an hour in the court without stirring, and as soon as he got on, he"—the horse, that is—"began a-dancing and capering as if he was proud of the burden, and when he rid out of the court, he was received with as much joy and shouting almost as if he had been king without any dispute; indeed I think scarce anybody that saw him could dispute it. As soon as he was gone, the officers and *us*"—such was the grammar of a Manchester young lady in the year 1745—"went to prayers at the old church at two o'clock, by their orders, or else there has been none since they came. Mr Shrigley read prayers. He prayed for the King and the Prince of Wales, and named no names"—like a prudent man and clergyman. "Then we all called at our house and eat a queen-cake and" drank "a glass of wine, for we got no dinner. Then the officers went with us all to the Camp Field to see the artillery. Called at my uncle's, and then went up to Mr Fletcher. Stayed there till the Prince was at supper. Then the officer introduced us all into the room, stayed awhile and then went into the great parlour where the officers were dining. Sat by Mr Stark[ey]. They were all exceedingly civil and almost made us fuddled with drinking the P[rince]'s health, for we had had no dinner. We sat there till Secretary Murray came to let us know that the P[rince] was at leisure and had done supper. So we were all introduced, and had the honour to kiss his hand. *My papa was fetched prisoner to do the same,* as was Dr Deacon. Mr Cattell and Mrs Clayton"—the young lady adds significantly—"did it without. The latter said grace for him"—the Prince. "Then we went out and drank his health"—again!—"and so to Mr Fletcher, where my

mamma waited for us. My uncle had gone to pay his land tax"—to King George—"and then went home. When all was over, and Whig and Jacobite were reduced to a mere war of words, Byrom's pen was so active with squib and pasquinade, that he was dubbed the Poet Laureate of the Jacobites. To this period belong his lines—almost as well-known as the epigram on Handel and Bononcini:—

> "God bless the King! I mean our Faith's defender,
> God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender!
> But who Pretender is, or who is King,
> God bless us all, that's quite another thing!"

The Pretender's cause was soon a lost one, and during most of the remainder of his existence, Byrom led a quiet life, poetising and studying his favourite theology, his angriest controversy arising out of some light metrical banter which he discharged at Warburton. The irascible Warburton, while angry with even so playful an antagonist as Byrom, spoke of him as certainly "a man of genius," and declared that his "poetical epistles, were it not for some unaccountable negligences in his verse and language, would show us that he has hit upon the right style for familiar didactic epistles in verse." Byrom indeed seems to have been incapable of harbouring even the *odium theologicum.* His religious feeling, though sincere and fervid, was not very profound, and an inquisitor or a fanatic could never have been made out of the man who often handles, though with perfect reverence, the most sacred themes in the lightest and gayest of jingles. Some of his poems of this later period were written to be spoken at the annual breaking up of the Free Grammar School of Manchester, and include his version of the "Three Black Crows," and other pieces still, or till very lately, popular in Lancashire. Byrom, too, may be regarded as one of the creators of the vernacular literature of his native county—his "Lancashire Dialogue,

occasioned by a clergyman preaching without notes," and two others, being among the earliest pieces of any significance composed in the Lancashire dialect. They are printed in the collective edition of his works, with an English translation at the foot of each page, but Chalmers omits them in his edition of the English poets, "as unintelligible to readers in general!"

Byrom died, in ripe old age, on the 26th of September 1763, and was buried in what is now the Byrom Chapel of the Cathedral Church of Manchester. Many little touches in his Journal, and some even in this slight sketch of him, mark the mighty difference between the Lancashire of his age and of ours. Yet perhaps nothing is more indicative of the gulf between then and now, than a legal document which appeared only after his career was closed. It is a direction "to the Constables of the Township of Manchester," from "John Gee Booth, Esq., one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace," "to levy the sum of five pounds by distress and sale of the goods and chattels" which "John Byrom had at the time of his death," one moiety to go to the poor of the township, the other to the informer. Those who cared for the poet in his last moments had committed the offence, punishable thus, of burying him "in a shirt, shift, sheet, or shroud, not made of sheep's wool," contrary to the statute made when the woollen was the staple manufacture of England, and directed against the linen and the silk manufactures, for the subsequent rise of King Cotton was unforeseen and unsuspected.

> "'Odious! in woollen, 'twould a saint provoke,'
> Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke."

Had "poor Narcissa" consulted her lawyer, and cared to risk a posthumous penalty of five pounds, she might have been buried in what material she pleased.

X.

JOHN COLLIER. (" *TIM BOBBIN.*")*

JOHN COLLIER, much better known by his pseudonym of Tim Bobbin, shares with his contemporary John Byrom whatever honours were gained by the contributions of Lancashire to the English literature of the eighteenth century. When worthy Dr Aikin published, some five-and-seventy years ago, his " Description of the Country round Manchester," the literary biography of the region was represented by memoirs of Byrom and Collier exclusively, nor does he seem to have been guilty of any glaring oversight. Both were humorists—Collier, however, more distinctly than Byrom ; both wrote prose as well as verse ; and they were about the first authors of any note—Byrom slightly, Collier conspicuously—to employ the broad, racy, and expressive Lancashire dialect as a literary vehicle. In the eyes of their contemporaries, Byrom was far the more celebrated of the two. The friend of Bentley, the expositor of Jacob Boehmen, in later years the wealthy owner of Kersal, would have probably been indignant at a comparison of himself with the humble schoolmaster of Milnrow. For a long time, however,

* *The South Lancashire Dialect*, by Thomas Heywood, Esq. (part ii. "Of Tim Bobbin and its Author"), in *Chetham Miscellanies*, vol. iii. (Manchester, 1862), being vol. lvii. of the Chetham Society's publications ; *The Works of Tim Bobbin, Esq.*, with a memoir of the author by John Corry (Manchester, 1862) ; Edwin Waugh's *Lancashire Sketches*, third edition (Manchester, 1869) ; *The Dialect of South Lancashire, or Tim Bobbin's Tummus and Meary*, &c., by Samuel Bamford, second edition (London, 1854) ; Aikin's *Description of the Country round Manchester*, § " Life of John Collier, by Richard Townley, Esq.," &c., &c.

Tim Bobbin's name has been very much more familiar to the people of his native county than Byrom's. This is due partly to the fact that his most successful work was composed in the Lancashire dialect. When Byrom's verse was first admitted into a collection of the British poets, the editor peremptorily excluded his pieces in the Lancashire dialect, as has been noted in the sketch of that stenographic worthy. "The whirligig of time brings his revenges." For one reader of Byrom's metrical theosophy, there have been, and there are, thousands of Tim Bobbin's "Tummus and Meary."

At the beginning of 1710, or the close of 1709—the latter the year in which John Byrom proceeded with distinction from Merchant Taylors' to Trinity College, Cambridge—the poor village schoolmaster of Urmston, in the parish of Flixton, had a third son born to him, the John Collier afterwards famous as Tim Bobbin. The parish register of Flixton was examined of late years by Edwin Waugh—who has written from personal exploration two pleasant and picturesque papers on Tim Bobbin's birthplace and cottage respectively—and Mr Waugh has made it clear that John Collier was baptized in the parish church of Flixton on the 6th January 1710, not 1709, the year given in Baines's "History of Lancashire." [1] In Baines's time, there was still

[1] "The origin of that mistake," says Mr Waugh (p. 96), "was evident to me with the register before my eyes. The book seems to have been very irregularly kept in those days; and the baptisms in the year 1709 are entered under a head-line, 'Baptisms in the year 1709;' but at the end of the baptisms of that year the list runs on into those of the following year, 1710, without any such head-line to divide them; and this entry of Tim's baptism being one of the first, might easily be transcribed by a hasty observer as belonging to the previous year." So far as this goes, the irregularity is more seeming than real, since, in those days, the civil and legal year did not begin until the 25th of March, and a baptism of January 1710 would fall to be registered as belonging to 1709. Mr Heywood, in his careful sketch of Collier's biography, persists throughout in representing 1708 as the year of the birth

extant the "small house," known as "Richard o' Jones's," in which Tim Bobbin was born. It modestly fronted Urmston Hall, a quaint, gabled, wood and plaster Elizabethan mansion, which has long been a farm-house, and which still looks away over the Mersey on a wide expanse of Cheshire meadow-ground. Tim Bobbin's birth-place has disappeared; its site is occupied by one of the "four or five raw-looking, new brick cottages," tenanted by hand-loom weavers, which disappointed Mr Waugh's inquiring gaze. In spite of the hand-loom weavers and its vicinity to Manchester, the parish of Flixton is, and always has been, mainly agricultural, presenting the characteristics of a Cheshire rather than of a Lancashire district. Mr Waugh's literary pilgrimage was rewarded by few or no traditions of the Colliers. The only other distinct vestige of the residence of the Collier family in Flixton is the baptismal register of a brother of Tim Bobbin's, Nathan Collier, born in 1706.

The schoolmaster of Flixton, John Collier, Tim Bobbin's father, born in 1682, descended from a family of small landholders settled at Newton in Mottram, Cheshire. He was "Minister of Stretford" in 1706. In 1709 he is styled "Curate of Eccles." In 1716 he was "admitted to perform or discharge the office of deacon at Hollinfare (Hollin's Green)." He supported his family decently, gave them a tincture of education, and had even some thoughts of bringing up his clever young Jack for the Church, but at the age of 40 his hopes were disappointed and his efforts marred by the partial loss of his sight. There is a portrait of him, taken when he was about 50, "in a blue coat and scratch wig, sitting in a

of the author of *Tummus and Meary*, apparently because that is the year given for the event in the handwriting of Collier himself on the fly-leaf of an old Bible. The authority, however, of the baptismal register cannot be impeached, and this is another proof how untrustworthy are the manuscript-contributions to family history found on the fly-leaves of old Bibles.

large chair and reading a book, which he holds at a distance with both hands." The expression of the face in this portrait is said to be "acute." He died in 1739 at Newton in Mottram. Of the elder John Collier nothing more than this is known, except what Tim Bobbin, summing up his own early biography, has recorded of him in these few characteristic sentences. "In the reign of Queen Anne," quoth Tim, telling his own story in the third person, "he was a boy, and one of the nine children of a poor curate in Lancashire, whose stipend never amounted to thirty pounds a year, and consequently the family must feel the iron teeth of penury with a witness. These, indeed, were sometimes blunted by the charitable disposition of the good rector (the Rev. Mr Haddon of Wigton)"—a poet, by the way, and a friend of Byrom's. "So this T. B. lived as some other boys did, content with water-pottage, buttermilk, and jannock, till he was between 13 and 14 years of age, when Providence began to smile on him in his advancement to a pair of Dutch looms,[1] when he met with treacle to his pottage, and sometimes a little in his buttermilk, or spread on his jannock. However, the reflection of his father's circumstances (which now and then start up and still edge his teeth) make him believe that Pluralists are no good Christians." The remembrance of his poor father, blind and half-starved, with nine children to bring up, and only thirty pounds a year to do it on, often recurred to Tim Bobbin when he saw reverend gentlemen around him growing obese and apoplectic on their pluralities

[1] "The Dutch loom was brought to England by some Flemish artizans, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and their principal settlement was at Bolton-le-Moors. Those who adopted them had an advantage over the old English looms. The shuttle was thrown and caught by the hands of the weaver, and the Dutch looms continued to be popular until the invention of Kay's fly-shuttle, for which there was a patent in 1733."—*Note* by Canon Raines in Mr Heywood's Sketch, p. 43.

or otherwise, and many a gibe he shot at them with his satirical tongue and pen in after-life, as they passed him on the road. It was not only in Lancashire, or to the eyes of one who had been born and bred a poor curate's son, that these contrasts were visible and offensive in the England of the first half of the eighteenth century. Tim Bobbin had scarcely begun to make himself known as a satirist, when (in 1742) Henry Fielding produced his first novel, *Joseph Andrews*, with its portraits of Parson Trulliber and Parson Adams.

"Went 'prentice in May, 1722," is Tim's further account of himself, "to one Johnson, a Dutch-loom weaver, at Newton Moor, in the parish of Mottram, but, hating slavery in all shapes, I, by Divine Providence, vailing my skull-cap to the mitres, in November 1727 commenced schoolmaster at Milnrow." It seems probable that, half-way or so in his apprenticeship, he persuaded his master to cancel his indentures, and exchanged the sedentary life of a weaver for pretty constant movement as an itinerating schoolmaster. No doubt he had picked up from his father some of the elements of the pedagogic art, and had been a quick learner of what the poor schoolmaster of Flixton could teach him. No doubt, too, he had read his book more or less diligently in the intervals of business at the loom. Whether, with his then stock of knowledge, he would have been a "certificated teacher" in these days is uncertain, but in those there were no National schools, the Trullibers not having been superseded by a better and more useful clerical race; and Tim, flinging himself on the world as a travelling schoolmaster, found a tolerable welcome in the district which he selected for his perambulations. Bury, Middleton, Oldham, Rochdale, and the neighbouring villages, are said to have formed the sphere of his pedagogic operations, and at his head-quarters, wherever they may have been, he kept a night as well as a

day school. The "factory system" was yet a long way off, and the woollen, the chief manufacture of the time and district, was carried on at home, family-fashion, in combination with small farming, after the primitive and wholesome style of which there will hereafter fall something to be said. A thorough knowledge of the Lancashire dialect, nowhere so pure as in that district, Tim could not fail to acquire as he shifted his tent from village to village, and he began early to note down what was quaintest and raciest in its phraseology. The oddities and peculiarities of Lancashire rusticity were forced on his attention, and the eye of the young humourist was not slow to apprehend and seize them. But whatever his acquisitions as learner in the course of his rambling life, his pecuniary gains as a teacher must have been of the slenderest kind. At seventeen poor Tim was glad to settle down on ten pounds a year, as assistant in a free school in the village of Milnrow, near Rochdale. The master, a Mr Pearson, was also the curate of Milnrow, and the whole salary which he divided with his assistant was twenty pounds a year. The school had been built, and its masters were nominated, by Mr Townley, of Belfield Hall, near Milnrow, whose son, Colonel Townley, became a steady patron of Tim's during his life, and his biographer after death. According to Colonel Townley, the ten pounds a year at Milnrow "Tim considered as a material advance in the world, as he still could have a night-school, which answered very well in that very populous neighbourhood, and was considered by him, too, as a state of independency, a favourite idea ever afterwards with his high spirit. Mr Pearson not very long afterwards falling a martyr to the gout, my honoured father gave Mr Collier the school, which not only made him happy in the thought of being more independent, but made him consider himself a rich man."

The death of Pearson and the accession of Collier occurred in 1739, but it was not until 1742 that the new master did, in point of fact, "vail his skull-cap to the mitres," or in other words, procure a licence from the Bishop of the diocese. Only twelve of the pupils were taught gratis—the others paid fees which went into the pocket of "the principal;" and Tim had now an assistant to drudge for him as he himself had drudged for Pearson. Horace, in his Sabine farm, was not more contented than Tim Bobbin at Milnrow, with Mr Townley of Belfield for his Mæcenas. He found himself rich enough to drop the night-school, although, at Whitsun and Christmas, he still paid teaching-visits to Oldham and Rochdale. His affluent leisure he turned to good account; and "self-culture" was familiar to him as a fact, though the phrase had not been invented in his day. He learned the theory of drawing, for the practice of which Nature had given him a genius of his own. He taught himself to play "the hautboy and the common flute, and upon the former he very much excelled." He began to scribble, in prose and verse, little squibs on the fools and knaves of his acquaintance ("The Blackbird," a rhymed satire on Justice Edward Chetham, of Castleton, a barrister and wealthy neighbour, one of his earliest pieces, is dated 1739), and to draw heads from Nature, always with a twist of caricature or the grotesque. His society was courted by high and low, and probably, during his first years in his new situation, there was not a happier young fellow in England than Mr John Collier, schoolmaster of Milnrow. He seems to have been a bit of a buck, too, and what with his village-dandyism, his talents and accomplishments, and the twenty pounds a year of certain income, he was looked upon as a desirable match by the lasses of Milnrow and its neighbourhood.

The conquering heroine came at last in the person of a Miss Mary Clay, a handsome young woman of good up-

bringing and connections. She was the daughter of "Mr Clay of Flockton, near Wakefield," and "had been brought up at Ledston, the seat of Lady Betty Hastings," once well known for her piety and munificence, among other things the benefactress of Queen's College, Oxford. Furthermore, ere she arrived on the visit to her aunt, Mrs Butterworth, at Milnrow, when she captivated the schoolmaster thereof, she had received a metropolitan polish during a stay of several years in London with another aunt, Mrs Pitt, "a woman of property, and married to Mr Pitt, an officer in the Tower." Such a damsel as this descending on rustic Milnrow, from the splendours of London, found, of course, many admirers, and it is to her credit that "schoolmaster" proved to be the happy man. On the 1st of April 1744, they were married (the damsel being twenty-one, the bridegroom thirty-five), and an excellent wife she was to Tim, who needed, as it turned out, quite as much of the guardian as of the angel in his spouse. They settled down, one supposes, in the house which is, or very lately was, standing, and which has been lovingly described by Edwin Waugh in his paper on Tim Bobbin's Cottage. The old village of Milnrow, a mile and a half or so from Rochdale, "lies on the ground not unlike a tall tree laid lengthwise, in a valley, by a river side. At the bridge, its roots spread themselves in clots and fibrous shoots in all directions, while the almost branchless trunk runs up, with a little bend, above half a mile, towards Oldham, where it again spreads itself out in an umbrageous way at the little fold called Butterworth Hall," close to "the site once occupied by one of the homesteads of the Byrons." About twenty yards from the west end of the bridge aforesaid spanning the little river Beal, "a lane leads between the ends of the dwelling-houses, down to the water-side. There still," that is at the time of Mr Waugh's visit, "stands the

quaint, substantial cottage of John Collier, in the old garden by the edge of the river." We hear of the "uncommon thickness of the walls," the number and superior arrangement of the rooms, and "the remains of a fine old oak staircase;" also that Tim was wont to decorate with the flowers of each season "the parlour, where he used to write and receive company, a little oblong room, low in the roof, and dimly lighted by a small window from the garden." Best of all, in the corner of this garden, "Tim had a roomy green arbour, with a smooth stone-table in the middle, on which lay his books, his flute, or his meals, as he was in the mood. He would stretch himself out here, and muse for hours together. The lads used to bring their tasks from the school, behind the house, to this arbour for Tim to examine. He had a green-shaded walk from the school into the garden. When in the school, or about the house, he wore a silk velvet skull-cap." The Savages and Boyses, his contemporaries, in their Grub-Street garrets and spunging-houses, might have envied Tim Bobbin his Lancashire cottage and garden on the banks of the little river Beal.

Tim's idyllic existence, however, was not one of perfect innocence. Not only did Miss Mary Clay bring with her from Aunt Pitt, into wedded life, "several silk gowns and other elegant articles of female attire," the envy, probably, of surrounding matrons, but somebody, perhaps her father, is said to have given her a portion of three hundred pounds. According to proverbial philosophy, for ninety-nine men who can stand adversity, only one can stand prosperity, and Tim Bobbin's was not the one man's case and fate. The three hundred pounds melted away, it seems, in irregular joviality, and not until they were fairly gone was Tim himself again. His amendment, however, was so marked, and his wife so sensible, that she professed herself heartily glad that the money was all spent. A little family, too, began to grow

up about their knees, and Tim had to bestir himself to make both ends meet. It was to his pencil rather than to his pen, though the latter was seldom long idle, that he betook himself, and altar-pieces for country churches and signs for inns flowed in profusion frou his prolific and catholic brush. "At Shaw Chapel, on each side of the east windows, are still large figures of Moses and Aaron, painted in oils on boards by him, and at Milnrow a figure of an angel with a trumpet in his mouth, and holding a scroll in one hand on which the psalm was announced from the singing-loft."[1] When this vein was well-nigh exhausted he turned to caricature and the grotesque, the original power which he displayed making itself gradually felt. Tim shone in quantity, moreover, as well as in a sort of quality, and by dint of assiduous practice could, when he chose, turn out a head in a day or two, and a group in a week. He carried his performances, with the lowest prices affixed, to a well-frequented inn at Rochdale or elsewhere, on the great road to Yorkshire: The friendly innkeeper was always ready to act the part of salesman, sometimes to make advances, and Tim's grotesques found purchasers, on speculation or otherwise, among the "riders," as the "commercial gentlemen" of those days were called, who journeyed from mart to mart on horseback, with samples and patterns in their saddle-bags. He learned to etch, and could thus reach more distant markets: one characteristic series which appeared in this way, "The Human Passions delineated," full of spirit and rough humour, was re-published in Manchester some fifteen years ago, from his original copper-plates re-touched.

Meanwhile, Tim's pen was throwing off many little pieces, in prose and verse, almost always satirical, and the bibliography of which has been much neglected. It seems to have been in

[1] Heywood, p. 45.

1746[1] that he published his famous *Tummus and Meary*, the first genuine Lancashire classic, which was immediately successful, though poor Tim was robbed of a portion of his profits by the piracy of knavish printers and booksellers. He lived to see many editions of it appear under his own auspices, and numbers more have kept appearing down to our own day. Besides possessing obvious claims to perennial popularity in Lancashire, *Tummus and Meary* has a philological value from being a specimen of the Lancashire dialect as spoken at a time and in a district when and where it had received few alien admixtures. Samuel Bamford, indeed, detected in Tim's Lancashire vernacular several distinct importations from the Cheshire dialect, which may naturally have overflowed into the language of the inhabitants of Flixton, where Tim's boyhood was passed, not to speak of Mottram, where he was a weaver in early youth. By critics less keen this adulteration will scarcely be noticed, and while the dialect of Lancashire, as of other counties, continues to be studied, Tim Bobbin's broad and racy dialogue will long remain "the standard work on the subject." For the glossary, he read and used a good deal of old English, even dipping into Anglo-Saxon, of works in which, with English versions, he had made a collection. It was in the title-page of this dialogue, apparently, that Collier first dubbed himself "Tim Bobbin," the pseudonym which has almost obliterated his real name.

Teaching, toping, painting, writing, a welcome guest in inn and hall, journeying sometimes as far as Newcastle and

[1] In the *Gentleman's Magazine* (vol. xvi. p. 527) for October 1746, there is the following brief and frosty notice of *Tummus and Meary*: "We have received a DIALOGUE in the *Lancashire Dialect*, but as the peculiarity of it consists chiefly in a corrupt pronunciation of known words with few originals, and as the subject is dry and unentertaining, we shall only give a vocabulary of all the provincial real words, with some of the corruptions, as a specimen ; and add a few lines of the performance."

Liverpool to enjoy the hospitality of distant admirers, but ever keeping an eye to business and the sale of his heads, Tim Bobbin passed the remainder of his days with few vicissitudes more striking than the arrival of a new child, or an illness brought on by over-potations, and otherwise punished, very properly, by a sound rating from his wife. Only one episode in the rest of his life is worth chronicling, and it is highly characteristic of the man. It seems to have been when he was at the zenith of his fame, five years after the publication of *Tummus and Meary*, that Tim received and accepted an offer of "commercial employment" from a Mr Hill, of Kibroyd and Halifax, in Yorkshire, "then one of the greatest cloth-merchants, and also one of the most considerable manufacturers of baizes and shalloons in the north of England." This magnate of the woollen trade was induced to make the offer partly from a wish to enjoy Tim's droll conversation, but partly also because the schoolmaster had some of the qualifications of a good clerk. Tim was not only, like Michael Cassio, a great arithmetician, but he wrote a hand literally like print, and, indeed, it seems very probable that in early days he had taught many a Lancashire child to read without book, by spelling out sentences written in his own caligraphy, in perfect imitation of letter-press. Tim accepted the Yorkshire offer of what is styled an "extravagant salary," though with a sad heart and doleful presentiments. The Colonel Townley who became his biographer, and who meanwhile had become patron of the Milnrow school, records that, when Tim called to take his leave before starting for Yorkshire, he wept, and in faltering accents "entreated me not to be too hasty in filling up the vacancy in that school, where he had lived so many years contented and happy; for he had already some foreboding that he should never relish his new

situation and new occupation." Poor Tim pleaded with tears in his eyes that it was for the sake of his "wife and family"—the old story—that he was leaving Milnrow, and, there being two other free-schools in the district, the kind Townley gave and kept the desired promise.

Setting forth on the 12th of June 1751, with wife and children, with bag and baggage, Tim arrived at his destination; and was soon duly invested at Kibroyd with the dignity, and received the emoluments, of Mr Hill's head-clerk. The agreement was for several years, but a few months of "the desk's dull wood" were enough for Tim. Some of his letters of this period to friends have been preserved; in one of them he breaks out: "It is true I have more than double the salary" (than "for swaying the birchen sceptre at Milnrow,") "and a grand house rent-free: ah, my friend! what are these to pleasing liberty, to sweet, to calm contentment? I must now take my farewell of all that made life worth preserving; I must give up my painting, my rhyming, my bowling, my tippling, and every inviting nonsense." Kibroyd is "a fresh scene of life which has brought me to my senses." From being a "little monarch" he is transformed into "a kind of slave." In another letter they are, he complains, "conspiring to make me rich; I am almost sick when I hear two sixpences jingle together, and ready to swear at the sight of a guinea. By what I have seen here I have seen enough to satisfy me that he who has a bare competency, and can sleep soundly all night with his door open and never fear thieves, is the only happy man, and goes through life with the easiest burden. Such happy days have I seen at my old habitation in Lancashire, and I hope to see again, where, if you'll come and see me, your old favourite repast, mull'd ale and toast, shall be at your service." Before the first year of the engagement had expired the agreement was cancelled, and Tim, happy

as a king, was in his old cottage and school again, listening to the placid murmur of the little river Beal. To make up for the loss of his Yorkshire salary, he redoubled his diligence with the brush, and the walls of *his* Royal Academy Exhibition—to wit, the inns of Rochdale and Littleborough —were soon peopled more thickly than ever with the "ugly grinning old fellows, and mumbling old women on broom-sticks," briefly described by Colonel Townley as the *genre* in which this Lancashire Hogarth excelled.

In 1755, Tim seems to have been a candidate for the post of organist in Rochdale Church (salary twenty pounds a year), and three years later we find him at Chester, painting the panels of carriages for a coach-maker! The rudest and most primitive forms of literature and art are exemplified in Tim Bobbin's biography. He was often his own book-seller, carrying his works about with him in his wallet, offering them thence for sale, and sometimes glad to receive payment for them in kind. Here is an entry or two from his account-book: "Delivered a book of prints to coz. John Hulme, to have a hat for it." "Exchanged a book of *Human Passions* for 3lbs. of thread at 3s. per lb.; blue tape, ½d. a yd.; tape 1d. a knot; a gross of laces." "Paid John Kenyon, a book for a wig." In such another entry as the following, his caligraphy is shown turning an honest penny: "Mr Aspinall, Burnley,—12 Lord's Prayers at 2s. each, *very small*."

Tim quitted Milnrow as a residence no more, until, in his 77th year, he took up his final abode in Rochdale Church-yard. He died at Milnrow, on the 14th of July 1786, and was buried beside his wife, whom he had survived only a few weeks. Six children had been born to them, most of whom reached maturity, and one of whom, Charles, settling in Kendal, and prospering there, purchased their cottage, and presented it to his parents for their lives. To

this Charles the last letter of his father's which has been preserved is addressed: "Things remain as you left 'em," Collier writes, "they are all well but your poor mother. . . . Rich and Sal drive on, but my old peepers cannot pierce far into futurity. I have painted a good deal of things since you left, and drunk punch betimes as customers come in. Make sure to keep sober, which is more than he cou'd do who is, dear Charles, your loving Father." The epitaph on the tombstone of husband and wife in Rochdale Churchyard, contains a reference to this taste for punch; but that vulgar doggrel, commonly attributed to Tim, turns out, one learns with satisfaction, to be not his handiwork after all.

XI.

*THE "GREAT" DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER.**

THE canal-system of Great Britain acknowledges a duke as its parent, and its cradle was Worsley, in the vicinity of Manchester. Without Francis, third Duke of Bridgewater, our vast network of artificial water-ways would not have been produced just when it was wanted, as a prime element in the sudden growth of British industry during the second half of the eighteenth century, Without Worsley, the Duke of Bridgewater might never have been led to undertake the great enterprises which make his career conspicuous in the annals of the British *noblesse.* It is as owner and occupier of Worsley that he claims a place in our Gallery of Lancashire Worthies. Had not Worsley been among his possessions, he would not, probably, have given occasion for the proud boast of his "collateral descendant," the first Earl of Ellesmere, that "the history of Francis Duke of Bridgewater is engraved in intaglio on the face of the country he helped to civilise and enrich."

* Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors, &c.* (London, 1846), vol. ii. § "Life of Lord Ellesmere;" Masson's *Life of John Milton* (London, 1859), vol. i.; Thomas Keightley's *Account of the Life of John Milton* (London, 1856); H. J. Todd's *History of the College of Bonhommes at Ashridge* (London, 1823); Horace Walpole's *Letters*, edited by Peter Cunningham (London, 1859); Smiles's *Lives of the Engineers* (London, 1861), vol. i. § "Life of James Brindley;" Earl of Ellesmere's *Essays* (London, 1858), § "Aqueducts and Canals;" Collins's *Peerage*, vol. iii. § "Bridgewater, Earl of;" Ormerod's *Cheshire*, vol. i. § "Tatton;" Baines's *Lancashire;* Aikin's *Country round Manchester;* Pope's Works, &c., &c.

For more than two centuries and a half the manor and estate of Worsley have belonged to people of the Egerton blood, and the present Earl of Ellesmere, though properly a Gower, is Lord of Worsley through his descent from a sister of our Duke of Bridgewater, whose first canal was that from Worsley to Manchester. Worsley's earliest owner of whom there is any record belongs to legend almost as much as to history. This was a certain "Elias de Workeslegh, or Workedlegh," as the name was originally spelt, who possessed it "as early as the Conquest;" and who is said to have been a crusading baron "of such strength and valour that he was reputed a giant, and in old scripts is often called Elias Gigas. He fought many duels, combats, &c."—his quaint old historiographer adding without any presentiment of the Peace Society, "for the love of our Saviour, Jesus Christ; and obtained many victories."[1] Worsley remained with the descendants of this half-legendary Elias until the end of the third Edward's reign, when the line of heirs male expired, and, by the marriage of its inheritress, it was added to the possessions of Sir John Massey of Tatton, in Cheshire. After some three generations more had passed away, the male line of the Masseys, too, was extinguished, and Tatton in Cheshire, with Worsley in Lancashire, went by marriage to "William Stanley, Esq., of Tatton and Worsley, in right of his wife, and son and heir of Sir William Stanley of Holt, in the county of Denbigh, beheaded in the reign of Henry VII."—the first Stanley Earl of Derby's younger brother, whose story has been already told. Again, by a similar vicissitude, both estates were transferred to the Breretons of Malpas, in Cheshire. The last of the Breretons owners of Worsley and Tatton, was Richard, who died without issue in 1598. "This Richard settled all his estates on Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Chancellor of Eng-

[1] Baines's *Lancashire*, iii. 140.

land."[1] From Sir Thomas Egerton descend the present owner of Worsley, the Earl of Ellesmere, and the present owner of Tatton, Lord Egerton of the same.

Why did Richard Brereton "settle all his estate on Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Chancellor of England?" Presumably because, to begin with, he much liked and esteemed Sir Thomas, but, at the same time, between him and Queen Elizabeth's Lord Keeper, James I.'s Lord Chancellor, there was a sort of connection by marriage. Richard Brereton had taken unto himself for wife Dorothy, daughter of Sir Richard Egerton, of Ridley in Cheshire, and the famous Chancellor—progenitor of the Earls and Dukes of Bridgewater that were, and of the Earls of Ellesmere and Lords Egerton of Tatton that are—being the illegitimate son of this Sir Richard Egerton, was thus a *quasi* brother-in-law of that Richard Brereton. His mother was one "Alice Spark, or Sparke, or Sparks, of Bickerton," whom plain-spoken Pennant reports to have been neither more nor less than a maid-servant, at Dodleston, near Chester, where Sir Thomas appears to have been born. In a sly note to his biography of Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Campbell[2] avers that "the place where his parents met is still pointed out to travellers under the name of 'Gallantry Bank.'" From his mother he is said, in the same memoir, "to have inherited great beauty of countenance." "The tradition of the country," his Lordship adds, "is, that he was nursed by a farmer's wife at Lower Kinnerton, in the neighbourhood, and that being carried, while a child, to Dodleston Hall, which he afterwards purchased when Chancellor, he expressed an eager desire to rise in the world and become the owner of it." Another and less agreeable tradition is recorded by Pennant:[3]—"The

[1] Ormerod, i. 346. [2] i. 179.

[3] *Tour in Wales* (London 1784), i. 107.

mother had been so much neglected by Sir Richard Egerton, of Ridley, the father of the boy, that she was reduced to beg for support. A neighbouring gentleman, a friend of Sir Richard, saw her asking alms, followed by her child. He admired its beauty, and saw in it the evident features of the Knight. He immediately went to Sir Richard, and laid before him the disgrace of suffering his own offspring, illegitimate as it was, to wander from door to door. He was affected with the reproof, adopted the child, and by a proper education, laid the foundation of his future fortune."[1]

[1] Dr Ormerod bestirs himself (*ubi suprà*), to discredit Pennant's story. "His mother's family," says the historian of Cheshire, speaking of Sir Thomas Egerton, "were respectable yeomen, and a near relative of Alice Sparke was at this time wife of Ralph Catheral, a younger brother of the ancient house of Horton. This circumstance is mentioned as being, in a great degree, a refutation of what local tradition has asserted, and a most respectable writer"—Pennant—"reported with reference to the infantine distresses of the future Chancellor. There is no reason for supposing that Sir Richard Egerton did, at any time, neglect the education of his son, or if he had neglected it, that his mother's family would have been unable to supply the deficiency." Dr Ormerod adds in a note: "Alice Sparke had another son by Sir Richard, George Egerton, who married Margaret, daughter of Robert Fitton, of Carden, and was ancestor of a branch of the Egertons settled at Whitchurch."

The following note on the genealogy of the Sparkes is due to the courtesy of T. Helsby, Esq., the editor of a forthcoming "Chronicle of Frodsham," in which parish the township and manor of Norley are situated :—

"The Sparkes were indeed of very ancient descent, as appears from Randle Holme's MSS., Harl. Coll. They were descended paternally from the Norleys of Norley, in Frodsham parish. Roger Sparke, *temp.* Edw. I. and II., was the son of Adam, the son of Ambrose de Norley, of which family a branch settled in Wettenall, near Northwich, whose descendant, Henry Sparke, was of Nantwich *temp.* Hen. VII., and married Jane, daughter and heiress of Tho. Bulkeley of Westanwood (his collateral ancestor, de Bulkeley, married, *temp.* Edw. II., Ellen, daughter and heiress of William de Bickerton). The issue of this Henry was Roger Sparke, of Nantwich, 7 Hen. VIII., and most probably he was the direct ancestor of Alice Sparke, of Bickerton, near

Whatever the truth of this story, a "proper education" was bestowed on the offspring of the fair and frail handmaiden of Dodleston. "Well grounded in Latin and Greek," young Thomas Egerton was sent in his sixteenth year to Brasenose College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself greatly. Leaving the University, he was admitted at Lincoln's Inn; and when called to the bar, made steady progress to an excellent practice. To his early forensic career belongs the story, that after a vigorous conduct of a case against the Crown, in the Court of Exchequer, Queen Elizabeth, who watched all such causes vigilantly, exclaimed, "On my troth, he shall never plead against me again," and immediately made him one of her counsel, a Q.C. in days when the distinction would have had more significance than now.[1] A good deal of business flowed in

which place Nantwich, Bulkeley, and Westan, or Westonwood, are situated. Her family connection, moreover, with the Catteralls, of Horton (who also held lands near Norley), favours this supposition. The fact, too, of Sir Thomas Egerton being sent to Brasenose College would seem to favour the hypothesis that he went as 'Founder's kin' to a priest named Williamson, who, in Henry VII.'s time, was of Weaverham (in which parish part of the township of Norley is situated), and founded a scholarship in Brasenose, afterwards held by many distinguished students."

With reference to Pennant's description of Alice Sparke as a "maid-servant," the same obliging correspondent puts-in the reminder that "even so late as her time young ladies continued occasionally to be sent to the houses of their neighbours to learn household work," and that "'servant' was a word of much wider signification then than now."

Finally, respecting Richard Brereton, Mr Helsby mentions a report that "he bore the cost of Sir Thomas Egerton's education;" and states that his and his wife's monument (an altar-tomb) is still in the church of Eccles, between Worsley and Manchester.

[1] That Elizabeth made this speech is, however, doubted by Mr Foss (*Judges of England*, v. 138, London, 1857), and he adds: "There is no authority for Lord Campbell's assertion that the Queen, before he," Egerton, "became Solicitor-General, 'made him one of her counsel,' nor

to him from Cheshire, and some from Lancashire. For its technical interest, and apparently ignorant of Egerton's subsequent relation of heirship to his Worsley client, Lord Campbell quotes "from Lord Francis Egerton's MSS." a letter of his, addressed to "the right worshipp. Richard Brereton, esq^{r}., thes be delivered at Worsley," and relating to a cause of that gentleman's "touchinge Pendleton Heye," in which Egerton was engaged. The epistle concludes: "Thus in hast, I take my leave, with my hartye commendations to you and your wyffe, and Mr Wyll. Leicester, and all other my frendes. Lyncolne's Inne, this Saterdaye, 15° Octobris, 1580. Your's assured, in all I can, Tho. Egerton." It was worth while to attend carefully to the interests of such a client as Mr Richard Brereton, one's half-sister's husband and the childless owner of Tatton and Worsley! The year after this letter was despatched to Worsley, Egerton became Solicitor-General; 11 years later, Attorney-General, with Coke (upon Littleton) for Solicitor. In 1594, having been previously knighted, a distinction more esteemed and more estimable then than now, he was made Lord Keeper, his handsome person doing him no harm with Queen Elizabeth. Four years afterwards Richard Brereton died without issue. He had "settled all his estate" on his wife's half-brother, who had done his law business for him with fidelity and skill, and who had raised himself to the highest office, save one, that could be filled by a subject. Thus it was that Worsley became the possession of an Egerton, to whose descendants it belongs at this day.

An able, learned, and experienced lawyer, of dignified bearing and spotless life, Sir Thomas Egerton made an excellent judge, swift in the despatch of business, equitable

any appearance that such an office then existed, 'whereby he was entitled to wear a silk gown, and have precedence.'"

and incorruptible in all his dealings, and impartial in the distribution of his patronage, civil and ecclesiastical. In his public and political subserviency to Elizabeth and her successor, he was no worse than most of his neighbours, and his behaviour to Essex after the fall, and at the trial of that rash and ill-fated nobleman, contrasts very favourably with Bacon's. On the death of Elizabeth, James I. confirmed Sir Thomas Egerton in the Lord Keepership, and very soon afterwards raised him to the still higher office of Lord Chancellor, and to the peerage as Baron Ellesmere; hence the Ellesmere-Earldom conferred on his descendants in recent times. He was full of years and honours when, bowed down by infirmities, he resigned the great seal in 1617, just after he had been raised a step in the peerage, and created Viscount Brackley, the courtesy-title now borne by the eldest sons of our Earls of Ellesmere. In the short interval between his death and his resignation, King James promised him the Earldom of Bridgewater, a promise of which his son and heir reaped the benefit. When he died he was in his seventy-seventh year, "having held the Great Seal," Lord Campbell remarks with curious inaccuracy of language, "for a longer period than any of his predecessors or successors." Besides being a great lawyer and judge, he was an eminent orator, after the fashion of his time. The personal beauty which he is said to have inherited from his mother, he retained in old age, so that many went to the Court of Chancery to look at him, and "happy they," says quaint old Fuller, reflecting on the place, not on the upright judge, "who had no other business" there. As a man, and in relation to the age in which he lived, his character stands high. He was kind to the poet Spenser; Ben Jonson, Daniel, and Sir John Davies united to praise him with evident sincerity, and Bacon's letter to him with *The Advancement of Learning* could not have been addressed to an ordinary man. One of the now most

generally interesting facts in his biography, though to his contemporaries it may have seemed the merest nothing, is that on the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's state-visit to his seat at Harefield, near Uxbridge, *Othello* was played for the first time before the Queen, by Burbidge's company, and possibly with Shakespere himself there in person superintending the performance.[1] In the lists of presents which poured in upon the Lord Keeper at the time of these festivities, it is curious to note the item of "a buck," sent by the Sir Thomas Lucy, whose father, according to tradition, prosecuted Shakespere for deer stealing.

The great estates in the purchase of which Lord Chancellor Ellesmere invested most of his wealth, with those bequeathed to him by Richard Brereton, descended to his only surviving son by his first wife, the daughter of a Flintshire squire. He had been married thrice: his second wife was a Surrey lady; his third, the most illustrious of them all, and who survived him, was the widow of Ferdinando, fifth Earl of Derby, and the daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, progenitor of the Earls Spencer and of the Dukes of Marlborough that are. John, the second Viscount Brackley, quickly received a fulfilment of the promise which had been made to his father, and in the year of the latter's death he was created Earl of Bridgewater. Father and son had married mother and daughter: the Earl of Bridgewater's wife was the Lady Frances Stanley, daughter of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere's third wife, the Countess Dowager of Derby (widow of Ferdinando fifth Earl), as already mentioned. Thus it happened that after the Chancellor's death there was a very special intimacy between his widow and the family of the Earl of Bridgewater; she was not only the Earl's step-mother, but the mother of his wife, and the grandmother of his children. The Chancellor's widow resided

[1] Lord Campbell, ii. 212, and *note*.

on his estate of Harefield, where Queen Elizabeth had paid him a visit and *Othello* had been performed. The favourite seat of the Earl of Bridgewater, who had a rather numerous family, was Ashridge, in Hertfordshire, some sixteen miles from Harefield; so that there was a certain propinquity of domicile as well as affinity of blood to knit the two families together. Hence, partly, it befell that the name of Egerton came to be connected with that of Milton, as it had been with Spenser's, Bacon's, Ben Jonson's, Shakespere's, and be it noted that the Countess Dowager of Derby was a cousin of the author of the *Faery Queen*, that the two had met at Althorpe when both were young, that her he had celebrated as Amaryllis, and to her had dedicated *The Tears of the Muses.* A still greater honour was to be conferred on her. Two of her young granddaughters at Ashridge, the Ladies Alice and Mary Egerton, had for their music-master a distinguished composer of the time, Mr Henry Lawes; the friend, too, of a certain Mr John Milton, who on leaving Cambridge University, went, in 1632, to live in his father's country house at pleasant Horton, in Bucks, ten miles from Harefield, and there among the first fruits of his then young and all but unknown muse, were two little pieces called *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso.* There is a sonnet of Milton's "To Mr H. Lawes on his airs," and who knows how much anonymous verse the poet in his youth may not have written to be set to music by the composer apostrophised thus?—

> "Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured song
> First taught our English music how to span
> Words with just note and accent, not to scan
> With Midas' ears, committing short and long;
> Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
> With praise enough for envy to look wan;
> To after-age thou shalt be writ the man,
> That with smooth air could humour best our tongue.

> Thou honourest verse, and verse must lend her wing
> To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,
> That tunest their happiest lines in hymn or story
> Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
> Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing
> Met in the milder shades of purgatory."

That Milton had a personal acquaintance with any of his great neighbours at Harefield or at Ashridge is possible, but has not been proved. The Countess Dowager of Derby he must have known by repute, and honoured as the Amaryllis of Spenser, even more than as the venerable widow of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere. Let us suppose, moreover, that the aged lady had talked one day to her grandchildren of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Harefield, and of the Masque which on that occasion was undoubtedly among the entertainments presented to Her Majesty. Let us further suppose that the young people, thus stimulated, coaxed grandmamma into allowing them to give her a little family Masque at Harefield, and thus mildly recall the glories of the former pageant. In that case, whom would they first consult but their accomplished and distinguished music-master, Mr Henry Lawes, well known to have played a foremost part in getting up and arranging many an entertainment of the same kind? When he had promised his aid, co-operation, and music for the occasion, what more natural than that he should apply for the words of the Masque to his young friend Mr John Milton, at Horton, of whose poetic powers he at least must have known something? Such may have been the origin of Milton's exquisite little *Arcades*, the brief prose preface to which describes it as "part of an entertainment presented to the Dowager Countess of Derby, at Harefield, by some noble persons of her family, who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state with this song"—perhaps sounding sweetly in the ears once saluted by the music of Spencer's pastoral lute. Milton's

latest biographer assigns the date of the performance of the *Arcades* to the year 1634. The piece is pervaded by a poetic grace and beauty unequalled in the verse of the time, but was itself soon eclipsed by another and far finer poem, written two years after for the family at Ashridge, the noble and lovely *Comus*.

In 1631, the Earl of Bridgewater was appointed Lord President of the Council of Wales, an office of almost vice-regal dignity; but he did not arrive at Ludlow, the seat of his government, until late in 1633. In and during 1634, there were frequent festivities at Ludlow Castle, the official residence of the Lord President, and it was resolved that the composer and the poet whose joint handiwork, the *Arcades*, had been so successful, should be invited to produce a Masque fit to be represented on a more public stage and before a more numerous company. Lawes and Milton consented. There is a tradition that, on their way to Ludlow from Herefordshire, Lord Brackley, Mr Thomas Egerton, and their sister, the Lady Alice, were benighted in Haywood Forest, and that this little adventure gave Milton a hint for his plot. However that may have been, on the Michaelmas night of 1634, the great hall of Ludlow Castle was filled by the nobility and gentry of the district, and never before had they listened to such poetic melody as then stole upon their ears. "The chief persons who presented were," says the poem itself, "The Lord Brackley; Mr Thomas Egerton his brother; the Lady Alice Egerton." It was printed three years afterwards, with a dedication to Viscount Brackley, by Lawes, beginning, "My Lord, this poem which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and other of your noble family," &c, and commemorating the fact that the musician had performed the part of the Attendant Spirit. England received the assurance that a new poet had arisen within her bounds, second to

Shakespere alone: To the Egertons we owe not only canals but *Comus*.[1]

The first Earl of Bridgewater died in 1649, in the last month of the year which saw Charles I. beheaded at Whitehall. An epitaph (of considerably later date) on a monument to him at Ashridge, the family-seat in Hertfordshire, enumerates among his merits that "he was a dutiful son to his mother, the Church of England, in her persecution as well as in her great splendour; a loyal subject to his Sovereign in those worst of times, when it was accounted treason not to be a traitor." The Earl's "loyalty," however, must have been of an undemonstrative kind, since it seems to have cost him nothing, and his estates descended unimpaired to his son, John the second Earl of Bridgewater, the same who had played the Elder Brother in *Comus*. Like his father, the second Earl combined prudence with loyalty, suffering little or nothing under the Commonwealth, and dying in 1686 Lord-Lieutenant of four counties—Lancashire among them. The author of *Comus* and the personator of the Elder Brother diverged in their politics, and any connection—probably there was none—that may have existed between Milton and the Egertons was dissolved by the poet's fervid espousal of the popular cause. The late Earl of Ellesmere (the literary and art-loving Earl) possessed a copy of Milton's *Defensio pro populo Anglicano* which had belonged to this second Earl of Bridgewater, and on the title-page of which the loyal nobleman had written: *Liber igne, auctor furcâ dignissimi*:—"A book richly deserving to be burned, and its author to be hanged."[2] He was "a learned man," was this original personator of the Elder Brother in *Comus*,—

[1] See Masson's *Milton*, vol. 1 (§ Horton, Buckinghamshire), p. 567-87

[2] Keightley (who cites Todd, i. 80), p. 122, *note*.

"delighted much in his library," in which, as has been seen, was a copy of Milton's *Defensio*, and among the honours conferred upon him was the High Stewardship of the University of Oxford. One composition of his, though not of a literary kind, survives, and is printed in the History of Ashridge by Todd, who was also the editor and biographer of Milton. It consists of a series of detailed instructions for the management of his household, and testifies to the careful and orderly, nay, almost prince-like, organization of a great English nobleman's establishment in the seventeenth century, as well as to the precise and rigorous character of this particular Lord of Ashridge who had played the part of the Elder Brother in *Comus*, and who thought its author worthy of the gallows. At Ashridge there are domestic functionaries of every kind and degree, and each of them is copiously instructed by my Lord how to conduct himself, from "the steward," "the gentleman of my horse," "my gentleman usher," down to "the porter" and "the clerk of the kitchen," who is admonished to curb "the wasteful expense of butter." On the other hand, among the "orders for the huisher"—usher—"of my hall" is one conceived in a liberal spirit, and smacking pleasantly of the olden time. He is bidden "Gather together the broken meate that remaynes after meales, and carry it to the gate, that there it may be, by himselfe and the porter, distributed among the poore." "June 24, 1652. These are the orders which I require and command to be observed by all the servants in my family in their several and respective degrees.—J. BRIDGWATER."[1]

The second Earl of Bridgewater was succeeded by his son and namesake John, third Earl, who died (in 1701) First Lord-Commissioner of the Admiralty. It

[1] Todd's *Ashridge*, p. 47.

is noticeable that during the lifetime of this third Earl the great estates of the Egertons were partly broken up. His third son Thomas "was seated," we are told, "at Tatton Park in Cheshire," and there he founded the family of which the present Lord Egerton of Tatton is the representative. Again, William, the second son, "was seated at Worsley, *in com. Pal. Lanc.*;"[1] but, though married twice, he did not leave male issue, so that he founded no family of Egerton of Worsley; and that manor became once more an appanage of the Bridgewater peerage, which peerage became a dukedom in the time of Scroop, fourth Earl of Bridgewater (1681–1745), elder brother of the Thomas of Tatton and the William of Worsley aforesaid. This Scroop held various high offices at Court in successive reigns; and "in consideration of his great merits," was created in 1720 Duke of Bridgewater. He and his "great merits" are well nigh forgotten, but the memory of his first Duchess still faintly survives, embalmed in the verse of Pope. She was one of the four beautiful daughters and co-heiresses of the great Duke of Marlborough, who left no son to inherit Blenheim and his honours. Jervas, Pope's friend and teacher in the pictorial art, had painted portraits of this once-famous beauty; and the little bard himself had made various sketches of her, all of which he threw into the fire.[2] Hence several allusions to her in "the Epistle to Mr Jervas," in whose pictures, according to Pope,—

> "Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
> An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes."

And—

> "Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise."

His Grace, Scroop, first Duke of Bridgewater, took to himself, after the death of this beautiful Duchess, a second

[1] Collins, iii. 197.

[2] "Jervas fancied himself in love with her."—Walpole's *Letters*, i. 6 (*note* by Peter Cunningham).

wife in the person of Lady Rachel Russell, daughter of Wriothesley Duke of Bedford. He was succeeded by his son, John, second Duke of Bridgewater (1727–48), who enjoyed the title only a few years, dying unmarried and unremembered in the February of 1748. This unremembered Duke was succeeded in his turn by his younger brother, Francis, the third, the last, the famous Duke of Bridgewater, founder of British canal-navigation.

The "great" Duke of Bridgewater, as he is sometimes called, was born on the 21st of May 1736, and thus, when his father died in 1745, he was a boy of nine. A year after, his widowed mother married Sir Richard Lyttelton of Hagley, and, happy in her new union, she seems to have neglected the child, who was not only sickly, but of such unpromising intellect that it is said to have been in contemplation to exclude him, on this ground, from the ducal succession. He was twelve when the death of his consumptive brother made him Duke of Bridgewater, and it was perhaps too late for his mother and his stepfather to repair, even if they had been willing, the deficiencies of an education so neglected as his had been. When it became evident that the sickly boy was not likely to follow his brother prematurely to the grave, his guardians, the Duke of Bedford and Lord Trentham (afterwards Earl Gower and Marquis of Stafford, who had married the young duke's sister) took him in hand, and sent him abroad, ignorant and awkward, to make what in those days was called "the grand tour." A scholar and a man of the world, famous in his day and generation, was appointed his tutor. This was Wood, the Eastern traveller and Homeric scholar, whom Lord Chatham afterwards transformed into an Under-Secretary of State. He had returned from exploring the ruins of Palmyra, and had just published his well-known record of exploration, when he was started on a continental

tour with his unlicked cub of a duke, a youth of seventeen. The pair, as may be supposed, did not much relish each other's society, and "evidence exists," says Lord Ellesmere neatly, "that Wood often wished himself back in the desert he had so lately left." The Duke refused to be taught dancing in Paris, and if his tutor induced him to purchase at Rome some marbles and other art products or commodities of the Eternal City, his unlettered and uncultivated Grace was content with paying for them, and it stands recorded that "they remained in their original packing-cases till after his death." The first notice of him after his return from the continent is a newspaper paragraph belonging to the October of 1755 :—"A marriage will soon be consummated between his Grace the Duke of Bridgewater and Miss Revel, his Grace being just arrived from foreign parts." The lady was a considerable heiress, but the match came to nothing, and a Warren of Cheshire proved the lucky man. Whether it was a serious disappointment or a disappointment at all, is unknown; but four years afterwards a love-suit of his Grace's came to nothing, and he felt the catastrophe with a keenness which determined his subsequent career.

In 1751, two young Irish sisters, Maria and Elizabeth Gunning, had taken the town by storm with a beauty which, reproduced on the canvas of Reynolds, still fascinates the beholder. They were of good birth, but so poor that they thought at one time of going on the stage,[1] and when they were first presented to the Lord Lieutenant, at Dublin Castle, kind Peg Woffington had to lend them the clothes in which to appear. High and low, rich and poor, worshipped at the shrines of these Venuses, as soon as they made their appearance in London. They were mobbed at their doors by the multitude eager to catch a sight of them, and theatres

[1] Walpole's *Letters*, ix. 358.

were crammed when it was known that they were to be present.[1] The year after their arrival in London both of them were married, within a month of each other, Elizabeth to the Duke of Hamilton, Maria to the Earl of Coventry; and the fame of these matches was such that in Ireland, according to Horace Walpole, a common blessing of the beggarwomen was:—"May the luck of the Gunnings attend you!" The Duchess of Hamilton was a widow when, soon after attaining his majority, the young Duke of Bridgewater, smitten by her charms, proposed and was accepted. Lady Coventry's reputation had suffered from scandal,[2] and the

[1] *Walpole to Mann* (June 18th 1751):—"I think their being two so handsome and both such perfect figures is their chief excellence, for singly I have seen much handsomer women than either. However, they can't walk in the Park, or go to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow them that they are generally driven away."—*Letters*, ii. 259.

[2] *Walpole to Mann* (27th February 1752):—"The event that has made most noise since my last is, the extempore wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings who have made so vehement a noise. Lord Coventry, a grave young Lord, of the remains of the patriot brood, has long dangled after the elder, virtuously with regard to her virtue, not very honourably with regard to his own credit. About six weeks ago, Duke Hamilton, the very reverse of the Earl, hot, debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in his fortune and person, fell in love with the youngest at the masquerade, and determined to marry her. Some weeks afterwards, his Grace one night being left alone with her, while her mother and sister were at Bedford House, he found himself so impetuous that he sent for a parson. The doctor refused to perform the ceremony without licence or ring. The Duke swore he would send for the archbishop. At last they were married with a ring of the bed-curtains, at half-an-hour after twelve at night, at Mayfair Chapel. The Scotch are enraged, the women mad that so much beauty has had its effect; and what is most silly, my Lord Coventry declares that he will marry the other."—*Letters*, ii. 279. Lord Coventry did marry her; and a few years later, we have Walpole insinuating to George Montague, on the authority of Gilly Williams, such scandal about her as is implied in the following passage of his letter:—"The plump Countess, Lady Guildford, is in terrors lest Lord Coventry should get a divorce from his wife, and Lord Bolingbroke"—nephew and successor of *the* Bolingbroke—"should marry her."—*Letters*, iii. 43.

Duke, with a scrupulosity rare in those days, announced to his betrothed that her intimacy with her sister must cease on her marriage to him. Of course, the Duchess of Hamilton hesitated, but the Duke was firm, and, finding her resist, he broke off the match. Had things gone otherwise, the Duke of Bridgewater might have led the life of an ordinary nobleman of his day, gone deeper into the horse-racing which he already affected, gambled and betted at White's, produced a large family of children, and never have figured in this gallery of Lancashire Worthies. Even had he protracted his negotiations a little, a very little longer, the obstacle to his union would have been removed, since Lady Coventry died of consumption in 1759. But before then the Duchess of Hamilton had married a Colonel Campbell,[1]

[1] *Walpole to Conway* (28th January 1759):—"You and M. de Bareil may give yourselves what airs you please of settling cartels with expedition. You do not exchange prisoners with half so much alacrity as Jack Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton have exchanged hearts. . . . It is the prettiest match in the world since yours, and everybody likes it but the Duke of Bridgewater and Lord Coventry."—*Letters*, iii. 203. Lord Ellesmere remarks, when quoting this passage:—"We do not profess to know why Lord Coventry should have objected to his sister-in-law's second marriage." It may also perhaps be asked, why should the Duke of Bridgewater have "objected" if it was he himself who broke off the match? Indeed, Lord Stanhope, in his *History of England* (edition of 1851, ii. 6, *note*), contends that while Lord Ellesmere "relies on a family tradition that the Duke was not rejected, and himself broke off the match, this tradition is directly opposed to the contemporary evidence; a hint by Horace Walpole which Lord Ellesmere has cited, and a statement by Lord Chesterfield which he has overlooked." The "hint of Horace Walpole" has just been quoted; here is the statement of Lord Chesterfield (*Letters*, iv. 309), writing to his son on the 2d of February 1759:—"Duchess Hamilton is to be married to-morrow to Colonel Campbell, the son of General Campbell, who will some day or other be Duke of Argyll, and have the estate. She refused the Duke of Bridgewater for him." Lord Ellesmere and the family tradition, however, are more trustworthy than the contemporary gossip which Lord Stanhope dignifies with the designation of "evidence."

who, becoming Duke of Argyle, placed a second ducal coronet on the brow of the lovely Irish adventuress. Just after the marriage, the Duke of Bridgewater gave what Horace Walpole calls "a great ball;"[1] perhaps to veil his chagrin; perhaps as a farewell to the world of fashion. In any case, very soon afterwards, and in his twenty-third year, the Duke withdrew from London and its gaieties for the rest of his life, as it were, and buried himself, not even among the "myrtles of Ashridge," but in the old-fashioned manor-house of what must then have been the wilds of Worsley. From this ducal Hegira dates the rise of British canal-navigation.

When his young Grace of Bridgewater migrated from the clubs of St James's Street to the coal-fields of Worsley, on the skirts of Chat-Moss, British Industrialism was on the verge of that enormous expansion which became the wonder of the world, and which would scarcely have been possible without a revolution in the then existing means of communication, transit, and transport, throughout the island. In 1759, James Watt, *ætat* 23, had settled down in his little shop within the precincts of Glasgow University, and in that year it was that his friend Robison first called his attention to the steam-engine, in Newcomen's form of it. In the same year, Watt's future friend and patron, Matthew Boulton, succeeded to his father's business, and, determining to enlarge it, was beginning the quest which ended in his establishment at the famous Soho. In 1759, Josiah Wedgwood began business on his own account, "in a humble cottage near the Market-house in Burslem;" while the English iron trade was being developed by the large and

[1] *Walpole to Mann* (4th March 1759):—"Colonel Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton are married. My sister, who was at the opera last Tuesday, and went from thence to a great ball at the Duke of Bridgewater's, where she stayed till three in the morning, was brought to bed in less than four hours afterwards," &c., &c.—*Letters*, iii. 215.

regular use of pit-coal in the blasting furnaces of Coalbrookdale; and on the 1st of January 1760, the first furnace was blown in the Carron Ironworks, founded by Dr Roebuck, the grandfather of John Arthur. In 1760, too, an illiterate Lancashire weaver, named James Hargreaves, working at a new carding-engine, for the founder of the Peel family, was on his road to the invention of the famous spinning-jenny; and in the same year there settled at Bolton, in his old trade of barber, one Richard Arkwright, who was destined to found our modern factory system. The trade of Manchester was largely increasing, though its population was little more than 20,000, and a year or two before, the Leeds clothiers, finding "the old Norman Bridge at the foot of Briggate" no longer sufficient for their weekly market, had opened as a new mart "a commodious building now known as the Mixed Cloth Hall." The commerce of Liverpool, as of other English ports, was growing fast, though it was a time of war, for under the sway of the Great Commoner, then in the plenitude of his power and at the zenith of his fame, commerce—as the grateful inscription on his monument in Guildhal. declares—was "united with, and made to flourish by, war." The British merchant, moreover, trading with West and East, had the ocean-highway, from which Pitt's admirals were sweeping the enemy's flag; but at home road-making was in its infancy, and the absence of good roads obstructed the development of every branch of domestic industry. The cottons of Manchester and the woollens of Leeds had to be conveyed from place to place by pack-horses, jogging along in single file, on what were tracks rather than roads. "It was cheaper to bring foreign wares to London by sea than to bring them by tedious journeys on horses' backs from the interior of the country." The rate of carriage between Leeds and London was £13 a ton. When Josiah Wedg-

wood's trade began to extend, and a general demand for his earthenware to spring up, we are told that the roads in his neighbourhood were so bad that he was prevented from obtaining a sufficient supply of the best kinds of clay. The transport of the very necessaries of life was rendered difficult, and their price enhanced in populous centres, since there was no means of supplying the scarcity of one district by the plenty of another. For some years before 1758, there were annual riots in Manchester, caused by the dearness of provisions, a dearness heightened, no doubt, by a local monopoly of flour-making. "Since that time," says Dr Aikin,[1] writing in 1795, "the demand for corn and flour has been increasing to a vast amount, and new sources of supply have been opened from distant parts by the navigations, so that monopoly or scarcity cannot be apprehended, though the price of these articles must always be high in a district which produces so little and consumes so much."

By "navigations" the Doctor meant canals, of the kind which in England the Duke of Bridgewater originated. Though the great canal-systems of the continent—those of France, Italy, and Holland—must have long been familiar to many travelled Englishmen, the notion of copying from them seems never to have been entertained until just before the Duke of Bridgewater's arrival at Worsley. The improvement of internal water-communication had, until then, been almost exclusively limited to existing streams and rivers. Some useful work of this kind had been done before; it was at the hest of the Duke of Bridgewater that the canal proper, made independently of the bed of river or of stream, came into existence in these realms. So early as 1720, an Act was obtained by enterprising persons in Liverpool and Manchester, in virtue of which a sort of water-communication was established between the two towns, by applying

[1] p. 203.

to the Irwell the contrivances of locks, weirs, and so forth, and even by cuttings across the necks of the principal bends of the winding stream. From the Irwell to Liverpool, by the Mersey, there was already a "navigation," and thus a water communication between Liverpool and Manchester. "But," adds Dr Aikin,[1] "the want of water in droughts, and its too great abundance in floods, are circumstances under which this, as well as most other river-navigations, has laboured. It has been an expensive concern, and has at times been more burthensome to its proprietors than useful to the public." Then, again, about the same time, the gentlemen of Cheshire obtained an Act for making navigable the river Weaver for twenty miles, whereby the rock-salt from Northwich was conveyed more cheaply to Liverpool, and furnished a profitable article for loading or ballast to ships outward bound from that port. More noteworthy, however, than these enterprises, or any other of the same sort, was the Sankey Brook navigation, one section of which undoubtedly was to be a canal independent of the brook itself. But the Sankey Brook was the basis of the whole scheme, which, without it, would not have been undertaken. The Act authorising it was passed in 1755. The time was at hand when a system of inland navigation, new in Britain, was to be founded by the courage, energy, and perseverance of one man, and through his success the whole island was to be intersected by artificial water-ways, affording cheap and easy transport for the heaviest goods, and bringing all parts of the kingdom into connection. The refusal of the Duchess of Hamilton to ignore her sister gave the country facilities of intercommunication for traffic as superior to any then existing, as the railways of to-day are to all other modes of transport and of transit.

It was in 1759, the penultimate year of the life and reign

[1] p. 105.

of His Majesty George II., that Francis, Duke of Bridgewater, a young nobleman of three and twenty, bade farewell to London, and took up his abode in the Old Hall at Worsley. The great city was ringing with the glorious news of victories by land and sea—Wolfe's on the plains of Abraham; in Bengal fresh successes of Clive following up the battle of Plassey; and, much nearer home, Hawke's triumph over the French fleet near Brest; while, at the same time, the world of metropolitan fashion was prostrate at the feet of Kitty Fisher, the beautiful courtezan, and Samuel Johnson, sad and solitary, wrote and published *Rasselas*, to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral. The "Young Duke" (*not* a novel-hero this one), gave his last ball, never more had womankind about him, in any capacity whatever, whether social or menial, and, having revolved his plans beforehand, set to work on a canal to connect the coal-fields of Worsley with the homes and hearths of Manchester. So far back as 1737, an Act had been passed by Parliament, at the instance of the first Duke of Bridgewater, to make the Worsley Brook navigable to its junction with the Irwell, and this project is thought by some to have been the germ of the great works executed by his son, the third Duke. Others fancy that during the course of his continental tour, in the company of Palmyra-Wood, our Duke of Bridgewater was struck by the spectacle of the great canal-systems of France and Italy, and that to this impression is to be assigned the origin of his Lancashire enterprises. More probably the notion of undertaking them was suggested to him by various plans for new canal-navigations, which were being mooted about the time of his settlement at Worsley, and with at least one of which he could scarcely have failed to be familiar.

In 1757, only two years before the Duke of Bridgewater's migration to Worsley, and the year in which application

was made to Parliament for the construction of the Sankey Canal, the Corporation of Liverpool projected a much greater enterprise. This was no less than to unite the Trent and the Mersey—and thus the great ports of Liverpool and Hull—by a canal which was to pass by Chester, Stafford, Derby and Nottingham. At the time the project came to nothing, but one of the persons who took a strong interest in its success, and who promoted the survey made with a view to its execution, was Earl Gower, afterwards Marquis of Stafford. Now Earl Gower was the brother-in-law of the Duke of Bridgewater, whose only sister, Lady Louisa Egerton, he had married, and who was frequently a guest at Trentham. Further, the Duke of Bridgewater's land-agent and factotum, John Gilbert, was a brother of Lord Gower's steward, Thomas Gilbert, a practical man, and in his day and generation a useful one ; his name still survives in the Gilbert Unions, of which he was the founder. Thus speculations in which Lord Gower interested himself had a double chance of being brought to the ear and knowledge of his brother-in-law. Nothing is more likely than that in this way the Duke of Bridgewater was first led to think of canal-making, and at the very time when he wished for some occupation other than that of a nobleman about town. At all events, early in 1759 the Duke made his first application to Parliament for a Canal Act. It authorised him, among other things, to construct a canal from Worsley to Salford, and, if successful, the project promised to be of much direct advantage to himself, as well as to the population of Manchester. In the neighbourhood of Manchester there was abundance of coal, which its inhabitants were ready to buy. But the roads to and from Manchester were as bad as those of Lancashire generally then and afterwards, as when, for instance, years later, Arthur Young, journeying on that between Wigan and "Proud" Preston itself, declared

that he knew not "in the whole range of language terms sufficiently expressive to describe this infernal road. To look over a map," Arthur continues, "and perceive that it is a principal one, not only to some towns, but even to whole counties, one would naturally conclude it to be at least decent; but let me most seriously caution all travellers who may accidentally purpose to travel this terrible country, to avoid it as they would the devil; for a thousand to one but they break their necks or their limbs by overthrows or breakings-down. They will here meet with ruts, which I actually measured, four feet deep and floating with mud, only from a wet summer. What, therefore, must it be after a winter? The only mending it in places receives is the tumbling-in some loose stones, which serve no other purpose but jolting a carriage in the most intolerable manner. These are not merely opinions, but facts, for I actually passed three carts, broken down, in these eighteen miles of execrable memory."[1]

Well might Arthur ask, "What must it be after a winter?" —and in winter the demand for coal was of course greater than in summer. This state of things made the produce of most of the collieries near Manchester unavailable for its inhabitants, and, while the price of coal at the pit-mouth was 10d. the horse-load of 280lbs., it was usually more than doubled before the fire-places and workshops of Manchester were reached. The Duke's own coal-seams, it is true, were not far from the Irwell, but what with the cost of carrying the coal on horses' backs to the stream, what with the high charges levied by the Mersey and Irwell Navigation Company for transporting it in their boats, slowly tugged by men, and the subsequent cost of unloading and carriage to Manchester on horses' backs again, the river was a most expensive highway. It was primarily to extend the Manchester market

[1] *Tour through the North of England* (London, 1770), iv. 580.

for his coals, that the Duke applied for his first Canal Act. As soon as it had passed he started for Worsley, to superintend the execution of his scheme, in person and on the spot.

On his arrival at Worsley, the Duke made a new acquaintance, who came to be of the utmost value in promoting, executing, and improving his plans. This was James Brindley, the Derbyshire craftsman's son, a "heaven-born" engineer, if ever such there was. Born in 1716, three miles north-east of Buxton, the son of a poor cotter, Brindley was some twenty years older than the great and wealthy Duke when their memorable connection began. His father was not only poor, but worthless and reckless, and Brindley's upbringing was of the meagrest and harshest. "His mechanical bias, however," says his latest biographer, "early displayed itself, and he was especially clever with his knife, making models of mills, which he set to work in little mill streams of his contrivance. It is said that one of the things in which he took most delight when a boy was to visit a neighbouring grist-mill and examine its water-wheels, cog-wheels, drum-wheels, and other attached machinery, until he could carry away the details in his head; afterwards imitating the arrangements by means of his knife, and such little bits of wood as he could obtain for the purpose."[1] This was all the "technical education" ever received by the young Brindley—bestowed on himself by himself, probably in the intervals of the meanest rustic drudgery. At thirteen he was apprenticed to a millwright near Macclesfield. When he had served his time, he started at Leek on his own account, and began to show, in the humble sphere in which his lot was cast, the most extraordinary mechanical skill. Two things were noted of him at his start in life. One was, that his work being more strongly done, and his charges consequently higher, than his neighbours'

[1] Smiles, p. 311.

he obtained at first but a moderate share of business. The other was, that not only did he do most thoroughly whatever he undertook, but that he was always on the alert to suggest mechanical improvements, plans for the abridgement of labour or the diminution of the power employed in it. In mill-work, and the construction of machinery for working and pumping mines, he was perpetually suggesting, so that he was known in his own county as "the schemer," while at the same time he executed the humblest details of handicraft, having at first to fell his own timber and cut it where it grew. By degrees his fame spread, and in 1758, the year before the Duke's arrival at Worsley, Brindley was employed in the survey, made under Lord Gower's auspices, for the canal between the Mersey and the Trent, formerly mentioned. What more natural than that Lord Gower or his steward should direct the attention, the one of his brother-in-law, the other of his brother, John Gilbert, to the inventive and skilful mechanic? The canal between the Trent and the Mersey did not seem likely to become more than a project, and here was Brindley, with his head full of "novocion," as, in his memoranda, he calls "navigation." Brindley could just read and write, and spelling was always beyond him. He had lacked not only "technical" but the most ordinary education, a fact which, in these days above all, is worth reflecting on.

The Duke of Bridgewater saw that Brindley was the very man for him. In the July of 1759, Brindley was on one of what proved to be many visits at the Old Hall of Worsley, taking counsel with the Duke and Gilbert—taking counsel we say, though, as the event proved, Brindley gave more of it than he received. He had made what figures in his own peculiar orthography as an "ochilor servey"—ocular survey—"or a riconnitoring" of and on the ground over which the proposed canal from Worsley to Manchester was

to run, and he decided on recommending a plan differing essentially from that which had been fixed on by the Duke. The canal was no longer to go down to the Irwell and up the other side again, with the aid of locks in both cases. It was to be carried right over the river on an aqueduct of stone, after passing across a huge embankment on the north side of the Irwell; thus the locks on either side would be done without, and their delays and cost be saved. Simple and easy as the execution of such a project may seem now, it was regarded as one of stupendous magnitude then. The outside-world laughed at the notion of an aqueduct carried over a stream: it was an idle dream, and the engineer called in to give an impartial opinion on the scheme talked contemptuously of "castles in the air." But Brindley remained unshaken, and so, to his credit, was the Duke, though his purse alone had to bear the certain expense and the possible loss, since there were no shareholders to divide either of them with him, no "calls" to fall back upon at a pinch. The works once begun, Brindley's inexhaustible ingenuity was shown at every turn. From his tunnelling the hill near Worsley in order to connect the canal with the Duke's various coal-workings, from his application of clay-puddle to prevent the water from soaking through its earthen embankments, to his invention of a new lime for the extensive masonry required, and his construction of a crane and its ingenious machinery to lift the coal through a shaft in the high ground at Manchester, at the terminus of the canal, thus saving the buyers from having to drag their coals up the hill—his inventive power was triumphant in great things as in small. On the 17th of July 1761, the first boat-load of coals was borne smoothly along the Barton aqueduct. The "castle in the air" was realised, and visitors from all parts flocked to see what at once became one of the wonders of England. Nor was this, like the Thames Tunnel, a mere

spectacle for the curious. The average price of coal at Manchester, not to speak of other commodities, was reduced one half. The construction of the canal is estimated to have cost a thousand or so pounds a mile, and it was not very long before the Duke began to reap a profitable harvest from his courage, his enterprise, and his faith in the uncouth and unlettered Brindley.

The canal from Worsley to Manchester had scarcely been completed, and its pecuniary results had not been ascertained, when the Duke and Brindley took the field again, for a second campaign much more protracted and difficult than the first. This time it was a canal from Longford Bridge to Runcorn, to connect Liverpool with Manchester. On the execrable roads between the two towns, the transport of goods, when it could be effected at all, cost forty shillings a ton, and about twelve shillings per ton was charged when they were conveyed by the "improved" navigation of the Mersey and the Irwell, which, however, required spring-tides here, and freshes there, while in winter the floods sometimes stopped it altogether. The Duke's projected canal to Runcorn not only provoked a repetition of the ridicule which had greeted the announcement of his first enterprise, but the powerful and obstructive hostility of those personally interested in opposing it. After his prior success, it was comparatively easy for him to confront the idle clamour that Brindley's new scheme for carrying a canal across bogs and through tunnels, over rivers and valleys, was impracticable. But strenuous effort and action were required to overcome the other opposition to the project. After an unsuccessful attempt to bribe him into abandoning his scheme, the proprietors of the Mersey and Irwell Navigation resolved on a parliamentary contest. Some of the landowners of Lancashire joined them, and the opposition to the bill was led in the Commons by the son of the Lord

Derby of the day. The Duke's new canal was represented as unnecessary, dangerous to the districts through which it ran, and which it was sure to flood, and, last, not least, as an interference with the vested rights of the Mersey and Irwell Company. Among the inhabitants of the districts to be benefited by the canal were many, however, who saw its advantages, and there were numerous petitions for the bill, as well as some against it. In the February of 1762, Brindley was examined before the Committee of the House of Commons, and stories are rife of the practical illustrations of canal-details given by him on the occasion,—how, after going out and buying a large cheese, he cut it in two to represent the semi-circular arches of his bridge; and how he worked some clay up with water to demonstrate to honourable members the wonderful results of puddling.[1]

The bill passed through Parliament, and then came the difficulties of execution, difficulties even more financial than mechanical. The mechanical were great enough, in the then state of engineering, for Brindley determined on having one continuous level of water until he approached Runcorn, when the whole descent was to be effected by a long series of locks. This necessitated embankments much greater than those at Barton; then, to quote one instance out of many, to carry the canal over Sale Moor Moss presented most formidable difficulties, and so lively was the appreciation of these by the public, that the nickname of "the Duke's Folly" was bestowed on a tall poplar at Dunham Banks, on which a board had been nailed showing the height of the canal-level. But Brindley surmounted all engineering difficulties; the greatest of them he met by remaining for two or three days in bed, and in silence and solitude wrestling with them until, as the angel was vanquished by Jacob, they succumbed to his earnest effort. His inven-

[1] Smiles, p. 374.

tiveness and sleepless care economised as much as he could—his own wages while he was in the Duke's service being only a guinea a week!—still money was needed continually to pay the workmen and for the works, as well as the compensation to owners for the land compulsorily sold by them under the Act—and money it became exceedingly difficult to procure. The Duke wasted none upon himself, cutting down his personal expenses until his whole establishment cost only £400 a year! But the local and general disbelief in the possibility of his success told against his credit, and at last he could scarcely get a bill for £500 cashed in Liverpool.[1] Many a Committee of Ways and Means was held by the Duke, Gilbert, and Brindley, over their pipes and ale, in a small public house (standing within the memory of living men, perhaps still standing) on the Moss, a mile and a half from Worsley, and often had Gilbert to ride round among the tenantry of the neighbouring districts, raising five pounds here and ten pounds there, until he had collected enough to pay the week's wages.[2] One thing the Duke would not do, and that was mortgage his hereditary estates. Every other

[1] "There is now to be seen at Worsley, in the hands of a private person, a promissory note given by the Duke, bearing interest, for as low a sum as five pounds."—Smiles, p. 396.

[2] "On one of these occasions he was joined by a horseman, and, after some conversation, the meeting ended with an exchange of their respective horses. On alighting afterwards at a lonely inn, which he had not before frequented, Gilbert was surprised to be greeted with evident and mysterious marks of recognition by the landlord, and still more so when the latter expressed a hope that his journey had been successful, and that his saddle-bags were well filled. He was unable to account for the apparent acquaintance of a total stranger with the business and object of his expedition. The mystery was solved by the discovery that he had exchanged horses with a highwayman who had infested the paved lanes of Cheshire till his horse had become so well known, that its owner had found it convenient to take the first opportunity of procuring one less notorious."—Lord Ellesmere; *Essays*, p. 236.

resource seemed exhausted, when at last, his canal from Worsley to Manchester beginning to bring in a large annual income, he rode to London, and was successful in arranging with the banking house of Child and Co., on that security, for advances which enabled him to complete his great undertaking. The whole sum thus advanced, from first to last, was only £25,000, and that expended on all his canal operations was £220,000, less than a single year's income of more than one of the English noblemen of the present day, whom the Duke of Bridgewater's enterprise has helped to enrich. The annual revenue yielded by the Duke's canals reached ultimately £80,000.

In 1767, some five years after the passing of the Act, the new canal to Runcorn, about twenty-eight miles in length, was finished, with the exception of the series of locks which lead down to the Mersey. A lucrative traffic on the rest of the water-way had been increasing the Duke's resources when, six years or so later, the Runcorn locks, too, were completed, and Liverpool and Manchester fairly brought together. On the last day of 1772, the locks were opened, and while some hundreds of the Duke's workmen feasted at his expense on the bank, the *Heart of Oak*, a vessel of 50 tons burden, passed through on its way to Liverpool, amid the acclamations of a multitude of spectators gathered together from far and near. The Duke's canal-making, at least on a great scale, was at an end, and he was only 36. In developing the resources which he had created, there was, however, still much for him to do, and he did it. He bought any land with coal-seams adjoining Worsley, and expended nearly £170,000 in forming subterranean tunnels for the egress of the coals, the underground-canals which connected the various workings extending to forty miles in length. From the first he had been in the habit of actively superintending the works along the line, and to the last his canals

were uppermost in his thoughts. A few years before his death he tried on them the experiment of steam-navigation, and long before this he had introduced passenger-boats. Meanwhile, Brindley and others were, with the aid of the share system and the associated capital of joint-stock companies, extending to the rest of the kingdom the benefits of the inland navigation, which the Duke of Bridgewater had executed, single-handed. The Grand Trunk Canal connected the Mersey with the Trent, and by-and-by other extensions united the ports of Liverpool, Hull, and Bristol. As it became evident that wherever they went canals enriched and expanded old industry, created centres of new, benefited alike manufactures and agriculture, the mill-owner and the ship-owner, and, above all, were immensely profitable to the constructors, there arose a canal-mania, resembling in kind, if not in degree, the railway-mania of later days. It began about the time of the first French Revolution, and was attended with the usual mixture of good and evil, general gain and individual loss. More than two thousand six hundred miles of canal-navigation in England alone opened up the country, and brought together producer and consumer, raw material and the machinery and industry by which it is worked up, the manufactory and the sea-port. Nor has the canal been superseded by the railway. According to the late Lord Ellesmere, at a time when the Duke of Bridgewater was beginning to reap the profit of his perseverance and sacrifices, Lord Kenyon congratulated him on the result. "Yes," he replied, "we shall do well enough if we can keep clear of these d——d tramroads," a saying which, if mistaken in one sense, contained a prophesy of the greatness of railways. "Notwithstanding the great additional facilities for conveyance of merchandise, which have been provided of late years by the construction of railways, a very large proportion of the heavy carrying

trade of the country still continues to be conducted upon canals. It was, indeed, at one time proposed, during the railway mania, and that by a somewhat shrewd engineer, to fill up the canals and make railways of them! It was even predicted, during the construction of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, that within twelve months of its opening the Bridgewater Canal would be closed, and the place of its waters be covered over with rushes. But canals have stood their ground even against railways, and the Duke's canal instead of being closed, continues to carry as much traffic as ever. It has lost the conveyance of passengers by the fly-boats, it is true, but it has retained, and in many instances increased, its traffic in minerals and merchandise. The canals have stood the competition of railways far more successfully than the old turnpike-roads, though these, too, are still in their way as indispensable as canals and railways themselves. Not less than twenty millions of traffic are estimated to be carried annually upon the canals of England alone, and this quantity is steadily increasing. In 1835, before the opening of the London and Birmingham Railway, the through-tonnage carried on the Grand Junction Canal was 310,475 tons; and in 1845, after the railway had been open for ten years, the tonnage carried on the canal had increased to 480,626 tons. At a meeting of proprietors of the Birmingham Canal Navigations, held in October 1860, the chairman said the receipts for the last six months were, with one exception, the largest they had ever had."[1]

From a slim youth, the Duke of Bridgewater became, in middle and later age, a large and corpulent man. His features are said to have borne a strong resemblance to those of George III. He was careless in his dress, and usually wore a suit of brown—"something of the cut of Dr Johnson's,"—

[1] Smiles, p. 465.

which included dark drab breeches, fastened at the knee with silver buckles. His chief luxury was tobacco, which he used both ways, being a great smoker, but "out of doors, he snuffed, and he would pull huge pinches out of his right waistcoat-pocket, and thrust the powder up his nose, accompanying the operation with strong, short snorts." "While resident in London," according to Lord Ellesmere, from whose narrative chiefly such traits of the Duke are derived, "his social intercourse was limited within the circle of a few intimate friends, and for many years he avoided the trouble of a main part of an establishment suited to his station, by an agreement with one of these, who, for a stipulated sum, undertook to provide a daily dinner for his Grace and a certain number of guests. This engagement lasted till a late period of the Duke's life, when the death of the friend ended the contract." As he loved the useful, so he despised the ornamental, and would allow no conservatories or flower gardens at Worsley. And on his return from a visit to London, "finding some flowers which had been planted in his absence, he whipped their heads off and ordered them to be rooted up." Yet he collected, probably thinking it a good investment, one of the finest and most valuable picture galleries in Europe, "of which," says Lord Ellesmere, "an accident laid the foundation." "Dining one day with his nephew, Lord Gower, afterwards Duke of Sutherland, the Duke saw and admired a picture which the latter had picked up a bargain, for some £10, at a broker's in the vicinity. 'You must take me,' he said, 'to that d——d fellow to-morrow.' Whether this impetuosity produced any immediate result, we are not informed, but plenty of 'd——d fellows' were doubtless not wanting to cater for the taste thus suddenly developed. Such advisers as Lord Farnborough and his nephew lent him the aid of their judgment. His purchases from Italy and Holland were judicious and

important, and finally the distractions of France, pouring the treasures of the Orleans Gallery into this country, he became a principal in the fortunate speculation of its purchase."[1] Thus arose the Bridgewater Collection.

On great occasions, in spite of his private economy and even parsimony, the Duke showed a princely liberality, and when his country was thought to be in danger, he subscribed a hundred thousand pounds to the "Loyalty Loan." He was rough in speech, and, from long contact with his workmen, "thee'd and thou'd," after the fashion of the district. Reading and conversation he cared little for; he never wrote a letter when he could help it. His antagonism to the fair sex, after his disappointment, he carried so far that he would not allow a woman-servant to wait upon him. To those whom he employed he was a good and just master, though a precise and stern one. He looked well after the housing of his colliery workers, and the schooling of their children,—establishing shops and markets for them, and taking care that they contributed to a sick-club. Of his feeling for the poor one interesting anecdote survives, and is told[2] in connection with his love of travelling from Worsley in his own passage-boats. "He often went by them to Manchester, to watch how the coal-trade was going on. When the passengers alighted at the coal-wharf, there were usually many poor people about, wheeling away their barrow-loads of coals. One of the Duke's regulations was, that whenever any deficiency in the supply was apprehended, those people who came with their wheel-barrows, baskets, and aprons, for small quantities, should be served first, and waggons, carts, and horses sent away until the supply was again abundant. The number of small customers who thus resorted to the Duke's coal-yard rendered it a somewhat busy scene, and the Duke liked to look on and watch the proceedings. One day a customer of

[1] *Essays*, p. 240. [2] Smiles, p. 405.

the poorer sort, having got his sack filled, looked about for some one to help it on to his back. He observed a stoutish man standing near, dressed in a spencer, with dark drab small clothes. 'Heigh! mester!' said the man, 'come, gi'e me a lift wi' this sack o' coal on to my shouder.' Without any hesitation, the person in the spencer gave the man the required 'lift,' and off he trudged with the load. Some one near, who had witnessed the transaction, ran up to the man and asked, 'Dun yo know who's that yo've been speaking tull?' 'Naw; who is he?' 'Why, it's the Duke his-sen.' 'The Duke!' exclaimed the man, dropping the bag of coals from his shoulder. 'Hey! what'll he do *at* me? Maun a goo an' ax his pardon?' But the Duke had disappeared." [1]

The "great" Duke of Bridgewater died in London on the 8th of March 1803, after a short illness brought on by a cold. His funeral was, in accordance with his own desire, the simplest possible; and his body was deposited in the family-vault near Ashridge, his magnificent seat in Hertfordshire. The sixth earl, he was the third, the last, and the only bachelor Duke of Bridgewater. The earldom went to his cousin, General Edward Egerton, and from him to the eighth earl, the originator, by bequest, of the *Bridgewater Treatises*, who died "in the odour of eccentricity," at Paris, in 1829; with him the earldom, too, became extinct. To his successor in the earldom the Duke of Bridgewater bequeathed Ashridge; other estates and valuable property he left to his nephew, the second Marquis of Stafford and first Duke of Sutherland; while his canal-property was devolved (under trust) to that nobleman's second son, known successively as Lord Francis Leveson Gower and Lord Francis Egerton, afterwards first Earl of Ellesmere, grandfather of the third Earl of Ellesmere, the present owner of Worsley. This very year of

[1] Smiles, p. 405.

1873 has witnessed the transfer of the Duke's canals to the hands of stranger-capitalists, and the Bridgewater Trust is now a thing of the past. When the change is fully carried out, no present or future Earl of Ellesmere will be heard saying what the first said[1] of the ducal founder of British Canal-navigation: "Something like his phantom-presence still seems to pervade his Lancashire neighbourhood, before which those on whom his heritage has fallen sink into comparative insignificance. The Duke's horses still draw the Duke's boats. The Duke's coals still issue from the Duke's levels; and when a question of price is under discussion, 'What will the Duke say or do?' is as constant an element of the proposition as if he were forthcoming in the body to answer the question."

Not inappropriately the last Duke of Bridgewater has been called the "first great Manchester man." A benefactor to his country, he was specially a benefactor to Lancashire. "The Duke of Bridgewater, more than any other single man, contributed to lay the foundations of the prosperity of Manchester, Liverpool, and the surrounding districts. The cutting of the canal from Worsley to Manchester conferred upon that town the immediate benefit of a cheap and abundant supply of coal; and when Watt's steam-engine became the great motive-power in manufactures, such supply became absolutely essential to its existence as a manufacturing town. Being the first to secure this great advantage, Manchester thus got the start forward which she has never since lost.

"But besides being a water-way for coal, the Duke's canal, when opened out to Liverpool, immediately conferred upon Manchester the immense advantage of direct connection with an excellent seaport. New canals, supported by the Duke, and constructed by the Duke's engineer, grew out of the original scheme between Manchester and Runcorn,

[1] *Essays*, p. 239.

which had the further effect of placing the former town in direct water-communication with the rich districts of the north-west of England. Then the Duke's canal-terminus became so important that most of the new navigations were laid out so as to join it—those of Leigh, Bolton, Stockport, Rochdale, and the West Riding of Yorkshire being all connected with the Duke's system, whose centre was at Manchester. And thus the whole industry of these districts was brought, as it were, to the very doors of that town.

"But Liverpool was not less directly benefited by the Duke's enterprise. Before his canal was constructed, the small quantity of Manchester woollens and cottons manufactured for exportation was carried on horses' backs to Bewdley and Bridgenorth, on the Severn, from whence they were floated down that river to Bristol, then the chief seaport on the west coast. No sooner, however, was the new water-road opened out than the Bridgenorth pack-horses were taken off, and the whole export trade of the district concentrated in Liverpool. The additional accommodation required for the increased business of the port was promptly provided as occasion required. New harbours and docks were built; and before many years had passed, Liverpool had shot far ahead of Bristol, and became the chief port on the west coast, if not in all England. Had Bristol been blessed with a Duke of Bridgewater, the result might have been altogether different; and the valleys of Wilts, the coal and iron fields of Wales, and the estuary of the Severn might have been what South Lancashire and the Mersey are now. Were statues any proof of merit, the Duke would long since have had the highest statue in Manchester, as well as Liverpool, erected to his memory, and that of Brindley would have been found standing by his side."[1]

One more quotation and we have done. It is from the

[1] Smiles, p. 416.

graceful tribute to the Duke of Bridgewater by his grand-nephew, of which we have so often availed ourselves, and it may form a fitting close to a sketch of his career. "We are far from supposing," says the first Earl of Ellesmere,[1] "that if he had never lived England could long have remained contented with primitive modes of intercourse inadequate to her growing energies. Brindley himself might have found other patrons, or, if he had pined for want of such, Smeatons, Fultons, and Telfords might have arisen to supply his place. But for the happy conjunction, however, of such an instrument with such a hand to wield it, inland navigation might long have had to struggle with the timidity of capitalists, and for a long time, at least, would perhaps have crept along obsequious to inequalities of surface and the sinuosities of natural water-courses. When we trace on the map the present artificial arterial system of Britain, some 110 lines of canal, amounting in length to 2400 miles—when we reflect on the rapidity of the creation, how soon the junction of the Worsley coal-field with its Manchester market was followed by that of Liverpool with Hull, and Lancashire with London—we cannot but think the Duke's matrimonial disappointment ranks with other cardinal passages in the lives of eminent men, with the majority of nine which prevented the projected emigration of Cromwell, and the hurricane which scattered Admiral Christian's fleet, and drove back to the Downs the vessel freighted with Sir Arthur Wellesley and his fortunes."

[1] *Essays*, p. 232.

XII.

*JOHN KAY AND JAMES HARGREAVES.**

WITH the invention of the fly-shuttle—certainly by John Kay—and of the spinning-jenny—almost certainly by James Hargreaves—began that development of the British cotton manufacture which, continuing to our own day, has made Lancashire one of the wealthiest, most populous, and most important counties in the United Kingdom. Without

* Bennett Woodcroft's *Brief Biographies of Inventors of Machines for the Manufacture of Textile Fabrics* (London, 1863). Richard Guest's *Compendious History of the Cotton Manufacture, with a Disproval of the Claims of Sir Richard Arkwright to the Invention of its ingenious Machinery* (Manchester, 1823); and his *British Cotton Manufactures; a Reply to an Article on the Spinning Machinery, contained in a recent Number of the "Edinburgh Review."* Robert Cole, *Some Account of Lewis Paul, and his Invention of the Machine for Spinning Cotton and Wool by Rollers, and his Claim to such Invention, to the Exclusion of John Wyatt;* a Paper read in section G of the British Association at its meeting held in September 1858, and printed as "Appendix No. iv." to Mr Gilbert J. French's *Life and Times of Samuel Crompton* (second edition, Manchester and London, 1860). Dr Ure's *Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain, investigated and illustrated* (London, 1861). Edward Baines, *History of the Cotton Manufacture* (London. 1835), and *History of Lancashire* (first edition). John James, *History of the Worsted Manufacture in England from the earliest Times* (London, 1857). Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (London, 1860). Defoe's *Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain* (London, 1738). *Abridgments of Specifications relating to Weaving*, and *Abridgments of Specifications for Spinning*, published by the Commissioners of Patents. John Dyer, *The Fleece, a Poem*. Samuel Bamford's *Dialect of South Lancashire.* Aikin's *Description of the Country round Manchester,* &c. &c.

Kay there might have been no Hargreaves, or no spinning-jenny; without the spinning-jenny no Arkwright and no Crompton.

Before the era of Arkwright, an English cotton-manufacture, in the strict sense of the words, did not exist, or rather, cloth manufactured of cotton solely was not produced in this country. The old-fashioned spinning-wheel, or the venerable distaff, on which the weaver was dependent for his supply of cotton-yarn, turned out thread fit only for weft, but not strong or stout enough for warps. In the first half of the eighteenth century, the warp of the fustian and other cloth containing cotton, and woven in Lancashire or elsewhere in England, was for the most part of linen-yarn, supplied from Ireland, as in Humphrey Chetham's day, or from Continental countries under the name of Hamburg yarn, probably because that was the port from which it was mainly shipped. This circumstance ought to be kept in mind all the more sedulously, that from the use, early and late, of the word "cottons," to denote a branch of the woollen manufacture, we are apt to exaggerate the quantity and value of the cotton worked up in England during the first half of the eighteenth century. When we read of the flourishing trade of Manchester and some other Lancashire towns of this period, we must remember that cotton, pure and simple, entered as a small element only into the composition of the manufactures of the county. In Stukeley's *Itinerarium Curiosum*, published in 1724, he describes Manchester, from personal observation, as "the largest, most rich, populous, and busy village in England"—village, be it observed, not town. "There are," he says, "about 2400 families. Their trade," he adds, "is incredibly large; consists much in fustians, girthweb, ticking, tapes, &c., which are dispersed all over the kingdom, and to foreign parts."[1]

[1] Baines's *Lancashire*, ii. 292.

Defoe, in his *Tour*, the first edition of which appeared in 1727, was actually misled, by Camden's mention of "Manchester cottons," into supposing not only that there was then such a thing as an independent cotton-manufacture, but that it was older than the woollen manufacture. For the rest, he speaks of Manchester as "one of the greatest, if not really the greatest, mere village in England. It is neither a walled town, city, nor corporation; it sends no members to Parliament, and the highest magistrate there is a constable or head-borough." "Here," he says further on, "as at Liverpool, and as at Frome in Somersetshire, the town is extended in a surprising manner; abundance not of new houses only, but of new streets of houses are added, as also a new church, dedicated to St Anne, and they talk of another, and a fine new square, so that the town is almost double to what it was some years ago."[1] Yet if the official returns of the import of cotton-wool into England are to be trusted, it could not have been to the increased use of cotton in the manufactures of the place that the increased size and prosperity of Manchester were due. That import had positively decreased since the beginning of the eighteenth century. In 1701 the quantity of cotton-wool imported into England was 1,985,868 lbs.; in 1730 it had fallen to 1,545,472. In 1701 the official value of British cotton-goods (so called) exported of all sorts was £23,253. In 1730 this value had fallen to £13,524.[2]

One of the causes of the decrease in the import of cotton-wool, and of the decline of the cotton-manufacture, or rather of the manufacture into which cotton entered as an element, is to be found in the commercial legislation of the period. The woollen manufacture—the great staple trade of the kingdom—began by attacking the import of cotton-goods from India; and when it had succeeded in this,

[1] iii. 173. [2] Baines's *Cotton Manufacture*, p. 215.

it went on to cripple such manufactures at home as aimed at supplying the demand created by a taste for Eastern cottons. It was the boast of the English woollen manufacturers that they could provide clothing for all climates and all countries; and they called on the Legislature to suppress the sale of every, or almost every fabric, which might interfere with their great and time-honoured, their national industry. "Nothing," once exclaims Defoe,[1] "can answer all the ends of dress but good English broadcloth, fine camblets, serges, and such like; these they"—foreign nations—"must have, with them none but England can supply them. Be their country hot or cold, torrid or frigid, 'tis the same thing; near the equinox or near the pole, the English manufacture clothes them all. Here it covers them warm from the freezing breath of the Northern Bear; and there it shades them and keeps them cool from the scorching beams of a perpendicular sun." With these pretensions the woollen manufacturers were very indignant at the importation by the East India Company of the printed or dyed calicoes of Hindustan into England, where they found a considerable sale. The woollen manufacturers applied for protection to a sympathising legislature, and in 1700 the Act 11 and 12 William III. cap. 10, prohibited the import of the printed or dyed calicoes of India, Persia, and China. Not only, however, was this prohibition followed by an importation from the East of plain calicoes, which could be printed or dyed at home, but the Lancashire men set to work to produce cloth of linen-warp and cotton-weft, which was sent to London to be printed and dyed in imitation of the prohibited Oriental fabrics. The woollen manufacturers discovered that the prohibition of the import of printed and dyed calicoes was of little avail, and that they had thus given a

[1] *Plan of English Commerce*, quoted by James, *Worsted Manufacture*, p. 187.

stimulus to the domestic production of something resembling the hateful goods which were formerly imported from the East. In 1720 the import of cotton-wool into England nearly touched the amount imported in 1701. Again the woollen manufacturers lifted up their voices, as in the following plaintive passage of a work published about 1719: "The very weavers and sellers of calico will acknowledge that all the mean people—the maid-servants, and indifferently poor persons—who would otherwise clothe themselves, and are usually clothed in their"—the woollen manufacturers'—"stuffs made at Norwich and London, or in cantaloons and crapes, &c., are now clothed in calico or printed linen, moved to it as well for the cheapness as the lightness of the cloth, and gaiety of the colours. The children universally, whose frocks and coats were all either made of tammies worked at Coventry, or of striped thin stuffs made at Spitalfields, appear now in printed calico or printed linen; let any one but cast their eyes among the meaner sort playing in the street, or of the better sort at boarding schools and in our families; the truth is too plain to be denied." [1] Once more the Legislature lent a willing ear to the complaints of the woollen manufacturers. An Act passed in 1721, the 7 George III. cap. 7, imposed a penalty of £5 on every person so much as found wearing any printed or painted or stained calico, whether made at home or abroad. With this stringent enactment the import of cotton-wool into England seems to have begun again to decline.

From the operation of the Act of 1721, muslins, neckcloths, and fustians were exempted. It is even said that after the passing of the Act, the Lancashire manufacturers availed themselves of this exemption to make calicoes (always with linen-warps) which could pretend to be

[1] James, p. 216-17.

fustians, and therefore might be printed on, "painted" or "stained," without subjecting the wearer to the penalty. However this may be, with the passing of the Act of 1721, the Lancashire manufacturers and the woollen-interest at Norwich and elsewhere, engaged in a struggle which, after fifteen years, ended in the victory of Lancashire. In 1736 Lancashire wrung from the Legislature what was known as the "Manchester Act." It allowed the use of coloured stuffs made of linen-warp and cotton-weft; for it was not then surmised that cloth could be made at home composed exclusively of cotton. The prohibition of printed calicoes exclusively of cotton remained in force, and of course operated, as it was intended to operate, against the introduction of the cheap cotton-goods of India. At home a free field was left to the Lancashire manufacturers, who, could they have foreseen the future, might have been grateful to their rivals and enemies. If the woollen manufacturers had not for their own ends procured the prohibition of Indian goods, in all probability there would never have been a cotton-manufacture in this country. It might have been strangled by the import and competition of the cheap cotton products of India, from time immemorial the seat of a vast cotton-manufacture of its own. With the passing of the Act of 1736 the English manufacture of stuffs made of linen-warp and cotton-weft took a fresh start, visible in the statistics of the cotton-wool imported. In 1730, as has been seen, the cotton-wool imported into this country was 1,545,472 lbs. 1764 is the year in which John Kay's fly-shuttle was brought under the notice of the London Society of Arts, and it is also that in which James Hargreaves is supposed to have invented the spinning-jenny. In 1764 the cotton-wool imported into England amounted to 3,870,392 lbs., a small enough quantity when compared with the 893,304,720 lbs. imported in 1864, a century later; but

showing a considerable increase on the import of 1730, six years before the passing of the Manchester Act. In like manner the official value of the British cotton-goods of all kinds exported in 1730 amounted only to £13,524. In 1764 it had risen to £200,354. Two years later, Michael Postlethwayte, in his *Universal Dictionary of Trade and Commerce*, estimated the annual value of the cottons made in England, both exported and retained for home consumption, at £600,000. A hundred years later, in 1866, the declared real value of the manufactured cotton exported from this country was more than seventy-four millions sterling. John Kay and James Hargreaves were the beginners of the industrial revolution which effected this marvellous growth.

With the increased production, during the fourteen or fifteen years after the Manchester Act was passed, of these hybrid goods, partly linen, partly cotton, and with the general growth of the industry of Lancashire, the position of the Manchester merchant and manufacturer altered and improved. An interesting Lancashire Worthy of later times, Thomas Walker, in his *Original*, has thus described the life of one of the chief merchants of Manchester, born at the beginning, and probably in full career about the middle, of the eighteenth century: "He sent the manufactures of the place into Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, and the intervening counties; and principally took in exchange feathers from Lincolnshire, and malt from Cambridgeshire and Nottinghamshire. All his commodities were conveyed on pack-horses, and he was from home the greater part of every year, performing his journeys leisurely on horseback. His balances were received in guineas, and were carried with him in his saddle-bags. He was exposed to the vicissitudes of the weather, to great labour and fatigue, and to constant danger. In Lincolnshire he tra-

velled chiefly along bridle-ways, through fields where frequent gibbets warned him of his peril, and where flocks of wild-fowl continually darkened the air. Business carried on in this manner required a combination of personal attention, courage, and physical strength not to be hoped for in a deputy; and a merchant then led a much more severe and irksome life than a bagman afterwards, and still more than a commercial traveller of the present day." With some improvement in the means of communication, and with the increasing prosperity and wealth of the Manchester trader, he was no longer obliged to make these journeys in person, or to hawk his goods about in pedlar-fashion.

"When the Manchester trade began to extend," says Dr Aikin, writing towards 1795, "the chapmen used to keep gangs of pack-horses, and accompany them to the principal towns with goods in packs, which they opened and sold to shopkeepers, lodging what was unsold in small stores at the inns. The pack-horses brought back sheep's wool, which was bought on the journey and sold to the makers of worsted yarn at Manchester, or to the clothiers of Rochdale, Saddleworth, and the West Riding of Yorkshire. On the improvement of turnpike-roads waggons were set up, and the pack-horses discontinued; and the chapmen only rode out for orders, carrying with them patterns in their bags. It was during the forty years from 1730 to 1770 that trade was greatly pushed by the practice of sending these riders all over the kingdom to those towns which before had been supplied from the wholesale dealers in the capital places before mentioned. As this was attended not only with more trouble, but with much more risk, some of the old traders withdrew from business, or confined themselves to as much as they could do on the old footing, which, by the competition of young adventurers, diminished yearly. In this period strangers flocked in from various quarters, which introduced a greater proportion of young men of some fortune into the town, with a consequent increase of luxury and gaiety. The fees of apprentices becoming an object of profit, a different manner of treating them began to prevail" from that of the water-pottage breakfasts, of which the worthy doctor's description was quoted in the sketch of John Byrom.[1] "Somewhat before 1760, a considerable manufacturer allotted a back parlour with a fire for the

[1] *ante*, p. [illegible]

use of his apprentices, and gave them tea twice a day. His fees, in consequence, rose higher than had before been known—from £250 to £300—and he had three or four apprentices at a time. The highest fee known as late as 1769 was £500. Within the last twenty or thirty years the vast increase of foreign trade has caused many of the Manchester manufacturers to travel abroad, and agents or partners to be fixed for a considerable time on the Continent, as well as foreigners to reside at Manchester. And the town has now in every respect assumed the style and manners of one of the commercial capitals of Europe."

This "assumption," however, was very gradual; and even when Aikin wrote, there was, according to his own admission, much primitive simplicity in the "style and manners" of wealthy Manchester. It was not till the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century that "the traders had certainly got money beforehand, and began to build modern brick-houses, in place of those of wood and plaster."

"The improvement of their fortunes was chiefly owing to their economy in living, the expense of which was much below the interest of the capital employed. . . . In 1708 the Act passed for building St Ann's Church, which in a few years was followed by the square and streets adjoining, where was displayed a new style of light and convenient rooms very different from those in the rest of the town. The front-parlours, however, were reserved for company only, and the family usually lived in the back-parlours. This fashion continued to our own times, and in small houses subsists in some degree at present. The great sums of money brought into circulation by the wars and taxes in Queen Anne's reign, and by the subsequent commercial speculations, must have rapidly forwarded the progress of luxury in Manchester. Lady Bland of Hulme, who was herself a great heiress, and had married a gentleman of large fortune, was then the chief promoter of whatever could embellish the town, or polish the taste of its inhabitants. She had subscribed liberally to the building of St Ann's Church, and the initials of her name were put upon the cover of the communion-table. A few years afterwards she was the principal patroness of a dancing assembly, and a handsome room for the purpose was erected upon pillars, leaving a space beneath to walk in. This was in the middle of the new fashionable street called King Street, and opened a convenient passage to the new churchyard." (!) "The assembly was

held once a week, at the low price of half-a-crown a quarter; and the ladies had their maids to come with lanthorns and pattens to conduct them home: nor was it unusual," says the doctor, with wonderful gravity, "for their partners also to attend them. Lady Bland was of a cheerful disposition, and so fond of young company that she had frequent balls in her hall at Hulme, and often, when an old woman, danced in the same set with her grandson"—

although her initials were conspicuous on the cover of the communion-table in St Ann's Church.

"About 1720," the doctor continues, "there were not above three or four carriages kept in the town. One of these belonged to a Madame D——, in Salford. This respectable old lady was of a sociable disposition, but could not bring herself to conform to the new-fashioned beverage of tea and coffee; whenever, therefore, she made her afternoon's visit, her friends presented her with a tankard of ale and pipe of tobacco. A little before this period a country-gentleman had married the daughter of a citizen of London; she had been used to tea, and in compliment to her it was introduced by some of her neighbours; but the usual entertainment at gentlemen's houses at that time was wet and dry sweetmeats, different sorts of cake and gingerbread, apples or other fruits of the season, and a variety of home-made wines. The manufacture of these wines was a great point with all good housewives both in the country and the town. They made an essential part of all feasts, and were brought forth when the London or Bristol dealers came down to settle their accounts and give orders. A young manufacturer about this time having a valuable customer to sup with him, sent to the tavern for a pint of foreign wine, which next morning furnished a subject for the sarcastic remarks of all his neighbours"

on "the progress of luxury" in Manchester.

"In order to perfect young ladies in what was *then* thought," the doctor says, with perhaps a regretful sigh, "a necessary part of their education, a pastry-school was set up in Manchester, which was frequented not only by the daughters of the town's people, but those of the neighbouring gentlemen. At this time there was *a* girl's boarding-school, and also a dancing-master, who, on particular occasions, used to make the boys and girls parade by two through some of the streets, a display which"—naturally—"was not very pleasing to some of the bashful youths at that day. About this period there was an evening club of the most opulent manufacturers, at which the expenses of each

person were fixed at fourpence-halfpenny—viz., fourpence for ale and a halfpenny for tobacco. At a much later period, however, a sixpenny-worth of punch, and a pipe or two, were esteemed fully sufficient for the evening's tavern-amusement of the principal inhabitants."

Nay, when the impulse bestowed by John Kay and James Hargreaves on the cotton manufacture had been continued by Arkwright and by Crompton, and Manchester, wealthy and thriving, had "assumed the style and manners of one of the commercial capitals of Europe," Dr Aikin could give the following sketch of contemporary doings; but, as if ashamed, thrusting it into a note, and accompanying it with a characteristic comment:—

"As a proof," he says, "that even at the present day strong features of ancient manners exist here, we shall copy the following anecdote lately communicated: There now resides in the market-place of Manchester a man of the name of John Shawe, who keeps a common public-house, in which a large company of the respectable tradesmen meet every day after dinner, and the rule is to call for sixpenny-worth of punch. Here the news of the town is generally known. The high change at Shawe's is about six, and at eight o'clock every person must quit the house, as no liquor is ever served out after that hour; and should any one be presumptuous enough to stop, Mr Shawe brings out a whip with a long lash, and proclaiming aloud, 'Past eight o'clock, gentlemen,' soon clears his house. For this excellent regulation Mr Shawe has frequently received the thanks of the ladies of Manchester, and is often toasted; nor is any one a greater favourite with the town's-men than this respectable old man. He is a man very far advanced in life—we suppose not much short of eighty, and still a strong, stout, hearty man. He has kept strictly to this rule for upwards of fifty years, accompanied by an old woman-servant for nearly the same length of time. It is not unworthy of remark," thus in his own person the good and cultivated doctor proceeds to moralise, "and to a stranger is very extraordinary, that merchants of the first fortunes quit the elegant drawing-room to sit in a small, dark dungeon—for this house cannot with propriety be called by a better name—but such is the force of long-established custom."

Even so. As finish to these extracts from a quaint and

curious record of a vanished and forgotten state of society in Manchester we take the following :—

> "In the year 1750 there was a stand of hackney-coaches in St Ann's Square; but these vehicles being found less convenient for some purposes than sedan-chairs, the latter took place of them, and few country towns have been better supplied with them. Some persons who had quitted trade began to indulge in the luxury of a chair of their own to take an airing; but it was not till 1758 that any person actually in business set up a carriage." [1]

Be it added that "a survey of Manchester was executed with accuracy" in 1773, when the population of Manchester and Salford was estimated at 27,246—22,481 in Manchester, 4765 in Salford. In 1872, a century later, the population of Manchester was 357,979; of Salford, 102,449. Figures that speak for themselves.

In the course of the first half of the eighteenth century, not only did the position of the Lancashire manufacturer alter in itself, but an important change was brought about in his relations to the working-class. When Humphrey Chetham flourished, "the Manchester traders went regularly on market days to buy pieces of fustian of the weaver; each weaver then procuring yarn or cotton as he could, which subjected the trade to great inconvenience." This is Dr Aikin's account of matters. Mr Guest takes up the story, and tells us what was the state of things a century afterwards. In 1740 "the Manchester merchants began to give out warps and raw cotton to the weavers, receiving them back in cloth, and paying for the carding, roving, spinning, and weaving. After the fustians were manufactured, the merchants dyed them, and then carried them to the principal towns in the kingdom on pack-horses, opening their packs and selling to shopkeepers as they went along." Ten years or so later, about 1750, with the increase of trade there arose, chiefly

[1] Aikin, p. 183-91.

in the country parts of Lancashire, a class of middle-men, or "second-rate merchants, called fustian-masters," who "gave out a warp and raw cotton to the weaver, and received them back in cloth, paying the weaver for the weaving and spinning." The fustian-master "attended the weekly market at Manchester, and sold his pieces in the grey to the merchant, who afterwards dyed them and finished them." For the conversion of the cotton-wool supplied him into weft suitable for his loom, the weaver had to employ carders, rovers, and spinners. If these operations could be performed by his own family, so much the better for him. To weave a piece containing 12 lbs. of eighteen-penny weft occupied him fourteen days. From the merchant he received, for the weaving, 18s.; 9s. more to cover the spinning of the weft at 9d. per lb., and another 9s. at the same rate for the picking and carding the cotton-wool, and the conversion of the cardings into rovings, which were spun by the old-fashioned hand-wheel into yarn for the weft.[1]

Thus there had arisen in Lancashire a primitive manufacture, into which cotton entered as an element, and all the operations of which, weaving included, could be performed by the same household. It was, for the most part, carried on in combination with small farming by whole families at home, and to it the factory system presents a very striking contrast. In some households the manufacturing was subsidiary to the farming operations; in others, it was the principal employment of the family. Of both kinds we have sketches: one of them by the late Samuel Bamford, writing

[1] Guest, *Compendious History*, p. 8-10, where are also given some interesting details of the price of food, &c., in the Lancashire of 1760. Oats were sold at 2s. per bushel of 45 lbs.; wheat, 5s. per bushel of 70 lbs.; meal, 20s. per load; jannock, 15 lbs. for 12d.; beef at 2d. per lb.; a neck of mutton for 9d.; a goose for 15d.; cheese at 2¼d. per lb. Land let for 40s. or 45s. the Cheshire acre. The yearly rent of a weaver's cottage, with a two-loom shop, was 40s. or 50s.

chiefly from tradition; the other by William Radcliffe, the improver of the power-loom, and embodying the results of his personal experience.

"Farms," says Samuel Bamford, speaking of the district and the days in which Tim Bobbin lived, "were most cultivated for the production of milk, butter, and cheese. Oats, also, for the family's consumption of meal in the form of porridge and oaten cake, would be looked after, and a small patch of potatoes, when they had come into general use, would probably be found on some favourable bank attached to each farm. The farming was generally of that kind which was soonest and most easily performed, and it was done by the husband and other males of the family, whilst the wife and daughters and maid-servants, if there were any of the latter, attended to the churning, cheese-making, and household work, and when that was finished, they busied themselves in carding, slubbing, and spinning of wool or cotton, as well as forming it into warps for the loom. The husband and sons would next, at times when farm labour did not call them abroad, size the warp, dry it and beam it in the loom, and either they or the females, whichever happened to be least otherwise employed, would weave the warp down. A farmer would generally have three or four looms in his house, and then, what with the farming, easily and leisurely though it was performed, what with the house-work, and what with the carding, spinning, and weaving, there was ample employment for the family. If the rent was raised from the farm, so much the better; if not, the deficiency was made up from the manufacturing profits." [1]

So far Samuel Bamford. In Radcliffe's description of his own parish of Mellor, fourteen miles from Manchester, the manufacturing element is much more prominent than the agricultural.

"In the year 1770," he says, "the land in our township was occupied by between fifty to sixty farmers; rents, to the best of my recollection, did not exceed ten shillings per statute acre; and out of these fifty or sixty farmers there were only six or seven who raised their rents directly from the produce of their farms; all the rest got their rents partly in some branch of trade, such as spinning and weaving woollen, linen, or cotton. The cottagers were employed entirely in this manner, except for a few weeks in the harvest. Being one of those cottagers, and intimately acquainted with all the rest, as well as every farmer, I am better able to relate particularly how the change from the old system

[1] Bamford, *Introduction*, p. iv.

of hand-labour to the new one of machinery operated in raising the price of land. Cottage-rents at that time, with convenient loom-shop and a small garden attached, were from one and a half to two guineas per annum. The father of a family would earn from eight shillings to half a guinea at his loom, and his sons, if he had one, two, or three alongside of him, six or eight shillings per week; but the great sheet-anchor of all cottages and small farms was the labour attached to the hand-wheel; and when it is considered that it required six or eight hands to prepare and spin yarn, of any of the three materials I have mentioned, sufficient for the consumption of one weaver,—this shows clearly the inexhaustible source there was for labour for every person, from the age of seven to eighty years (who retained their sight and could move their hands), to earn their bread—say from one to three shillings per week, without going to the parish."[1]

This was the idyllic period of Lancashire manufacturing, gone never to return. Organised labour in huge factories, amid the roar and clank of steam-engines, the clatter and whirl of complicated machinery, has superseded the cottage-industry of the time before Arkwright, Watt, and Cartwright. The hand-loom has been displaced by the power-loom; and if hand-loom weavers still survive here and there, they are, in a general way, among the most poorly-paid and wretched of the working-class. To the lumber-room rollers and mules long ago relegated the spinning-wheel, once at work in so many English homes, and practically the modern spinster knows nothing of the employment from which her designation is derived.

John Kay's fly-shuttle powerfully contributed to the invention of those improved modes of spinning which abolished the one-thread wheel of the village-maiden. Even before the fly-shuttle had come into general use, the weaver—and a large weaver-class had doubtless sprung up, apart from the cottage-industry already described—found the supply of weft from the old-fashioned wheel to be scanty and capricious.

"About 1760 the Manchester merchants began also to export

[1] Radcliffe's *Origin of Power-loom Weaving*, p. 59-66.

fustians in considerable quantities to Italy, Germany, and the North American colonies, and the cotton-manufacture "—of linen-warp, be it always remembered, in combination with cotton-weft—" continued to increase until the spinners were unable to supply the weavers with weft. Those weavers whose families could not furnish the necessary supply of weft had their spinning done by their neighbours, and were obliged to pay more for the spinning than the price allowed by their masters; and even with this disadvantage very few could procure weft enough to keep themselves constantly employed. It was no uncommon thing for a weaver to walk three or four miles in a morning, and call on five or six spinners before he could collect weft to serve him for the remainder of the day; and when he wished to weave a piece in a shorter time than usual, a new ribbon or gown was necessary to quicken the exertions of the spinner. It is evident that an important crisis for the cotton-manufacture of Lancashire was now arrived. It must either receive an extraordinary impulse, or, like most other human affairs, after enjoying a partial prosperity, retrograde. The spinners could not supply weft enough for the weavers. The first consequence of this would be to raise the price of spinning. In the then state of manners and prejudices, when the facilities of communication between places were less, and the population generally possessed with much greater antipathy to leaving their native place than at present, this inducement would have failed to bring together a sufficient number of hand-spinners, and a further rise in the price of spinning must have been the consequence. This would have rendered the price of the manufactured cloth too great to have been purchased for home or foreign consumption, for which its cheapness must of course have been the principal inducement."[1]

A crisis was thus at hand, even without Kay's invention of the fly-shuttle. By that invention it was precipitated and intensified. Before the fly-shuttle came into use, "a weaver required three grown persons to supply him with weft." Kay's invention at least doubled the number of persons so required, by at least doubling the productive power of the weaver. Unless the invention of the spinning-jenny, associated with the name of Hargreaves, had arrived to make the supply of weft keep pace with the demand for it by the weaver, the so-called cotton manufacture in England might have expired in its infancy.

[1] Guest's *Compendious History*, p. 12.

John Kay, the inventor of the fly-shuttle, was born on the 16th of July 1704, at the Park, Walmersby, near Bury, a town which from of old had been, and in Kay's time continued to be, a seat of the woollen manufacture. "Here," says De Foe in his "Tour," "we observed the" so-called "manufacture of cotton, which is so great at Manchester, Bolton, &c., was ended, and the woollen manufacture of coarse sorts, called half-thicks and kersies, begun, which employs this and all the villages about it."[1] Elsewhere in the same volume he says, "The market for them"—the half-thicks and kersies—"is very great, though the town is situated so remote, so out of the way, and at the very foot of the mountains, that it would otherwise be but little frequented."[2] Kay's father had probably been engaged in the staple trade of Bury before he became the owner of a woollen manufactory far away south at Colchester, the Essex town noted now chiefly for its oysters, but at that time for its woollen manufacture of "bays" (hence our *baize*); "and those stuffs," says the anonymous author of "A Journey through England in 1722," "which we see the nuns and friars clothed with abroad, and of which the Spaniards carry such vast quantities to America. This manufacture," he continues, "employs all the neighbouring villages, some in carding, some in spinning, and others in weaving; and several credible factors assure me that they return from London every week above £30,000 in ready money for these stuffs, besides what they have spun themselves."[3] Kay's father seems to have been an enterprising man, and "brought from abroad" the "Dutch drawboy and inkle looms." Kay himself is said vaguely to have been "educated abroad," and probably his education was more industrial than intellectual. When, whatever it may have been, it was finished, he was placed in charge of a woollen

[1] iii. 182. [2] iii. 73. [3] James, p. 215.

manufactory at Colchester belonging to his father; and in so active and stirring a sphere of textile industry as that town and its neighbourhood then presented, his inventive genius had ample stimulus and scope. He added to the care of his father's business one of his own as "engineer and machinist." He introduced improvements into the looms which his father had brought from abroad, as well as into the contrivances then in use for "dressing, batting, and carding wool." "He also effected a great improvement in reeds for looms, by making the dents of thin polished blades of metal instead of cane (the only material then in use), whereby they were rendered more durable, and became adapted to weave fabrics of a much finer, or of a much stronger and more even texture than was practicable by cane reeds. The improved instruments were called after their inventor, Kay's Reeds. They were a new manufacture, and from their great superiority became universally adopted. In two of his patents Kay styled himself 'reed-maker.'"[1]

His first patent, taken out in 1730, when he was twenty-six, was for a new engine for "the making, twisting, and carding mohairs and worsted, and for the twisting and dressing of thread,"[2] and is said by a most competent authority to display "great ingenuity." Three years later he took out the patent[3] for that great improvement in the loom which has made him famous, and which the same authority thus describes and explains:—

In the old loom "the shuttle was cast through the warp from side to side, being thrown by one hand and caught by the other alternately; and each weft-thread was driven home by the 'layer,' actuated by the hand which had just caught the shuttle, except in broadcloths, where

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[1] Woodcroft, p. 2.

[2] *Abridgments of Specifications relating to Spinning*, p. 4. "8th May 1730." No. 515.

[3] *Abridgments of Specifications relating to Weaving*, p. 3. "26th May 1733." No. 542.

a weaver stood on each side of the warp, and the shuttle was thrown alternately from one side to the other. This slow and imperfect process was performed for upwards of five thousand years by millions of skilled workmen, without any improvement being made to expedite the operation until the year 1733, when John Kay invented the race-board fixed to the layer under the warp, with a shuttle-box at each end, a spindle and picker in each box, and a cord passing from each picker to a short lever held in the weaver's right hand. He also improved the shuttle, and adapted it to the improved 'layer.' Although these improvements did not dispense with the use of the weaver's hands and feet in forming cloth, they enabled one hand to be used exclusively to throw the shuttle, whilst the other was used solely to drive home the weft. From the speed with which the shuttle could now be thrown and cloth formed, this world-famed invention obtained the name of the fly-shuttle. It is probable that no division of labour between the two hands of the operator ever produced results equal to those obtained by this invention. By these great improvements in the reed and the other parts of the loom, more than double the quantity of cloth of a better quality could be produced by each workman, and with less labour than by the old mode of weaving."[1]

With Kay's invention of the fly-shuttle began that opposition of the working-classes to the abridgment of processes of labour which was so permanently conspicuous a fact for nearly a century afterwards in the history of British industry. Ultimate results were, very naturally, not foreseen or surmised. If the fly-shuttle enabled one man to do the work of two, there would, it was feared by the working people, be a reduction of one-half of the number of weavers employed; and it was palpable, that whereas two weavers had been required for the production of any piece of broadcloth, one of them would at once be rendered superfluous, should the quantity of cloth required remain the same. The weavers of Colchester, and, it is said, of Spitalfields, resisted the introduction of the fly-shuttle so vehemently that Kay removed in 1738 to Leeds, then as now a great seat of the woollen manufacture. At Leeds Kay commenced business as an "engineer," but matters fared even worse

[1] Woodcroft, p. 2.

with him there than at Colchester. The unhappy inventor of those days escaped the Scylla of popular rage only to be devoured by the Charybdis of unscrupulous appropriation. At Leeds both masters and men were banded against him. The Yorkshire clothiers adopted the fly-shuttle, but most of them refused to pay for its use. "They formed an association called 'The Shuttle Club,' to cover each other's costs when prosecuted"—a most ingenious, but to poor Kay a most fatal, embodiment of the "mutual assurance" principle. "Kay became involved in so many law and Chancery suits, that although they were decided in his favour he was nearly ruined."[1]

Other inventions of Kay's for carding and spinning wool were lost to the world by the riotous conduct of the operatives, and were consigned to the workhouses of Leeds and Birstal. In those days, especially when there was a deficiency of yarn for the weaver, the "local authority" was not so apprehensive as in our own of competing with private industry by setting the inmates of workhouses to useful and profitable labour. In the poem of "The Fleece" (published in 1757), and to which we owe the preservation of some curious traits of English industrialism in the middle of the eighteenth century, the enthusiastic Dyer not only calls out for the "reproductive employment of pauperism" —a manufacturing labour-test—but celebrates the fact of the establishment, here and there, of such a system in Yorkshire among other counties:—

> "Now see o'er vales, and peopled mountain-tops,
> The welcome traders, gathering every web,
> Industrious, every web too few. Alas!
> Successless oft their industry, when cease
> The loom and shuttle in the troubled streets;
> Their motion stopt by wild intemperance,
> Toil's scoffing foe, who lures the giddy rout

[1] Woodcroft, p. 3.

To scorn their task-work, and to vagrant life
Turns their rude steps, while Misery, among
The cries of infants, haunts their mouldering huts.
Oh, when, through every province, shall be raised
Houses of labour, seats of kind constraint,
For those who now delight in fruitless sports,
More than in cheerful works of virtuous trade
Which honest wealth would yield, and portion due
Of public welfare? Ho, ye poor, who seek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent
For sustenance unearned; who steal abroad
From house to house, with mischievous intent,
Feigning misfortune: ho, ye lame, ye blind;
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppressed,
Who tread the rough highways, and mountains wild,
Through storms and rains, and bitterness of heart;
Ye children of affliction, be compelled
To happiness:—the long-wished daylight dawns,
When charitable Rigour shall detain
Your step-bruised feet. E'en now the sons of Trade
Where'er their cultivated hamlets smile,
Erect the mansion: here soft fleeces shine;
The card awaits you, and the comb and wheel:
Here shroud you from the thunder of the storm;
No rain shall wet your pillow: here abounds
Pure beverage; here your viands are prepared;
To heal each sickness the physician waits,
And priest entreats to give your Maker praise."[1]

In plain prose, for honest labour in the preparation and spinning of wool you shall have food, shelter, medical attendance, the "consolations of religion," and the work-house shall be really a house of work. In a note to the words "Erect the mansion," the poet says, "This alludes to the workhouses at Bristol, Birmingham, &c." In the text the strain proceeds:—

"Behold in Calder's vale, where wide around
Unnumbered villas creep the shrubby hills,
A spacious dome for this fair purpose rise."

[1] *The Fleece*, book iii.

An apostrophe which brings us to Yorkshire, if not to Leeds and Birstal, and the employment of the workhouse poor in the manufacture of wool. But what the poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, saw underneath that "spacious dome" in "Calder's vale" must be reserved until we come to speak of the spinning-inventions of Lewis Paul, since it was his machines, not John Kay's, that the muse of Dyer sang.

The precise nature of Kay's new "carding and spinning machinery" it is impossible to discover. After patenting in 1745 "a small ware-loom to be actuated by mechanical power instead of by manual labour"—a precursor of the power-loom, but which probably was never allowed to get to work—in the same year poor Kay was "compelled by the opposition of both manufacturers and workmen to break up his establishment in Leeds and return to Bury." In his native town he had no better luck than at Colchester and Leeds. At Bury "he carried on business as an engineer, and also occupied himself with making improvements in his spinning-machinery, but the fact becoming known was the cause of several disturbances on the part of the spinners. At length, in 1753, a mob broke into Kay's house, destroying everything they found, and no doubt would have killed him had he not been conveyed to a place of safety by his friends in a wool-sheet. The model of the spinning-machine was saved at the time by Mr Earnshaw, who subsequently destroyed it" as a very dangerous piece of furniture.[1] "But the machine which

[1] Of Lawrence Earnshaw of Mottram there is the following notice in Mr Smiles' memoir of Brindley (*Lives of the Engineers*, vol. i. p. 389, note), with whom he was intimate: "Lawrence was a very poor man's son, and had served a seven years' apprenticeship to the trade of a tailor, after which he bound himself apprentice to a clothier for seven years; but these trades not suiting his tastes, and being of a strongly mechanical turn, he finally bound himself apprentice to a clockmaker, whom he also served for seven years. This eccentric person invented

Kay had invented for making wire-cards happening to be in his son Robert's possession, was fortunately preserved, and is now in the Patent Museum at South Kensington."[1] This son, Robert, was a man of some inventive genius, being the author of the drop-box, "by means of which the weaver can at pleasure use any one of three shuttles,

many curious and ingenious machines, which were regarded as of great merit in his time. One of these was an astronomical and geographical machine, beautifully executed, showing the earth's diurnal and annual motion, after the manner of an orrery. The whole of the calculations were made by himself; and the machine is said to have been so exactly contrived and executed, that provided the vibration of the pendulum did not vary, the machine would not alter a minute in a hundred years; but this might probably be an extravagant estimate on the part of Earnshaw's friends. He was also a musical-instrument maker and music-teacher, a worker in metals and in wood, a painter and glazier, an optician, a bell-founder, a chemist and metallurgist, an engraver—in short, an almost universal mechanical genius. But though he could make all these things, it is mentioned as a remarkable fact, that with all his ingenuity, and after many efforts, for he made many, he never could make a wicker basket! Indeed, trying to be a universal genius was his ruin. He did, or attempted to do, so much that he never stood still and established himself in any one thing; and notwithstanding his great ability, he died 'not worth a groat.' Amongst Earnshaw's various contrivances was a piece of machinery to raise water from a coal-mine at Hague, near Mottram, and (about 1753) a machine to spin and reel cotton at one operation—in fact, a spinning-jenny—which he showed to some of his neighbours as a curiosity; but after having convinced them of what might be done by its means, he immediately destroyed it, saying that 'he would not be the means of taking bread out of the mouths of the poor.' He was a total abstainer from drink, long before the days of teetotal societies. Towards the end of his life he continued on intimate terms with Brindley, holding frequent meetings with him; and when they met they did not easily separate. Earnshaw died in 1764, at sixty years of age." The alleged invention of a spinning-jenny by Earnshaw and his destruction of it, narrated in this passage, are no doubt apocryphal; and the account of both probably arose out of somebody's perversion of the facts as given by Mr Woodcroft, and quoted from him in the text above.

[1] Woodcroft, p. 4.

each containing a different-coloured weft, without the trouble of taking them from and replacing them in the lathe."

We hear no more of John Kay until 1764, in the February of which year his son writes a letter respecting his fly-shuttle to the London Society of Arts (established in 1754), and which was in the habit of awarding money-premiums to ingenious inventors. It was probably in the hope of obtaining from the society some pecuniary reward that the letter was written. On the 19th of April 1764, Robert Kay's letter was referred "by a committee of mechanics" of the society to Mr Thomas Moore of Chiswell Street, to make trial of the invention. On the 19th of September 1764, the society received a letter from Kay himself on the subject of his shuttle, and it was referred to "a committee of manufacturers." At the meeting of the society held on the 4th of December 1765, the report from Mr Moore was received, and the secretary was directed to inform Mr Kay that "the society does not know any person who understands the manner of using his shuttle, and asking for further information concerning it." The original of the first letter from Robert Kay is bound up with a little volume (now in the Library of the Patent Office), "Letters on the Utility and Policy of employing Machines to Shorten Labour," published in London in 1780, and written in consequence of the anti-machinery riots of the preceding year in the north of England. It contains an extract from a letter of John Kay to the Society of Arts, the only utterance that has survived of this ingenious and ill-fated man, and full of unconscious pathos. "I have," he says, "a great many more inventions than what I have given, and the reason that I have not put them forward is the bad treatment which I had from woollen and cotton factories in different parts of England many years ago; and then I applied to Parliament, and they would not assist me in my affairs, which obliged me to

go abroad to get money to pay my debts and support my family."[1]

The rest of Kay's melancholy story can be briefly told. He does not seem to have replied to the communication from the Society of Arts. Perhaps his patience had been exhausted, and before the letter came he had gone abroad "to get money to pay his debts and support his family." To France, in any case, he went, and started in business once again by "the use of the horse-calender, and by machines for carding and spinning cotton, which were smuggled out of this country by Mr Holker," and of which nothing more, unfortunately, is known. It is said that he returned afterwards to England "by the advice of the British ambassador at Paris, who encouraged him to hope for some reward from the Government for the incalculable benefits he had bestowed on the nation by his inventions." Nothing, however, was done for him, and he went back to France to die in poverty and obscurity. His daughter, the companion of his misfortunes and last days, was shortly afterwards driven to seek a refuge in a convent. Such was the fate of John Kay, the earliest of those mechanical inventors and projectors of last century to whom the cotton manufacture owes its greatness. "Kay's improvements in machinery continue in use to the present time: they form a part of each loom actuated by power, of which there are tens of thousands in this kingdom alone, forming cloths of silk, cotton, linen, and woollen."[2] The indirect results of the invention of the fly-shuttle were perhaps as important as the direct.

Almost all the great inventions of the last century applicable to our textile industry were produced with a view to abridge or improve processes of labour in the cotton-manufacture, and were afterwards introduced into the woollen.

[1] Woodcroft, p. 4. [2] Ib. p. 5.

As has been seen, it was not so with the fly-shuttle. The inventor of the fly-shuttle was engaged in the woollen manufacture, and to that manufacture it was first applied. The date of its earliest use in the cotton-manufacture is not known with certainty: "about 1760" is that sometimes assigned. Evidently from the perplexity displayed by the mechanics to whom the Society of Arts referred the fly-shuttle, more than thirty years after it had been invented, it was an unintelligible contrivance in the south of England; and the employment of it in the cotton-manufacture may well have been gradual and slow. With its general application and use, the scarcity of yarn for cotton-weft, already felt by the Lancashire weaver, must have been greatly aggravated. The productive power of every weaver was doubled by Kay's fly-shuttle, and that of the ordinary spinning-wheel lagged more than ever behind. Various attempts were made to improve the old-fashioned spinning-wheel; and the surmise that the fly-shuttle was first generally used in the cotton manufacture "about 1760" is somewhat confirmed by the fact that after that year these attempts became conspicuous.

In 1761 the Society of Arts began to direct its attention to the improvement of the spinning-wheel as one of the most pressing mechanical wants of the time. The following are extracts from the society's "Minutes of Transactions, 1762–63:"—

"The society having been informed that our manufacturers of woollen, linen, and cotton find it exceedingly difficult, when the spinners are out at harvest-work, to procure a sufficient number of hands to keep their weavers, &c., employed; and that for want of proper despatch in this branch of our manufacture, the merchants' orders for all sorts of piece goods are often greatly retarded, to the prejudice of the manufacturer, merchant, and master in general—the society, therefore, concluded that an improvement of the spinning-wheel would be an object worthy of their notice. Accordingly, they published the following advertisement, March 16, 1761: 'For the best invention of a machine that will spin six threads of wool, flax, hemp, or *cotton*, at one time, and that will

require but one person to work and attend it (cheapness and simplicity in the construction will be considered part of its merit); for the best, fifty pounds; for the second best, twenty-five pounds.'

"In consequence of these premiums, several ingenious improvements have been made to the spinning-wheel; but as none of them effectually answered the purpose intended, the premiums were continued, and a machine for spinning six threads was produced by Mr George Buckley, and examined by the Committee of Manufacturers, Feb. 28th, 1763."[1]

The first volume (published in 1783) of its Transactions also records that the Society of Arts had then in its repositories the following spinning-machines: "A spinning-wheel, by Mr John Webb, invented 1761. A spinning-wheel, by Mr Thomas Perrin, 1761. A horizontal spinning-wheel, by Mr William Harrison, 1764. A spinning-wheel, by Mr Perrin, 1765. A spinning-wheel, by Mr Garrat, 1766. A spinning-wheel, by Mr Garrat, 1767." Such of these machines as have survived the lapse of time are said to be in the Museum of University College, London, whither they were transferred to illustrate a course of lectures by Mr Bennett Woodcroft, now the working head of the Patent Office, and to whom we owe almost all of the very little known of the biography of John Kay. The writer was informed by Mr Woodcroft that these machines presented merely insignificant modifications of the old-fashioned spinning-wheel. Much more noticeable is a "machine for spinning cotton wool and yarn," patented by "James Taylor" in 1754. This was "to be worked by one or more men, horse, wind, or water, by turning an upright shaft, on which is fixed a drum or band that works a slip and rope-string which turns the spindles, which spindles stand upright, horizontally, on a parallel line, on which spindles are fixed the bobbins, on which bobbins the cotton-slubbing or roving is spun from the spindle-point to the barrel, short reel or long reel, as

[1] Quoted in French's *Crompton*, p. 143.

occasion is required."[1] But Taylor's engine does not appear to have come to anything. The first important and fruitful improvement in the process of spinning was that rendered practicable by the Spinning-Jenny, associated with the name of Hargreaves.

In the first decade of the second half of the eighteenth century, James Hargreaves was a weaver at Standhill, near Blackburn. He is sometimes described as a carpenter, and probably he combined both trades. He was "a stout, broad-set man, about five feet ten inches high, or rather more;"[2] and this is all that is known of him personally. The earliest mention of him is about the year 1760, when he is represented as aiding in the construction of a carding-machine for Mr Robert Peel of Blackburn, founder of the famous family of that name, and grandfather of the statesman. Mr Peel's carding-machine was based upon one invented by the Lewis Paul already mentioned, and of it something —of Paul a good deal—will have to be said hereafter. In his own sphere Hargreaves must have acquired the reputation of a skilful workman, when Mr Peel employed him in the construction of this machine. As it happened, even in such hands as those of Peel and Hargreaves, the improved carding-machine did not come to much. It had to wait until Arkwright seized on it and made it really effective in the cotton-manufacture.

The Blackburn of the well-to-do Peel and of the humble Hargreaves was a town of some 5000 inhabitants. It was noted for the production of "Blackburn greys," cloths of linen-warp and cotton-weft, which, before the introduction of calico-printing into Lancashire by the first Robert Peel and others, were generally sent to London to undergo that

[1] *Abstracts of Specifications relating to Spinning*, p. 8. "3d July 1754." No. 693.

[2] Baines's *Cotton Manufacture*, p. 162, note.

decorative operation. The Act of 1736, already referred to, gave, doubtless, a considerable impetus to the staple trade of Blackburn, by legalising the use and sale of printed cloth made of linen-warp and cotton-weft. Doubtless, too, in the district of the "Blackburn greys," Hargreaves must have seen and heard much of the demand for cotton-yarn outstripping the supply, and of schemes to supersede or improve the rude and sluggish old one-thread spinning-wheel. He may have pondered long and deeply on the problem, and the result may have been the spinning-jenny.

> "Hargreaves is said to have received the original idea of his machine from seeing a one-thread wheel overturned upon the floor, when both the wheel and spindle continued to revolve. The spindle was thus thrown from a horizontal into an upright position; and the thought seems to have struck him that if a number of spindles were placed upright, and side by side, several threads might be spun at once. He contrived a frame, in one part of which he placed eight rovings in a row, and in another part a row of eight spindles. The rovings, when extended to the spindles, passed between two horizontal bars of wood, forming a clasp, which opened and shut somewhat like a parallel ruler; when pressed together this clasp held the threads fast. A certain portion of roving being extended from the spindles to the wooden clasp, the clasp was closed, and was then drawn along the horizontal frame to a considerable distance from the spindles, by which the threads were lengthened out and reduced to the proper tenuity. This was done with the spinner's left hand, and his right hand at the same time turned a wheel which caused the spindles to revolve rapidly, and thus the roving was spun into yarn. By returning the clasp to its first situation, and letting down a presser-wire, the yarn was wound upon the spindle." [1]

All, and more than all, that Kay's shuttle had done for the weaver, the jenny did for the spinner. If the fly-shuttle doubled the productive power of the weaver, the jenny at once octupled the spinner's. The number of spindles in the jenny was at first eight; when Hargreaves obtained a patent it was sixteen; it soon rose to be twenty or thirty; and no less than one hundred and twenty have since been

[1] Baines's *Cotton Manufacture*, p. 157.

used. The jennies could be worked by children as well as, nay, better than by adults. "The awkward posture required to spin on them was discouraging to grown-up people, who saw with surprise children from nine to twelve years of age manage them with dexterity, whereby plenty was brought into families overburdened with children, and the poor weavers were delivered from the bondage in which they had lain from the insolence of spinners."[1] Nevertheless, the usefulness of the jenny was of a restricted kind. It did not make the rovings, which had still to be spun on the ordinary wheel, and to be supplied to the jenny for conversion into yarn. Above all, the yarn spun by the jenny was fit only for weft, and unless a yarn hard enough for warp had been produced in other ways afterwards, there would have been no cotton manufacture strictly so called; it would have remained in its hybrid state—one of mixed flax and cotton. But the revolution which the spinning-jenny produced in the manufacture as it then existed was of course immense, and ultimately, moreover, the jenny repaid the woollen manufacture for what this had given to the cotton-manufacture in the fly-shuttle. "The jenny," says Mr Guest, writing or publishing in 1828, "was the sole machine in general use for spinning weft and other heavy articles from 1770 to 1810, a period of forty years, since which time it has, in the cotton trade, been in a great measure superseded by the mule; but its use is become more extensive, as I am informed, in the woollen than probably it ever was in the cotton manufacture. It was used in the former not only to spin the woollen weft or transverse threads, but also the warp or longitudinal threads. For the latter purpose the manufacturers were never enabled to use it advantageously in the cotton-manufacture, as not being capable of giving that hardness of twist and firmness which was necessary to form the threads of the

[1] Aikin, p. 167.

warp."[1] For cotton yarn, suitable for warps and enabling cloth altogether of cotton to be woven in England, Lancashire had not long to wait, since, as will soon be seen, Arkwright's first patent was taken out the year before that in which Hargreaves patented the jenny.

Hargreaves is supposed to have invented the jenny about 1764, and certainly by 1767 he had so far perfected it that a child could work with it eight spindles at once. When first invented it was doubtless a rude machine, and Hargreaves is said to have kept it a secret, and to have used it merely in his own family and his own business, to supply himself with weft for his looms. It was of course a secret which could not long be kept, and when it was discovered, the fate of the inventor of the fly-shuttle befell the putative inventor of the spinning-jenny. If the jenny came into general use, the weaver would no longer be at the mercy of the spinner; the production of yarn would be multiplied, and its price would fall. The spinsters of Blackburn, their fathers, brothers, sweethearts, were not students of political economy, and did not reflect that increased supply at a lower price would produce an increased demand. They looked only to the probable immediate effect of the jenny on the number of the persons employed in spinning and on the price of yarn. The very weavers were dissatisfied being afraid, it seems, "lest the manufacturers should demand finer weft woven at the former prices."[2] The Blackburners rose upon Hargreaves, broke into his house, destroyed his jenny or jennies, and made the town and neighbourhood too hot for him. Hargreaves shook the dust from off his feet, and fled the ungrateful district. He made for Nottingham, as a chief seat of the manufacture of silk and worsted stockings, and where that of cotton hosiery.

[1] *British Cotton Manufacture*, p. 147.

[2] Aikin, p. 167-8.

though much valued, had languished for the want of suitable yarn. This Hegira of Hargreaves took place in 1767, in which very year Mr Richard Arkwright, barber, of Bolton, had his earliest conferences with one Kay, a clockmaker at Warrington, respecting the bending of some wires and the turning of some pieces of brass. In 1768 a model of Mr Richard Arkwright's first machine for spinning cotton by rollers was visible in the parlour of a house belonging to the Free Grammar School of Preston. In another year, warned by the fate of Hargreaves, Mr Arkwright, too, had quietly migrated to Nottingham, and in the July of 1769 he "enrolled" the specification of his famous first patent.

Poor Hargreaves was to have no such successful career as that of the Bolton barber. After his arrival in Nottingham, "he worked for a while in the employment of Mr Shipley, for whom he made some jennies secretly in his house." This person thought of going into cotton-spinning, and during their connection, Hargreaves was persuaded by a Mr Thomas James, a joiner in Nottingham, who had a similar ambition, to leave Shipley and to start with him in a business of that kind. James borrowed money for the purpose by mortgaging some freehold property, and on this a suitable building was erected. It was probably with the assistance of James that Hargreaves was enabled, in the July of 1770, to take out a patent for his spinning-jenny.[1] Here, again, he was as unfortunate, in his way, as Kay had been. The jenny was being extensively used in Lancashire, where its merits had been quickly appreciated by men of knowledge and capital. "Finding that several of the Lancashire manufacturers were

[1] "12th July 1770. Machine for spinning, drawing, and twisting cotton (No. 962)." The specification says that it is "to be managed by one person only, and that the wheel or engine will spin, draw, and twist sixteen or more threads at one time by a turn or motion of one hand, and a draw of the other."

using the jenny, Hargreaves gave notice of actions against them. The manufacturers met, and sent a delegate to Nottingham, who offered Hargreaves £3000 for permission to use the machine; but he at first demanded £7000, and at last stood out for £4000. The negotiations being broken off, the actions proceeded; but before they came to trial, Hargreaves' attorney (Mr Evans)"—for there is nothing like going into particulars—"was informed that his client, before leaving Lancashire, had sold some jennies to obtain clothing for his children (of whom he had six or seven); and in consequence of this, which was true, the attorney gave up the action in despair of obtaining a verdict."[1] Hargreaves, however, did not, like Kay, die in a foreign land, and in misery or poverty. The partnership-business was carried on "with moderate success" until the death of Hargreaves on the 22d of April 1778, the year before that in which Samuel Crompton invented the mule. His widow received £400 from his partner for her husband's share in the business, and is represented as being in possession of sufficient other property accumulated by her husband to be able to leave this sum intact to her children at her own death. It is just worth adding that Hargreaves in his will "directed a guinea to be given to the vicar"—of Nottingham, presumably—"for preaching his funeral sermon."[2] The factory or mill of Hargreaves and James is, or not many years ago was, extant at Nottingham. "This building," says a local historian, "really the first cotton-mill in the world, stands at the north-east end of a passage leading from the outside of Chapel Bar to Buck Lane (now called Wollaston Street), and which from this circumstance was designated Mill Street. . . . The building, there is reason to believe, was originally about forty feet long and twenty wide, and consisted of three storeys. A portion of it has

[1] Baines's *Cotton Manufacture*, p. 162. [2] Ib., p. 163.

evidently been pulled down to make way for the erection of the two newer-built houses which adjoin it at the southern end; but the original doorway and window-places, both back and front, of the existing portion, are still distinctly visible, though new doorways and new window-places have been cut out of the brick wall to accommodate the edifice to the purpose of occupation by two or three families. The house in which Hargreaves himself dwelt is on the western side of Mill Street, and immediately opposite the factory."[1]

When Hargreaves died, Arkwright's twist was in great demand, but the spinning-jenny was also in general use. Arkwright's water-frame span a hard and firm thread, suitable for warps, while the jenny was peculiarly adapted for spinning weft, so that the two machines aided instead of obstructing each other. The year after the death of Hargreaves, indeed, Samuel Crompton completed his invention of the mule, and that machine did displace the jenny, at least in the cotton manufacture; in the woollen, as has been seen, a modification of the jenny was long, perhaps still is, extensively used. But the displacement was not effected in a day, or in a year. In 1784, after the expiry of Arkwright's first patent, there were at work in England 20,000 hand jennies of 80 spindles each, against 550 mules of 90 spindles each. In any case, to Hargreaves seems to belong the distinction of inventing and constructing "the instrument by which (so far as we have any authentic and trustworthy evidence) the human individual was first enabled, for any permanently advantageous and profitable purpose, to spin the fleecy and fibrous substances of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, be they wool, cotton, or flax, into a plurality of threads at the same time and by one operation."

The words just quoted are Mr Guest's, and they refer to

[1] Bailey's *Annals of Nottinghamshire* (iv. 6, 1853).

the spinning-jenny. When they were penned, the writer of them did not intend, however, to pay a tribute to James Hargreaves, but to quite another person. During the lifetime of Hargreaves, and for five-and-forty years after his death, the honour of inventing the spinning-jenny was universally ascribed to him, without cavil or contradiction. "About the year 1767," said Arkwright in his famous "Case," drawn up or distributed in 1782, and which will have to be often quoted from hereafter, "one Hargreaves, of Blackburn, in Lancashire, constructed an engine that would at once spin twenty or thirty threads of cotton into yarn for the fustian manufacture ; but because it was likely to answer in some measure the end proposed, his engines were burnt and destroyed, and himself driven out of Lancashire. He afterwards removed to Nottingham, and obtained a patent for his engine; but he did not even there long continue in the peaceable possession of it. His patent right was invaded, and he found it necessary to commence a prosecution. An association was soon formed against him; and being unable to contend against the united power of a body of men, he was obliged to give up the unjust and unequal contest. His invention was cruelly wrested from him, and he died in obscurity and great distress." With or without additions and modifications—and some of the details in this statement of Arkwright, or his advisers, the reader knows to be incorrect—this was the story always accepted, and that Hargreaves invented the spinning-jenny was for long unquestioned. At last, in 1823, Mr Richard Guest published his "Compendious History of the Cotton Manufacture," already so often quoted, and in it the invention of the spinning-jenny, as of Arkwright's rollers, was claimed for a certain Thomas Highs or Heyes. Much more will have to be said of Highs when the history of Richard Arkwright comes to be told. Something must be said of him now in relation

to the claim to be considered the inventor of the spinning-jenny, which, long after both his death and that of Hargreaves, was set up for him by Mr Guest.

According to Mr Guest, who is the great authority for his biography, Thomas Highs (as his name is spelt in the parish registers), was born about 1720, and from about 1747 to 1771 resided at Leigh, in Lancashire, some nineteen miles from Blackburn. "He was," says Mr Guest, "by trade a reed-maker, and was noted for making the best reeds in the country, as well as travats, lances, and wires for cotton-velvet weavers. Before he began the manufacture of these instruments, the velvet-weavers in his neighbourhood procured them from Spitalfields, but his were found far superior to those obtained from London, and were universally preferred."[1] About 1767 or 1768, according to the same authority, and having then been long resident in Leigh, "he removed to a house in Bradshaw Gate, Leigh," and there constructed the first spinning-jenny, which was set up in an unoccupied house next door to the Archer Tavern in Market Street, Leigh, and was merely copied and improved upon by Hargreaves, to whom Mr Guest altogether refuses the merit of having invented the jenny.

In his "Compendious History," and in another work which formed a sequel to it, Mr Guest adduced in proof of these singular and unexpected assertions two documents, with an oral statement made to himself, and he founded on them a narrative of his own. All of them will now be given, and they speak pretty well for themselves. The first of Mr Guest's *pièces justificatives* is the following :—

"STATEMENT OF THOMAS LEATHER.

"Thomas Leather of Leigh, weaver, aged sixty-nine, says that, when about eight years of age, he came with his father, Richard Leather, and

[1] p. 198.

his mother, Betsy Leather, from Padgate, to live in a house situated on the west side of a street in Leigh called the Walk , that the said street is in the township of Pennington, and parish and town of Leigh ; that his father was a wheelwright ; that when they had lived one year at the said house, they removed to another house, a public-house, situated on the east side of the Walk ; that the last-mentioned house is now occupied by Molly Aspinwall ; that he lived with his father three years in the last-mentioned house, in the first of which years his mother died , that at the end of the three years his father and he quitted the house, and never afterwards resided in it. That whilst he lived the three years with his father in the house on the east side of the Walk, their next-door neighbour on the south side was James Trentham, and their next but one on the south side was Thomas Highs, reedmaker" (Mr Guest's particular *protégé*) ; "that their next-door neighbour on the north side was John Kay, clockmaker," who had not the slightest connection with John Kay, the inventor of the fly-shuttle. "That whilst he lived the three years with his father in the house on the east side of the Walk, there was much talk amongst the neighbours about a spinning-machine that Highs and Kay were making in Highs' garret ; that Highs and Kay worked at this machine during overhours, sometimes working until late at night ; that after they had worked at it some months, they one evening threw or carried it into the backyard and broke it. That on the Monday evening he, this deponent, took a wheel or pulley for a trundle-bowl from the broken machine as it lay in the yard ; that when the neighbours heard that Highs and Kay had broken the machine, they laughed at them; that Kay said he would have no more to do with spinning-machines ; that Highs, however, was not satisfied, but took the broken machine into the garret, and soon after completed a spinning-jenny. That this jenny made by Highs had six spindles ; that the spindles stood on the front of the jenny, and were turned by springs from a drum working on a perpendicular axle ; that the clove worked perpendicularly, rising when drawing over the weft, and falling when it was copped. That after Highs had invented this machine, he did not work much at reed-making, but was employed in making and scheming machines for spinning ; that Highs' daughter Jenny set the reeds during her father's absence ; that John Kay left Leigh and went to live at Warrington about the time this deponent and his father removed from the house on the east side of the Walk, and that Thomas Highs and his family went to live in a house in Bradshaw Gate, in Leigh, about the same time.

"*The mark of* THOMAS X LEATHER.

"Signed by Thomas Leather, after having been taken down in writing from his own statement, and read over to him by Abraham

Heyes" (Highs? a son or relative of Thomas?) "this twenty-ninth day of August, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three" (in which year Mr Richard Guest published his "Compendious History"), "in the presence of Abraham Heyes.

"SAMUEL WHITTLE, Parish Clerk."

To which explicit document is appended this

"CERTIFICATE OF THE BURIAL OF MARY LEATHER, MOTHER OF THOMAS LEATHER.

"The following certificate is copied from the parish register: 'Burials at Leigh Church, continued. October 4th, 1763. Betty, wife of Richard Leather of Pennington.'

"'Witness, SAMUEL WHITTLE, Parish Clerk.

"'*Leigh, March 7th*, 1822.'"[1]

The second document is adduced by Mr Guest in his "British Cotton Manufacture," a later work, written by way of rejoinder to the comments and criticisms on the "Compendious History" and its trenchant assertions of the claims of Highs. It is

"THE DEPOSITION OF THOMAS WILKINSON.

"Thomas Wilkinson of Leigh, weaver, says that he is now about seventy-five years old; that his father, John Wilkinson, himself, his brother, William Wilkinson, and his four sisters, lived in a house situate on the east side of a street called the Walk, in the town of Leigh; that whilst he lived in this town with his father, and when he was from twelve to fourteen years of age, Thomas Highs, who then lived in the same street, made a spinning-wheel with twenty spindles for his father; that he saw Thomas Highs set up this spinning-wheel in his father's house; that the spindles were placed in the front of this spinning-wheel; that the clove rose straight upwards from the spindles when drawing out the threads, and came straight downwards when the threads were put up and copped.

"*The mark* X *of* THOMAS WILKINSON.

"Signed by Thomas Wilkinson, after having been taken down in writing from his own statement, and read over to him by Mr Abraham Heyes, this first day of November, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven" (the year before that of the publication of Mr Guest's

[1] *Compendious History* (Appendix), p. 53 4.

second tractate on the cotton-manufacture), "in the presence of Abraham Heyes.

"SAMUEL WHITTLE, Parish Clerk."

Lastly, and to conclude, there is the following oral evidence reported by Mr Guest himself: "Another person, a man of the name of Robert Blackstone, a very decent, reputable man, and known as such by many still alive, informed me, about fifteen years ago, that when he was married and went to house, he procured and had in his house a spinning-jenny, made by Highs, which worked twenty-five spindles. The man has been dead thirteen years, but I introduce his account because the circumstance of his marriage is very important in fixing the date when he first possessed the jenny. The register of his marriage in the parish of Leigh fixes it to have occurred July 13th, 1766, that is the year before Hargreaves"[1] is said to have invented the spinning-jenny. In fine, Mr Guest contended that the spinning-jenny was invented by Thomas Highs, and improved or modified by James Hargreaves; and he tells thus what in his opinion is the true story of that once-celebrated machine:—

"A reed-maker of the name of Thomas Highs, residing in the town of Leigh, in Lancashire, one forenoon in the year 1763 or 1764, being in the house of one of his neighbours, whose son, a weaver, had come home after a long ineffectual search for weft, was by the circumstance roused to consider whether a machine could not be invented to produce a more plentiful supply of weft. He engaged one Kay, a clockmaker, to make him the wheels and other apparatus of his machine, and they worked together in a garret in Highs' house. The chamber-door was kept locked, and they worked at overhours with great assiduity and perseverance for several months. All their trouble and pains were, however, abortive, and one Sunday evening, in a fit of despondency, they threw the machine through the garret window into the yard. During their labours they were often jeered by their neighbours with inquiries for weft, and after the catastrophe of the garret-window the

[1] *British Cotton Manufacture*, p. 182.

derision broke out without restraint. Kay was asked what wages his master gave him for making spinning-wheels, to which he replied that he had done with spinning, and then joined in the laugh with his neighbours. Highs was not so easily discouraged : his persevering mind, though foiled, was not subdued. He took the broken wheels once more to his garret, and after another effort produced the ingenious machine known by the name of the spinning-jenny, and which he called after his daughter, her Christian name being Jane. The first jenny was about a yard square, and worked only six spindles, which he afterwards increased to twenty and twenty-five.

"In spinning with the hand-wheel, the rovings were taken fast hold between the left forefinger and thumb at six inches' distance from the spindle. The wheel, which by a band gave motion to the spindle, was then turned with the right hand, and at the same time the left hand, holding the rovings fast as before-mentioned, was drawn back about half a yard. The roving was thus drawn out into weft ; the necessary twist was then given by a few turns of the wheel, and finally the weft was wound upon the spindle. Highs' jenny performed these operations in the following manner : The spindles were placed in front, and a string from each spindle went round a wooden drum or cylinder, which turned on a perpendicular axis. The drum was turned by a horizontal handle. The rovings were fixed on skewers at the back of the jenny, each roving passing through a separate loop of wire, placed about eighteen inches higher than the spindles and skewers, and half way betwixt them. At each of the front corners of the jenny stood an upright post, three feet higher than the spindles. These posts were grooved perpendicularly on the inside from their tops to the level of the spindle. Two flat pieces of wood, made to open and shut something like a parallel-ruler, but opening and shutting vertically and not laterally, went across the front. Their ends fitted into the two grooves, and they were worked perpendicularly from the spindles to the tops of the posts by a cord which coiled round a movable bobbin fixed upon the axle of the drum. When the bobbin was on the lower part of the axle, it turned with it; but when lifted nearer the handle, the axle turned and the bobbin remained stationary. When the pieces of wood called the clove were raised to the proper height, the bobbin was lifted by a latch, and the clove remained suspended until lowered by the hand of the spinner. From the wire-loops the rovings passed between the flat rulers, or clove, to the spindles. After shutting the clove, or, in other words, fastening the rovings between the two edges of the rollers, he turned the drum, which set the spindles in motion and raised the clove, drawing out the portion of roving between the clove and the spindles.

When drawn out, he lifted the bobbin; the clove then remained stationary, while he gave the weft the proper degree of twist by a few turns of the drum. The clove was then lowered, which wound the weft upon the spindles. Some improvements were afterwards made in the structure of the jenny by James Hargreaves of Blackburn. These improvements consisted in placing the spindles at the back, and the rovings and the clove at the front. In the improved jenny, the clove moves horizontally from the spindles when drawing out the rovings, and towards them when copping the weft." [1]

This is the elaborate and confident narrative of Mr Guest, the self-constituted amateur-counsel for Highs. It rests almost entirely on the informal depositions of Leather and Wilkinson, and on the oral statement of Blackstone made fifteen years before Mr Guest printed it. Clearly, in such a matter, no great importance is to be attached to the boyish reminiscences of Leather and Wilkinson, two old men who could not write, and to whose character or veracity no testimony is borne. The statement of Blackstone is too vague to invalidate the long-established and unimpugned claim of Hargreaves. At the same time, it must be admitted that Mr Guest made a point when, in conjunction with the publication of these statements, he established the fact that Highs had a daughter called Jane, and that Hargreaves had none bearing that name.

How small is sometimes the value of testimony regarding inventions, even when it is on the face of it much more trustworthy than that of Leather and Wilkinson, and has all the appearances of truthfulness, is shown by the following facts, which tell against Hargreaves in one way if not in another. During the second trial of Arkwright's second patent in 1785, the widow and son of Hargreaves, with a smith employed by him, swore confidently and emphatically that they knew him to have been the inventor of the crank and comb (an improvement of the carding cylinder), which

[1] *Compendious History*, p. 13, 14.

were claimed by Arkwright as his invention, and included in his second patent. Mr Guest was delighted with this evidence, because it told against Arkwright, whose rollers, like the spinning-jenny associated with the name of Hargreaves, he insisted had been invented by Highs. If Arkwright had stolen the crank and comb from Hargreaves, he might also have stolen the rollers from Highs, and this evidence of the widow and son of Hargreaves was a delicious morsel to Mr Guest. In any case, it was agreed that Hargreaves had invented the crank and comb, and on such seemingly unimpeachable testimony the honour of that invention was unhesitatingly assigned to Hargreaves by Mr Edward Baines, then "junior," in the sketch of the origin and progress of the cotton manufacture which he contributed to his father's well-known "History of Lancashire."[1] Soon after the appearance of that work, he resolved on republishing, in a separate volume and in an enlarged form, his "History of the Cotton Manufacture;" and when the volume did appear it contained this curious and significant passage, following on that which described the crank and comb :—

"The crank and comb were claimed by Arkwright as one of his inventions, and were included in his carding patent. There has, however, been some doubt thrown on the authorship of this happy contrivance. At the trial"—the second trial of 1785—"several witnesses appeared, who ascribed the invention to James Hargreaves, the inventor of the jenny. Elizabeth and George Hargreaves, his widow and son, declared that he contrived the crank and comb two years before Arkwright took out his patent; the smith who made the apparatus for Hargreaves confirmed this testimony, and several cotton-spinners swore to their having used the crank and comb some time before the patent was taken out. On the ground of all this evidence, and in the absence of any disproof of it by Arkwright, I had come to the conclusion that Hargreaves was the inventor. *But just before these sheets go to the press* I have received the following distinct and important testimony in Arkwright's favour from the son of Mr James, the partner of Hargreaves. He states

[1] First edition, ii. 442.

as follows to the gentleman whom I have before referred to as having procured me valuable information from Nottingham: 'He' (James Hargreaves) 'was not the inventor of the crank and comb. We had a pattern chalked out upon a table by one of the Lancashire men in the employ of Mr Arkwright,' at that time, like Hargreaves, carrying on business in Nottingham, 'and I went to a frame-smith of the name of Young to have one made. Of this Mr Arkwright was continually complaining, and it occasioned some angry feelings between the parties.' This single testimony," adds Mr Baines, "coming from a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, who had personal knowledge of and share in the transaction, and whose bias would naturally be more favourable to Hargreaves than to Arkwright, seems to me to outweigh all the others. It is also to be remembered that Arkwright, on applying for a new trial, offered evidence to disprove that of Elizabeth and George Hargreaves. It is quite possible that these witnesses believed their relative to be the inventor of the crank and comb; the smith, too, may have made it from Hargreaves' directions, and the other cotton-spinners may have used it before Arkwright took out his patent; and still Arkwright may have been the inventor, and his workmen may have communicated it to others, as one of them evidently did to Hargreaves and his partner."[1]

Thus, then, it appears that from 1785 to 1837, a period of more than half a century, the claim of Hargreaves to the important invention of the crank and comb was uncontested and undisputed. Yet it is now certain that Hargreaves was not the inventor, and that he, in plain English, stole the crank and comb from Arkwright. It is just barely possible that he may in like manner have stolen the general outline at least of the spinning-jenny from Highs. The evidence, such as it is, in favour of Highs, and the statement of his enthusiastic amateur-counsel, are before the reader, who can decide the question for himself.

The first appearance of Hargreaves in the history of the cotton-manufacture was, it has been seen, that of a mechanic called in by Mr Robert Peel of Blackburn to construct a carding-engine, designed as an improvement on one invented by Lewis Paul. For this, and for other and stronger reasons, some account of Paul and his inventions

[1] Baines's *Cotton Manufacture*, pp. 177–9.

must be given in a sketch which, like the present, deals with the history of the cotton-manufacture in England during the eighteenth century, prior to the triumphs or the efforts of Arkwright. Arkwright effected his revolution in the cotton-manufacture by producing yarn hard and firm enough for warp, whereas the spinning-wheel and the spinning-jenny supplied yarn suitable only for weft. The hard, firm yarn of Arkwright's was spun by rollers. But before going further let there be given a general outline and explanation of the process of spinning by rollers :—

"In every mode of spinning, the ends to be accomplished are, to *draw out* the loose fibres of the cotton-wool in a regular and continuous line, and after reducing the fleecy roll to the requisite tenuity, to *twist* it into a thread. Previous to the operation of spinning, the cotton must have undergone the process of carding, the effect of which is to comb out, straighten, and lay parallel to each other its entangled fibres. The cotton was formerly stripped off the cards in loose rolls, called cardings or slivers ; and the only difference produced by the old hand-cards and those produced by the present carding-engine is, that the former were in lengths of a few inches, and the latter are of the length of some hundreds of yards. Let it be remarked that the sliver or carding requires to be *drawn out* to a considerably greater fineness before it is of the proper thickness to be twisted into a thread. The way in which this is now accomplished is by two or more pairs of small rollers placed horizontally, the upper and lower roller of each pair revolving in contact ; the sliver of cotton being put between the first pair of rollers, is by their revolution drawn through and compressed. Whilst still passing through these rollers, it is caught by another pair of rollers placed immediately in front, which revolve with three, four, or five times the velocity of the first pair, and which therefore *draw out* the sliver to three, four, or five times its former length and degree of fineness. After passing through the second pair of rollers" ("three or more pairs of rollers," adds a note, "are now used to draw out and reduce the sliver more equally than could be done by two pairs, but the principle is exactly the same"), "the reduced sliver is attached to a spindle and fly, the rapid revolutions of which *twist* it into a thread, and at the same time wind it upon a bobbin. That the rollers may take hold of the cotton, the lower roller is fluted longitudinally, and the upper is covered with leather.

"Such is the beautiful and admirable contrivance by which a machine is made to do what was formerly, in all countries and ages, effected by the fingers of the spinner. It is obvious that by lengthening or multiplying the rollers, and increasing the number of spindles, all of which may be turned by the same power, many threads may be spun at once, and the process may be carried on with much greater quickness and steadiness than hand-spinning. There is also the important advantage that the thread produced will be of more regular thickness and more evenly twisted.

"This is the invention ascribed to Sir Richard Arkwright, and on which his renown for mechanical genius mainly rests."[1]

The notion of spinning by rollers belongs undoubtedly to the first half of the eighteenth century. It was insisted by Mr Guest that Arkwright had stolen it from the same Thomas Highs for whom he claimed the invention of the spinning-jenny. A prior claim was afterwards asserted in favour of John Wyatt, and this claim was advocated by Mr Baines in his "History of the Cotton Manufacture." From more recent researches and discoveries, it is indisputable that it was Lewis Paul who invented roller-spinning, though he did not succeed in making it either profitably or permanently applicable. Here and there a reader may be disposed to feel a further interest in this Paul, when it is added that he was the correspondent, and seemingly even the friend, of Samuel Johnson—scarcely a personage who might have been expected to emerge in the history or biography of cotton-spinning.

Lewis Paul was the son of a Dr Paul, "a French refugee, who carried on business as a druggist in St Paul's Churchyard, and who is said to have thus acquired considerable property."[2] He was born probably about the beginning of the eighteenth century. Of his earlier, along with some indications of his later history, there is the following account in a letter which, towards the end of his life, he

[1] Baines's *Cotton Manufacture*, pp. 120, 121.

[2] Smiles's *The Huguenots* (London, 1867), p. 416.

addressed to the Earl of Shaftesbury, son and successor of the famous Shaftesbury of the "Characteristics." It is a fragment of a letter, so far as posterity is concerned, since only the first side of the sheet on which it was written has been preserved:—

"My lord," the epistle runs, "whether your lordship remembers my name or not, I am persuaded that amongst the manuscripts of the late earl your father you 'll easily find traces of there having some time been such a person as Dr Paul. I am the son of that person, and at my father's death had the honour to be left under the guardianship of the earl your father, and that of the Honourable Maurice Ashley Cooper, your uncle. As it too often happens with young sparks, I made but an ill use of my fortune and patronage. The latter, indeed, was much contracted by my lord's going to Naples when I was very young. However, before the calamities I had laid the foundation for had reached me, I had exerted myself to the repair of my affairs with such ardour and success, that notwithstanding the various impediments necessarily in the way of a person who had spent his time in every circumstance so remote from the arts of trade, I nevertheless completed a machine of great value in one of the most extensive manufactories" —manufactures—"of the kingdom"—the spinning-rollers, to wit—"and in a course of something more than twenty years it gained me above £20,000 as patentee. But as in States, my lord, so in private life, there are not only vicissitudes but cabals, and success procures itself enemies as well as friends; even manufacturers are not insensible to the rivalship of excellence, though indeed much more so in its relation to interest than art, and combined reasons of this sort have prevented that general acceptance and approbation which"[1] ——

Paul's further philosophising and explanations of his failure are lost to the world for the reason already given.

According to Mr Cole—

"In February 1728, Paul married Sarah Meade (whose maiden name was Bull), the widow and executrix of Robert Meade, a solicitor at Aylesbury, and who had been the solicitor of the notorious Philip Duke of Wharton. Paul by his marriage acquired some property in addition to what he previously possessed, and his wife dying September 1729, he took letters of administration of her personal estate, and

[1] French, p. 244 (Appendix No. iv.)

also administration *de bonis non* of Meade the first husband; and as such administrator, Paul filed a bill in Chancery against the duke's representatives in respect of a promissory note for £400 given by the duke to his solicitor Meade. From 1729 to 1738, when Paul took out his first patent, I," Mr Robert Cole, "find no trace of his proceedings except that he had invented a machine for the pinking of crapes, tammys, &c., for burying-suits or shrouds, in carrying on which he had made considerable profit; and a daughter of Dr Swynfen (Johnson's friend) was a pupil of Paul's to learn the art of pinking. Miss Swynfen is better known to us as the Mrs Desmoulins, one of Johnson's poor *protégées* in after-life. For a considerable time after Paul had obtained his patent for spinning cotton, he appears to have carried on the pinking business; for there is among the papers"—Paul's papers which had come into Mr Cole's possession—"a copy of a licence granted by him to Eleanor Steadman to use the pinking-machine in consideration of £200. This deed is dated 19th August."[1]

Miss Swynfen, afterwards Mrs Desmoulins, was a daughter of Dr Swynfen, a wealthy physician near Lichfield, who was Samuel Johnson's god-father, and is supposed to have helped to send Samuel to Pembroke College, Oxford. He died poor, and Johnson befriended his daughter, who lived under his roof for many years, and will be remembered by the readers of Boswell. It is possible that Miss Swynfen's connection with Paul led to his acquaintance with Johnson, but it is quite as possible that it was Johnson's acquaintance with Paul that led to Paul's employment of Miss Swynfen. The origin, in fact, of the connection between Paul and Johnson cannot be discovered; but early in Paul's career we find him associated in business with a man from the neighbourhood of Lichfield—Johnson's town—and afterwards with a Birmingham bookseller whom Johnson knew very well. In 1732, when the young Samuel Johnson, one of

[1] French, p. 246-7. "It is probable," says Mr Smiles (*ubi suprà*, p. 417), "that Paul's connection with the French manufacturers of Spitalfields served to direct his attention to the invention of new methods of facilitating production, with the object of turning them to account in the raising of his depressed fortunes."

the most miserable of men, was usher at Market-Bosworth, Lewis Paul, "of the parish of St Andrew's, Holborn, gentleman, and John Wyatt, of Weeford, near Lichfield," entered into an agreement by which Paul became the purchaser of a file-cutting machine which Wyatt was in course of perfecting. "We next find Paul residing in Birmingham, and Wyatt employed under his directions in bringing out a new invention for spinning fibrous material by machinery"[1]—in point of fact, by rollers. For four years they seem to have battled with the mechanical and financial difficulties inherent in the enterprise. "Both were equally short of money, but Paul had greater facilities for raising means among his London friends, at the same time that he carried on his business of pinking crape and tammies. Both were men of hot temper, and being hampered for want of money, and struggling with difficulties, they often quarrelled violently, and usually ended by agreeing and working together again." Now, in the course of those four years, during which they made Birmingham their headquarters, Samuel Johnson was for a time a resident in that town, and part of his stay there was under the roof of Warren the bookseller, for whom, in 1734, he did his first piece of literary taskwork —the English translation of Father Lobo's "Voyage to Abyssinia"—earning thereby the sum of five guineas. Curiously enough, this same Warren was also, after a fashion, a patron of Lewis Paul. After many financial failures and rebuffs, "in the beginning of 1738, Paul wrote to Wyatt in great joy, having been at length enabled to obtain a sum of money from Mr Warren, a Birmingham bookseller; but it had been advanced on the express condition that it was to be invested in Paul's crape-business, over which Mr Warren was to have control, excepting the sum of £70, which Paul was to be at liberty to employ for his own purposes." A

[1] Smiles's *Huguenots*, p. 418. [2] Ib, p. 420.

few months afterwards Paul took out his first patent for roller-spinning.

It is indeed curious to find so many of Johnson's friends or associates mixed up with Paul in business-matters. Paul took out his patent in 1738, the year in which, newly arrived in town, a poor obscure adventurer, Johnson wrote or published his "London," and the year after that in which he formed his first connection with Cave and the *Gentleman's Magazine.* Three years later, in 1741, we have the earliest of such of Johnson's letters to Paul as have been preserved. They exhibit Samuel playing the part of mediator in a controversy in which his old Lichfield friend Dr James (otherwise of James's powder celebrity) is engaged with Paul regarding money matters. Cave, seemingly at Johnson's request, has consented to arbitrate between the two, while another of the persons who figures in the dispute is Warren the Birmingham bookseller. All three, friends or associates of Johnson's—Warren, James, and Cave—invested money in Paul's project. They may have done this at the instance of Johnson, or it may have been through the connection of one or other of them with Paul that Johnson made Paul's acquaintance. In whatever way their acquaintance began, Johnson figures in the dozen or so notes printed in later editions of Boswell as decidedly friendly to Paul, who seems to have been rather importunate and impetuous in his appeals for Johnson's good offices.

Paul's invention of a pinking process shows the "young spark" to have been a man of a projecting turn of mind, and in working it he had discovered that money was to be made by selling licences for the use of a profitable or plausible machine. The first patent for spinning granted to Paul is dated 24th June 1738, thirty-one years before Arkwright's first; and its preamble, so to speak, is curious through its account of some of those trade-conditions of the time which

led him to turn his attention to the improvement of the process of spinning. "Whereas," it begins—

"Whereas, our trusty and well-beloved Lewis Paul, *gentleman*, hath by his petition humbly represented unto us that after many essays made by him for the space of several years last past, and at a very great expense, he hath invented a machine or engine for the spinning of wool and cotton in a manner entirely new, and in such sort as the same will not only be of great use to the manufacturers in the woollen trade, but will also considerably improve the manufacture itself, and afford employment for a great number of poor people, who at present are generally useless to the kingdom, and often a burthen thereto: That by all or any of the present methods of spinning it is extremely difficult to spin yarns of the several sorts, or any of them, to such a degree of size or twist as may be wanted for any particular work; on which account, whenever a clothier has occasion for a parcel of yarn to be spun to any particular degree of size or twist, he is obliged to have a much greater quantity spun than he then wants of that particular size or twist, in order that among the whole he may pick out so much as will answer the present occasion, by means whereof the remainder often becomes a dead stock upon his hands for a considerable time; and for the reasons aforesaid the poorer part of the clothiers are frequently rendered incapable of serving their customers from an inability to keep a large stock of the various sizes and sorts of yarn by them, and often where goods are required to be made in great haste, they are obliged to use such sort of yarn as they have by them or can then get, though of different sizes and degrees of twist, which often occasions the said goods to be unsuitly, and the weavers are often forced to remain unemployed for want of such particular-sized yarns as are suitable to their occasions: That the said machine or engine is capable of being set so as instantaneously to spin wool, cotton-waste, and wick yarn to any degree of size or twist with the greatest exactness, and is to be worked without the handling or fingering the matter to be wrought after the same is once placed in the machine, and requires so small a share of skill that any one, after a few minutes' teaching, will be capable of spinning therewith, and altering the same to greater or less, and to any degree of size or twist as often as he shall think fit, and can also do the work with greater expedition than by any of the methods now in use; and even children of five or six years of age may spin with the same, by which means the poorest of the clothiers will be enabled to supply their customers without suffering under the encumbrance of a dead stock of yarn, and the weavers may be supplied with such yarn as they shall want for their several occasions without that loss of time which

often happens to them in staying till they can have a sortment to answer their several purposes. The petitioner therefore hath humbly prayed," [1] &c. &c. &c.

On the 24th July following, Paul deposited his specification, of which this is the material part :—

"Now know all men by these presents that I, the said Lewis Paul, do by this present writing under my hand and seal declare the nature and form of the said invention to be, and the manner the same is to be performed by, is as follows, to wit: The said machine, engine, or invention will spin wool or cotton into thread, yarn, or worsted, which before it is placed therein must be first prepared in manner following (to wit): all those sorts of wool or cotton which it is necessary to card must have each card-full, bat, or roll joined together, so as to make the mass become a kind of a rope or thread of raw wool. In that sort of wool which it is necessary to comb, commonly called 'jersey,' a strict regard must be had to make the slivers of an equal thickness from end to end. The wool or cotton being thus prepared, one end of the mass, rope, thread, or sliver is put betwixt a pair of rollers, cylinders, or cones, or some such movements, which being twined round by their motion, draws in the raw mass of wool or cotton to be spun, in proportion to the velocity given to such rollers, cylinders, or cones. As the prepared mass passes regularly through or betwixt these rollers, cylinders, or cones, a succession of other rollers, cylinders, or cones, moving proportionably faster than the first, draw the rope, thread, or sliver into any degree of fineness which may be required. Sometimes these successive rollers, cylinders, or cones (but not the first) have another rotation besides that which diminishes the thread, yarn, or worsted—viz., that they give it a small degree of twist betwixt each pair by means of the thread itself passing through the axis and centre of that rotation. *In some other cases only the first pair of rollers, cylinders, and cones are used, and then the bobbin, spole, or quill, upon which the thread, yarn, or worsted is spun, is so contrived as to draw faster than the first rollers, cylinders, or cones give, and in such proportion as the first mass, rope, or sliver is proposed to be diminished.*" [2]

The last words, marked in italics, of this extract from Paul's specification, must be particularly noted by the reader,

[1] French, p. 247-9.

[2] *Abridgments of Specifications relating to Spinning*, p. 5, No. 562. Given in full by Baines, p. 122-3.

and for the following reasons : After twenty years of struggle, Paul in 1758 took out a second patent, or rather perhaps a sort of renewal of the first patent ; and in the patent of 1758 the statement of the invention is confined to the description given in the words, marked in italics, of the extract just given. The "succession of rollers" disappears. With this explanation the reader is now invited to peruse Dr Ure's comments and criticisms on Paul's invention of spinning by rollers. In the passages about to be quoted, Dr Ure speaks occasionally of Wyatt and Paul together, sometimes even of Wyatt by himself as the inventor of material parts of the engine. This is a mistake, as will be shown afterwards. The principle of the invention, such as it was, belonged to Paul, and to Paul solely.

"The action of rollers," says Dr Ure, "in laminating, drawing, or attenuating metallic bars, rods, and plates, has long constituted a leading feature in the workshops of Birmingham, and obviously suggested the plan described in the above specification" (Paul's, already given), "a plan altogether fantastic, absurd, and unmanageable for the spinning of wool, cotton, or any other textile filaments. 'The soft cord or sliver, after escaping from betwixt the first pair of rollers, passes through a *succession* of other rollers moving proportionably faster, so as to draw the rope into any degree of fineness.'" These are Paul's words, and this is Dr Ure's comment on them : "This succession implies clearly a series of several pairs of rollers—a complexity of construction and movement which never existed but in the brain of the patentee, impracticable with his means, and utterly destructive to woolly fibres had it been practicable. It will appear from subsequent evidence that this succession of rollers moving with successive velocities was merely a fine frenzy of imagination, and was never carried into effect. But the next member of the description exceeds in absurdity anything to be found upon the specification-rolls, being a self-evident impossibility. 'Sometimes'" (here again Paul's words are quoted) "'these successive rollers' (not at first) 'have another rotation besides that which diminishes the thread —viz., that they give it a small degree of twist betwixt each pair by means of the thread itself passing through the axis and centre of that rotation.' As the thread," Dr Ure continues, "was inevitably pinched at two points—viz., between the first pair and last pair of rollers—any twisting

of its intermediate parts was manifestly impossible. But we may ask any mechanic what rotation such a *roller* could have, besides the rotation upon its axis, which diminishes the thread ; or how could the thread be made to pass through the axis and centre of that rotation without being instantly torn to atoms? The expression here used, 'betwixt each pair,' insinuates the existence of several successive pairs of rollers, all endowed with these impossible motions and functions ; circumstances introduced either for the purpose of mystifying common minds, or derived from some vertiginous movement of the brain. The last sentence" of the specification, given above in italics, and to which the reader's attention was specially directed, Dr Ure proceeds to say, "like the postscript of a lady's letter, contains the whole substance of the invention—a pair of flatting-rollers prefixed to the spindle and bobbin of a spinning-wheel; an ingenious fancy, no doubt, but not a mechanism capable, under any modification, of converting a carded sliver of wool or cotton into tolerably good yarn." Mr Kennedy, a great authority among cotton-spinners, pronounced the following opinion upon a sample which had been spun by Mr Wyatt's roller-machine : 'From examining the yarn, I think it could not be said by competent judges that it was spun by a similar machine to that of Mr Arkwright ; for the fabric or thread is very different from the early productions of Mr Arkwright, and is, I think, evidently spun by a different machine.' . . .

"The original plan of Wyatt was to employ a pair of rollers for delivering at any desired speed a sliver of cotton to the bobbin-and-fly spindle, as in a flax-wheel. The nonsensical mystifications of a succession of other 'rollers,' and another rotation besides that which diminishes the thread, appears to have been introduced into the patent of 1738 by Lewis Paul, and never existed, nor could exist, in any machine. The delivery-roller principle of Wyatt reappeared by itself in Paul's second patent of 1758. 'The several rows or filaments so taken off (the flat cards) must be connected into one entire roll, which being put between a pair of rollers or cylinders, is by their turning round delivered to the nose of a spindle in such proportion to the thread made as is proper for the particular occasions. From hence it is delivered to a bobbin, spole, or quill, which turns upon the spindle, and which gathers up the thread or yarn as it is spun. The spindle is so contrived as to draw faster than the rollers or cylinders give, in proportion to the length of thread or yarn into which the matter to be spun is proposed to be drawn.' This specification," adds Dr Ure, "is identical with the concluding paragraph of the former, and therefore afforded no valid claim to new letters-patent. In the first, the card-rolls were joined together into a kind of rope of raw wool ; in the second, the several rows (of cardings) *must* be connected into one entire

roll. The two patents are therefore entirely the same. The second is remarkable for the renunciation of the fantastic whim of successive rollers, with certain whirligig inexplicable motions, which cuts so conspicuous a figure in the first, and which was put there, like the Martello towers on the Irish coast, for the purpose of puzzling posterity. The equable extension and attenuation of the thread by means of a pair of feeding-rollers, a pair of carrying-rollers, and a pair of drawing-rollers, cannot be traced in the preceding rude scheme, and they constitute the very essence of roller-spinning."

"The grand mechanical problem," Dr Ure says, in conclusion, "which the cotton manufacture then offered to the solution of the ingenious, may be stated as follows : To construct a machine in which one member should supply continuously and uniformly porous cords of parallel filaments in minute portions ; a second member should attenuate these cords by drawing out their filaments alongside of each other by an imperceptible gradation ; a third member should at once twist and extend these attenuated threads unremittingly as they advance ; and a fourth should wind them regularly upon bobbins exactly in proportion as they are spun. When contemplated *à priori* in its delicate requirements, this problem must have appeared to be impracticable — a conviction strengthened by the total failure of Wyatt and Paul to produce good yarn even at the highly remunerating price of that time. Their rank in the history of roller-spinning may be justly compared to that of the Marquis of Worcester in the history of the steam-engine— they gave birth to an idea which was quite erroneous for practical purposes, and which, being pursued, did and could produce nothing but disappointment and ruin to its authors—a result most unpropitious to the progress of invention in any line of industry." [1]

A statement to which several exceptions may be taken.

To begin with, the researches of Mr Cole proved beyond a doubt that the invention of roller-spinning, whatever it may then have been worth, belongs exclusively to Paul, and that John Wyatt, originally a carpenter, was merely his servant and assistant. In his most boastful mood, and when writing privately to persons who had neither the capacity nor the wish to investigate any possible claim of his to the invention, and whom, therefore, he might have easily hoodwinked, Wyatt never went further than to call

[1] Ure, i. 237-45.

himself "the principal agent in *compiling* the spinning-engine." In 1756, three years before Paul's death, speaking of the machine, or "movement," as he calls it, and its productive power in 1741, he says that "it owed the condition it was then in to the *superintendency* of Mr John Wyatt" —himself, to wit. In a covenant with Paul for the transfer to himself of some of the machines in payment of a debt due to him by Paul, occurs the following passage : "And that he, the said Lewis Paul, shall and will give unto the said John Wyatt, his executors, administrators, and assigns, and every or any of them, such further instructions for the erecting, making, and perfecting of the said machines or engines and spindles as shall be requisite and needful for the effectual working and managing the same"—language which would never have been used had Wyatt been the inventor. Finally, in the year before Paul's second patent, Wyatt, writing to the manager of the works at Northampton, talks of the machines as "old gimcracks," a description of them which could never have been given by their inventor.[1]

Neither is it quite correct to say that the first invention of

[1] "That the principle of spinning by rollers" was the "invention of Lewis Paul is clear from a memorandum in the handwriting of John Wyatt, found amongst his papers, to the following effect :—

"'*Thoughts originally Mr Paul's.*—1. The joining of the rolls. 2. Their passing through cylinders. 3. The calculation of the wheels, by which means the bobbin draws faster than those cylinders ; this, I presume, was picked up somewhere before I knew him.'"

"The rest of the details of the invention were claimed by Wyatt—'the horizontal and tracer, the conic whorves,' the proportional size of the spindle and bobbin, and sundry other mechanical details of the machine" (Smiles's *Huguenots*, p. 421). Mr Smiles had in his hands Wyatt's papers, and he adds, a few pages further on, "So far as we can judge from the Wyatt MSS., Paul was the inventor of the principle of spinning by rollers, and Wyatt the skilled mechanic who embodied the principle in a working machine."

roller-spinning "ruined its authors." If "ruin" overtook some of them, it is not clear that it did not arise from other causes. Paul himself, though often enough in hot water, died tolerably well off. He borrowed pretty freely when getting his machine into working order, but he seems not only to have repaid the loans, but to have made a good deal of money by granting licences for the use of his machine. The faith which he inspired at first in the feasibility of his invention was great, and he profited by it more than did some of those who invested in it. Dr James, the physician who at the outset lent him money, writes thus from London in 1740 to Warren, the Birmingham bookseller: "Yesterday we went to see Mr Paul's machine, which gave us all entire satisfaction, both in regard to the carding and spinning. You have nothing to do but to get a purchaser for your grant; the sight of the thing is demonstrative enough. I am certain that if Paul could begin with £10,000, he must, or at least might, get more money in twenty years than the city of London is worth" —a remarkable testimony to the "opening" then presented to any one who could bring roller-spinning into successful operation. When Warren failed in 1743, three years after this prophecy, his assignees under the commission of bankruptcy advertised for sale his "grant or licence for erecting and working of fifty spindles for the spinning of wool and cotton according to the new invention of Mr Lewis Paul" —adding, "*N.B.* — Mr Warren paid for the same grant £1000, but the same will be sold at a less value." Of Cave of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Johnson, when writing his life, said that "the fortune which he left behind him, though large, had yet been larger had he not rashly and wantonly impaired it by innumerable projects of which I know not that ever one succeeded." Cave appears to have been among Paul's chief victims. First, "he bought from Paul a licence

for 250 spindles, and in 1740 he started a spinning-mill on Turnhill Brook, a little to the north of Fleet Bridge, at the back of Field Lane, Holborn." In spite of Paul's personal superintendence, this mill proved unprofitable, and was abandoned. Yet when the factory at Northampton had failed to yield a profit after ten years' trial, Cave was induced to buy the lease of it. In Warren's factory at Birmingham, and that of Wyatt in the same town, the machinery was turned by asses. At Northampton, however, Cave not only employed fifty hands, but used water-power to drive the spindles. There will be some further reference to this Northampton experiment.

The origin of Johnson's acquaintance with Paul, as has been already said, is unknown, though a clue to it, as also has been hinted, may be found in the number of their "mutual friends"—Dr James, Miss Swynfen, Warren, Cave. On the whole, if Johnson's letters to Paul are looked at carefully, it does not seem likely that he was the means of introducing these persons to the projector. When Johnson's letters to Paul were communicated to Croker, he inserted them in his edition of Boswell with this comment, among others: "The whole affair seems very obscure, and the letters, though marked with Johnson's usual good sense, are perhaps hardly worth inserting; yet I am willing to preserve them as additional proofs of his kindness to his friends, and as affording glimpses of his life at periods of which Boswell knew nothing. The originals are in the possession of Mr Lewis Pocock." One fancies somehow that the "young spark," as Paul called himself in his letter to Lord Shaftesbury, was a man of some education and breeding—a sort, perhaps, of industrial or speculative Richard Savage, ardent and impulsive, though with a good deal of *savoir-faire;* and that Samuel took a liking to him, and wished to stand his friend in squabbles with the very different class of people to which

the Warrens and Caves belonged. At any rate, it is not often that the history of cotton-spinning connects itself with such a man as Samuel Johnson, and the reader may not object to a closer inspection of his correspondence with Paul.

The first of Johnson's letters to Paul is dated "St John's Gate, January 31st, 1740–1." Samuel had been then for three or four years in town, and the fame of his "London" had done little for him. Pope had been so struck by the merit of "London" as to interest Lord Gower in its author, and Lord Gower wrote accordingly to a friend of Swift's, asking him to ask the Dean to "persuade the University of Dublin to send a diploma to me, constituting this poor man Master of Arts in their University." "Mr Samuel Johnson (author of 'London,' a satire, and some other poetical pieces) is a native of this county," wrote his lordship, dating from Trentham, "and much respected by some worthy gentlemen in his neighbourhood, who are trustees of a charity-school now vacant; the certain salary is sixty pounds a year, of which they are desirous to make him master, but unfortunately he is not capable of receiving their bounty, which would make him happy for life, by not being a Master of Arts, which by the statutes of this school the master of it must be." Hence the application to Swift, through a common friend, by Lord Gower, who would be altogether forgotten, great man though he was then, but for his letter on behalf of Samuel Johnson. "This respectful application," quoth Boswell, "had not the desired effect;" and Samuel had to drudge on at task-work for Cave, and yet with heart enough left to do, or try to do, a good turn to Paul.

Johnson's first letter to Paul (already referred to) was occasioned by a complication between Paul on the one hand, and James and Warren on the other, in which, seemingly at Johnson's request, Cave was acting as umpire. There is in

it such a Johnsonian touch as this: "He that desires only to do right can oblige nobody by acting, and must offend every man that expects favours." Samuel's next letter to Paul "in Birmingham" is dated from "The Black Boy, over against Durham Yard, Strand"—Durham Yard, where Garrick sold wine before he took to the stage, and on the site now occupied by the streets and terraces of the Adelphi. The question is still the money-controversy between Paul and James and Warren, and the letter closes with this truly Johnsonian sentence: "I hope to write soon on some more agreeable subject; for though, perhaps, a man cannot easily find more pleasing employment than" that "of reconciling variances, he may certainly amuse himself better by any other business than that of interposing in controversies which grow every day more distant from accommodation, which has been hitherto my fate; but I hope my endeavours will be, hereafter, more successful.—I am, sir, yours, &c., SAM. JOHNSON."[1]

There is an interval of fourteen years between this and the next that has been preserved of Johnson's letters to Paul. When 1755 arrived, Cave was dead and buried, and a "young Mr Cave," his brother seemingly, reigned in his stead. What is more important, in the April of 1755 "Johnson's Dictionary" had appeared, and Samuel was a famous man, though in the March of the following year he had to write to Richardson the novelist: "Sir, I am obliged to entreat your assistance: I am now under an arrest for five pounds eighteen shillings." It was during the period between the publication of the dictionary and the penning of this appeal to the author of Clarissa Harlowe, that Samuel (*ætat.* 47), not looking forward to a very cheerful Christmas, wrote thus to Paul "at Brook Green, Hammersmith"—"Monday, December 23, 1755.—DEAR SIR,—I would not have you think that I forget or

[1] Boswell, p. 43-4.

neglect you. I have never been out of doors since you saw me. On the day after I had been with you, I was seized with a hoarseness, which still continues. I had then a cough so violent that I once fainted under its convulsions. I was afraid of my lungs; my physician bled me yesterday and the day before, first almost against his will, but the next day without my [*word wanting*]. I had been bled once before, so that I have lost in all 54 ounces. I live on broths, and my cough, I thank God, is much abated, so that I can sleep. I find it impossible to fix a time for coming to you, but as soon as the physician gives me leave, I will pass a week at your house. Change of air is often of use, and I know you will let me live my own way. I have been pretty much dejected.—I am, sir, your most humble servant, SAM. JOHNSON"—a letter which bespeaks some intimacy between the two men, and which might have suggested to Paul that there were other and worse ills in life than disputes with "young Mr Cave" about money matters. There are several more letters, written probably about the same time, from Johnson to Paul, but they are seldom distinctly intelligible. From one of them it appears that "young Mr Cave" had put in a distress at the Northampton "mill," which after the death of old Mr Cave seems to have been given over to Paul as tenant, and of which he had failed to pay the rent. "Mr Cave seized," says Samuel, with great conciseness of narrative and statement, "and has a man in possession. He made a sale, and sold only a fire-shovel for four shillings. The goods were appraised at about eighty pounds. . . . Mr Cave will stay three weeks without any further motion in the business, but will still keep his possession. He expects that you should pay the expense of the seizure; how much it is I could not be informed. He will stay to Christmas upon security. He is willing to continue you tenant, or will sell the mill to any that shall work

or buy the machine. He values his mill at a thousand pounds. He did not come up about this business, but another. Mr Barker, as young Mr Cave thinks, is at Northampton. These, sir, are the particulars that I have gathered. —I am, sir, your very humble servant, SAM. JOHNSON." Simply because it is Johnson's last word to Paul — and obscure and insignificant though the correspondence be, one is loth to part from it—let the following billet, dateless, though written about the same date, be given: "SIR,—I am no less surprised than yourself at the treatment which you have met with, and agree with you that Mr Cave"— the second—" must impute to himself part of the discontent that he shall suffer till the spindles are produced. If I have an opportunity of dispelling the gloom that overcasts him at present, I shall endeavour it both for his sake and yours; but it is to little purpose that remonstrances are offered to voluntary inattention or to obstinate prejudice. Cuxon in one place and Garlick in the other leave no room for the unpleasing reasonings of your humble servant, SAM. JOHNSON." "This," says Boswell's modern editor, "concludes the correspondence with Paul, of which I can give no further explanation."[1] The present writer is in what was Mr Croker's predicament.

The customary term of fourteen years having run its course, Paul's first patent for spinning, granted him in 1738, expired in 1752. There is not the slightest hint that a rush was made by manufacturers or capitalists to avail themselves of the invention, when by the expiry of the patent any one who chose could make use of it without fee or reward. Was this neglect of the process due to the poor quality of the yarn spun by it, or to the circumstance that the yarn being good enough, the expense of production, to which of course the wages of labour contributed largely, was too great to allow

[1] Boswell, p. 103.

of any profit, or was even so great as to occasion a loss? Dr Ure speaks of Paul as having "never been able to spin with all his roller-apparatus a single good thread." But this trenchant statement is not confirmed by the opinion which was pronounced on Paul's yarn by Mr Kennedy, the well-known cotton-spinner, and contributor to the history and biography of the cotton-manufacture. As quoted by Dr Ure to support his view, and in a passage already given, Mr Kennedy does not affirm Paul's yarn to be good, bad, or indifferent. He merely says, it has been seen, that he does not "think competent judges" would pronounce it to be "spun by a similar machine to that of Mr Arkwright; for the fabric is very different from the early production of Mr Arkwright, and is, *I think*, evidently spun by a different machine."[1] Mr Kennedy does not condemn poor Paul's yarn, which, it is quite possible, may have been suitable for several purposes, though he could not succeed in making its production remunerative. It was perhaps this that led Paul to procure the introduction of his machine into workhouses, where, no wages being paid to the inmates, the cost of production would be reduced to a minimum. At any rate, it was so introduced into at least one Yorkshire workhouse, and further on Paul (who, it must always be remembered, was a firm believer in his own invention) will be heard pleading for its introduction into the Foundling Hospital in London. To its use in a Yorkshire workhouse there is the testimony of Dyer in "The Fleece," which, as already mentioned, was published in 1757. The first lines of the passage in which the poet refers to the working of Paul's machine have been already given.[2] Here it is in its integrity:—

> "Behold in Calder's vale, where wide around
> Unnumbered villas creep the shrubby hills,

[1] *ante*, p. 344. [2] *ante*, p. 315-6.

A spacious dome for this fair purpose rise.
High o'er the gates, with gracious air,
Eliza's image stands. By gentle steps
Upraised, from room to room we slowly walk,
And view with wonder, and with silent joy,
The sprightly scene ; where many a busy hand,
Where spoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with motion quick,
And ever-murmuring sound, th' unwonted sense
Wrap in surprise. To see them all employed,
All blithe, it gives the spreading heart delight,
As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy
Corporeal can bestow. Nor less they gain
Virtue than wealth, while on their useful works
From day to day intent, in their full minds
Evil no place can find. With equal scale
Some deal abroad the well-assorted fleece ;
These card the short, those comb the longer flake ;
Others the harsh and clotted lock receive,
Yet sever and refine with patient toil,
And bring to proper use. Flax, too, and hemp
Excite their diligence. The younger hands
Ply at the easy work of winding yarn
On swiftly-circling engines, and their notes
Warble together, as a choir of larks ;
Such joy arises in the mind employed.
Another scene displays the more robust,
Rasping or grinding rough Brazilian woods,
And what Campeachy's disputable shore
Copious affords to tinge the thirsty web ;
And the Caribbee Isles, whose dulcet canes
Equal the honeycomb."

A pleasant and cheerful scene, such as is seldom or never presented in a modern workhouse, and worthier of the poet's lyre than some of the themes on which in Dyer's day, to say nothing of later days, the gift of song has been wasted. After this passage comes the reference to Paul's invention :—

"We next are shown
A circular machine, of new design,
In conic shape : it draws and spins a thread
Without the tedious toil of needless hands.
A wheel, invisible, beneath the floor,

> To every member of th' harmonious frame
> Gives necessary motion. One, intent,
> O'erlooks the work ; the carded wool, he says,
> Is smoothly lapped around those cylinders,
> Which, gently turning, yield it to yon cirque
> Of upright spindles, which, with rapid whirl,
> Spin out, in long extent, an even twine."

In one note to this passage the poet explains the "circular machine" of the text to be "a most curious machine, invented by Mr Paul. It is at present invented to spin cotton; but it may be made to spin fine-carded wool." In another note, to enlighten the ignorance of the readers of those days, imperfectly acquainted with the topography and geography of the "manufacturing districts," he tells them that the Calder is "a river in Yorkshire, which runs below Halifax, and passes by Wakefield." The particular region in a workhouse of which Dyer saw Paul's machinery in operation is sufficiently marked by the topographical allusions of the passage which follows the description :—

> "From this delightful mansion (if we seek
> Still more to view the gifts which honest toil
> Distributes) take we now our eastward course
> To the rich fields of Burstal. Wide around,
> Hillock and valley, farm and village, smile ;
> And ruddy roofs, and chimney-tops appear
> Of busy Leeds, upwafting to the clouds
> The incense of thanksgiving : all is joy ;
> And trade and business guide the living scene
> Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
> Load the slow-sailing barges, pile the pack
> On the long-tinkling train of slow-paced steeds !"

There is in Dyer's "Fleece" another reference—a brief one—to Paul's invention; but the whole passage in which it is embedded shall be given, because not only is a celebration of industrial processes rare in English poetry, but this one is germane to the matter in hand :—

"What simple Nature yields
(And Nature does her part) are only rude
Materials, cumbers on the thorny ground;
'Tis toil that makes them wealth, that makes the fleece
(Yet useless, rising in unshapen heaps)
Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue,
A vesture usefully succinct and warm,
Or trailing in the length of graceful folds,
A royal mantle. Come, ye village nymphs;
The scattered mists reveal the dusky hills;
Grey dawn appears; the golden morn ascends,
And paints the glittering rocks, and purple woods,
And flaming spires; arise, begin your toils.
Behold the fleece beneath the spiky comb
Drop its long locks, or, from the mingling card,
Spread in soft flakes, and swell the whitened floor.

"Come, village nymphs; ye matrons, and ye maids,
Receive the soft material: with light step,
Whether ye turn around the spacious wheel,
Or, patient sitting, *that* revolve, which forms
A narrower circle. On the brittle work
Point your quick eye; and let the hand assist
To guide and stretch the gently-lessening thread:
E'en unknotted twine will praise your skill.
A different spinning every different web
Asks from your glowing fingers: some require
The more compact, and some the looser wreath;
The last for softness, to delight the touch
Of chambered delicacy; scarce the cirque
Need turn around, or twine the lengthening flake.

"There are, to speed their labour, who prefer
Wheels, double spoled, which yield to either hand
A several line; and many yet adhere
To th' ancient distaff, at the bosom fixed,
Casting the whirling spindle as they walk:
At home, or in the sheepfold, or the mart,
Alike the work proceeds. This method still
Norvicum favours, and th' Icenian towns:
It yields their airy stuffs an ampler thread.
This was of old, in no inglorious days,
The mode of spinning, when th' Egyptian prince
A golden distaff gave that beauteous nymph,

Too-beauteous Helen: no uncourtly gift
Then, when each gay diversion of the fair
Led to ingenious use. But patient Art
That in experience works, from hour to hour,
Sagacious, has a spiral engine formed,
Which on a hundred spoles, a hundred threads,
With one huge wheel, by lapse of water twines
Few hands requiring; easy-tended work,
That copiously supplies the greedy loom."

This wonderful "spiral engine" is in a note explained to be "Paul's engine for cotton and fine wool." "Norvicum" is, of course, Norwich, then a chief seat of the woollen manufacture; but the poet is careful to explain, in another note to the words "Icenian towns," that "the Iceni were the inhabitants of Suffolk." The whole passage is a curious one, especially for its reference to the surviving use of the distaff, the most ancient of spinning-implements—older far than the spinning-wheel. Blending what nowadays is called "social science" with poetry, Dyer proceeds to anticipate and repel the complaint that the use of machinery diminishes the field of employment; and, still more curious and interesting, to refute the argument that it is unfair to expose the ordinary worker for wages to the competition of the wageless pauper engaged in reproductive labour:—

"Nor hence, ye nymphs, let anger cloud your brows:
The more is wrought, the more is still required:
Blithe, o'er your toils, with wonted song, proceed:
Fear not surcharge. your hands will ever find
Ample employment. In the strife of trade,
These curious instruments of speed obtain
Various advantage, and the diligent
Supply with exercise, as fountains sure,
Which, ever-gliding, feed the flowery lawn.
Nor—should the careful State, severely kind,
In every province, to the house of toil
Compel the vagrant, and each implement
Of ruder art, the comb, the card, the wheel,

Teach their unwilling hands—nor yet complain.
Yours with the public good shall ever rise."

A monition and a maxim the sense and truth of which have still to be appreciated by certain political economists of our own day and generation.

From the "nymphs" who spin, the poet turns to their swains, the "amorous youth," whose business it is to weave. The following description of the weaver at work indicates that within Dyer's sphere of observation Kay's fly-shuttle was not in use :—

"The industrious youth employs his care
To store soft yarn; and now he strains the warp
Along the garden walk, or highway-side,
Smoothing each thread ; now fits it to the loom
And sits before the work : from hand to hand
The thready shuttle glides along the lines,
Which open to the woof and shut altern ;
And ever and anon, to firm the work,
Against the web is driven the noisy frame,
That o'er the level rushes like a surge,
Which often dashing on the sandy beach,
Compacts the traveller's road : from hand to hand
Again, across the lines oft opening, glides
The thready shuttle, while the web apace
Increases, as the light of eastern skies,
Spread by the rosy fingers of the Morn ;
And all the fair expanse with beauty glows.'

The reader must note what follows :—

"Or if the broader mantle be the task,
He chooses some companion to his toil.
From side to side, with amicable aim,
Each to the other darts the nimble bolt,
While friendly converse, prompted by the work,
Kindles improvement in the opening mind."[1]

Whereas one of the abridgments of labour effected by Kay's fly-shuttle was that of enabling a single worker to weave the

[1] *The Fleece*, book iii.

"broader mantle," which had previously, as in Dyer's description, required two workers, one on each side of the loom, throwing alternately to the other the "nimble bolt."

Johnson's literary fastidiousness, in combination with his dislike of blank verse, made him speak slightingly of "The Fleece" in his brief biography of Dyer among the "Lives of the English Poets." "Of 'The Fleece,'" quoth Samuel, "which never became popular, and is now universally neglected, I can say little that is likely to recall it to attention. The woolcomber and the poet appear to me such discordant natures that an attempt to bring them together is to *couple the serpent with the fowl.* When Dyer, whose mind was not unpoetical, has done his utmost, by interesting his reader in our native commodity, by interspersing rural imagery and incidental digressions, by clothing small images in great words, and by all the writer's arts of delusion, the meanness naturally adherent, and the irreverence habitually annexed, to trade and manufacture, sink him under insuperable oppression ; and the disgust which blank verse, encumbering and encumbered, superadds to an unpleasing subject, soon repels the reader, however willing to be pleased." Goethe's suggestion, that a harper would do well to go out into the fields and sing to the peasantry the wonders of potato-culture, would probably have been received by Samuel Johnson with a burst of derisive laughter. But Samuel, despite his scholastic whims and prejudices, and narrow conceptions of the dignity of literature, had a full share of sympathy with the practical. He noted with a curious and interested eye the various employments of his fellow-men, spoke sometimes at the Society of Arts, and occasionally astonished his friends by giving minute and animated details of industrial processes seemingly the most foreign to his tastes and studies.

Possibly Samuel may have taken a technical interest in

Paul's invention as well as a personal one in Paul himself. At any rate, his kindly sympathy with Paul seems to have lasted almost as long as Paul's life. From the same motive which led Paul to procure the introduction of his machine into workhouses, he attempted to have it introduced into the Foundling Hospital in London. With this object he addressed a letter to the Duke of Bedford, as president or patron of that institution. "The draft of the letter," says Mr Cole, "is in the handwriting of Dr Samuel Johnson," and its composition is evidently Johnson's. Samuel had "dedicated" for others — not for himself — "to the royal family all round." He was always ready to write prefaces for the books of friends, or to use his pen in applications for their benefit. Here is the final memorial of the friendship or intimacy of Samuel Johnson with Lewis Paul, the French refugee's son, and the undoubted inventor of roller-spinning :—

"MY LORD,—As beneficence is never exercised but at some expense of ease and leisure, your Grace will not be surprised that you are subjected, as the general guardian of deserted infants and protector of their hospital, to intrusion and importunity; and you will pardon in those who intend, though perhaps unskilfully, the promotion of the charity, the impropriety of their address for the goodness of their intention.

"I therefore take the liberty of proposing to your Grace's notice a machine (for spinning cotton) of which I am the inventor and proprietor, as proper to be erected in the Foundling Hospital ; its structure and operation being such that a mixed number of children from five to fourteen years may be enabled by it to earn their food and clothing. In this machine, thus useful and thus appropriated to the public, I hope to obtain from Parliament, by your Grace's recommendation, such a right as shall be thought due to the inventor.

"I know, my Lord, that every project must encounter opposition, and I would not encounter it but that I think myself able to surmount it. Mankind has prejudices against every new undertaking, which are not always prejudices of ignorance. He that only doubts what he does not know may be satisfied by testimony, at least by that of his own eyes ; but a projector, my Lord, has more dangerous enemies—the envious and the interested, who will neither hear reason nor see facts,

and whose animosity is more vehement as their conviction is more strong." *Aut* Samuel *aut Diabolus!*

"I do not implore your Grace's patronage for a work existing only in possibility. I have a machine erected which I am ready to exhibit to your Grace, or of any proper judge of mechanical performances whom you shall be pleased to nominate. I shall decline no trial; I shall seek no subterfuge; but shall show, not by argument but by practical experience, that what I have here promised will be easily performed.

"I am an old man oppressed with many infirmities, and therefore cannot pay the attention which your Grace's high quality demands and my respect would dictate; but whenever you shall be pleased to assign me an audience, I shall explain my design with the openness of a man who desires to hide nothing, and receive your Grace's commands with the submission which becomes,

"My Lord,
Your Grace's most obedient
And most humble Servant."[1]

It was probably about the time when this letter to the Duke of Bedford was written (with what result is not known) that Paul began that to the Earl of Shaftesbury, formerly quoted from, and in which, too clearly, he was *not* aided by Samuel Johnson's pen. In the letter to the Duke of Bedford he calls himself "an old man oppressed with many infirmities;" in the fragment of that to Lord Shaftesbury, speaking of his invention, he says that "in a course of something more than twenty years it gained me above £20,000 as patentee." Paul's first patent was granted in 1738, and twenty years would bring us to 1758. It will have been observed that in the letter to the Duke of Bedford, Paul hinted a hope that, through his Grace's influence, he might obtain in his machine, which by the expiry of the patent had been "appropriated to the public," "such a right as shall be thought due to the inventor." In 1757–58, five or six years after the expiry of the patent, it is certain that Paul was still sanguine as to the success of his machine,

[1] French, p. 261-3.

though in 1757, Wyatt, his former coadjutor, thus wrote to the person then managing the works (which had once been Cave's) at Northampton: "You have herewith a reversion of old gimcracks, which by order of Mr Yeo I am directed to send to you. I most heartily wish Mr Yeo better success than any of his predecessors have had." The "old man oppressed with many infirmities" still struggled for a recognition of his machine, and for a restoration of his own right of property in it. "In 1757–58, his solicitor submitted cases to the attorney and solicitor-generals, Pratt and C. Yorke, for their opinions as to a new patent being granted to him; but the invention being substantially the same as that for which the patent of 1738 was granted, both counsel were very guarded in their opinion, as one or the other might have to decide the question judicially; and it would appear that there were some difficulties in the way, for a new patent was not granted until after hearing counsel for Paul. The result, however, was that the patent was obtained; it bears date 1758,[1] and here again Paul makes an oath that he was the sole inventor of the machine."[2] The machine of the second patent was described and criticised in the extract formerly given from Dr Ure, when it was seen to differ from the machine of the first patent chiefly "in the renunciation of the fantastic whim of successive rollers with certain whirligig inexplicable motions."

Paul did not long survive to enjoy his restored or renewed patent-rights, and to persevere in attempting to obtain recognition for his machine. The second patent was granted him in 1758. He died in the following year at Brook Green, Hammersmith, and was buried at Paddington on the 30th April 1759. It is clear that he was well off when he died.

[1] *Abridgments of Specifications relating to Spinning*, p. 11, "29th June 1758. No. 274."

[2] French, p. 264.

"Paul," we are told, "left a will, dated 1st May 1758, by which he gave an annuity of £8 to his servant, Alice Morgan; his plate, linen, printed books, and £200, and an annuity of £200 to Jane Wright, wife of Henry Wright, apothecary; and the residue of his estate to Thomas Yeo of Gray's Inn, solicitor, with directions to take the name of Paul: in default of his paying the legacies and annuities, and taking the name of Paul, then a bequest over to Henry Hadleigh, surgeon, subject to the same conditions; and upon failure on his part, then bequest over to the president of the Foundling Hospital for the time being, for the benefit of that charity, and he appointed said Thomas Yeo executor. In accordance with the terms of the will, Yeo assumed the surname of Paul, but he soon afterwards left England, greatly involved in debt. The machinery was distrained on for rent and sold, realising but a small sum."[1] This was doubtless the Yeo mentioned in Wyatt's letter of 1757. In Yeo's—the last hands to which they can be traced—"the gimcracks" did not meet with "the better success" which Wyatt then politely wished them and him.

In the course of his active, ingenious, and projecting existence, Paul had done more for the cotton-manufacture than bestow on it the first germ of roller-spinning. He had greatly improved the process of carding[2]—one in all cases

[1] French, p. 265.

[2] Paul's carding patent is dated "30th August 1748" (*Abridgments of Specifications relating to Spinning*, p. 8, No. 636). Curiously enough, in the same year (p. 7, and No. 628 of the volume just referred to), is a patent of the 20th January of the same year, granted to Daniel Bourne for an improvement in carding, apparently anticipating Paul's application of cylinders to the process. Bourne's was "a machine for carding wool or cotton either by hand or water." The specification distinctly states that "the properties by which this machine of carding differs from any other method hitherto invented are principally these, that the cards are put upon cylinders or rollers, and that these act against each other by a circular motion," &c. &c.

required to prepare the cotton-wool for being spun by whatsoever contrivance or implement, from the ancient distaff to the most complicated of modern machines.

"Carding is the process to which the cotton is subjected after it has been opened and cleaned, in order that the fibres of the wool may be disentangled, straightened, and laid parallel with each other, so as to admit of being spun. This was formerly effected by instruments called hand-cards, which were brushes made of short pieces of wire instead of bristles, the wires being stuck into a sheet of leather at a certain angle, and the leather fastened on a flat piece of wood about twelve inches long and five wide, with a handle. The cotton being spread upon one of the cards, it was repeatedly combed with another till all the fibres were laid straight, when it was stripped off the card in a fleecy roll, ready for the rover. The first improvement was in making one of the two cards a fixture, and increasing its size; so that a workman, having spread the cotton upon it, might use a card double the size of the old cards, and do twice the quantity of work. The process was further facilitated by suspending the movable card by a pulley from the ceiling, with a weight to balance it, so that the workman had only to move the card, without sustaining its weight. The stock-cards, as they were called, had been previously used in the woollen manufacture: at what period they were introduced into the cotton manufacture, I have not satisfactorily ascertained."

It is certain that they were used in the cotton manufacture so early as 1739.

"The application of rotatory motion was the grand improvement in carding; and this improvement, singular as it may seem, is traced back to Lewis Paul, the patentee of spinning by rollers.

"The carding patent of Lewis Paul"—and in this, ten years after the grant (in 1738) of his first patent for roller-spinning, he describes himself as "of Birmingham, gentleman"—"a copy of which, with the drawings, I have obtained from the Patent Office, includes two different machines for accomplishing the same purpose; the one a flat, and the other a cylindrical arrangement of cards. The following description in the specification applies equally to both: 'The said machine for carding of wool and cotton, &c., does consist and is to be performed in the manner following, to wit: the card is made up of a number of parallel cards, with intervening spaces between each, and the matter being carded thereon, is afterwards took off each card separately, and the several rows or filaments'—'filliments' in the original—'so took off are connected into one entire roll.' The first machine described in the

specification consists of a flat board, varying in dimensions from three feet by two to two feet by fourteen inches, on which were nailed sixteen long cards, parallel to each other, with small spaces betwixt each. The wool or cotton being spread on the cards, a hand-card of the same length as those nailed on the board, but only a quarter of the breadth, and completely covered with points of wire, was drawn over the lower cards till the operation was completed.

"The second and more important machine was a horizontal cylinder, covered in its whole circumference with parallel rows of cards, with intervening spaces, and turned by a handle. . . . Under the cylinder was a concave frame, lined internally with cards, exactly fitting the lower half of the cylinder, so that when the handle was turned, the cards of the cylinder and of the concave frame worked against each other and carded the wool. This bears the closest resemblance to the modern carding-cylinder, except that the concave frame is now placed *over* the cylinder, and in Paul's machine it was placed *under*. There was a contrivance for letting the concave part down by a lever and pulley, and turning it round, so as easily to strip off the carded wool.

"When the wool was properly carded, it was stripped off 'by means of a stick, with needles in it, parallel to one another, like the teeth of a comb.' The cardings were of course only of the length of the cylinder, but an ingenious apparatus was attached for making them into a perpetual carding. Each length was placed on a flat broad riband, which was extended between two short cylinders, and which wound upon one cylinder as it unwound from the other. When the carding was placed on the riband, the turning of one of the cylinders wound the riband and carding upon it; and length being joined to length, the carding was made perpetual, and wound up in a roll ready for the spinning-machine. It has already been seen that the upper roller in Paul's patent spinning-machine of 1758 was called the riband cylinder.

"Here, then, are the carding-cylinder, the perpetual carding, and the comb for stripping off the carding. It must be admitted that the invention was admirable and beautiful, though not perfect. Its defects were that the cylinder had no feeder, the wool being put on by the hand; that the cardings were taken off separately by a movable comb, which of course required the machine to stop; and that the perpetual carding was produced by joining short lengths with the hand, whereas now it is brought off the machine in a continuous roll, by a comb attached to the cylinder, and constantly worked against it by a crank. Paul's machine, though so great an improvement on the old method, was not known in Lancashire for twelve years, nor generally adopted for more than twenty years, after the date of the patent."[1]

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[1] Baines's *Cotton Manufacture*, p. 171-4.

"When the establishment at Northampton, in which the carding-cylinder is said to have been used, was broken up," we are further told, "the carding-machine was purchased by a hat-manufacturer at Leominster, who applied it to the carding of wool for hats." About 1760, the year after Paul's death, it is said to have been introduced into Lancashire, and applied once more to the carding of cotton, by a Mr Morris, at Brook Mill, near Wigan. This is the carding-machine which Mr Robert Peel, the founder of the Peel family, was one of the first persons in Lancashire to adopt, and which, when he had improved its form, he employed James Hargreaves to construct for him. "His machine is stated to have consisted of two or three cylinders, covered with cards, the working of which in contact effectually carded the cotton; but there were defects both in the means of putting the cotton upon the cylinders and of taking it off: the latter operation was performed by women with hand-cards. For some years Mr Peel laid aside this machine, and it only came into general use after further improvements had been made in it." It has been seen that Hargreaves long and undeservedly enjoyed the credit of having invented one of the greatest of these improvements—the crank and comb—which, in point of fact, he stole from Arkwright. In the hands of Arkwright the carding-machine of Paul first became permanently applicable and useful. It was, too, through the combining and adapting, if not the inventive genius—through the indomitable energy and indefatigable perseverance of the same man, that Paul's process of spinning by rollers, so long tried, and apparently with such imperfect results, became a great and productive reality. The British cotton-manufacture, in the true sense of the words, arose out of the achievements and successes of Richard Arkwright.

XIII.

*RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.**

THIS memorable man was born at Preston on the 23d of December 1732,[1] and in the following year John Kay patented the fly-shuttle, an invention destined to stimulate the demand for cotton-yarn, by supplying which Richard Arkwright reaped fame and fortune. Arkwright is

* *Richard Arkwright, Esquire,* versus *Peter Nightingale, Esquire.* Copy (from Mr Gurney's shorthand notes) of the Proceedings on the Trial of this Cause in the Court of Common Pleas, before the Right Honourable Lord Loughborough, by a Special Jury, February 17, 1785. [*without place or date*]. *The Trial of a Cause instituted by Richard Pepper Arden, Esquire, his Majesty's Attorney-General,* by writ of *Scire Facias,* to repeal a patent, granted on the 16th of December 1775 to Mr Richard Arkwright, for an invention of certain instruments and machines for preparing silk, cotton, flax, and wool for spinning; before the Honourable Francis Buller, one of the judges of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench, at Westminster Hall, on Saturday, the 25th of June 1785 (London, 1783). Aikin's *General Biography* (London, 1790, &c.), vol. i. § Arkwright; and *Country round Manchester. Quarterly Review* for January 1860, § Cotton-Spinning Machines and their Inventors. Smiles's *Self-Help* (London, 1866). Felkin's *History of the Machine-wrought Hosiery and Lace Manufactures* (London, 1867). Hardwick's *History of the Borough of Preston* (Preston, 1857). Dobson's *History of the Parliamentary Representation of Preston* (Preston, 1868). Walker's *Original* (London, 1838.) *Handbook of Lancashire,* &c. (London, 1870.) Brayley and Britton's *Beauties of England and Wales* (London, 1801, &c.), vol. iii. § Derbyshire. *Handbook of Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire,* &c. (London, 1868.) Guest's *Compendious History,* &c., and *British Cotton-Manufacture,* &c. Baines and Ure on the Cotton-Manufacture. French's *Life of Crompton.* Defoe's *Tour,* &c. &c.

[1] "Parish Register of Preston Church. Christenings in December 1732. Richard, son of Thomas Arkwright, born 23d, baptized 31st." Guest's *Compendious History,* p. 21.

said to have been the youngest of thirteen children, and if, as is supposed, his parents were very poor, his arrival in the world could scarcely have contributed to make the Christmas of 1732 merrier in that humble Preston household. "The house or shop in which Arkwright resided," says a local historian, writing or publishing in 1857, "was pulled down a short time ago. It stood on the north side of Lord Street, a little to the west of Wood Street, and faced Molyneux Square. It was afterwards tenanted by Mr Clare, hosier. Its site is now occupied by one of the handsome shops lately erected by the Earl of Derby. It forms the southern extremity of Stanley Buildings, Lancaster Road."[1] According to the same authority, Arkwright's "uncle Richard taught him to read, and he gathered some little further instruction at a school during winter evenings."[2] But his education was of the scantiest, and though in later life he is said to have endeavoured to repair its deficiencies, it is doubtful whether he ever learned to write with ease.

In the course of a hundred and forty years, Arkwright's birthplace has been transformed by the growth of the industry which he did so much to develop—nay, which in one sense he may be said to have created. Preston now counts some 80,000 inhabitants, and is one of the principal seats of the cotton-manufacture, to the history of which "Preston strikes" have contributed prominent and painful episodes. But when Arkwright was born, Preston was a town with only some five or six thousand inhabitants, and was noted for its "gentility" rather than for its trade or industry. "Proud Preston," as it was called, boasted of its antiquity, and of being the capital of the Duchy of Lancaster, if Lancaster itself was the capital of the county; "and all the business of the duchy, at one time more considerable than that of the county, was transacted in the palatine county of Preston."

[1] Hardwick, p. 361. [2] Ib. p. 650.

Even when Dr Whitaker wrote, he spoke of Preston as "an elegant and commercial town, the resort of well-born but ill-portioned and ill-endowed maids and widows." In the middle of the eighteenth century, according to that Lancashire worthy, Thomas Walker of "The Original," the wine merchant who used to supply Manchester lived in Proud Preston, as being the resort of all the gentry; and his Manchester orders, which rarely exceeded a gallon of wine at a time, were always executed on horseback. "Preston is a fine town," says Defoe, who visited it not many years before Arkwright's birth, "and tolerably full of people; but not like Liverpool or Manchester, for we now come beyond the trading part of the county. But though there is no manufacture, the town is full of attorneys, proctors, and notaries, the process of law being here of a different nature from that in other places, by reason that it is a duchy and county palatine, and has particular privileges of its own. The people are gay here, though not, perhaps, the richer for that; but it has, on this account, obtained the name of *Proud Preston*. Here is a great deal of good company, but not so much, they say, as was before the late bloody action with the northern rebels; not that the battle hurt many of the immediate inhabitants, but the consequences of it so severely affected many families thereabout that they still retain the remembrance of it."[1] "The late bloody action" was the storm of Preston in the Jacobite rising of 1715, the ancient town having become the headquarters of the rebels. Preston was then so gay that one of the Jacobites wrote from it, and of it, during the rebel occupation, "The ladies of this town, Preston, are so very beautiful and so richly attired, that the gentlemen-soldiers from Wednesday to Saturday minded nothing but courting and feasting."[2]

Yet Proud Preston was not so entirely destitute of manu-

[1] *Tour*, iii. 183. [2] *Handbook of Lancashire*, p. 274.

facturing industry as from a cursory glance Defoe supposed it to be. It had a manufacture of linen "from yarn spun with the distaff and spindle, and a few worsted fabrics." It is possible that from infancy Arkwright was familiar with the rude and simple process of manufacture, which he was destined to revolutionise; but nothing of his early life is known with certainty, except that he was apprenticed to a barber. With this single exception, his biography is a blank from his birth to his twenty-third year. He had married, and married young, though there seems to be no trace of the when or where of the wedding. This, the first Mrs Arkwright, was Patience, daughter of Robert Holt of Bolton, schoolmaster, and bore him, in the December of 1755, his only son, Richard, who survived him and inherited his wealth. It is probable, from his marriage to a Bolton woman, that on the expiry of his term of apprenticeship, Arkwright had migrated to that town and established himself in business there. It is pretty certain that this had happened within five years of the birth of his only son. Patience Arkwright died before 1761, and in that year Arkwright married a second time. Of this marriage the register was copied by Mr Guest. According to the parish-register of the church of Leigh, some six or seven miles from Bolton, "Richard Arkwright, of the parish of Bolton, barber, and Margaret Biggins, of this parish of Pennington, spinster, were married in this church by licence, with consent, this twenty-fourth day of March 1761, by me, Jo. Hartley, curate."[1] Mr Biggins, the father of the bride, is described as "a respectable inhabitant of Leigh, who had lived many years in the town; and his daughter, up to the time of her marriage, resided with him in the market-place of Leigh, at a house now"—that is, in 1827—"known as the sign of the Millstone."[2] The

[1] Guest, *ubi supra*. [2] Guest's *British Cotton-Manufacture*, p. 14.

second Mrs Arkwright seems to have had a little money, or a little property of her own, "perhaps of the value of £400,"[1] which also seems to have been settled on herself. That the pair were married by licence, would of itself, one supposes, betoken that Arkwright or his wife was in tolerable circumstances.

Bolton, when Arkwright settled in it, was a town very different from the Preston of his birth and early years. Standing in the dreary country from which it took its old designation of Bolton-in-the-Moors, it contained a population of some four or five thousand souls, almost wholly dependent on the manufacture of heavy fabrics of cotton mixed with wool and flax. When Arkwright married his second wife, Samuel Crompton, the inventor of the spinning-mule, was a boy of eight, and the following description of Crompton's native town at the time of his birth no doubt pretty accurately represents its aspects during Arkwright's sojourn in it :—

"It is difficult to describe exactly Bolton-in-the-Moors as it was in 1753; but some idea of it may be gathered by supposing a long, irregularly-built street, commencing at the east end in the churchyard, and continuing as a double row of closely-packed houses about half the length of the present Deansgate; after which, fields and gardens intervened among the dwellings. From this street Bank Street branched to the north, and Bradshawgate to the south; they were both short and unimportant. At their intersection with Churchgate and Deansgate the market-cross was placed"—a few yards from the spot where the seventh Earl of Derby was beheaded in 1651—"and about it the wealthier inhabitants had their dwellings. Gardens, meadows, and bleaching-crofts, dotted here and there with cottages, stretched on the north side down to the Croal, then a pleasant stream of pure water; and besides the comparatively considerable suburbs of Little Bolton, the neighbourhood of the town was thickly studded with groups of cottages in hamlets—or *folds*, as they are there called—many of which have since been surrounded by new houses, and now form part of the town itself. There were no tall chimneys in Bolton in those days, but many considerable warehouses, to contain the heavy fustians and other piece-goods made in the neighbourhood."

[1] Guest's *British Cotton-Manufacture*, p. 110.

"A weekly market was then, as now, held on Monday, at which a large amount of business was transacted with merchants from London and Manchester, who frequented it to purchase the heavy fabrics for which Bolton was then the principal mart. Other merchants also visited it from the north of Ireland to sell the linen-yarn spun there, and used in Bolton for warps ; for cotton-warps were not at that period so made as to be available for the strong fustians then much in demand. Bolton was at that time dependent upon Belfast and its neighbourhood, just as Bradford is at the present day indebted to Bolton for the warps required by its stuff-manufacturers. Though there were warehouses and market-halls for the transaction of business, nevertheless a great quantity of the fabrics, rough from the loom, were pitched in the open street, or under rude piazzas erected in front of the shops, but which are now almost all swept away. The fustians, herring-bones, cross-overs, quiltings, dimities, and other goods were carried to market by the small manufacturers (who were for the most part equally small farmers) in wallets balanced over one shoulder, while on the other arm there was often hung a basket of fresh butter. The cotton goods sold in the market were invariably unbleached ; the merchants causing them to be bleached, dyed, and finished to suit the market for which they were intended. Much of the bleaching, however, was done at crofts in and about Bolton ; and the bleachers and dyers were thus regular frequenters of the Monday markets, receiving their orders and transacting that part of their business which is now transferred to Manchester.

"Bolton must have been a bustling, busy town on these market Mondays. It had many considerable inns, most of them having large yards behind, with ample stabling for the long strings of pack-horses required for the conveyance of the raw materials and the manufactured goods which changed hands on these market-days. The merchants also all travelled on horseback, but the manufacturers at that time were well enough content to travel on foot.

"Many of the inhabitants at that time depended for employment almost entirely on the Monday markets. The inns and shops were on the other days comparatively idle, and the streets all but deserted. The better class of the inhabitants at that time, and for the half century following, had thus so much leisure time to dispose of, that habits of social intercourse were established, and a consequent courtesy of manners, which, unfortunately, has not been in every case maintained. The theatre was a fashionable and well-frequented place of amusement ; and dancing assemblies were frequent and well attended. The grammar-school maintained a respectable rank among similar foundations. Amongst its masters during the last century it could boast of Lempriere, the author of the well-known Classical Dictionary. A still more dis-

tinguished scholar, Robert Ainsworth, the lexicographer, had in the previous century received his education and taught a school in Bolton."[1]

Such was the Bolton in which, at the age of twenty-eight, Richard Arkwright seems to have been settled, an illiterate barber, but a man, withal, of consummate practical genius. "Two shops," says the authority just quoted, "are mentioned as having been occupied by Arkwright when he lived in Bolton: one in the passage leading to the old Millstone Inn, Deansgate; the other, a small shop in Churchgate. The lead-cistern in which his customers washed after being shaved is still in existence, and in the possession of Mr Peter Skelton of Bolton."[2] Stories of his barber-life in Bolton are not wanting, but they have an apocryphal look. In one recent sketch of him, not distinguished by accuracy, he is represented as occupying in Bolton "an underground cellar, over which he put up the sign, 'Come to the subterraneous barber, he shaves for a penny.' The other barbers," we are then told, "found their customers leaving them, and reduced their prices to his standard, when Arkwright, determined to push his trade, announced his determination to give 'a clean shave for a halfpenny.' After a few years he quitted his cellar,"[3] &c. &c. Guest's record of Arkwright's career in Bolton is the only one that is in the slightest degree authoritative. "At this time he was a barber, but soon after he travelled through the country buying human hair. He possessed a valuable chemical secret for dyeing it, and when it was dyed and prepared, he sold it to the wigmakers. Mr Richardson of Leigh tells me that Arkwright's hair was esteemed the best in the county."[4] Even by a Bolton barber, if a man of ingenuity and energy, there was a sort of reputation to be gained in his own limited, very limited sphere; and Arkwright's hair, it has been seen, was pronounced by the Lancashire wig-

[1] French, p. 4–11. [2] Ib. p. 27.
[3] *Self-Help*, p. 33. [4] *Compendious History*, p. 21.

makers "the best in the county."[1] To quote Guest again: "Between that period"—the time of his second marriage—"and 1768, Mr Arkwright resided at Bolton (about seven miles from Leigh), and occupied the shop in Deansgate, in the former town, at the end of the passage leading up to what was then the White Bear public-house, and carried on his business there as a barber and hairdresser. During his residence there, in consequence of his intercourse with Leigh and its inhabitants, obtained through his connection with his father-in-law's"—the respectable Biggins's—"family and friends, he engaged one Dean, a workman well skilled in making the strong country wigs, then in very general use, as his journeyman; and the latter left the service of Mr John Richardson, senior, then a hairdresser in Leigh, and went into that of Mr Arkwright. The same man succeeded Mr Arkwright in his shop and business when he finally left Bolton. Mr John Richardson, now about seventy-four years of age, John Burkill, about seventy-two, and Joseph Pownal, about seventy-four, some of the oldest inhabitants of Leigh, and whose fathers lived there before them, authenticate these circumstances."[2] Guest's second book, from which this passage is quoted, was published in 1828; so that the most aged witnesses to whose testimony he appeals, could only have been seven years old at the time of Arkwright's second marriage and undoubted settlement in Bolton. In 1768 the same witness would have been fourteen—reminders which perhaps are just worth giving.

[1] "One part of his business was to attend the hiring-fairs frequented by young girls seeking service, for the purpose of buying their long hair to be worked up into perukes, and he is said to have been unusually expert in such negotiations. The copper-plate from which his invoice-headings were printed is still in the possession of a commercial gentleman at Manchester, and upon its margin are engraved the most grotesque representations of the wigs and perukes worn by the fashionable ladies and gentlemen of the period."—*Quarterly Review*, No. 213, p. 58.

[2] *British Cotton-Manufacture*, pp. 14, 15.

What are we to make of the story, that while a barber in Bolton, and journeying to and fro purchasing the raw material of the wigs, he was engaged in a search after the perpetual motion, and wasted his substance in that futile quest? It is a story which does not at all accord with what is known of Arkwright's character and career, and probably arose, myth-fashion, when it seemed necessary to account for the transformation of a barber into a projector. A keen, inquisitive, practical man like Arkwright may well have been led to take an interest in things mechanical without falling a victim to the chimera of perpetual motion. The time of his second marriage, and undoubted settlement in Bolton, was that at which, as explained in the preceding chapter, the so-called cotton-manufacture was expanding; and through this circumstance, and the growing use of Kay's fly-shuttle, the demand for yarn for the weaver was outstripping the supply of it by the spinner. In a busy seat of manufacture like Bolton, and perpetually moving about in a district where spinning and weaving, separately or together, formed part of the occupation of most of the households which he visited in search of hair, Arkwright must have become familiar with this discrepancy between supply and demand. He may well have pondered on the profit to be made by an improvement in the ordinary process of spinning by hand. He may have heard, as the years ran on, of the efforts of ingenious men to invent substitutes for the old-fashioned hand-wheel. Paul was dead before Arkwright settled in Bolton; but at least seven years after he had taken up his abode in that town, James Hargreaves was making the spinning-jenny an available machine. Arkwright himself, it is certain, was not a practical mechanic; but few have excelled him in his insight into the capabilities of mechanism, and in his power of adapting by head-work the hand-work of others. Given an ingenious

piece of machinery contrived for a profitable object, and Arkwright was the man, moreover, to supply for its utilisation the push and resource of which the inventor himself might be devoid. This, according to one theory of Arkwright's career, is exactly what he did contribute to the development of the cotton-manufacture.

The reader remembers the evidence, perhaps so far satisfactory, adduced to prove that during the years 1763–6, or thereabouts, Thomas Highs, living in the town of Leigh, some seven miles from Bolton, had for neighbour a certain John Kay, a watchmaker, who is not for a moment to be confounded with John Kay of Bury, the undoubted inventor of the fly-shuttle. It has been seen that the invention of the spinning-jenny is claimed for Thomas Highs, and that in some of the experiments preceding its invention he is said to have been assisted by his neighbour Kay. Now, this same Highs is represented by his indefatigable champion, Mr Guest, as having invented not only the jenny, but also a method of spinning by rollers. According to the same authority, Arkwright stole this invention of Highs, and by the theft rose from a poor and obscure Bolton barber to be a wealthy and a famous man.

According to Mr Guest, Arkwright, while a barber at Bolton, was a pretty frequent visitor at Leigh, where his father-in-law, Mr Biggins, procured him business, and where he hired his journeyman Dean. Highs and Kay were neighbours at Leigh, where Kay helped Highs to construct the first unsuccessful spinning-jenny, and was the confidant of Highs, undoubtedly an ingenious and inventive man, in his other projects, notably that of spinning by rollers. With or without having heard of Lewis Paul's trials of the same or a similar contrivance, Highs projects spinning-rollers about the year 1766, and as usual takes Kay into his confidence, employing him in the construction of the

models. But Highs is poor, friendless, and not at all a pushing man. He keeps his invention by him in the hope of better days, and of procuring capital with which to test and work it. Meanwhile, during his visits to Leigh, Arkwright hears of this mysterious invention and its promise. He knows that Kay knows of it, and keeps his eye on the movements of the man who has the secret in his possession. About 1767, according to the deposition of Thomas Leather (*ante*, p. 329), more of the drift of which may now be dawning on the readers, Kay left Leigh for Warrington, and before long Arkwright is supposed to follow him thither, and to extract from him the secret of poor Highs's invention. But let Kay speak for himself. Here is his evidence, given, some eighteen years later, in a trial of which much will afterwards have to be said. He is in the witness-box and under examination by "Mr Lee," one of the counsel employed to contest Arkwright's claim to the invention of the spinning-rollers:—

"Do you remember, Mr Kay, being at Manchester-races in any particular year, and meeting Mr Arkwright there?"

"No, sir, I did not. I was not there." The learned gentleman had been badly instructed, or misread his brief.

"What place was you at?"—"At Warrington; at the time of the Manchester races; he came to Warrington."

"In what year was it?"—"In the year 1767."

"What was it Arkwright applied to you about, or said to you? how did he introduce himself to you?"

"He comes to a public-house, and I comes up there"—By invitation? or by accident?—"He said he was going to a wheelmaker, one Edward Ashmore, to get a few wires bended, and he wanted a few bits of brass turned"—with an eye, some people think, to the perpetual motion—"and asked where he could get them turned."

"I said if he would go down the street, he would meet with a clock-maker where he might get them done. He came to our house"—being determined, the insinuation is, to connect himself with Kay by hook or by crook—"and asked if I could do these things for him. I said I would see about it, and I did it. He paid me the next day, and came again and wanted something else; and when I had done it, he went

about his business. The third day, or the fourth, he wanted something else. I did him these things, and he asked me, when I had done, if I would drink a glass of wine with him in Dale Street. I went with him. In our discourse he asked me if mine was a profitable business. I said it was not. He asked me what I could get a week. I told him about fourteen shillings. 'Oh,' says he, 'I can get more than you.' 'What business may you be of?' says I. He said, 'I was a barber, but I have left it off, and I and another are going up and down the country buying hair, and can make more of it.' We were talking of different things, and this thing came up, of spinning by rollers. He said, 'That will never be brought to bear, several gentlemen'"—believers in Lewis Paul?—"'have almost broke themselves by it.' I said, 'I think I could bring that to bear.' That was all that passed that night. The next morning he comes to my bedside and says, 'Do you remember what I told you last night?'"—a curious way of putting it; one would have thought that, according to the rest of Kay's testimony, the question would have run, "Do you remember what you told me last night?"—"and asked whether I could make him a small model at a small expense. 'Yes,' says I, 'I believe I can.' Says he, 'If you will, I will pay you.' I went and bought a few articles, and made him a small wooden model, and he took it with him to Manchester, and in a week or a fortnight's time, I cannot say which, he comes back again, and I made him another."

"Before you go further, who did you get the method of making these rollers from?"

"From Mr Hayes"—Highs, according to the parish registers, but Hayes in the literature of Arkwright-litigation.

"From Mr Hayes, the last witness. Did you tell Mr Arkwright so?"

"I told him I and another man had tried that method at Warrington." —surely he meant to say "at Leigh."

"You made him a model?"

"I made him two models, and he took one to Preston; Burgoyne's election was about that time."

"I understand that was in 1768; you say General Burgoyne's election at Preston was at that time."

"Yes; I cannot say that I can say any more about that affair." . . .

"After he took your model away, and carried it to Manchester, you had some other conversation with him; do you recollect?"

"Yes, and I went with him to Preston."

"Did you live with him there?"

"I was with him at the time of the election in 1768—about thirteen weeks with him."

"Was you working with him as a mechanic?"

"Yes; I went there to make a clock for him."

"Now, pray did you ever make any other models for him, or for anybody else?"

"No, not at that time, nor till such time as I went to work for him at Nottingham."

'You did go afterwards to Nottingham?"

"Yes, as soon as the election at Preston was over."

"That was in March 1768?"

"It was ended in April, I believe."

"Now, how long did you work with him?"

"I cannot tell; four or five years perhaps—I cannot say how long."

"Well, afterwards Mr Arkwright obtained his patent at a considerable distance of time?"—"Yes."

"When did you hear he had obtained it?"

"James Hargreaves came and told he had got his patent."

"Where is he?"—"He is dead. I could not help myself. You see I did not know anything at all about it."

"You must know whether at that time it was his own invention, or he had it of you?"

"James Hargreaves told me I should have lodged a *caveat*."

"Don't tell me what James Hargreaves said; you must know whether it was his own invention?"

"I know very well he did not invent the rollers."

"No. On the contrary, you know he had them from you?"

"Yes."

"And you had them from this poor Hayes?"—"Yes.'

"And you told him so?"

"Yes, I told him so many a time." [1]

Now, it must be remembered that Kay gave this evidence after flying from Arkwright's service on a charge of felony, and he had, therefore, a grudge against his former master, the ex-barber of Bolton. Further, according to his own admission, he was not a very scrupulous person. He had evidently tried to palm off on Hargreaves the invention of the spinning-rollers as his own, otherwise why should Hargreaves have advised him to lodge a *caveat* when Arkwright took out a patent for them? Then, again, what was it that Arkwright came to him day after day at Warrington to ask

[1] *Trial* (of 25th June 1785), p. 62.

him to do? To help him with a machine for the perpetual motion? The learned gentleman who on Arkwright's behalf cross-examined Kay should have questioned him on this subject, but did not.

In 1782, Arkwright, or his advisers, drew up a *Case* for distribution among members of the Legislature, under circumstances which will be recited hereafter. It opens with the following statement: "Mr Arkwright, after many years' intense and painful application, invented, about the year 1768, his present method of spinning cotton by rollers, but upon very different principles from any invention that had gone before it." It is possible that Arkwright had, after these "many years' intense and painful application," thought out into profitable practicability the process of spinning-rollers, invented and so long tried by Lewis Paul; that having known Kay at Leigh as a skilful mechanic, he asked him to assist in making the model; and thus the rest of the story, Arkwright's theft of the conception and contrivance from Kay, who said that he had them from Highs, was the malicious invention of a servant discharged on an ignominious accusation of felony, and bent upon revenge. On the other hand, Mr Guest asks with considerable plausibility, how it happened, that if Arkwright was the inventor of the spinning-rollers, he did not apply to a clockmaker at Bolton, or elsewhere near at hand, to make the model for him, instead of going eighteen miles to Warrington in search of Kay. If the story told by a Quarterly Reviewer is to be believed, there was something very sudden in Arkwright's trip from Bolton to Warrington: "One gentleman near Bolton has informed us that his grandfather, having ordered a wig of Arkwright, was required to pay a guinea for it in advance. Before the wig could be made, Arkwright had left the town in pursuit of his spinning-machine project, on which the whole energies

of his mind had become bent."[1] Had Arkwright at last been rewarded by a discovery crowning the "many years' intense and painful application," or had he suddenly discovered that Kay at Warrington was in possession of, and had been testing "with another man," Highs's invention? Further, according to Aikin's *General Biography*, "Kay and Arkwright," after Arkwright's visit to Warrington, "applied to Peter Atherton, Esquire," seemingly a watchmaker, "of Liverpool, to make such an engine; but from the poverty of the appearance of the latter, Mr Atherton refused to undertake it, though afterwards, on the evening of the same day, he agreed to lend Kay a smith and watch-tool maker to make the heavier part of the engine, and Kay undertook to make the clockmaker's part of it, and to instruct the workmen." Worthy Dr Aikin, having resided at Warrington, had perhaps special facilities for obtaining information respecting this obscure and important starting-point of Arkwright's new career; and it is significant to note that in another of his books, when giving an account of the cotton-manufacture, the doctor speaks of Arkwright, not as a great original inventor, but very guardedly, as "worthy of being celebrated for his industry in the early observations which he made of new inventions in carding and spinning, and his capacity in forming them into a perfect system"[2]—quite a different matter. "If Mr Arkwright had been the inventor," Mr Guest insists again, "he could have instructed the workmen himself, and the engine might have been made by them under his superintendence without the assistance of Kay. To take Kay with him to a place where a number of practical mechanics (Liverpool is celebrated for its manufacture of watches) were to be met with, was carrying coals to Newcastle."[3] Yet to this it may be replied that Arkwright

[1] *Quarterly Review, ubi supra*, p. 59. [2] *Country round Manchester*, p. 270.
[3] *British Cotton-Manufacture*, p. 61.

having known Kay as Leigh, and wishing for the assistance of some one who would keep his secret, may have naturally desired to employ an old acquaintance rather than entrust the construction of the whole model to mechanics who were perfect strangers to him. No doubt it is suspicious that Highs's old neighbour at Warrington should have been thus sought out by Arkwright—taken into his employment and bound over by bond—at least so Kay stated in his re-examination (as will appear hereafter)—to remain in his service for a term of years. The affair is an obscure one altogether, and unfortunately will not grow much clearer as the narrative proceeds. Any argument against Arkwright's originality, based on the simple fact that he took Kay with him to Liverpool, falls to the ground, if it be true, as has been said, that "Peter Atherton, Esq.," though afterwards of Liverpool, was then residing in Warrington. At Warrington, it would seem, the model of the "engine" was constructed; and the next thing to be done was to procure capital to work it, or rather to test its capabilities. With this object Arkwright proceeded from Warrington to his native town, and applied to a certain John Smalley, perhaps an old friend, and who is described as "a liquor merchant and painter"—house-painter, no doubt. Smalley at once took an interest in the machine, and through his influence it was fitted up and set to work "in the parlour of the house belonging to the Free Grammar-School, which was lent by the head-master to Mr Smalley for the purpose. The latter was so well convinced of the utility of the machine that he joined Arkwright with hand and purse."[1] This notable house, the birthplace of modern cotton-spinning, "is situated," says a local

[1] Baines's *History of the Cotton-Manufacture*, p. 150. In a note Mr Baines adds, "These facts are stated on the authority of Nicholas Grimshaw, Esq., several times Mayor of Preston, who has personal knowledge of them."

historian, "at the bottom of Stonygate. It was afterwards for a long period the residence of the Rev. Robert Harris, B.D., head-master of the Grammar-School. It has since been converted into a public-house, and is now known by the sign of the 'Arkwright Arms.' The parlour in which the first spinning-engine was fitted up has been restored as nearly as possible to its original condition, with the view to enhance the historical interest attached to it."[1] Should there ever be, which is not likely, industrial pilgrims and pilgrimages, here, while the "Arkwright Arms" survives, is an industrial shrine!

During this stay of Arkwright in Preston, what is called "the great election" befell there—an event well-nigh forgotten now, but which at least helps us to a date. The Preston election of 1768 followed a dissolution of Parliament, and the voting spread over the period between the 21st of March and the 2d of April in that year. It was preceded, accompanied, and followed by much tumult and rioting, demolition of houses, and injury to life, to limb—"lawless bands of colliers from Chorley" contributing their quota to the use of physical force. There was "not a whole window in the town at polling-time;" and such was the disrespect shown to persons, that the very mayor himself was once "seized in Fishergate and put under the pump." The contest was one really between the House of Derby, then Whig, and the corporation, which was Tory, and even Jacobite, since it was credibly reported that in 1768 (so long after the '45!) cries of "No King George!" "Prince Charles!" "King James!" and so forth, were heard during the election in that ancient Lancashire town, and the corporation was charged with having encouraged these disloyal manifestations. The violence of the contest was further aggravated by a dispute as to the

[1] Hardwick, p. 364.

qualification for the franchise. Lord Derby and the Whigs maintained that a right to vote belonged to all the inhabitants; the corporation and the Tories, that it was restricted to the "in-burgesses or freemen"—a complication the result of which, in the circumstances, may be easily imagined. One of the two Derby candidates was a man who became discreditably famous as General (he was then Colonel) Burgoyne, afterwards of Convention of Saratoga notoriety. The "gallant officer" had married secretly Lady Charlotte Stanley, a daughter of the then Earl of Derby, who after forgiving him made him one of the Whig candidates at this "great election."[1] It has been said not only that Arkwright voted for Burgoyne, but that "the wardrobe of the future knight was in so tattered a condition that a number of persons subscribed to put him into decent plight to appear at the poll-room."[2] As it happens, Arkwright tendered his vote for the corporation candidates, and it was rejected, like many others, on the ground of non-residence.[3] The other story looks apocryphal, though it is vouched for (as before) by "Nicholas Grimshaw, Esq., several times Mayor of Preston." At an election during which every window in the town was broken, the shabbiness of a voter's appearance could not have been a matter of much consequence. In any case, it is, at this distance of time, curious to contrast the turmoil and excitement of the contest, and that unnoted erection of the poor barber's "engine," which was to change the face of Preston and of Lancashire, and only for its accidental relation to which the "great election" of 1768 claims a moment's remembrance.

Satisfied by the trials in the parlour aforesaid that the machine would work, Arkwright and his friend Smalley had

[1] Dobson (from whom the account of the Preston election is taken), p. 34.

[2] Baines, *Cotton-Manufacture*, p. 150. [3] Hardwick, p. 362.

next to decide on the most promising place for the commencement of operations. It was the year after that in which James Hargreaves, having made the spinning-jenny work well, had been driven from Blackburn and had taken refuge at Nottingham. With the fate of Hargreaves before them, it seemed to Arkwright and Smalley hazardous to set their "engine" going in Lancashire. The same considerations that led Hargreaves to fly with the spinning-jenny to Nottingham probably weighed with Arkwright and Smalley. Nottingham, as already mentioned, was one of the principal seats of the stocking-manufacture, but the stockings which it turned out were made of silk or worsted; the production of cotton-hosiery, if it existed at all, being much restricted by a lack of suitable cotton-yarn. If their new machine could spin good cotton-yarn, here was a market for it, and no local "vested interest" to be irritated or exasperated by the success of the invention. The year after the hegira of Hargreaves, he was followed to Nottingham by Arkwright and Smalley, with Kay and their machine. "He," Arkwright, "was a native of Lancashire; but having so recently witnessed the ungenerous treatment of poor Hargreaves by the people of that county, he retired to Nottingham." This, in Arkwright's *Case*, is the statement following that already quoted, which describes him as completing his invention "about the year 1768."

The first capital which came to the aid of the associates was that of Messrs Wright, bankers, of Nottingham, who are said to have "made advances on condition of sharing in the profits of the invention. But as the machine was not perfected so soon as they had anticipated, the bankers requested Arkwright to obtain other assistance, and recommended him to Samuel Need of Nottingham."[1] This was a suitable, and

[1] Baines, *Cotton-Manufacture*, p. 151.

proved to be a most fortunate, introduction. Need was the partner of Jedediah Strutt of Derby, himself a skilful mechanician and successful inventor, and engaged in the very manufacture the wants of which Arkwright had in his eye when he took his machine to Nottingham. Born in 1729, at Normanton, near Alfreton, in Derbyshire, Jedediah Strutt was the second of several sons of a farmer and maltster, of a family long settled in that district. Jedediah was sent to a country school; but his education was chiefly his own work, for his father wished him and his brothers to be farmers, and nothing more. "While employing himself in the cultivation of the farm his leisure was taken up with mechanical studies. When a boy he had constructed small mills to swim in the adjacent brook. Now he employed himself in improving a plough, or in discovering methods of subjecting the lever and the wheel to any motive-power, to effect operations suggested by his fancy, or promising usefulness in their application." On attaining manhood he succeeded an uncle in a neighbouring farm at Blackwell, which, like that at Normanton, seems to have been long in the hereditary occupancy of the family. But for an accident he might have remained an obscure farmer all his life, and never have been known in the history of British industrialism. In 1750 he married, and his wife happened to be the sister of a Derby hosier, a Mr Woollet.[1] From his brother-in-law he heard of various unsuccessful attempts to produce ribbed stockings on the old and famous stocking-frame of Lee, and set himself to work to investigate the problem. He succeeded in solving it,[2] and removed to

1 Felkin, p. 88.

2 The ribbing-apparatus was attached to Lee's stocking-frame, which was not modified by Strutt. "Strutt's invention rests on a new and great principle, that which is at the back of the invention of Dawson's wheels, devised a quarter of a century after, and of Jacquard's apparatus, constructed a quarter of a century later still."—*Felkin*, p. 90.

Derby to work what became known as the Derby-rib machine. He and his brother-in-law went into partnership, and to it was afterwards admitted the Samuel Need of Nottingham, to whom, as a practical man, Arkwright was introduced by the Messrs Wright, the bankers of that town. He took out, in 1758 and 1759, two patents for his invention, and gained the day in more than one action which he brought against a combination formed to infringe it. In short, he established at Derby "an extensive manufacture of ribbed stockings, which," adds the historian of Derbyshire and biographer of Strutt, in the volume of the "Beauties of England and Wales,"[1] published in 1803, "has been carried on by himself and partner, and afterwards by his sons, to the present period." In our own day the family thus founded by Jedediah Strutt was raised to the peerage in the person of the present Lord Belper, a grandson of the Normanton farmer who happened to marry the sister of a Derby hosier.

By this introduction to Need, and through him to his partner Jedediah Strutt, Arkwright fell into better hands than those of the Birmingham and London booksellers, and speculative provincial physicians, who had furnished the capital for the similar enterprise of Lewis Paul's roller-spinning. Strutt was not only a "capitalist," but a practical man and a skilful mechanician, and could aid the new invention otherwise than with money. "Mr Strutt having seen Arkwright's machine, and declared it to be an admirable invention, only wanting an adaptation of some of the wheels to each other, both Mr Need and Mr Strutt entered into partnership with Arkwright."[2]

This partnership is said to have been entered into "about the year 1771;" but before that year, and probably with the assistance of Jedediah Strutt, Arkwright had done two

[1] iii. 546. [2] Baines, *Cotton-Manufacture*, p. 151.

notable things—he had erected a mill at Nottingham, and he had taken out his first patent. Both of these achievements were effected in the year after that of his arrival at Nottingham. "The first cotton-mill erected in the world was built between Hockley and Woolpack Lane, 1769, by Richard Arkwright, who removed hither from Lancashire with his throstle and spinning-jenny"—no, not spinning-jenny. "It was burnt down a few years after, but the present Hockley Mill occupies its site."[1] In the same year—that of James Watt's first patent for his steam-engine—Arkwright took out (3d July 1769) his first patent for his spinning-rollers. In the specification, enrolled on the 15th of July, Arkwright stated that he had, "by great study and long application, invented a new piece of machinery never before found out, practised, or used, for the making of weft or yarn from cotton, flax, or wool, which would be of great utility to a great many manufacturers, as well as to his Majesty's subjects in general, by employing a great number of poor people in working the said machinery, and by making the said weft or yarn much superior in quality to any ever heretofore manufactured or made." The specification is printed, and the drawing (without it the letterpress would be unintelligible) which accompanied it has been reproduced in Baines and Ure's works on the cotton-manufacture.[2] For the supply of this machine (to be driven by horse-power) the rovings are supposed to be made beforehand, although it was itself quite capable of making them. The rovings are delivered from their bobbins to four pairs of drawing rollers, and here is the gist of the whole machine, as may be gathered from the words of the specification :—"That part," it says, "of the

[1] "White" (whoever he may be), quoted in *Handbook of Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire*, &c., p. 66

[2] Baines, p. 152 ; Ure, i. 254.

roller which the cotton runs through is covered with wood, the top roller with leather, and the bottom one fluted, which lets the cotton, &c., through it; by one pair of rollers moving quicker than the other, draws it finer for twisting, which is performed by the spindles," four in number, each twisting one of the four threads delivered by the four pairs of rollers. The drawing-rollers were pressed against each other by weighted levers, and in this provision, as in that which enabled them, through the leather of the upper one and the fluted wooden surface of the lower one, to take hold of the roving, Arkwright's machine would alone, seemingly, be distinguished by an all-important superiority to that of Lewis Paul. Ure calls the specification "remarkably perspicuous." "It mentions," he avers, "every essential element of a good water-twist or throstle-spinning machine of the present day." Speaking of the drawing, he says, "There is no doubt that the above figure, as given in with the specification in 1769, is an exact portraiture of the model made at Warrington by the aid of Atherton's workmen, which was set up and tried in the schoolmaster's parlour at Preston; and it is sufficient to convince any competent judge of such matters that the author of the machine was a great master of the principles of mechanical combination, or, to borrow an expression from phrenology, that he was endowed in an eminent degree with the organ of constructiveness." The very fact of the speed with which the model had been completed at Warrington is indeed, to Dr Ure, conclusive against Kay's story. Elsewhere the doctor says, "This straightforward expedition in constructing a complex machine affords unquestionably a conclusive proof that Arkwright must have thoroughly matured his plan of a drawing-roller frame before he ever called upon Kay, and that he employed this workman partly on account of his reputation as a clever clockmaker, but chiefly from his living

at a distance from Bolton, where Arkwright resided, and where he would not wish any hints of his projects to transpire."[1]

Little is known of the mill at Nottingham except that it was turned by horses. The promise—though not the profit—of the new invention was soon so great and indubitable, that after it had been both secured by patent and worked for a year or two, Messrs Strutt & Need entered, as has been already mentioned, into partnership with Arkwright. One of the first results of this arrangement was a transfer of operations to a place where water-power could be commanded. The site of the new mill was chosen some distance from Nottingham, at Cromford, in the parish of Wirksworth, in Derbyshire, close by the romantic vale of Matlock, and where the Derwent seemed to offer the needful water-power. Of this "cradle of cotton-spinning" more hereafter. The erection of the mill at Cromford took place in 1771, and Arkwright, we may be sure, was soon settled in the neighbourhood. The date is of some slight importance. Before Arkwright left Nottingham, Kay had ceased to be in his service. But let this part of Kay's story be told in his own words. With the close of his examination-in-chief, which, or most of which, has been already placed before the reader, begins his cross-examination by "Mr Cowper," one of Arkwright's counsel :—

"You lived with him"—Arkwright—"before he gained his patent?"

"Yes."

"Parted with him upon very good terms?"

"I don't know" on "what terms I parted with him."

"Did you leave his house without his knowledge?"

"Yes."

"I must not ask you whether anything else left his house at that time. You fled from his service?"

"Yes."

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[1] Ure, i. 250.

"By what apprehension did you leave him? whether well or ill founded? I will ask you this: Was there not a charge of felony against you?"

"They pretended to, but they could not find anything against me."

"I ask whether you did not fly from him upon a charge of felony"

At this point there is the interposition of a piece of legal wit by the counsel for "the other side," which is contending that Arkwright stole, through Kay, the invention of the spinning-rollers from Highs.

Mr Bearcroft—"I have no objection to your asking him whether he had stole anybody's invention. Ask him *that*—'who stole the invention?'"

Mr Cowper—"There is a deal of difference between stealing a tankard, when invented, and the invention of making a tankard. There was a charge against you, well or ill founded."

"I was at Nottingham, and he took my property away."

Mr Justice Buller (who is trying the case)—"Who had took them?"

"Mr Arkwright had."

"He had taken your goods, had he?"

"Yes."

Mr Cowper—"What I want to know, which I desire you to give me an answer to, is, Had not you run away from his service upon a charge of felony being exhibited against you?"

"I cannot tell what was charged against me."

"You cannot tell whether you ran away upon the fear of a charge?"

"He told me something when I came back. I did run away."

"You heard soon after of this patent, which you knew to be yours or Hayes' invention?"

"Yes."

"And you talked of a partnership, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"You made no secret of it?"

"No."

Here there are some questions and answers, irrelevant to the matter in hand, respecting Kay's appearance or non-appearance at a former trial. Meanwhile the curiosity of the judge has been excited by Arkwright's alleged raid on Kay's house, and he takes up the examination.

Mr Justice Buller—"Kay, what were the things Mr Arkwright had taken out of your house?"

"Several tools."

"Were they tools respecting this business?"

"Yes."

"Was that the subject of the charge against you?"

"Why, I was making another machine in my house to spin Jersey, which I thought while I was at Nottingham I might complete it. I believe he thought I was making this machine"—Arkwright's patented machine, of which there was a working model in court—"and that was his intent."

"You was making a spinning-machine?"

"I was making a thing to spin Jersey. Before I went to Nottingham I had pulled that thing to pieces."

"You don't understand my question. Were the tools which Mr Arkwright had taken out of your house the subject of the charge of felony against you? Was it upon that account he said you was to be charged with felony?"

"I believe he did. He told my wife I had stole things from him."

"Did he take these things as the things stolen?"

"No. I brought them out of Lancashire."

"Tell what it was Mr Arkwright took away."

"Several tools—compasses, pliers, and vices, and other things."

"Did he take anything besides tools?"

"Yes; a pair of sleeves, a spying-glass I had, and locks and brass wheels I had brought with me, to make a movement with, from Lancashire. I had not time to make it and I brought them with me."

"What was the spying-glass?"

"That was a small spying-glass which drew into four joints; that was mine. I brought it from ——" to (?) "Nottingham."

Here, just when something might have been got out of Kay concerning the charge of felony against him, the learned gentlemen on both sides begin to wrangle again on the point whether he had or had not been summoned as a witness at a former time. After this discussion the judge does not ask any more questions, and with the following short re-examination of Kay by one of the counsel against Arkwright his evidence closes:—

Mr Lee—"It is suggested to me, Did Mr Arkwright require you to enter into any obligation or bond not to do anything in this way of business?"

"Yes; at the time I was at Preston with him."

"In the year 1768?"

"Yes."

"After you had given him that model?"

"Yes."

"Was he then well to live, or in a situation not much better than you were?"

"He was a poor working man."

"He was?"

"He was, and I too. He got assistance to join him in this affair, and I agreed to work for him as a servant."

"He got a bond, did he?"

"Yes."

"What was it for?"

"To serve him so many years."[1]

And Mr John Kay quits the witness-box.

From this evidence of Kay's it is clear that, with all his assumed airs of innocence, he did not care to face the mysterious charge of felony—a fact decidedly against him—while that the charge was brought at all would naturally make him desire to revenge himself upon the bringer. According to Kay's own admission, if Arkwright had stolen Highs's invention, Kay had conveyed the secret to the thief, and now, it seems, he had endeavoured to extort a partnership as the price of silence. Further, Arkwright appears to have suspected Kay of doing to him what Kay alleged that he had done for Arkwright in the case of Highs, and of making, surreptitiously, models or reproductions of machinery worked in the Nottingham mill. Now Kay and Hargreaves—and Hargreaves was at Nottingham all the time that Kay was there—were acquaintances, and it was from Hargreaves, according to his own statement, that Kay first heard of Arkwright's patent of 1769. From the same statement it is pretty clear Kay had then insinuated to Hargreaves, without any mention of Highs, that he himself was the inventor of the spinning-rollers, on hearing

[1] *Trial* of 25th June 1785.

which announcement Hargreaves told him that he ought to have taken out a *caveat*. The character and tone of this confabulation make it very possible that it was Kay who communicated to Hargreaves the design of the crank and comb, with which Arkwright had improved and enriched the carding-cylinder invented by Lewis Paul. "We had a pattern," wrote the son of Hargreaves's partner to Mr Baines, "chalked out upon a table by one of the Lancashire men in the employ of Mr Arkwright, and I went to a framesmith of the name of Young to have one made. Of this Arkwright was continually complaining, and it occasioned some angry feeling between the parties."[1] What more likely, considering his intimacy with Hargreaves, than that the delinquent was Kay, and that, going from bad to worse, he at last made himself amenable to a charge or a suspicion of feloniously abstracting tools or models, or both, from the Nottingham mill? If Kay had really communicated Highs's secret to Arkwright would Arkwright have ventured to bring a charge of felony against him? That is a question. On the other hand, the charge was not proceeded; and as it was Arkwright's counsel who brought out the admission that Kay had pressed for a partnership, the statement was probably true, and so far seems to encourage a belief that Kay knew something which gave him a hold upon Arkwright. In any case, he was a worthless fellow, and his statements must not be accepted without careful sifting.

Whether Kay was or was not that "one of the Lancashire men in the employ of Mr Arkwright" who communicated to Hargreaves and his partner Arkwright's invention of the crank and comb, it is clear that this incident likewise took place at Nottingham, and before Arkwright's migration to Cromford. Such "vicious intromissions"—to borrow a legal phrase from our Scotch friends—as those of Har-

[1] *Ante*, p. 336.

greaves with "Lancashire men in Mr Arkwright's employ," could only have occurred while the two were neighbours at Nottingham; and how else could Hargreaves's partner James have heard "Mr Arkwright continually complaining"? This being so, the rather interesting fact is brought out, that within two years from the grant of his first patent, Arkwright had laboured so successfully at the improvement of the preliminary processes of cotton-spinning as to have invented and brought into operation (otherwise it would not have been worth the stealing) the crank and comb which converted Lewis Paul's carding-cylinder into an almost perfect machine. If the reader will turn back to the description given (*ante*, p. 366–7) of Paul's improved carding process, he will find pointed out such defects in it as that "the cylinder had no feeder, the wool being put on by the hand; that the cardings were taken off separately by a movable comb, which of course required the machine to stop; and that the perpetual carding was produced by joining short lengths with the hand, whereas now it is brought off the machine in a continuous roll, by a comb attached to the cylinder, and constantly worked against it by a crank." Let us see how and by whom these defects were repaired :—

"One of the first improvements made in the carding-machine was the fixing of a perpetual-revolving cloth, called a feeder, on which a given weight of cotton-wool was spread, and by which it was conveyed to the cylinder. This was invented in 1772 by John Lees, a Quaker, of Manchester. Arkwright made a further improvement in this part of the machine, by rolling up the feeder, with the cotton spread upon it, in a thick roll, which gradually unrolls as the cylinder is fed. Another improvement had the effect of bringing off the carded wool from the cylinder in a continuous fleece, and forming it into a uniform and perpetual sliver. After the wool had been carded on the large cylinder, it was stripped off by a smaller cylinder, also covered with cards, revolving in contact with the larger, but in an opposite direction. The smaller was called the finishing cylinder, or the doffer, and the cards

were at first fixed upon it longitudinally, and with intervals between them, which did not produce a continuous fleece, but turned off the wool in rolls the length of the cylinder.

"A Mr Wood and his partner, Mr Pilkington, improved the process by entirely covering the finishing cylinder with narrow fillet-cards, wound round it in a circular and spiral form, and without any intervals, the effect of which was to bring off the wool in an unbroken fleece. This they did before Arkwright took out his carding patent in 1775, which included the very same contrivance. It is difficult to judge from the evidence whether he or they first invented it, but they appear to have used it a year before the date of his patent"—second patent, that is, of 1776—namely, in 1774.

"The manner in which the wool was stripped off the finishing cylinder, in Paul's machine, was by 'needle-sticks,' and in Mr Peel's machine"—in the construction of which he employed James Hargreaves—"by hand-cards. Afterwards a roller was employed, with tin plates upon it, like the floats of a water-wheel, which, revolving with a quick motion against the cylinder, scraped off the cotton from the card. This contrivance, however, injured both the cotton and the card.

"About the year 1773 a very ingenious contrivance was invented,—a plate of metal, finely toothed at the edge like a comb, which, being worked by a crank in a perpendicular direction, with slight but frequent strokes on the teeth of the card, stripped off the cotton in a continuous filmy fleece. The fleece as it came off was contracted and drawn through a funnel at a little distance in front of the cylinder, and was thus reduced into a roll or sliver, which after passing betwixt two rollers, and being compressed into a firm flat riband, fell into a deep can, where it coiled up in a continuous length, till the can was filled.

"'The crank and comb were claimed by Arkwright as one of his inventions, and were included in his carding patent. There has, however, been some doubt thrown on the authorship of this happy contrivance," &c., &c.[1]

The "doubt" was cleared up before many more pages of Mr Baines's book were printed, and, as the reader knows, Arkwright's claim to the invention of the crank and comb is now uncontested. But what of the feeder said to be invented by Lees? What of the improvements ascribed to Wood and Pilkington? On these points hear Dr Ure, who claims them also for Arkwright. After describing Mr Peel's unsuccessful modification of Lewis Paul's carding-

[1] Baines, *Cotton-Manufacture*, p. 176-8.

cylinder, he says, "Then Arkwright took the cylinder-card in hand and made it a practicable machine, about the year 1770 or 1771;" and he adds in a note, "I was informed by Mr Strutt that Mr Arkwright says he remembers of his father, Sir Richard, getting cylinder-cards from Northampton." "Mr Strutt" was the son of Arkwright's partner, and "Mr Arkwright" himself was the son and heir of our Arkwright by his marriage to Patience Holt of Bolton. If Arkwright at that early period was "getting cylinder-cards from Northampton," where Paul's rollers had been worked by hand, it would be a very curious and significant fact, and might suggest that Paul's unsuccessful invention gave him the first notion of roller-spinning. However, Dr Ure proceeds :—

"The feed-apron, as applied to cylinder-carding, has been claimed as an invention of John Lees, a Quaker, of Manchester, in 1772 ; but there is no doubt that Arkwright had previously used the same contrivance, along with the crank and comb, at Cromford ; for continuity in the discharging riband, at one side of the cards, obviously implies continuity in the feeding fleece at the other side. In fact, the crank and comb, with its incessant stripping-action, would have been a preposterous apparatus without a corresponding punctuality of supply. Arkwright, indeed, refined upon the feed-apron, by rolling it up into a coil after having spread the cotton evenly along it in an extended state, and thus fed the cards by the gradual unrolling of the apron-cloth. There can be no reasonable doubt in the mind of any man acquainted, however slightly, with the carding-process, that Arkwright had also used doffer-cylinders, covered all over with spiral fillets, along with the crank and comb, in 1771 or 1772 ; for had his doffer been covered with pieces of card-cloth parallel to its axis, like the card-drum, with intervening bare spaces, the machine could not have turned off continuous ribands as it did. It is preposterous to ascribe to Wood and Pilkington, about the year 1774, what Arkwright must have done two or three years before, though he did not specify it in a patent till 1775, on bringing his whole system to maturity. Then, indeed, all the schemers who had perchance imagined something similar to some of its parts, began to put in their claims, and they were well encouraged by the many sordid and invidious rivals of the Cromford Company. In fact, it was impossible

for Arkwright to keep any invention secret in his mill, when almost every one of his workmen was bribed to act as a spy and report the progress of his improvements." [1]

Even so. In all probability, before the erection of the Cromford Mill, Arkwright had both perfected the carding-process, and extended the scope of his original machine so that it should rove as well as spin. The whole operations of cotton-spinning could now be effected under the same roof, in beautiful and harmonious sequence, by a series of machines, of which the first received the cotton-wool much as it came from the pod, and the last wound in bobbins the same cotton converted into a hard and firm cotton-yarn. Since the first water-frame—so called from the motive-power by which its parts were impelled—began its work in that first Cromford Mill, there have been many improvements made in its structure, but it was most excellent and effective of its kind. "Some of the original spinning water-frames of Sir Richard Arkwright are still spinning good yarn at Cromford," is the statement of Dr Ure, writing or publishing in 1836, "the wooden teeth of the wheels and pinions having ground themselves into the best shapes for diminishing friction." [2] A few sentences suffice to communicate the result; but how great must have been the unwearied toil, the patient and vigilant experimenting of Arkwright, before the machinery was duly constructed and fitted, under his own eye and by his own workmen—before the adult and juvenile labour of the neighbourhood was trained and organised to command and obey the new and strange contrivances—before the first instalment of yarn was produced strong and effective enough to be woven into cotton-hose! In overcoming obstacles and difficulties, Jedediah Strutt lent the aid of a practical and skilful mechanician, as the following distinct record testifies: "One impediment had baffled and annoyed

[1] Ure, *Cotton-Manufacture*, ii. 24. [2] Ibid., i. 254.

Arkwright for a time. The fibres of the cotton-wool, in being drawn through the rollers, were very apt to 'lick'—*i.e.*, stick to the upper roller and wrap round it, instead of the roving going forward to the spindle clear and uniform in size. On this being made known to Mr Strutt, he at once had the top rollers rubbed with chalk, and thus cured the evil."[1]

In three or four years after Arkwright's exodus from his native county all this had been done. The news of the marvellous achievement was bruited about over Lancashire, in town and in village, reaching the ears of even the then secluded population of Leigh, whilom the home of Highs and Kay, and still presumably that of Mr Biggins, Arkwright's father-in-law. People went, it is said, from all parts of Lancashire to Cromford, that they might witness the marvel with their own eyes, and handle the yarn spun by the new machine. "In 1771," says Mr Guest, speaking of Arkwright, "he established a factory at Cromford, in Derbyshire; and about the years 1772 and 1773 his attempts at spinning had excited considerable interest in Leigh from his being so well known there, and it was common for the respectable inhabitants to go and view his engines, and buy a dozen or two of stockings made of yarn spun by them. I have in my possession a pair of stockings so bought at that period"[2]—interesting statements, though some deductions must be made on the score of exaggeration, since Cromford was, especially in those days, not easily or speedily reached from such a place as Leigh, nor was Mr Arkwright the man to allow all and sundry to "view his engines." The stockings were no doubt manufactured by Jedediah Strutt, whose experience and observation may have been helpful in other departments than the mechanical, in organising and regulating the human labour at work in the Cromford mill. Strutt had not only

[1] Felkin, p. 90. [2] *British Cotton-Manufacture*, p. 15-16.

himself been a large employer of labour at Derby, but he must have been familiar there with that precursor of the modern factory, the old silk-mill of the Lombes, built at an expense of £30,000 on a swampy island in the same Derwent which higher up was turning the water-wheel of the new Cromford mill. In the silk-mill of the Lombes, thirty years before the erection of Arkwright's, little William Hutton had been set to work, a child of seven, among 300 other "hands" and the whirl of innumerable bobbins. As the poor child was too small to reach the "engine," "a pair of high pattens," he has recorded, "were therefore fabricated, and tied fast about my feet to make them steady companions."[1] Juvenile labour was probably from the first employed in Arkwright's mill. "Children," says Dr Aikin, in his description of Arkwright's "engines," "are soon very dexterous at connecting broken ends with prepared cotton at the rollers, their small fingers being more active and endowed with a quicker sensibility of feeling than those of grown persons; and it is wonderful to see with what despatch they can raise a system, connect threads, and drop it again into work almost immediately." Of a "system" the worthy doctor gives this explanation: "In the water-frame a considerable number of spindles may be wrought in one twisting-frame; but they are connected in systems of four to each system, so that when a thread breaks, those four of the system to which it belongs may be stopped while the others are twisting. This advantage is obtained by lifting that system from the square part of a spindle, which by a wheel from the machinery governed the four, to a round part above, which moves without giving motion to the system, till the thread is again connected with the prepared cotton, by pinching off what was unspun, and clapping it to the last roller, where it lays hold of the untwisted cotton, when that

[1] *Life of William Hutton* (London, 1816), p. 12.

set in four is dropped again upon the square of the spindles, and the twisting goes on." [1] The doctor's explanation is the better worth quoting because elsewhere in his quarto he tells us that this contrivance of slipping a "handle from a square to a round, which checked the operation of spinning" was the invention of our old friend Thomas Highs.[2]

And where has Thomas Highs been all this time, and what is he about? The fame of Arkwright's spinning-rollers had travelled over Lancashire, and the character of the new machinery at Cromford was well known at Leigh. How came it that Highs did not then and there claim the invention as his own, produce his model, and let the world hear of the injustice that had been done him? On the contrary, he kept perfectly quiet, and left the public in ignorance of his grievance, though, as will soon be seen, in this very year of 1772, when the Cromford mill was beginning to produce cotton-yarn fit to be woven into hose, he met Arkwright in private, and in Arkwright's hearing claimed for himself the invention of the rollers. "In 1770, or early in 1771," says Highs's champion, Mr Guest, "he removed from Leigh to Camp Street, Manchester, where he constructed what may be termed a double jenny." Mr Guest, it will be remembered, claims for Highs the invention both of the spinning-jenny known as Hargreaves's, and of the rollers patented by Arkwright. "This had twenty-eight spindles on each side, which were turned by a drum or roller placed in the centre. This machine was publicly worked in Manchester Exchange in 1772, by his son, Thomas Highs, then about ten years of age; and the manufacturers on that occasion subscribed 200 guineas, and presented them to Highs as a reward for his ingenuity," [3]

[1] *Country round Manchester*, p. 173. [2] Ib. p. 171.
[3] *British Cotton-Manufacture*, p. 203.

which everybody admits to have been considerable. But how came it that at this very time when Highs was exhibiting a minor invention he did not produce his model of a much greater one, the rollers? Mr Guest speaks of his paragon's "modest spirit," and says that Highs "shrank from the humiliation of soliciting partnership and patronage," that his "proper arena was in his garret among his wheels and machines," and so forth. Yet, as it happened, and at the very time when Lancashire in general, and Leigh in particular, were agog with the tidings of Arkwright's new machine —the character of which, as will be shown in a little, Highs understood perfectly—the modest man had left his "garret," and was parading, through a son of ten, his double spinning-jenny on Manchester 'Change. But, henever drops a hint in public that he is the inventor of the rollers which were making such a noise in the world, and he makes no exhibition of the model from which Arkwright is alleged to have stolen his prime invention.

This fact of the exhibition of the double spinning-jenny, and the subscription of 200 guineas to its inventor, helps to date approximately a curious conversation of Highs with Arkwright. In his evidence, given some fourteen years later, in 1785, and about to be quoted, Highs speaks of this conversation first as having taken place "about thirteen years since," which soon afterwards becomes "about twenty years since, or twenty-one years since," in 1765 or 1766, before Arkwright so much as paid his famous visit to Kay at Warrington, a statement which is palpably absurd. The veracity and character of Highs have never been impeached. He seems to have been a simple creature, destitute of any but a mechanical talent, and rather muddle-headed withal. His contradictory statements respecting the date of the conversation with Arkwright, in the evidence about to be quoted, prove, moreover, that his memory was sometimes at

fault, though he may have been incapable of deliberate falsehood. By and by he corrects himself, and indicates much more accurately the conversation with Arkwright as occurring at the time "I was making another engine for a gentleman in Manchester that they gave me a premium for," which premium, according to Mr Guest, was given in 1772. The scene is the Court of King's Bench; the time, the 25th of June 1785; and Highs goes into the witness-box to give evidence against the validity of Arkwright's second patent.

"Thomas Hayes sworn, examined by Mr Serjeant Bolton:"

"What business are you?"

"By trade I am a reed-maker."

"Have you been employed to make machines for manufacturers?"

"I have."

"Look at this carding-machine"—of which, as well as of the rollers, there is a model in court—"with the two cylinders, the great one and the little one. Look at that. How long ago have you seen one of those?"

"It is about twelve years, between twelve and thirteen years" ago.

"Was your little cylinder like that, covered over with needles?"

"Covered over with cards it was."

"Do you remember, Mr Hayes, telling Mr Arkwright about this?"

"About this, sir?"

"Aye."

"No, not about that."

"But about the machine that was made?"

"No, I did not tell him about that; it was made after I had some discourse with Mr Arkwright."

There had evidently been in the counsel's mind some notion that Highs had anticipated Arkwright even with the carding-machine, but it receives no confirmation from the witness, so the learned gentleman tries another tack.

"When was it you had that discourse with Arkwright?"

"It might be about thirteen years since, as near as I can guess, but I cannot just remember everything." . . .

"Do you remember being at Manchester races, 1767?" This learned gentleman, too, has been misinstructed, or has misread his brief.

"No."

"Did you see Mr Arkwright at any time?"

"Yes."

"When might you see him?"

"I suppose about twenty years since, or about twenty-one years since, or thereabouts—somewhere thereaway." Just before he had made it "about thirteen years since."

"Now, recollect yourself, and tell us what passed between you and Arkwright when you saw him."

"I will tell as near as I can. There was a gentleman, a tradesman in Bolton, one Thomas Rothwell. This Thomas Rothwell and I were pretty intimate. I met him in Manchester at a certain time, and he asked me, 'Would you like to see Mr Arkwright? he is in town.' 'With all my heart,' says I"—Highs bearing no malice or hatred in it. "He said, if I had a mind, he could bring me into his company, or bring him into Mrs Jackson's to have a glass together, and we might have a bit of discourse together."

"Did you get together?"

"Yes; he brought him in, I remember, into a little apartment—I believe the parlour of the house. We fell into some conversation about engines. At that time I was making another engine for a gentleman in Manchester that they gave me a premium for. It happened I was there at that time, and accordingly we fell into conversation, and I began to tell him"—Arkwright—"he had got my invention. I told him I had shown the model of it to John Kay—the method I intended to use the rollers—because"—what a lucid and consequent witness!—"because John Kay's wife had told me that before how it happened, and Mr Arkwright and them could never deny it. I told him I had been informed that he had hired Kay, for twenty or twenty-one years, for about half-a-guinea a week, or something more, I don't know what; but, however, I should go on" with the scheme of spinning-rollers "if I would"—that is, "if I chose." "I told him which way she"—John Kay's wife—"told me he"—Arkwright—"came by it. He said very little about it" in reply to my remark. "When I told him he never would have had the rollers but through me, he put his hand down in this way"—the reporter does not describe or indicate the gesture—"and never said a word."

"You will please repeat that. I don't hear you."

Mr Justice Buller (evidently alarmed)—"No, only what you said last."

"I happened to meet with Thomas Rothwell"—beginning to tell the whole story over again, he is interrupted.

"What discourse had you with Arkwright about the rollers?"

"We were in some discourse about the rollers. I told him he never would have known them but for me; and he put his hand, in this manner, I remember very well, in this manner"—reproducing the gesture, which the reporter does not describe—"to his knee, and that was the answer he gave. Also, he told me, when I told him it was my invention, 'Suppose it was,' he says, 'if it was,' he says, 'if any man has found out a thing, and begun a thing, and does not go forwards—he lays it aside—and any other man has a right in so many weeks or months'—I forget now—'another man has a right to take it up and get a patent for it.'"

"Mr Arkwright said it was no matter if a man does not proceed upon a thing, but let it lie by so many weeks or months, he or any other man might get a patent for it."

"Yes. 'I cannot tell how that is,' says I; for I never was much concerned in law."[1]

So far Mr Thomas Highs was a happy man.

There is a discrepancy, it will have been observed, in the most important part of this evidence of Highs. According to his first account, when he reproached Arkwright with having appropriated his invention of the rollers, Arkwright "said very little about it." A minute afterwards he deposes that Arkwright, in reply to the charge of appropriation, "put down his hand in this way, and never said a word." By and by, after being pressed to repeat the story, his memory becomes more actively prolific, and he represents Arkwright to have made the frank statement respecting the right of one man to steal another man's invention if that other man does not "go forwards" with it. Did Arkwright really say this, or did Highs, thirteen years or so afterwards, merely fancy that he said it?

There are three theories possible respecting these rollers and Arkwright's connection with them. 1. Arkwright's own statement may be true, and either having heard, or not having heard, of Lewis Paul's former and Highs's contemporary experiments in roller-spinning, he did, to all intents

[1] *Trial* (of 25th June 1785), p. 57.

and purposes, "about 1767," as he says in his *Case*, "and after years of intense and painful application," invent the rollers which he was undoubtedly the first to turn to practical account. If so, he employed Kay merely as a skilful workman, whom at Leigh he had known to be such; and in this event, of course, most of Kay's evidence is wilfully false, and the essential part of that of Highs, respecting the conversation at the tavern must have been, consciously or unconsciously, the product of imagination. 2. All that is essential in the evidence of Kay and Highs may be true, in which case Arkwright was in the highest degree an unscrupulous and mendacious man, though one of immense practical talent and sagacity, who deliberately stole Highs's rollers, and afterwards deliberately asserted that they were his own invention. 3. It is possible that Arkwright having long pondered over the problem of spinning cotton-yarn was set to think of roller-spinning by what he had heard of Highs's experiments at Leigh, and did not scruple to borrow some hints from Kay, who knew all about Highs's "engine." At the same time, Arkwright's rollers may have been altogether different from those of Highs, workable while Highs's were unworkable, and Arkwright might fairly claim to be the virtual though not the actual inventor of roller-spinning. According to this theory, when Arkwright went to Kay at Warrington, the conception of the roller-machine was pretty complete and perfect in his mind. He taught Kay, it was not Kay who taught him, how it should be constructed.

Here it may be as well to introduce the evidence of Highs himself in regard to these perplexing rollers. It was evidence given, be it remembered, some fifteen or sixteen years after the events to which it relates; and Highs, when he gave it, was perfectly familiar with the construction of Arkwright's roller-machine, a model of which was both exhibited

and worked in court. Mr Serjeant Bolton is examining "Thomas Hayes," as the reporter spells the name—in fact, the following is evidence belonging to the same examination, the report of which has just been quoted :—

"Look at those rollers through which the thread comes, the roving or spinning, or whatever it is called. Did you ever see rollers like those before 1775, before Mr Arkwright's patent?"

"I have seen rollers ; I made rollers myself in 1767."

"You yourself made rollers in 1767?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you looked at them? you see one is fluted, the other covered with leather?"

"I see it is."

"Were yours the same way?"

"Yes, mine was, two years after, but not then."

"Not at first?"

"No."

"In 1769 yours were like it?"

"They were. Mine had fluted work—fluted wood upon an iron axis ; but the other roller was the same, only it was covered with shoe-leather instead of that leather. I am informed it is such as they make shoes of."

"Who did you employ when you first conceived this invention? who did you employ to make it for you?"

"I employed one Kay, who came from Warrington."

"What trade was he?"

"He followed clockmaking at that time."

"You employed him to make it?"

"Yes, I employed him to make a small model with four wheels of wood, to show him the method it was to work in, and desired him at the same time to make me brass wheels which would multiply it to about five to one."

"Look at that"—the model of Arkwright's machine then in court "and see whether it is upon the same principle."

"No, not exactly so ; the wheels were not exactly so."

"Who made you the wheels?"

"I made them myself."

"Describe what you mean by multiplying five to one."

"By making the different rollers go one faster than the other."

"Was that for the purpose of drawing the threads finer?"

"Yes, sir."

Next on this point comes the cross-examination of Highs by "Mr Serjeant Adair," one of the counsel employed by Arkwright.

"What use did you put those rollers to that were in proportion to five to one?"—in proportion "five to one" he should have said.

"I made them on purpose to spin cotton."

"To spin?"

"Yes, and to rove too."

"Upon your oath did you ever apply them to roving of cotton?"

"I will tell you how I did it. I got a board of flat wood, as this is. I took the carding first, and rolled it with another board till it was a little harder. Then I run it through the roller to make it stronger. Then after that I run three, four, or five" slivers "through till it was thick enough. Then I put them all together through and through again, till we made it coarse thread as this is"—doubtless "this" is some of the roving made in court by the model of Arkwright's machine. "Afterwards I put in the coarse thread—I put it in the roller again, and made it fine."

The statement was an important one on that occasion, since Arkwright's second patent—unlike his first, which had been for spinning only — was both for roving and for spinning. Here was a witness who averred that on a roller-machine of his own invention he had both roved and spun. Therefore at this point one of the counsel engaged against Arkwright, Mr Serjeant Bolton, interposes, and lest the judge and jury should not appreciate the significance of Highs's statement, he makes, with emphasis, the remark, "The roving and spinning are done with the same rollers."

Mr Serjeant Adair (resuming)—"When and where did you apply them to that purpose?"

"In the town of Leigh. I did not follow this new manufacture. I was only improving myself, as I had a large family at that time, and was not able to follow it. I thought when I came a little abler, when I could get a friend to assist me, being poor, and having a large family —I was not willing anybody should steal it from me"—by which he seems to mean that he did not make a noise about his invention at the time lest it should be stolen from him.

"Now, Mr Hayes, this was an experiment you made for your information?"

"It was an experiment, undoubtedly. I used but two spindles at that time."

"You meant to preserve the benefit of it if afterwards you should be able to avail yourself of it?"

"I did, sir."

"Now, what knowledge had you—how came you to suppose that Mr Arkwright ever got that from you?"

"I have no further knowledge than what I told you: Kay's wife told me."

"You yourself don't know?"

"I cannot tell which way he got it."

Mr Serjeant Bolton (addressing the judge)—"We have that Kay, a clockmaker, that will tell your lordship how this Arkwright got it from him." [1]

In this evidence of Highs, the first statement to provoke inquiry and suspicion is his reply to the question as to the identity of his original rollers with those of Arkwright exhibited in court. Highs says that he made rollers "in 1767;" but when asked whether, when he first made them, they were the same—"the same way," the counsel examining puts it—as Arkwright's, Highs replies, "Yes, mine was; two years after, but not then." "Two years after" 1767 would be 1769, the year in which Arkwright took out his first patent, and of course Arkwright could not have stolen in 1767 Highs's invention of 1769. And again it must be asked, Why did not Highs make known his invention when he discovered that Arkwright had stolen and was working it? After he made this discovery, the reasons which he gave for keeping his invention secret at the time when he first hit upon it were no longer applicable, and a consideration of his own interest ought to have led him to publish his claim to the invention of the rollers. Mr Guest has a story that a gentleman of Manchester was to have established a

[1] *Trial*, as before, p. 57, &c.

factory, and employed Highs to erect his roller-spinning machinery in it, but was unfortunately drowned just when the scheme was about to be executed. But there were numbers of other gentlemen in Manchester and elsewhere who would have been ready to try Highs's rollers if there had been anything in them, especially when it was known ; and Mr Guest himself testifies to the general knowledge of the fact, that Arkwright at Cromford was making cotton-twist fit for use in hosiery, by a machine which, it is alleged, he had stolen from Highs. In fact, according to his own account, Highs had invented a machine superior to that for which Arkwright took out his first patent. Highs alleges that he both roved and span with his machine, whereas that patented by Arkwright in 1765 only span, and the rovings for it had to be prepared separately. As already remarked, there was an admirable opportunity for Highs to parade his spinning-rollers, when about 1772 he exhibited his double spinning-jenny in Manchester Exchange. That exhibition, moreover, made him and his ingenuity known. He was rewarded for it by the Manchester manufacturers ; and it seems very strange that he should not have been able to procure more than the one capitalist, who was drowned, to give, if they were really effective, his spinning-rollers a trial.

We left Arkwright at the moment of his success, when he had combined into one continuous series all the isolated processes of cotton-spinning. He and his partners, moreover, were energetically turning their success to the best account. The new yarn was admirably adapted for warps ; the spinning-jenny of Hargreaves, which was public property, turned out yarn suitable for weft; and the cotton-manufacture was now independent of flax and the old spinning-wheel. Arkwright's twist had been made into hose, why should it not have been generally purchased for conversion

into cloth by the loom? Arkwright's own reply, in his *Case*, to this question is rather a vague one. By his new invention, according to himself, or to those who handled the pen for him when his *Case* was drawn up, "the most excellent yarn and twist was produced; notwithstanding which the proprietors found great difficulty to introduce it into public use. A very heavy and valuable stock, in consequence of these difficulties, lay upon their hands; inconveniences and disadvantages of no small consideration followed." Did this refusal to purchase happen because, having a monopoly of the yarns through their patent, Arkwright and his partners charged what was considered too high a price for it? or was it through the inertia and dogged conservatism of an established trade, combined or not with a jealousy of the new firm and of operations which threatened, or promised, to revolutionise the old manufacture? or was it because the manufacture of cloth made exclusively of cotton was, as will be seen hereafter, illegal, that the Lancashire manufacturers forbore to avail themselves of the excellent yarn turned out from the rollers of the Cromford mill? "Whatever were the motives," the *Case* proceeds, "which induced the rejection of it," the yarn, "they," Messrs Arkwright & Co., "were thereby necessarily driven to attempt, by their own strength and ability, the manufacture of the yarn"— that is, the conversion of it into a fabric of some kind. "Their first trial was in weaving it into stockings, which succeeded; and they soon established the manufacture of calicoes, which promises to be one of the first manufactures of the kingdom." Yes, these energetic men began to weave as well as spin; and in 1773, at Strutt's suggestion, they erected for this purpose at Derby a mill—so called, although the power-loom was not then invented, and it must have been the ordinary hand-loom and hand-loom weavers that were employed in it. "The machinery"—the best hand-looms that could be

made—"for weaving the calicoes was placed and worked at Derby in the first fireproof mill ever erected, having brick floors placed on brick arches;" and planned, according to the same authority, by Jedediah Strutt's eldest son, William, father of the present Lord Belper. "The building remains, but is now used for other purposes." Straightway an unexpected obstacle barred their progress in this new enterprise. "Another still more formidable difficulty arose," the *Case* goes on to say. "The orders for goods which they had received being considerable, were unexpectedly countermanded, the officers of excise refusing to let them pass at the usual duty of 3d. per yard, as being" Indian "calicoes, though manufactured in England; besides, these calicoes, when printed, were prohibited. By this unforeseen obstruction a very considerable and very valuable stock of calicoes accumulated. An application to the Commissioners of Excise was attended with no success; the proprietors, therefore, had no resource but to ask relief of the Legislature which, after much money expended, and against a strong opposition of the manufacturers in Lancashire, they obtained."

The factory at Derby, established in 1773, turned out calicoes of "excellent quality," woven from their own yarn by Arkwright and his partners; but a heavy duty was imposed as they issued from the loom; and if they were printed on, it was penal to use or wear them. This was in accordance with old Acts of Parliament which the woollen manufacturers had obtained for their protection, first against the cheap cotton-goods of India, and next against the imitations of these by the Lancashire manufacturers. It has been already seen that after a long struggle the Lancashire manufacturers succeeded in procuring the repeal of so much of those enactments as was injurious to their own interests. But in the days of that

repeal it was not fancied possible that cloth would ever be woven in England of cotton-yarn exclusively, or of anything but a combination of linen-yarn for the warp and of cotton-yarn for the weft. Thus the heavy duties on plain calicoes made exclusively of cotton, and the penalties on the use of printed calicoes of the same material, were retained,—the Lancashire manufacturers not having the slightest objection to obstruct the import of those cotton goods from India which might compete with their own mixed fabrics. Not quite forty years afterwards (the so-called "Manchester Act" was passed in 1736), Arkwright and his partners produced cloth entirely of cotton-yarn; and they found themselves, to their surprise, hit by those old enactments which had been aimed at Indian, not English goods. In the midst of their difficult, laborious, and most expensive enterprise, in which everything was new, tentative, and hazardous, they had to engage in a costly struggle for an Act of Parliament modifying the old imposts and repealing the old penalties. This time, too, it was not one powerful interest arrayed against another, as when the Lancashire manufacturers fought the woollen manufacturers, and wrested from Parliament the Act of 1736. A solitary firm was pitted against a combination, that of the Lancashire manufacturers seeking to strangle in its cradle the infant industry which, a hundred years after their opposition to it, was to clothe half the world, enrich their descendants, and to have made their county what it is! Arkwright and his partners triumphed. In 1774 Parliament passed an Act (the 14th George III. cap. 72) equalising the excise-duties on home-made calicoes, whether of cotton mixed with any other material or of cotton exclusively. The same Act kindly enacted that "it shall and may be lawful for any person or persons to use or wear, within the kingdom of Great Britain, either as apparel, household stuff, furniture, or otherwise, any new manufac-

tured stuffs wholly made of cotton spun in Great Britain, when printed, stained, painted or dyed with any colour or colours, anything in the said recited Act of the seventh year of his late Majesty King George the First, or any other Act or Acts of Parliament to the contrary hereof in any wise notwithstanding." Unshackled by legislative fetters, a genuine English cotton-manufacture could now begin to live and grow, and play its part in the industrial history of the world.

"It was not," says Arkwright's *Case*, "till upwards of five years had elapsed after obtaining his first patent, and more than £12,000 had been expended in machinery and buildings, that any profit accrued to himself and partners." "Upwards of five years" would bring us to 1774, the year in which Parliament passed the Act tolerating the new cotton-manufacture, and then, of course, the business of the firm expanded rapidly. The energetic and ingenious man who was the life and soul of its mechanical operations had completed and perfected them. The carding-cylinder of Lewis Paul, improved in various ways, prepared the cotton for the drawing-rollers. From the drawing it passed to the roving rollers, and the rovings again, attenuated by passing through other rollers, were twisted by the rotation of spindles and flyers, when the finished yarn wound itself on bobbins. The spectacle was celebrated by the same muse that sang "The Loves of the Plants," and Dr Darwin, who had carefully inspected Arkwright's machinery, thus tunefully describes it in his "Botanic Garden:"—

"Where Derwent guides his dusky floods
Through vaulted mountains and a night of woods,
The nymph *Gossypia* treads the silver sod,
And warms with rosy smiles the wat'ry God;
His pond'rous oars to slender spindles turns,
And pours o'er massy wheels his foaming urns;
With playful charms her hoary lover wins,
And wields his tridents while the monarch spins.

> First with nice eye, emerging Naiads cull
> From leathery pods the vegetable wool;
> With wiry teeth *revolving cards* release
> The tangled knots, and smooth the ravelled fleece;
> Next moves the iron hand with fingers fine,
> Combs the wide card, and forms th' eternal line;
> Slow with soft lips the *whirling can* acquires
> The tender skeins, and wraps in rising spires:
> With quickened pace *successive rollers* move,
> And these retain, and those extend the *rove:*
> Then fly the spokes, the rapid axles glow,
> While slowly circumvolves the labouring wheel below,"

driven by water, and driving the machinery, Mr James Watt's steam-engine not being perfected as yet.

The series of operations, with others which the muse of Darwin passed over in silence, had, however, to be described in plain prose before Arkwright could take out a patent for them. The law requires every patentee to lodge a specification "particularly describing and ascertaining the nature of his invention, and in what manner the same is to be performed;" so that when the patent has expired, any one who chooses may be in possession of such a description of the invention as will enable him to try it for himself. In taking out his first patent, Arkwright's description of his machine had been clear, full, and unreserved. But in taking out his second patent, which included all the processes for preparing cotton to be spun, as well as the spinning-processes themselves, the specification which he lodged was obscure, defective, and misleading—"some things which were absolutely essential being omitted, and others which were not used at all in the cotton-manufacture introduced; and the drawings were so unintelligible, from the want of any scale, and from the several parts of the machines being drawn separately, without any general view of the entire machines, that it was manifest he had not intended to disclose his invention, but rather to conceal it. As specimens of this studied

obscuration, it may be mentioned," adds Mr Baines, "that the very first article in his specification and drawing was a hammer, not of his own invention, and of no use in the cotton-manufacture, but merely used to beat hemp; and that the wheels by which the whole machine was turned were not introduced at all!"[1] That this "obscuration" was "studied" is certain. At the trial of February 1785, the person, a Mr Croft, who drew, at Arkwright's direction, the specification of the second patent, was examined, and he deposed that when he was drawing it Arkwright "told him he meant it to appear to operate as a specification, but to be as obscure as the nature of the case could possibly admit." For this infraction of the patent-law Arkwright was in course of time severely punished. His own subsequent apology for the obscure and misleading character of his second specification was that, while not intending "a fraud upon his country," he wished to prevent the foreigner from appropriating such useful and profitable machines; "in prevention of which evil he had purposely omitted to give so full and particular a description of his inventions in his specification as he otherwise would have done." "Indeed," the *Case* continued, "it was impossible that he could either expect or intend to secrete his inventions from the public after the expiration of his patents, the whole machinery being necessarily known to many workmen and artificers, as well as to those persons (being many hundreds) who were employed in the manufactory." No doubt; but it is obvious that an obscure and misleading specification was to a certain extent a protection to Arkwright against that piracy of his machines, which in the same *Case* he thus plaintively recorded: "No sooner were the merits of Mr Arkwright's inventions fully understood, from the great increase of materials produced in a given time, and the superior quality of the goods manu-

[1] *Cotton-Manufacture*, p. 188.

factured; no sooner was it known that his assiduity and great mechanical abilities were rewarded with success, than the very men who had before treated him with contempt and derision began to devise means to rob him of his inventions, and profit by his ingenuity. Every attempt that cunning could suggest for this purpose was made, by the seduction of his servants and workmen, whom he had with great labour taught the business. A knowledge of his machinery and inventions was fully gained. From that time many persons began to pilfer something from him; and then, by adding something else of their own, and by calling similar productions and machines by other names, they hope to screen themselves from punishment." This was one of Arkwright's standing troubles. It had begun early in his career with Hargreaves's theft of the crank and comb, and must have become more harassing as he proceeded. To have given a clear and exhaustive description of his machinery in his second specification would obviously have aided the pirates. To avoid it Arkwright ran the risk and broke the law, with a result which will be seen hereafter.

Whatever the defects and sins of the specification, Arkwright's second patent was granted him on the 16th December 1775. It comprised the carding, drawing, and roving machines, which were described as applicable "in preparing silk, cotton, flax, and wool for spinning." It is commonly known as the "carding patent," since though the rollers were now employed in roving, and not merely, as at first, in drawing and delivering to the spindles, there was nothing novel in their construction. In the specification Arkwright asserted that his machines were constructed "on easy and simple principles, very different from any that had ever yet been contrived;" that he was "the first and sole inventor thereof;" and that "the same had never been practised by any other person or persons whomsoever, to the best of his

knowledge and belief." With the grant of this second patent, or rather with the completion and combination of the machines for which it was granted, Arkwright's career as an inventor, or adapter of inventions, may be said to close. His water-frame, and preliminary processes for the preparation of cotton before it is spun, have received numerous modifications and additions at the hands of others, and its very name became inapplicable when the steam-engine superseded water-power in driving it. But nothing of importance seems to have been added to it by Arkwright himself. There has been already quoted Dr Ure's statement that some of Arkwright's original spinning water-frames were spinning good yarn at Cromford so late as 1836. "Nor are we to suppose," says the doctor elsewhere in the same work, "that the same water-frame mechanism, though rude in aspect compared with the modern throstle, did not spin excellent twist. He"—Arkwright—"his son, and his partners, the Messrs Strutt, with the machines at that time, turned off, by dint of superior tact and attention, warp and hosiery yarn as fine as 80's, or even 100's, which might bear a comparison with the finest and most evenly water-twist of the present day. It is the glory of modern mechanics that their machines produce good yarn on automatic principles with hands relatively unskilful, and with very little superintendence. A few old water-frames still exist, both at Cromford and Belper, which spin good hosiery and thread yarns of eighty hanks to the pound."[1]

With the grant of the second patent the business-operations of Arkwright and his partners extended in all directions. In 1776, the year after that in which it was granted, they erected, always going where water-power was to be found, the mills at Belper—the place from which the Strutt peerage of later days received its title—in the valley of the

[1] Ure, *Cotton-Manufacture*, i. 260.

Derwent, and some seven and a half miles from Derby. Besides building mills of their own, they induced others to build mills by granting licences for the use of their machines. Arkwright's *Case*, so often referred to and quoted from, was published in 1782, only five years after the second patent of 1775, and this was the progress which it was already enabled to record. There had then, it said, been "sold to numbers of adventurers, residing in the different counties of Derby, Leicester, Nottingham, Worcester, Stafford, York, Hertford, and Lancaster, many of his patent machines. Upon a moderate computation, the money expended in consequence of such grants amounted to at least £60,000. Mr Arkwright and his partners also expended, in large buildings in Derbyshire and elsewhere, upwards of £30,000; and Mr Arkwright also erected a very large and extensive building in Manchester at the expense of upwards of £4000." Thus "a business was formed, which already employed upwards of 5000 persons, and a capital on the whole of not less than £200,000." It may be as well to glance at the statistics of cotton imported into England, and of English cotton-manufactures exported, during those years of a progress which to Arkwright in 1782 seemed prodigious, though trifling compared with that made during the two last decades of the eighteenth century, and nothing at all compared with that made during the nineteenth century, up to our own day. The import of cotton into England in 1741 was 1,645,031 lbs. In 1751, without any impulse received by the manufacture from improvements in machinery, it had risen to 2,976,610 lbs. In the five years, 1771–5, when Hargreaves's spinning-jenny, even more than Arkwright's machinery, had begun to tell, the average import of each year was 4,764,589 lbs. In 1782, however, it was no less than 11,828,039 lbs. To this increase the influence of the spinning-jenny of Hargreaves, about to be augmented, and in time effaced

by Samuel Crompton's invention of the mule, must, it is to be remembered, have contributed considerably. Arkwright's water-frame was not so much a rival as a complement of the spinning-jenny and the mule. They turned out cotton-yarn suitable for weft; it turned out cotton-yarn suitable for warps, and displaced the linen-yarn formerly used for that purpose. Between them there was an ample supply for the weaver, who had formerly been harassed by the scantiness of the supplies which the hand-wheel furnished him. Kay's fly-shuttle, too, was now in general use, and seems to have enabled the hand-loom weaver to keep pace in the meantime with the spinning-machines. Speaking of the years between 1770 and 1788, Mr Radcliffe says, " In weaving no great alteration had taken place during these eighteen years, save the introduction of the fly-shuttle; a change in the woollen-looms to fustians and calico; and the linen nearly gone, except the few fabrics in which there was a mixture of cotton. To the best of my recollection there was no increase of looms during this period, but rather a decrease."[1] In point of fact, the genuine cotton-manufacture of England was still in its infancy, though the infant was strong, healthy, and thriving. In 1780, five years after the grant of Arkwright's second patent, the value of the British cotton goods exported was only £355,060!

Meanwhile, between the year 1775, in which Arkwright took out his second patent, and 1782, in the course of which he published his *Case*, with its report of progress made, several things had happened of considerable importance in a life like his, of which so few details have been preserved. His new patent had run for four years—years, it has been seen, of manifold activity for him—when the riots of 1779 came to disturb his peace and obstruct his prosperity. Some temporary depression of trade seems to have exasperated

[1] Given in Baines's *Cotton-Manufacture*, p. 338.

beyond endurance, in certain districts of Lancashire, the spinners, and those dependent upon the spinners, already irritated by improvements which, as they fancied, threatened to destroy or diminish their means of employment, and to make the weavers independent of them. Ten years previously the spinners of Blackburn and neighbourhood rose and drove Hargreaves and his spinning-jenny from their midst. A decade had elapsed since then, and again there was a rising of the populace, directed not only against the use of Hargreaves's spinning-jenny, but against that of Arkwright's new and productive machinery. Hargreaves had died the year before (1768), and had he been alive it little mattered to him if all the spinning-jennies in Lancashire were destroyed, since he had acquired no profitable patent-right in that invention. But Arkwright lived; his patent-right in some of the threatened machinery was valuable, and among the mills which he had erected, and in which his inventions were at work, was one at Chorley, in Lancashire. This mill of his was one of the first objects of attack by the rioters, who showed a sort of method in their madness. They spared the spinning-jennies with twenty spindles or fewer, since these could be worked by hand, while they mercilessly destroyed all with a larger number, and, in fact, every machine, whether for spinning or carding, driven by horse or water power. Of these riots, as formidable and destructive as any that had then happened, there are several contemporary descriptions. Take first the following, from the "Chronicle" of the *Annual Register* for 1779:[1]—

"*Manchester, October* 9.—During the course of the week several mobs have assembled in different parts of the neighbourhood, and have done much mischief by destroying the engines for carding and spinning cotton-wool (without which the trade of this country could never be possibly carried on to any great extent). In the neighbourhood of

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[1] p. 228.

Chorley the mob destroyed and burned the engines and buildings erected by Mr Arkwright at a very great expense. Two thousand, or upwards, attacked a large building near the same place on Sunday, from which they were repulsed, two rioters killed, and eight wounded taken prisoners. They returned, strongly reinforced, on Monday, and destroyed a great number of buildings, with a vast quantity of machines for spinning cotton, &c. Sir George Saville arrived (with three companies of the York Militia) while the buildings were in flames. The report of their intention to destroy the works in this town," Manchester, "brought him here yesterday noon. At one o'clock this morning two expresses arrived—one from Wigan, another from Blackburn—entreating immediate assistance, both declaring the violence of the insurgents"! "and the shocking depredations yesterday at Bolton. It is thought they will be at Blackburn this morning, and at Preston by four this afternoon. Sir George ordered the drums to beat to arms at half after one, when he consulted with the military and magistrates in town, and set off at the head of three companies soon after two o'clock this morning for Chorley, that being centrical to this place, Blackburn, and Wigan. Captain Brown of the 25th Regiment, with 70 invalids"—pensioners, presumably—"and Captain Thorburn of Col. White's Regiment, with about 100 young recruits, remained at Preston; and for its further security, Sir George Saville offered the justices to arm 300 of the respectable house-keepers, if they would turn out to defend the town, which was immediately accepted. In consequence of these preparations the mob did not think it prudent to proceed to any further violences."

Another description, by a part-eyewitness of what he described, is from the pen of no other a person than the famous Josiah Wedgewood, suddenly summoned from Staffordshire to Lancashire by the illness of a little son at school in Bolton.

"In our way to this place," Bolton,—Wedgewood writes to a friend (3d October 1779), "a little on this side Chowbent, we met several hundred people in the road. I believe there might be about five hundred; and upon inquiring of one of them the occasion of their being together in so great a number, he told me they had been destroying some engines, and meant to serve them all so through the country. Accordingly they have advice here to-day that they must expect a visit to-morrow; the workmen in the neighbourhood having mustered up a considerable number of arms, and are casting bullets and providing ammunition to-day for the assault to-morrow morning"—

very formidable preparations. "Sir Richard Clayton brought this account here to-day, and, I believe, is in the town now advising with the inhabitants upon the best means for their safety; and I believe they have concluded to send immediately to Liverpool for a part of the troops quartered there. Many of the workmen having been turned off lately, owing to a want of demand for their goods at foreign markets, has furnished them with an excuse for their violent measures. The manufacturers say the measures which the Irish have adopted in their non-importation agreements have affected their trade very much. These are melancholy facts, upon which I forbear to comment. They do not stand in need of much illustration, but we must pray for better times." The next day Wedgewood writes again to the same correspondent: "I wrote to my dear friend last from Bolton, and I mentioned the mob which had assembled in that neighbourhood; but they had not then done much mischief; they only destroyed a small engine or two near Chowbent. We were there on Saturday morning, but I apprehend what we saw were not the main body; for on the same day, in the afternoon, a capital engine, or mill, in the manner of Arcrite's"—*sic in orig.*, of course he means "Arkwright's"—"and in which he is a partner, near Chorley, was attacked; but from its peculiar situation they could approach to it by one passage only; and this circumstance enabled the owner, with the assistance of a few neighbours, to repulse the enemy and preserve the mill for that time. Two of the mob were shot dead upon the spot, one drowned, and several wounded. The mob had no firearms, and did not expect so warm a reception. They were greatly exasperated, and vowed revenge. Accordingly they spent all Sunday and Monday morning in collecting firearms and ammunition, and melting their pewter dishes into bullets. They were now joined by the Duke of Bridgewater's colliers"—for the amusement of the thing, since spinning-jennies and spinning-rollers could do *them* no harm—"and others, to the number, we are told, of eight thousand, and marched by beat of drum and colours flying to the mill where they met with a repulse on Saturday. They found Sir Richard Clayton guarding the place with fifty invalids, armed; but this handful were by no means a match for enraged thousands, they"—the invalids—"therefore contented themselves with looking on, whilst the mob completely destroyed a set of mills valued at £10,000"—"Arcrite's" among them. "This was Monday's employment. On Tuesday morning we heard their drum about two miles' distance from Bolton, a little before we left the place, and their professed design was to take Bolton, Manchester, and Stockport in their way to Crumford"—Cromford, Arkwright's headquarters—"and to destroy all the engines, not only in these places, but throughout all England"! "How far they will

be able to put their threats into execution time alone can discover." Four days later Wedgewood writes once more : "By a letter from Bolton I learned that the mob entered that place on Tuesday the 5th, when we had left it not more than an hour. They contented themselves with breaking the windows and destroying the machinery of the first mill they attacked ; but the next, the machinery being taken away, they pulled down the building and broke the mill-wheel to pieces. They next proceeded to Mr Kay's of the Folds, and destroyed his machine and water-wheel, and then went to work with the lesser machines, all above so many spindles—I think twenty-four. When they had completed their business at Bolton, I apprehend they went to their homes. Jack only says they are quiet now, and that 100 of the Yorkshire Militia are come to defend them. I hope the delusion is ended, and that the country may be in peace again"—and Wedgewood's hope was soon fulfilled. He adds, a few days later : "I hear nothing further of the Lancashire rioters, only that some soldiers are sent to oppose them, with orders not to fire over the poor fellows' heads, but right amongst them, and to do all the execution they can the first fire, by way of intimidating them at once. This may be right for aught I know, and cause the least bloodshed in the end ; but it is dreadful, and I hope there will be no occasion for the military proceeding to such extremities. I do not like to have the soldiery familiarised to spilling the blood of their countrymen and fellow-citizens."[1]

Wedgewood's tenderness to the "poor fellows" was that of a mere stranger and sojourner in Lancashire, but they seem to have met with sympathy from their superiors in their own county :—

"Even the upper and middle classes in those days entertained a great dread of machinery, and they connived at, and even actually joined in the opposition of the working classes to its extension. . . . It was thought a bold thing at the time for Mr Rasbotham, a magistrate near Bolton, to publish an address urging that it was for the interest of the working classes themselves to encourage inventions for abridging labour. Even the clergy were warned against interference with the mob-law of the day. Among others, the minister of the parish of Mellor"—William Ratcliffe's parish—"a man eighty years old, felt it to be his duty, in the course of one of his forenoon sermons, to caution his parishioners against taking part in those lawless proceedings, on which his church-

[1] Eliza Meteyard, *A Group of Englishmen*, being Records of the Younger Wedgewoods and their Friends (London, 1871), p. 13–16.

warden, a respectable yeoman, rising up in the church, called out in an excited voice and manner, 'Sir, it would become you better to follow your text than to ramble away about such temporal affairs.' The clergyman, overwhelmed with sorrow, immediately descended from the pulpit."[1]

Arkwright's loss by the destruction of his property must have been considerable, and it is just possible that there occurred in his domestic life at this time some such incident as that which its narrator assigns to the year of riotous machine-breaking and the sack of the mill at Chorley. According to Mr Guest, who says that his information came from (the second) Mrs Arkwright's niece, "about 1779" Arkwright separated from his wife "because she would not agree to join him in selling some property which could only be sold with her consent—perhaps of the value of £400. The separation," we are further told, "was chiefly her own act. She never spoke ill of Mr Arkwright, and never would allow any one else to do so in her presence, though for some years afterwards she lived entirely upon her own means. Even when Mr Arkwright had accumulated a large fortune he allowed her no more than £30 a year. On that allowance she lived, so far as his support went, during his lifetime."[2] It does not at first sight seem probable that Arkwright should have parted with his wife for so slight a reason as her refusal to give him the control of so small a sum as £400. Yet it is barely possible—though not at all probable—that in a year of losses like 1779, he may have stood in need of even this small sum. His first wife had borne him one son; his second wife bore him one daughter.

[1] *Quarterly Review*, No. 213, p. 64.

[2] *British Cotton-Manufacture*, p. 110. It has been said that Arkwright left his wife £500 a-year, a statement with which, if true, Mr Guest's is scarcely reconcilable. In any case it would be desirable to verify it. The writer had searches made both in the Lichfield and the London registry, but no trace of any will of Arkwright's was to be discovered in either.

Employers and employed, middle-classes and working-classes, seemed to unite to harass Arkwright and obstruct his progress. Scarcely two years had elapsed after the riots in which the mill at Chorley was destroyed, when he found the infringements of his patent so numerous and so injurious to his interests that he resolved to appeal for protection to the law. The time was past when his yarn had been refused a market. Its value was now known and appreciated, and licences to use his machinery had been granted in numbers by himself and his partners. But other "adventurers" used his machinery without paying for it, and against some of them he at last took legal proceedings. Part of the narrative of his *Case* in regard to this matter has been already quoted, and after it comes the following passage: "So many of these artful and designing individuals had at length infringed on his patent-right that he found it necessary to prosecute several. But it was not without great difficulty and considerable expense that he was able to make any proof against them. Conscious that their conduct was unjustifiable, their proceedings were conducted with the utmost caution and secrecy. Many of the persons employed by them were sworn to secrecy, and their buildings and workshops were locked up or otherwise secured. This necessary proceeding of Mr Arkwright occasioned, as in the case of poor Hargreaves, an association against him of the very persons whom he had served and obliged. Formidable, however, as it was, Mr Arkwright persevered, trusting that he should obtain, in the event, that satisfaction which he appeared to be justly entitled to." Arkwright now entered upon his second campaign against a phalanx of hostile manufacturers.

In 1781 actions for infringements of his patent were brought against nine different persons or firms. Only one of the actions came into court. The defendant

was a Colonel Mordaunt, of whom more hereafter. That "proof," of the difficulty and expense of procuring which Arkwright, it has been seen, complained, was not required in this particular case. Colonel Mordaunt did not deny that he had used Arkwright's machines without paying for a licence. He simply pleaded that the specification of the patent of 1775 was not legally sufficient. That Arkwright had not given the sufficient description required by law, that he had wilfully made his description obscure, imperfect, and misleading, omitting from it essential parts of the machinery, and inserting in it others which were not intended to be used, was Colonel Mordaunt's defence, and his only defence. In some of the other cases, apparently, it was to have been pleaded that Arkwright was not, as he had declared himself to be, and as the law required that he should be, the first inventor of all the machines which he had patented in 1775. It is certain that Kay, the clockmaker of Warrington, was in attendance, ready, doubtless, to tender much the same evidence as that of which the essence has been already given. But things never went so far as this. On the sole ground of the insufficiency of the specification, either a verdict was given against Arkwright or his counsel consented to a nonsuit.

The case of Arkwright *versus* Mordaunt was tried in the Court of King's Bench in 1781. No report of it is to be found in the books. A rather interesting account of it, however, was given by the counsel for Colonel Mordaunt, when, four years afterwards, he appeared in the same court to procure the annulment of Arkwright's patents. His speech on this occasion affords a glimpse of Thomas Erskine, who was a junior counsel against Arkwright in both the actions; and the learned gentleman who gives it—a Mr Bearcroft—had been leader in the cause Rex

versus Baillie, in which Erskine received his first fee and made his first hit,—such a hit that when he left Westminster Hall on that happy day, there had been showered upon him, according to his own account, sixty-five retainers.[1] *Loquitur* Bearcroft :—

"Permit me to inform you that in the sittings after Trinity Term—that is, at this time of the year—in 1781, Mr Arkwright, who stands now as the defendant in this proceeding, was the plaintiff in nine causes which he brought here against some persons for invading this patent of his. The fate of these causes was singular. By an accident, I bore, as my learned friend says, something like a principal part of it. I think I do remember very particularly, and will state it very faithfully.

"The nine causes Mr Arkwright was plaintiff in against persons invading this patent, and using those machines against his licence. Mr Arkwright, who is a sharp man himself, and well advised by a great many very able counsel, most of them upon the northern circuit, I believe, except one or two of them, and men born in that district. which is very apt to produce sharp and penetrating men, who managed and marshalled his causes with infinite address and cunning, indeed.

"It so happened one of his actions was brought against a Colonel Mordaunt, a gentleman of family, but not of much fortune, who did not much mend it by dabbling in this kind of manufacture. Mr Mordaunt was thought from his temper, and from the lightness of his purse, out of all the nine causes, as the finest to be put in the courts. Mr Arkwright had nine. He chose to put the action which was to be tried against Colonel Mordaunt first. There was a particularity in Colonel Mordaunt's temper at that moment ; it was no reflection upon him, but somehow or other he took it into his head to wish to have different counsel in his cause to defend it from the gentlemen concerned in the other eight causes. The gentlemen that were concerned in the other eight causes had been upon the northern circuit, very able persons ; and Mr Mordaunt, the Colonel, was fool enough to come to me, and depended upon my assistance, and I remember Mr Erskine was of counsel in all the causes, and I believe Mr Erskine was my only assistant. For Colonel Mordaunt I had a brief which was written upon a sheet of paper. My other friends were concerned in the other causes, and I was to defend Colonel Mordaunt.

[1] Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, ii. 398.

"I was a little piqued, I must confess, and I did heartily wish I could overset Mr Arkwright, notwithstanding my poor paltry fee, and my brief, which hardly conveyed any ideas. By good-luck, Mr Erskine, who was of counsel in one of the" other eight "causes, was with me. I stole from him his knowledge. I borrowed a witness from him. He communicated his knowledge out of his other briefs. By good-luck I comprehended the matter by the help of my learned friend's communications. I am very free to acknowledge I am obliged to him for it. It was this, that if this was a new invention, Mr Arkwright had not fairly communicated it by his specification, but had absolutely contrived to hide it. Upon that simple ground we went. We had no other to proceed upon. We picked it up, not from my brief, I vow to God, for not a syllable of it was to be found there. Mr Erskine communicated his ideas from his other instructions, and I had the good fortune to comprehend them while they were turning the machine about"—the model in court. "I made my objections. He lent me a witness or two, and to the perfect satisfaction of the judge who tried it in 1781, the jury found the patent was of no validity, for Mr Arkwright, instead of disclosing his invention, did all he could to hide and secrete it; and upon that ground a verdict was given for my client, Colonel Mordaunt; and I don't know whether Mr Arkwright repented putting him in front, but I daresay he imagined the same thing would be done in the others, that that objection" to the sufficiency of the specification "would be admissible, though the cases were somewhat different in their nature from each other. There was an end of his patent from that time; and I contend all the world had a right to take it so." [1]

In the following year, 1782, whether in consequence or not of the issue of the trial of 1781, cancelling his patent, Arkwright and the Strutts dissolved partnership, they

[1] *Trial* of 25th June 1785, p. 22–3. It may be worth while to quote a reference to the trial of 1781, contained in the correspondence between Boulton and James Watt, then in Cornwall applying his steam-engine to pump water out of mines. Watt writes to Boulton: "30*th July* 1781.—Though I do not love Arkwright, I don't like the precedent of setting aside patents through default of specification. I fear for our own. The specification is not perfect according to the rules lately laid down by the judges. Nevertheless, it cannot be said that we have hid our candle under a bushel. We have taught all men to erect our engines, and are likely to suffer for our pains. I begin to have little faith in patents; for, according to the enterprising genius of the

retaining at least the mills at Belper[1] (the little town of their own creation, from which Jedediah's grandson, the

present age, no man can have a profitable patent but it will be pecked at, and no man can write a specification of a fire-engine that cannot be evaded, if the words and not the true intent and meaning be attended to. As kissing goes by favour, and as in dubious cases men are actuated by their prejudices, so where a blue is very like a green, they may decide either way." Again: "13th August 1781.—I am tired of making improvements which by some quirk or wresting of the law may be taken from us, as I think has been done in the case of Arkwright, who has been condemned merely because he did not specify quite clearly. This was injustice, because it is plain that he has given this trade a being—has brought his invention into use, and made it of great public utility. Wherefore he deserved all the money he has got. In my opinion his patent should not have been invalidated without it had clearly appeared that he did not invent the things in question. I fear we shall be served with the same sauce *for the good of the public!* and in that case I shall certainly do what he threatens" (?) "This you may be assured of, that we are as much envied here as he is at Manchester, and all the bells in Cornwall would be rung at our overthrow."—*Smiles's Lives of Boulton and Watt* (London, 1865), p. 302.

[1] "Some idea of the concerns of this family"—the Strutts—"may be gathered from the circumstance stated by a respectable writer after visiting Milford and Belper, that on wishing to retire from the business about 1820, they proposed to any one who would purchase their works at a valuation, that they would allow the parties a bonus of £150,000. The extensive area over which the yarns of this, one of the two first great cotton-spinning houses, are sold and consumed, may be gathered from the fact that from Moscow, amongst other merchandise on the road, lines of two-wheeled carts, each laden with its bales marked with the well-known brand of this firm, may be seen on their way to Novgorod fair, and from thence may be again passed on the route to Kiachta, the Russian frontier mart for the Chinese north-west provinces. Everywhere these marks on bale and bundle are accepted as the unfailing pledges of the integrity of the article in every respect. Equal, perhaps superior, confidence is thus placed in the honour of the English makers and vendors of the goods, to the assurance given of their having been unrifled and unchanged in transit, by the imperial seals of Russia and China attached to them. When will the sentiments of honour and truth of an over-competitive age be aroused to feel that the forgery of a trade-mark is a flagrant robbery from the maker and imposition upon the buyer?"—*Felkin's History of Hosiery*, p. 98.

present Lord Belper, derives the title of his peerage), he those at Cromford, and probably others in Lancashire and elsewhere. Arkwright was a loser directly and indirectly by the result of the trial, since the verdict voided those licences which he had granted for the use of his inventions, and it prevented him from granting any more of them. Nevertheless, his wealth must have remained considerable, since it was in this very year of 1782 that he purchased the estate of Willersley, close by those Cromford mills to the superintendence of which he seems to have mainly devoted himself. He lived chiefly at Willersley, where the "castle" which he had begun to build, and which he left unfinished at his death, was completed by his son and successor, a second Richard, and is now in the occupation of his grandson, "Peter Arkwright, Esq. of Willersley Castle."

In 1782, moreover, Arkwright took a step from which, had they remained in partnership with him, the Strutts would probably have dissuaded him. He drew up, or rather, since he could scarcely write, he employed others to draw up for him the *Case* which has been so often quoted, and which is interesting as containing what he himself, doubtless, wished to be accepted as an authentic account of his career of invention and manufacture up to the time of its composition. The object of the statements in the *Case*—the most important and interesting of them have been already laid before the reader—was to persuade Parliament "to confirm," he prayed, "connect, consolidate the two letters-patent, so as to preserve to him the full benefit of his inventions for the remainder of the term yet to come in the *last* patent, which favour would be received by him with the deepest sense of gratitude." "A trial in Westminster Hall," he said, "in July last, at a large expense, was the consequence" of the attempts made by rival

manufacturers "to rob him of his patent-rights, when solely by not describing so fully and accurately the nature of his last complex machines as was strictly by law required, a verdict was found against him. Had he been at all aware of the consequences of such omission, he certainly would have been more careful and circumspect in his description. It cannot be supposed that he meant a fraud on his country; it is, on the contrary, most evident that he was anxiously desirous of preserving to his native country the full benefit of his inventions"—the obscurity of the specification, he contended, it will be remembered, was contrived merely to baffle the foreigner. "Yet he cannot but lament that the advantages resulting from his own exertions and abilities alone should be wrested from him by those who have no pretensions to merit; that they should be permitted to rob him of his inventions before the reasonable period of fourteen years, merely because he has unfortunately omitted to point out all the minutiæ of his complicated machines."

Arkwright's *Case* was distributed among members of Parliament, but no action seems to have been taken on it in either House. Despite the strenuous opposition of the north of England manufacturers, the Legislature had modified the absurd excise-duty on home-made calicoes, and abolished the penalties on the use of the same calicoes when printed. To grant Arkwright's new request, however, would have been to bestow validity upon his second patent, which a jury had pronounced to be invalid, and to extend for nearly six years and a half his first patent of 1769, which in the ordinary course of law was to expire during the year after the publication of his *Case*, on the 3d of July 1783. Arkwright, it is probable, did not receive any encouragement from either the Ministers or from private members of Parliament, and no bill founded on the state-

ments and prayer of his *Case* seems to have been so much as framed and presented to the Legislature. With his keen sense, however, of injustice done him, the persevering and energetic man resolved on risking once more an action-at-law in defence of the sufficiency of his second patent. During the period between 1782 and 1785 he collected a certain amount of evidence to prove that machinery effective for the object in view could be constructed after a study of the specification of his second patent. Accordingly he brought, in 1785, a new action, Arkwright *versus* Nightingale. It was tried in the Court of Common Pleas before Lord Loughborough (Wedderburn, afterwards Chancellor and Earl of Rosslyn), and a special jury, on the 17th of February 1785. A full report of the proceedings, from the shorthand writer's notes, was published or printed at the time.

This trial, like its predecessor of 1781, turned entirely on the sufficiency of the specification, and the question as to the originality or non-originality of the inventions which Arkwright claimed as his own was not mooted at all. Witnesses were called for the prosecution to prove that they had actually made from the specification and drawings accompanying it parts of the machinery; while others testified that they believed it to be quite possible for any well-instructed mechanic, under certain easily-conceivable circumstances, to perform the feat. Among this second class of witnesses was the famous, or once-famous, Dr Darwin, then of Derby, whose stutter gave the court some trouble, as well as James Watt (in the report his name is spelled "Watts"), whose examination was opened by the following apostrophe from Arkwright's counsel: "Though the gentlemen of the jury may not know you, sir, I do. You are that gentleman that made some improvements upon the fire-engines." The pith of Watt's evidence, very guarded

and very cautious, is contained in the following answer to the following question: "If you had had the old machine before you"—that of Arkwright's first patent—"and knew the manner of working it, could you from that specification and description have made, or directed to be made, a machine that would have answered the purpose?" "I beg," said Watt, in reply, "to explain before I answer that question. It was necessary also I should have known the methods Mr Arkwright practised in his spinning, which were then publicly known, as I understood. When I understood them perfectly, I think I might have made it out, but I deliver this as a matter of opinion, and desire it may be understood so." This is not very decisive, and the witnesses who had made parts of the machinery from the specification and drawings seem both to have known the "old machine," and to have had an inkling given them (by Arkwright or those who acted for him) of the structure of the whole machinery, old and new, as then actually worked, but this was not distinctly brought out in cross-examination. Indeed it has been said that there was collusion between the plaintiff and defendant to secure Arkwright a verdict. The strongest point made against him was in the evidence of a clerk (called by the defendant) of Arkwright's own attorney. This person, who had been employed by Arkwright to write the formal part of the specification, deposed that he had directed Arkwright's attention to the insufficiency of that part of it. "I observed to him that it was not specified so perfectly as it might have been, from the opinion I had of Mr Evans as a draughtsman; they"—the different parts of the machinery—"not being connected together as a machine. And Mr Arkwright said he looked upon specifications rather as a matter of form, and that for some time past they had not specified them as perfectly as they should do; and for this reason, that in his

opinion the invention might be taken abroad, as the specifications were not locked up, and that he wished it to appear as obscure as the nature of the case would admit, and he did not doubt but that it was sufficient to answer his purpose."[1] This evidence would have been corroborated had the defendant's counsel been allowed to "put in" and to read the published *Case*, in which somewhat the same admission was made by Arkwright himself. But they were baffled in the attempt by a legal technicality. Lord Loughborough summed up very much in Arkwright's favour. Respectable witnesses, his lordship intimated, had sworn not only that the machines could be made from a study of the specification and drawings, but that they had so made it; what more was wanted? The jury gave a verdict for Arkwright, who of course had claimed merely nominal damages, wishing only the restitution of his patent-right, of which the former trial had deprived him. At the second trial, as he had been at the first, and was again to be at the third and last, Mr Bearcroft was the leading counsel against Arkwright. At the third trial, soon to be described, he made some references to his defence at the second trial which may be just worth quoting. Referring to the often-mentioned and much-talked-of crank and comb, he spoke of it as "a very ingenious contrivance, I admit, and the very contrivance," the learned gentleman continued, "that was the destruction of us in another place. It was so ingenious, it was so clever, that I remember perfectly well, my learned friend that then had the first show in another court, in which Mr Arkwright's good genius suggested, after laying by two or three years, thought it convenient to try it over again [*sic in orig*]. My learned friend showed the machinery with such skill and address, and performed the operation so well, he tickled the fancy of the jury

[1] *Arkwright* versus *Nightingale*, p. 31.

like so many children, that it was impossible to put them out of love with their plaything to the end of the cause, till they finally decided in its favour."[1] Thus did the learned gentleman console himself for the conversion of his victory of 1781 over Arkwright into the defeat of February 1785.

Arkwright's triumph was short-lived. The enemy soon rallied and attacked him in greater numbers and with greater vigour than before. To his rivals it was a matter of the utmost consequence that the judgment of the Common Pleas should be reversed. For four years after the trial of 1781 the use of the inventions in Arkwright's second patent had been thrown open to all the world. Some three hundred thousand pounds had been invested in the buildings where they were worked, and some 30,000 persons were employed in working them. If the verdict of the Common Pleas remained in force, all this capital and labour would be jeopardised; and if the manufacturers who had triumphed over him in 1781 wished to keep the doors of their mills open, they would be obliged to sue to Arkwright for licences to be vouchsafed to them at his own price. No effort, no expense could be too great to avert such a catastrophe, and the former combination against Arkwright was rendered more numerous and determined by the verdict in the Common Pleas. It was resolved to attack his last patent on every possible ground, and to apply for a writ of *scire facias* to have it annulled. The insufficiency, obscurity, and mystifying character of the specification became only one of several pleas, and by no means the most important of them. It was also to be contended that the process of roving patented in 1775 was merely the spinning-process of 1769 over again, Arkwright's exclusive right to which had lapsed with the expiry of his first patent. Attempts were to be made to prove that all the rest of the processes embodied

[1] *Trial* of 25th June 1785, p. 19.

in his second patent had been employed by others previously to its issue. Last, not least, it was to be shown that the prime invention of all, that of the rollers, whether for spinning or roving, and as Arkwright used them, was due to Thomas Highs (who was summoned from Ireland in great haste), and had been stolen by Arkwright through the instrumentality of Kay. Competent witnesses were to be brought to prove that the crank and comb themselves were the invention of James Hargreaves. In short, every inch of the ground held by Arkwright was to be disputed. The getting up of the case for the combined manufacturers was intrusted to the then secretary of the Society of Arts. Their leading counsel was Mr Bearcroft again, while Arkwright's was the same who had acted for him in the Common Pleas.

The great trial, the result of which was awaited by Manchester and in Lancashire with the utmost anxiety, came off in the Court of King's Bench, before Mr Justice Buller, a judge of great acuteness, and a special jury, on the 25th June 1785, little more than four months after that in the Common Pleas. Models of the machines, both old and new—patented by Arkwright in 1769 and in 1775—were produced and worked in court, under Bearcroft's directions; and before he had made much way in his opening speech, the jury understood perfectly the whole process of cotton-spinning as it was when Arkwright took out his first patent for spinning merely, and as it had become when he patented in 1775 the various machines which prepared the cotton by carding, then roved it, and finally formed it into an available and marketable thread. For Arkwright's first machine the cotton had to be carded and roved by hand, at considerable expense, before it was spun by the rollers. In the series of machines patented in 1775, the cotton was carded by machinery, and roved by

the rollers and dependent can, when another set of rollers, with the aid of the spindles, formed it into yarn. Before the two operations, the old and new, were exhibited to the jury, by having the models worked in court, Bearcroft, as counsel for the Crown (nominally), indulged in the following prelude and preface, ingenious no doubt, but decidedly disingenuous in so far as they represented Arkwright's second patent to have been taken out after his first patent had expired, whereas it was really taken out when that first patent had some eight years to run.

"Now the patent for spinning"—Arkwright's first patent of 1769—said the learned gentleman, "expired in July 1783; Mr Arkwright therefore had lost a glorious and profitable monopoly. He was, like every other man, unwilling to part with his term and with his profit because the time was expired, if by any means he could contrive by another kind of ingenuity than that which invents machines, to keep up the enjoyment of that monopoly in another shape. It was not, however, right or just to do it, and I pledge myself to satisfy you that such was the idea which Mr Arkwright had in his mind. Upon that idea he took every step in his business from that moment to this. I will trace his footsteps from time to time all over that line. Because he was unwilling to part with the benefit he was entitled to of fourteen years, he chose to have it as long as he could. Before the cause is at an end you will see that this was in truth what passed in Mr Arkwright's mind. Then Mr Arkwright, upon the expiration of this patent for spinning the fine thread, could no longer in these words enjoy that thing at all; but inasmuch as the cotton-manufactory depends upon all the several things that are already stated to you,—the carding, the roving, and the spinning—though he had lost the patent for the spinning,—if he could continue to get a patent, and to gull the world to submit to that patent as a new invention, for the roving and the carding, it would answer all his purposes, for still he would be in a monopoly of two-thirds, and that of the important parts of the spinning. In the name, therefore, he would not have the spinning; but if he got a patent for the carding and roving, the spinning would follow—in truth, the whole operation would be his, and he would keep possession of it against the world.

"Gentlemen, suppose any two men struggling for a yard—which consists of three feet—if Mr Arkwright with one hand got hold of one foot which he is forced to part with, yet contrives to get hold of the

other two feet with his other hand, he certainly would have the better hold. 'I have lost the spinning,' says he ; 'but I will contrive to get the carding and the roving, and then I shall keep the spinning.' For this purpose he procures the present patent. What is it for? For spinning? No ; that would be too gross. The same word is very apt to describe the same thing, and you will see that Mr Arkwright, both in writing and in drawing this specification, has most diligently avoided any words or anything that could too plainly strike the imagination, and show that his new patent was in effect his old one. For the foundation of his new patent he says, 'I have invented machines of great public utility in preparing silk, cotton, flax, and wool for spinning.'"

And then the learned gentleman set the man with the model to work, so that judge and jury might contemplate all the operations of Arkwright's patented machinery, from the carding to the final spinning of marketable thread or yarn.

The jury could not fail to see that the processes of roving and spinning were essentially the same, and that the roving in the second patent was only a new application of the rollers of the first patent. Highs and Kay, accordingly, were called to swear that the rollers were not Arkwright's invention at all: their evidence, or what is most important in it, has been already laid before the reader. In the roving, it is true, a twist was given to the first form of the yarn by a revolving can, an ingenious contrivance which Arkwright claimed as his invention. "Neddy Holt" was called, however, to prove that he had used this can in 1774, a year before Arkwright's second patent was granted, though it turned out that the can so used by the witness was made for him by two men who had been in Arkwright's employment. A certain Benjamin Butler was also called to prove that he had used a similar can twenty-six years previously—that is, in 1759, ten years before Arkwright first patented the rollers,—a very improbable story. The evidence in regard to the can was not unfavourable to Arkwright's case.

Much more important than the roving-can was the whole

process of carding as patented by Arkwright. Highs's claim to have made carding-machines on Arkwright's principle may be dismissed, in Dr Ure's words, as "not only futile, but ridiculous." More damaging was the evidence of John Lees, a Quaker, who swore to having invented for the carding-cylinder, in 1772, a feed-cloth even more useful or available than that patented by Arkwright. One Pilkington and his partner Wood declared that before Arkwright took out his second patent they had used the fillet-cards, which enabled the cylinder to give off the cotton in a continuous fleece. After Arkwright's patent came out, Pilkington spoke to him on the subject, and Arkwright, he admitted, threatened him with an action. Henry Marsland deposed that Arkwright saw the feeder in operation at his works in 1771 or 1772, and objected to his use of it, as well to that of the crank and comb; why, it is not easy to understand, since Arkwright did not patent them until 1775 Marsland also declared that after Arkwright's expostulation he gave up the use of the crank and comb as undoubtedly Arkwright's invention, but he would not, and did not, give up the feeder. It was the crank and comb that proved fatal to this part of the case, just as it had helped Arkwright to victory at the trial of the preceding February. The reader knows that the crank and comb was Arkwright's invention, or at least that no one else has a legitimate claim to it. But small blame to the jury if, with no evidence before them to the contrary, they believed the confident testimony of the widow of James Hargreaves, of his son, and of a workman who had been in his employment, when all of them swore positively that this masterpiece of ingenuity had been invented by Hargreaves. Doubtless these witnesses really believed what they said, though the reader knows that they were utterly mistaken. Their evidence did Arkwright irreparable injury.

There remained the question of the insufficiency and obscurity of the specification, its wilful errors of omission and commission. On this question exclusively the two former trials had turned, and it was fully gone into at the third trial, but its importance on this occasion was of course not so great as on the others. Much the same two sets of witnesses who had figured at the trial in February repeated in July their former evidence; one set declaring that they had made the machinery from the specification, or believed it could be so made; the other, that it was impossible to construct it from the specification alone. The cross-examination of Arkwright's witnesses was, however, more searching at this than at the former trial. It was more clearly brought out that the witnesses who deposed to having constructed from the specification the machinery patented, had in all probability received from Arkwright's friends or agents hints that smoothed the way for them. Those witnesses who simply affirmed the possibility of making the machines from the specification were strictly cross-examined, in order to prove that this could not be done without a full knowledge of the operations patented in 1769, so that the specification of 1775 was so far defective. Moreover, as regarded the question of the insufficiency of the specification, the adversaries of Arkwright had on this occasion the great advantage denied them at the trial of the preceding February. They were allowed to "put in" as evidence Arkwright's own *Case*, in which he had admitted and accounted for the obscurity of the specification. Here was the admission under his own hand and seal, and contradicting the even otherwise not very weighty evidence of his own witnesses to the contrary.

Arkwright's counsel, a Mr Serjeant Adair, did his best for his client; but it was uphill work, since if his case broke down on any one point, the verdict would necessarily go

against him. His reply to Bearcroft's remarks on the causes of Arkwright's supposed eagerness for a second patent is worth giving on account of its references to the early history of Arkwright's inventions, and the allegation, which, however, must be taken for what it is worth, that by working solely the process which was the subject of the first patent, Arkwright and his partners were actually losers :—

"Gentlemen," said Serjeant Adair, "it is very natural Mr Arkwright should be desirous of having the benefit of the patent obtained"—the second patent of 1775. "In the state in which he then stood he was undoubtedly a loser. It is a most undoubted fact, the spinning-patent"—the first patent of 1769—"never paid for itself, nor indemnified Mr Arkwright for the construction of these ingenious machines. But why did it not? Because of the modes in use at that time—during greater part of the continuance of Mr Arkwright's spinning-patent—for preparing the cotton from the coarse state; first, the operation of the spinning was so tedious and imperfect, and subject to those difficulties, it is impossible to derive any benefit from the exercise of the spinning-machine, for so much time and so many hands were employed in carding, sizing, and roving the cotton to prepare it for spinning."

A statement the truth of which, it must be added, was denied by Bearcroft (in his rejoinder), who affirmed that Arkwright had made £100,000 by the spinning alone under his first patent.

Arkwright's counsel did not directly impugn either the veracity or the character of Highs. "I know nothing," he said, "of Hayes. You know nothing of him but from his evidence, and the light that he appears in to-day. All I ask of you, in respect of Mr Hayes, is to judge him from his company, his friends, his acquaintance and associate Kay," whom the learned gentleman proceeded to revile, not a very difficult task, and who, he said, had committed "the grossest perjury." On the question of the carding improvements, the learned serjeant could not struggle against the evidence of the widow, son, and workman of

Hargreaves; and what, if the real truth had come out, would have been directly and indirectly one of Arkwright's strongest positions, was surrendered by his advocate as untenable. In the course of his address, it may be added, Serjeant Adair incidentally made the remark, as from personal knowledge, that "Mr Arkwright's powers of explanation" fell "extremely short" of his "powers of invention." Two hints concerning Arkwright and his later inventions are also worth giving. Among the witnesses brought to prove the sufficiency of the specification were some of Arkwright's upper-workmen. One of them, who had been employed in making the machinery of the second patent, was asked in what way he received his instructions from Arkwright, and he replied, "He gave me directions by chalking upon a board sometimes, and crooking of lead and wire, and things in that shape." Another was asked whether the machinery of the second patent was invented from time to time, or whether patterns were given from which it was made all at once. "From time to time," was the reply; "and sometimes it would be pulled all to pieces."

The evidence as to the sufficiency of the specification was on both sides, as already stated, nearly identical with that given at the trial in the Common Pleas, and among the witnesses on Arkwright's side James Watt and Dr Darwin figured a second time. One of the witnesses who again gave on this point evidence unfavourable to Arkwright was Harrison, the son of the inventor of the chronometer, and his examination by Erskine brought out a curious little coincidence. "You were concerned with your father," said Erskine interrogatively, "in the discovery of a timepiece?"—the first marine chronometer, to wit. "Yes, sir," was the reply; "I had the honour of being with you in the same voyage"—the cruise made in the Spanish Main by H.M.S. *Tartar*, on board of which the future Chancellor was a

midshipman, while Harrison junior sailed in it no doubt to watch the testing of his father's chronometer.

Of Bearcroft's reply—rather a triumphant one, as might be expected in the circumstances—only one passage need be quoted. It has a certain historical or biographical value from its reference to an alleged general impression that Arkwright had stolen the invention of the rollers from Kay and Highs.

"Gentlemen," said Bearcroft, "I don't find the learned serjeant"—Adair—"was surprised by this evidence" of Highs and Kay. "No man of common-sense will believe that Mr Arkwright is the only man in England that never heard the accounts spread abroad by every man that speaks upon the subject, that he did get this"—the rollers—"from Highs by means of Kay. It is a notorious thing in the manufacturing counties. All men that have seen Mr Arkwright in a state of opulence have shaken their heads, and thought of these poor men Hayes and Kay, and have thought, too, that they were entitled to some participation of the profits." In the case of Kay, sympathy was quite misplaced. "What is the consequence of this? Mr Arkwright must have expected this evidence. Where are the witnesses that tell you Mr Hayes has a bad character? Where are the witnesses that tell you Kay and his wife are of bad character? or that either of the three is not entitled to belief upon their oaths?" and so on in the usual forensic style, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.

The judge summed up clearly and carefully, but decidedly against Arkwright. There were three points, he told the jury, for their consideration: 1st, Is the invention new? 2d, Is it invented by the defendant? 3d, Was it sufficiently described in the specification? If to any one of these questions their answer was in the negative, they were to give a verdict for the Crown against Arkwright. When the judge finished his summing up—the trial had lasted from the morning till past midnight—"the jury, without a moment's hesitation, brought in their verdict for the Crown," says the official report of the trial. "It appears from a placard issued in Manchester announcing the result of the

trial, that the verdict was not given till one o'clock in the morning, and that the defeat of Arkwright gave great satisfaction to the people of that town."[1] "We have the pleasure to inform our readers"—thus runs a brief editorial intimation in the *Manchester Mercury* of June 28, 1785—"that the trial of the King against Arkwright came on in the Court of King's Bench on Saturday morning last, when after a full investigation, which lasted near sixteen hours, the jury without leaving the court gave a verdict in favour of the Crown; by which decision Arkwright's patent is become null and void to all intents and purposes, and the country is liberated from the dreadful effects of a monopoly in spinning. In the course of the trial, the particulars of which we will take a further opportunity of laying before the public, it was shown to the satisfaction of the whole court that Arkwright was not the inventor nor the first user of the machines for which he has so many years enjoyed a patent."

At the beginning of the next term, Arkwright's counsel, Serjeant Adair, moved in the Court of King's Bench for a rule to show cause why there should not be a new trial. He made the application chiefly on the ground of "surprise" in the matter of the non-originality of the inventions, and he spoke of affidavits to rebut the evidence both of the Hargreaves family and of Kay and Highs. It is to be observed, however, that in regard to the crank and the comb solely did he go into any detail. "I have," he said, "the affidavit of Mrs James, the widow of the other partner of Hargreaves, and of his son, and of one or two of their workmen, that they were informed from Mr Hargreaves himself that the invention had been surreptitiously obtained from a workman of Arkwright's"—and this statement the reader knows to be perfectly correct. But on the contents and

[1] Baines, *Cotton-Manufacture*, p. 192, note.

authorship of the affidavit which was to rebut the evidence of Highs and Kay the learned gentleman preserved a significant silence. In the course of his application Serjeant Adair made some reference to a hint which he said had been dropped by the judge at the trial, that it might be stopped at a certain point. Whereupon Mr Justice Buller :

"I will state how that was. You state it very clearly and accurately. It appeared to me, after we had been four or five hours in the cause, the defendant"—Arkwright—"had not a leg to stand upon. I thought it a point of duty and decency in me, in such a cause, and of that consequence, and when it had been tried before two respectable judges, who held a difference in sentiments, that I should hear it fully out. I began with directing the idea of the jury to that point; and I believe it occurred to the jury that if it were ever so clear, it was better they should hear it all out."

Finally, the "great" Lord Mansfield, as Chief Justice, gave the application its *quietus*, thus :—

"It is very clear to me, upon your own showing, there is no colour for the rule. The ground of it is, if there is another trial, you may have more evidence. There is no surprise stated, no new discovery; but upon the material points in question you can give more evidence. There were two questions to be tried—that is, the specification and the originality of the invention. There has been one trial in this court, another trial in the Common Pleas, where this patent has been questioned; and this proceeding is brought finally to conclude the matter, for it is a *scire facias* to repeal the letters-patent. The questions to be tried are stated upon record : there is not a child but must know they were to try the questions there stated. They come prepared to try them. They have tried them, and a verdict has been found which is satisfactory to the judge. And now you desire to try the cause again, only that you may bring more evidence. There is not a colour for it."

The rule was refused, and on the following 14th of November the Court of King's Bench gave judgment to cancel the letters-patent.

The announcement of this Arkwright's third action had naturally produced a great stir in the manufacturing districts of the north of England, where his machinery had for years

been used without fee or reward. The "people of England," said the *Manchester Mercury*, when informing its readers of the coming trial, "never were more interested, and many of our northern counties will owe their manufacturing existence to the decision of a patent-cause which is expected to be tried," &c. &c. "The very great preparations," it added, "making in Scotland by Mr Arkwright, joined by several of the most conspicuous in the landed and commercial interests of that kingdom, it is imagined, has induced him to revive the supposed claim."

Yes: during the period between the trial of 1781 and those of 1785, Arkwright had been doing or planning in Scotland what calls for further notice than this meagre reference of the Manchester newspaper. To his defeat of June 1785, in the Court of King's Bench, following on his victory of the February of the same year in the Common Pleas, is commonly ascribed his resolution to commence operations north of the Tweed, in order to make up for his failure in England. The story runs, that after the verdict given against him in June 1785, Arkwright overheard one of his opponents say, "Well, we 've done the old shaver at last!" to which he rejoined, "I 'll find a razor in Scotland to shave you all with yet"! The story, if there be any truth in it, must belong to the time when he lost his first action—that of 1781. Certain it is that before 1785 Arkwright had visited Scotland, and had planned with a notable Scotchman the erection of at least the New Lanark Mills, afterwards famous because in them Robert Owen tried his earliest experiments as a social reformer.

The first cotton-mill in Scotland was built at Rothesay in 1778, by an English company, but it soon came into the hands of David Dale,[1] the notable Scotchman referred to, whose daughter Robert Owen married, from which match

[1] David Bremner, *The Industries of Scotland* (Edinburgh, 1869), p. 229.

sprang the contemporary Robert *Dale* Owen, the American diplomatist and spiritualist of our own day and generation. David Dale was an Ayrshire man, the son of a "grocer and general dealer" at Stewarton, in that county. He began by herding cattle in his native district, afterwards migrating to Paisley as a weaver, "at this time the most lucrative trade in the county," and then, always tending upwards, became clerk to a silk-mercer in Glasgow. Enterprising as well as shrewd, thrifty yet benevolent, pushing in worldly business, while one of the most God-fearing of men, David Dale was sure to rise in the Scotland of his time. By and by, "with the assistance of friends, he began business on his own account in the linen-yarn trade, importing large quantities of French yarns from Flanders. This brought him large profits and laid the foundation of his fortune." As has been already hinted, he kept an eye on improvements in cotton-spinning, becoming the possessor of the first cotton-mill erected in Scotland, which was probably fitted up with the spinning-jennies of Hargreaves :—

"Mr Dale had been about twenty years in business in Glasgow when Sir Richard Arkwright's patent inventions for the improvement of cotton-spinning were introduced into England. Sir Richard visited Glasgow in 1783"—more probably in 1784—"and was entertained by the bankers, merchants, and manufacturers at a public dinner, and next day started with Mr Dale for the purpose of inspecting the waterfalls on the Clyde, with a view to erect works adapted to his improvements. A site was fixed on, and the building of the New Lanark Mills was immediately commenced. Arrangements were at the same time made betwixt Sir Richard and Mr Dale for the use of the patent of the former. Mechanics were sent to England to be instructed in the nature of the machinery and the process of the manufacture ; but in the meanwhile Arkwright's patent having been challenged, and the courts of law having decided"—finally in the June of 1785—"against its validity, Mr Dale was thus relieved of all claim for patent-right, and the connection between him and Arkwright was consequently dissolved, the business being now entirely his own." [1]

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[1] *Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen.* New edition, by the Rev. T. Thomson (London, 1868), i. 922–3, § Dale, David.

There are evidently some misstatements in this passage. Arkwright and Dale could not at the time mentioned have made an "arrangement for the use of the patent of the former," since Arkwright had neither in 1783 nor in 1784 any patent-rights remaining, these having been cancelled by the trial of 1781. But an arrangement may have been made conditionally on the success of the action for which Arkwright was preparing; and in any case Arkwright's co-operation promised to be valuable, since at his English mills Scotch mechanics could be instructed in "the nature of the machinery and the process of the manufacture." Of Arkwright's visit to the site of the New Lanark Mills we have another and a brief record of much earlier date than that just quoted. Says a topographer of Lanark parish,[1] writing in the last decade of the eighteenth century:—

"Perhaps no single parish in Scotland affords more eligible situations for mills of all kinds than this parish. Sir Richard Arkwright, when here in 1824"—a glaring misprint, perhaps for 1784—"was astonished at the advantages derivable from the falls of the Clyde, and exultingly said that Lanark would probably in time become the Manchester of Scotland, as no place he had ever seen afforded better situations or more ample streams of water for cotton-machinery."

By the practical Arkwright the romantic aspects of the scenery around were contemplated, no doubt, with comparative indifference. But, though in another way, the neighbourhood was as beautiful as that of his own Cromford mills, the site of which he had selected without the slightest regard to its picturesque environment.

"The next curiosity," continues this eighteenth-century topographer, "on descending the Clyde, that attracts the stranger, is New Lanark, or the cotton-mills. The situation of the village is at the western extremity of the Bonniton"—Bonnington—"ground, in a low den, and within view of another beautiful and romantic fall called Dunduff Lin, signifying in Gaelic Black Castle Leap; and no doubt formerly

[1] Sir John Sinclair's *Statistical Account of Scotland* (Edinburgh, 1795), xv. 46.

some fortress has been situated hereabouts, although no traces now remain excepting in tradition, which still points out a rock called Wallace's Chair, where that patriot is said to have concealed himself from the English "—now after so many centuries invading Scotland, not with fire and sword, but with cotton-spinning machinery. "This fall is about thirty or forty feet high, and trouts have been observed to spring up and gain the top of it with ease. This fall, the village, four lofty cotton-mills, and their busy inhabitants, together with the wild and woody scenery around, must attract the notice of every stranger. Below these are the romantic rocks and woods of Braxfield, the seat of the present Lord Justice-Clerk, who, influenced alone by the good of his country, very frankly"—in 1784, according to the same authority elsewhere—"feued the site of the village and cotton-mills to the benevolent Mr David Dale at a very moderate feu-duty."

"The first mill was begun in April 1785, and a subterraneous passage of near a hundred yards in length was also formed through a rocky hill for the purpose of an aqueduct to it. In summer 1788 a second one was built, and was nearly roofed in when, on the 9th of October that year, the first one was totally consumed by accidental fire, but was again rebuilt and finished in 1789. The proprietor has since erected other two, all of which are meant to be driven by one and the same aqueduct.

"In March 1786 the spinning commenced, and notwithstanding of the severe check by the destruction of the first mill, the manufactory has been in a constant progressive state of advancement. In March 1791, from an accurate account then taken, it appears there were 981 persons employed in the mills, whereas there are now (November 1793) 1334."

David Dale had difficulties of his own to surmount before all this was accomplished. One chief obstacle was the indisposition of the country-people to work, or to allow their children to work, in the mills. Agents in the Highlands were employed to beat up for recruits, adult and juvenile; and once he thought it a godsend when some Highland families, emigrating from the Hebrides to America, were driven back by stress of weather to Greenock, where he contrived to secure them for his mills. But though he could make more of his Celtic than of his other countrymen, even this resource failed, and he was obliged to have recourse to the workhouses of Edinburgh and Glasgow. "To obtain a

supply of adult labourers, a village was built round the works, and the houses were let at a low rent; but the business was so unpopular, that few except the bad, the unemployed, and the destitute would settle there. Even of such ragged labourers the numbers were insufficient, and these, when they had learned their trade and become valuable, were self-willed and insubordinate."[1] This was the human raw material on which Robert Owen had to work when, in 1799, *ætat.* twenty-eight, he married David Dale's eldest daughter, became manager of the New Lanark Mills, and

[1] Sargant's *Robert Owen and his Social Philosophy* (London, 1860), p. 31. Robert Owen is remembered now chiefly by his utopian schemes, but in early life he was a shrewd, practical, and pushing man. Few episodes in the annals of cotton-spinning are more interesting than the story, as told by Owen himself in his *Autobiography*—of his rise from the ownership of a few of Crompton's mules, with three men to work them, onward to his headship, first of the Chorlton and next of the New Lanark mills. Owen, who, according to his own account, was then "an ill-educated awkward youth, speaking ungrammatically a kind of Welsh-English," had to buy the rovings, which his three spinners converted into yarn, with the aid of his three mules, in Ancoats Lane, Manchester. "I had no machinery," he says in his *Autobiography* (i. 25), "to make rovings, and was obliged to purchase them—they were the half-made materials to be spun into thread. I had become acquainted with two young industrious Scotchmen, of the names of M'Connell and Kennedy, who had also commenced about the same time as myself to make cotton-machinery upon a small scale, and they had now proceeded so far as to make some of the machinery for preparing the cotton for the mule-spinning machinery, so far as to enable them to make the rovings, which they sold in that state to the spinner at a good profit. I was one of their first and most regular customers, giving them, as I recollect, 12s. per pound for rovings, which, when spun into thread, and made up into the five-pound bundles, I sold to Mr Mitchell at 2s. per pound. This was in the year 1790. Such was the commencement of Messrs M'Connell & Kennedy's successful career as cotton-spinners—such the foundation of those palace-like buildings which were afterwards erected by this firm, and of my own proceedings in Manchester, and in New Lanark in Scotland. *They* could then only make the *rovings* without finishing the thread, and I could only finish the thread without being competent to make the rovings."

made them one of the industrial show-places of Europe, while at the same time they yielded a large return to their owners, until he lost head and had to be bought out. But the later history of the New Lanark Mills and the biography of Owen do not fall to be written here. The New Lanark Mills are still at work, though, through the invention of the steam-engine, in so many cases superseding water-power, New Lanark itself did not, as Arkwright anticipated, become the Manchester of Scotland.

Dale, it has been seen, began the actual building of his first mill in the April of 1785, a month or two after the trial in the Common Pleas which reinstated Arkwright in his patent-rights. It is not only possible but probable that he did at that time arrange with Arkwright for the use of his restored patent. Dale was a shareholder in several other Scotch cotton-mills. He had one at Newton Douglas, in partnership with Sir William Douglas; one in Ayrshire, at Catrine, in partnership with Mr Alexander of Ballochmyle; another in Perthshire; and a fourth in the far north—Spinningdale, in Sutherlandshire, one fancies—" in partnership with Mr George Macintosh, the father of the inventor of the india-rubber 'macintoshes,' and other manufactures of that material." Had Arkwright been allowed to retain the patent-right restored to him by the verdict of February 1785, the English manufacturers would have been at his mercy. He could have refused them licenses for the use of his machinery; and by extending operations indefinitely north of the Tweed, where water-power was so generally available, he would indeed have "shaved" them with a "razor" found "in Scotland"!

The verdict of June 1785, whether just or unjust, gave an immediate and immense stimulus to the English cotton-manufacture. This was increased by Crompton's invention of the mule, which span the higher numbers for weft, and

soon displaced Hargreaves's spinning-jenny in all but the production of the lower numbers, while Arkwright's water-frame turned out warp-yarn available for most fabrics. "The dissolution of Arkwright's patent and the invention of the mule concurred to give the most extraordinary impetus to the cotton-manufacture. Nothing like it has been known in any other great branch of industry. Capital and labour rushed to this manufacture in a torrent, attracted by the unequalled profits which it yielded. Numerous mills were erected and filled with water-frames; and jennies and mules were made and set to work with almost incredible rapidity. The increase of weavers kept pace with the increase of spinners; and all classes of workmen in this trade received extravagantly high wages—such as were necessary to draw from other trades the amount of labour for which the cotton-trade offered profitable employment, but such as it was impossible to maintain for any lengthened period."[1] The year before the annulment of Arkwright's patents by the verdict of June 1785, the quantity of cotton-wool imported into England was 11,482,083 lbs. In 1789, four years after that trial, it amounted to 32,576,023 lbs. In 1780 the value of the British cotton-manufactures exported had been only £355,060; in 1790 it was £1,662,369[2]—small enough compared with the value of the cotton-exports of our own day, but still showing a great stride. The old industrial aristocrat of our textile industry, the spinner, was now deposed. Machinery displaced his or her fingers and antiquated wheel,[3] while the handloom-weaver, over whom the

[1] Baines's *Cotton-Manufacture*, p. 214. [2] Ib., p. 215

[3] There is on record one singular and interesting instance of a long, and, since it lasted for more than forty years, a so far successful resistance of the spinning-wheel to machinery of whatever kind. "This," says Radcliffe (*Origin of Power-Loom Weaving*, p. 64-5, note), "was a family of the name of Tomlinson, on one of the small farms in Mellor, called

spinner had formerly lorded it, became master of the situation. In spite of the fly-shuttle, the weaver, who could not formerly obtain sufficient yarn enough for his loom, was now over-supplied with it, and there were not enough of his craft to turn into cloth the quantities of yarn furnished by the new machines of Hargreaves, of Arkwright, and of Crompton.

But the weaver, too, was to be dethroned by machinery. In 1784, Edmund Cartwright, clergyman and poet, was sojourning at Matlock, and found himself in the company of "some Manchester gentlemen." The conversation

Bull Hill; it consisted of four or five orphan sisters, the youngest of whom was upwards of forty. They had a complete spinnery, consisting of two pairs of cards and five hand-wheels, by which they earned more than paid the rent of their farm, on which they kept three cows, one horse, and always ploughed a field. This farm was also celebrated for its cheese, poultry, eggs, &c. These spinsters entered their solemn protest against any innovation upon this trade, and the property they had embarked in it—either by Sir Richard Arkwright or any other person—and declared they would never surrender a right which had descended to them from the earliest period of time, and till now had never been disputed. They disapproved of the riotous proceedings before mentioned"—directed against the use of machinery—"and expressed a strong confidence that Government, when they heard of these machines, would stop them, as they ought to do; but so far as they were concerned, they came to the following noble resolution: That until these machines were ordered by Government to cease working to the ruin of all his Majesty's loyal and dutiful spinsters in his dominions, they would oppose them with all their wealth, power, and industry, with the aid of their legitimate cards and hand-wheels. They have done so, and have fought nobly under this resolution for nearly half a century, no one ever giving way to the right or left, except three or four of them who have died in the combat. But the one or two who are left in the field of battle, I understand, are still carrying on the combat, as I saw some of their yarn just brought from the celebrated spinnery on the same farm by a respectable manufacturer in our town only a few weeks ago (1822). But were I not opposed by an old saying we have, that 'while there is life there is hope,' I should be inclined to express a doubt of their ultimate success, however just may be their cause."

turned, as it might well do there and then, on cotton-spinning, when the remark was made, that as soon as Arkwright's patent expired, so many mills would be built and so much cotton be spun that there would not be hands enough to weave it. Cartwright said carelessly that Arkwright would have to invent machinery for weaving, as he had done for spinning, and efface the hand-loom as he was effacing the hand-wheel. "Impossible," rejoined the Manchester gentlemen. The Reverend Edmund, however, went home to brood over his own suggestion, and set to work to solve his own problem. It was not long before he had invented the power-loom, taking out his first patent in the April of 1785, the year in which Arkwright's patent was finally cancelled. Time had to elapse before the power-loom was perfected and came into general use; but early in the present century it had begun to supplant the handloom weaver, since then hurled by it low enough from the pride of place to which the spinning-jenny of Hargreaves, the rollers of Arkwright, and Crompton's mule elevated him for a season.

A word may be added on the sources of our earlier cotton-supply. In 1787, out of 22,800,000 lbs. imported into Great Britain, nearly a third, 6,800,000 lbs., came from the British West Indies; 6,000,000 lbs. from the French and Spanish colonies; 1,700,000 lbs. from the Dutch; 2,500,000 lbs. from the Portuguese (chiefly Brazil); 100,000 lbs. from the Isle of Bourbon (now the Mauritius); and so many as 5,700,000 lbs. from Smyrna and Turkey.[1] Before 1794 the export of cotton from the United States was next to nothing. "In 1784 an American vessel arrived at Liverpool having on board eight bags of cotton, which were seized by the custom-officers under an impression

[1] Ure's *Cotton-Manufacture*, i. 186.

that cotton was not the produce of the United States"![1] In 1791 only 189,316 lbs. were imported to this country from the United States. In 1871, eighty years later, the quantity received in England from the United States amounted to 1,038,677,920 lbs.—more than five thousand times as much as in the first-named year.

Arkwright's defeat of 1785 left him in possession of his mills, as well as of ample capital wherewith to erect more, and his career continued to be a prosperous one. "Wealth flowed in upon him with a full stream from his skilfully-managed concerns. For several years he fixed the price of cotton-twist, all other spinners conforming to his prices."[2] The year after the overthrow in the Court of King's Bench, he was knighted on presenting an address of congratulation to the King on his Majesty's escape from mad Margaret Nicholson's knife; and the following year, 1787, he was made High Sheriff of Derbyshire. During Arkwright's later years he was partly occupied in building Willersley Castle, which, with a church at Cromford, intended by him to receive his remains, but not finished when he died, was completed, according to his injunctions, by his son, heir, and successor. Perhaps worth inserting here are the following jottings about Willersley and Cromford, made on the spot by a young friend (at least he was young eighteen years ago) out from Manchester on an exploratory trip to that pleasant and picturesque region, not then, as now, traversed by the railways, which have doubtless repeopled it with many visitors, as of yore.

"THE CRADLE OF COTTON-SPINNING.

"Some twelve months ago, or so, they say, a young Prussian gentleman presented himself at the chief hostelry of the village of Cromford, in Derbyshire—hard by the famed and once much-frequented beauties

[1] Baines (who cites *Smithers's History of Liverpool*, p. 124), *Cotton-Manufacture*, p. 302.

[2] Ib., p. 193.

of Matlock Bath—with a singular story, and on a singular errand. He came, this young Prussian gentleman is said to have averred, from a Prussian hamlet of Cromford, where had been built the first of Prussian cotton-mills, and was now minded to see the first cotton-mill ever built in England, which stood and stands near the English village of Cromford, the sponsor-village of his own German home. He came; he saw; he conquered the rule that obstinately forbids ingress to the earliest of English cotton-mills, and then went on his way rejoicing, towards the Lake Country, the Scottish Highlands, and the other northern shrines of the pilgrims of the picturesque. So runs the tale as it was told to us, quite recently, by the landlord of the chief hostelry of Cromford, a tale which we would wish to be true. Do any of our German readers know anything of a Prussian hamlet of Cromford, the earliest seat of the Prussian cotton-manufacture? Was the story a figment of an inventive German tourist, palmed upon the credulity of a Derbyshire Boniface? Or is it, perhaps, a myth that has grown up, according to established laws, in the mind of mine host himself? Who shall say?

"Undoubtedly, however, yonder does lie, in fine preservation, the cradle of all cotton-spinning that ever has been, or will be; and it might well be, though it is not, the Mecca of Lancashire men. To the non-manufacturing mind, cotton-spinning and the processes which are its adjuncts wear afar off an ugly and dismal aspect, associated with the grind of steam-engines, a night of perpetual smoke, and masses of dingy brick huts, tenanted by a squalid population of malcontents. But the region where cotton-spinning was born, or rather bred, is so romantic and so beautiful that a poet might pitch his tent in it, and feed his muse on the inspirations of its scenery. You come southward down the vale of Matlock, leaving behind the tall broad mountain which stands sentinel over its entrance, and which with its crown of firs, and its green-tree-clad acclivities dotted by white cottages, in clusters, terraces, or singly, only needs a snowy Alpine background to realise the mountain-scenery of Switzerland. You wend through the stone village of Matlock Bath, which slumbers at the bottom of the valley; on the right the little Derwent murmurs past grassy slopes on this hand, and overhung on that by a grand range of limestone rocks, half veiled, half brought into relief by a luxuriant growth of elm and ash and underwood to the water's edge. On the left are mountain-heights, now towering sheer, with grove and wood, now sloping more softly, with here and there plateaus, on which cottages and mansions at various elevations nestle against the hillside. For a mile or so run the Derwent and the road together, until the river makes a sudden curve. Right opposite, the rocks have passed into a lovely sloping park, on which, white and clear,

stands out Willersley Castle, built by the founder of cotton-spinning, Sir Richard Arkwright, and away through lawn and lea the little Derwent runs from you. You may enter the lodge-gate and follow it, with a range of stupendous rocks on the right hand, overwhelmed in every fissure and to the summit with rich foliage, and the private road will take you to the public one, at the point of junction rising the modest chapel where Sir Richard lies interred; to the left another lodge admits once more to the grounds, and away to the right merrily scuds the Derwent past steeply-sloping meadows that rise into the hills which shroud Lee Hurst, the home of Florence Nightingale. If, however, from the spot where Willersley Castle first came in view, you decline the invitation to enter the grounds, and turn the rock-corner that fronts you, there is a parting of the ways. Onward runs the road to Belper. On the right Cromford village stretches up the hill; on the left a lane skirts the rocks that hide the grounds of Willersley. You follow the lane for a few yards and come upon a gateway on the right. Inside is an open square, surrounded by the familiar piles of windowed buildings. *Siste, viator!* Here is the cradle of cotton-spinning. Here Lancashire industrialism was nursed, the not-distant Derwent singing its lullaby, and the guardian-hills looking silently on.

"It was in 1771, eighty-four years ago, that Sir Richard Arkwright laid the foundation of the oldest of these mills. His first patent was procured in 1769: in 1770 he formed his partnership with Messrs Need & Strutt, the stocking manufacturers of Nottingham; and the following year, finding that the horse-power by which the new machines were originally worked was too expensive for operations on a large scale, the building of the Cromford Mill was commenced, the motive-power to be derived from the Cromford Sough (*not* from the Derwent), as it was called, a stream formed by the drainage of the Wirksworth lead-mines. The present owner of Willersley, and of Cromford and its mills, Mr Peter Arkwright, is the grandson of the great Sir Richard, who had only one son, a Richard like himself. The late Mr Richard Arkwright, the son and heir of the founder of the family, died so recently as 1843, and was said to be 'the richest commoner in England.' Hence, perhaps, an indifference on the part of the Willersley representative of the Arkwrights to the pursuits and gains of manufacturing industry. So that when, some years ago, there sprang up a lawsuit between the owner of the Wirksworth lead-mines (from which came the Cromford Sough) and the present owner of Willersley, respecting the use of the stream, the Cromford mills were put into a state of inactivity; and only certain ultimate processes of the cotton-manufacture are now carried on in them, —not cotton-spinning itself any more. If there be a difficulty about

water-power, why not use steam? Yes, but if one is the son of the richest commoner in England, why trouble himself about the matter at all, unless, indeed, for the sake of the poor people of the district? Accordingly the first of English cotton-mills has been placed, as it were, on half-pay, and in the serene and dignified repose of old age, can look back with satisfaction to its achievements, and the vast Lancashire industrialism which it, even it, brought into existence.

"Half-way between Matlock Bath, however, and Cromford, there is a brother of the Cromford Mill still hard at work—a younger, though not much younger, brother, for the Masson Mill (as it is called) was put together by the great Sir Richard only some seven years after he of Cromford came into being. The Derwent drives it, so that the lovely valley is as yet unpolluted by factory-smoke; and into it, on proper application, entrance is freely given, whether you be a Prussian young gentleman or an English. The second earliest of Sir Richard Arkwright's cotton-mills is an interesting sight. The great inventor's machinery, mahoganied by age, is still at work there after more than seventy years of toil, and turns out, as is owned by the intelligent person who plays the part of cicerone, a much better article than the new machinery, though not producing with the same speed. The rooms where the people work are low, yet in the hot summer's day of our visit to it there was a perfect coolness, the windows being all open, and no attempt being ever made to keep up the temperature to an artificial height in order to aid the process of manufacture. Wise and humane regulations are at work in the relations between the employers and the employed, and in few seats of the cotton-manufacture is everything so wholesome and so cheerful as in this its natal place.

"Were it not for this solitary mill, a stranger might deem that far from being the cradle of cotton-spinning, the fair valley had never been visited by manufacturing enterprise. The memory of the old Sir Richard has faded away into mythical obscurity, and the present representative of the family is honoured much more as the owner of Willersley and High Sheriff of Derbyshire, than as the grandson of the man who more almost than any other for centuries has contributed to the wealth of England. The landscape-gardener has done his best for the noble grounds of Willersley, and on its velvet sward, among its green and rocky solitudes, where Titania and her elves might rejoice, there is nothing to call to mind the cotton which produced whatever is artificial in its beauty and its ease. The manufacturing and commercial classes seem rarely to visit Matlock, which as a watering-place has been fairly eclipsed by Buxton, where there is a duke as chief owner to build and plan, while Matlock itself is parcelled out among a number of free-

holders without the power or the spirit to combine for its improvement. Such few visitors as do repair to Matlock are chiefly from the agricultural counties, nearer or more distant, and the purest Toryism and Protectionism are talked over the old port of its hotels. The principal among the latter harmonises admirably, in aspect and interior, with the spirit of hoar antiquity that pervades the tone and style of life at Matlock. The large drawing-room is filled with the furniture of long-ago. In one corner is a harpsichord, such as those on which our grandmothers played. Up yonder is the old-fashioned orchestra, whence in days of yore, when Matlock was a crowded watering-place, pealed the harmony to which danced the youth and beauty of the midland counties. Here sat young Lord Byron by the side of the lovely heiress of Annesley, and sulked because he could not be her partner in the dance. Those fair young English damsels, hovering about the antique furniture, with its memories of vanished generations, seem like flowers among the tombs. O ye blonde daughters of Albion! in your presence even that mutineer of civilisation, 'the gentleman of the press,' bends the knee. How futile his pen-shafts, his arrowy sarcasms, his flights of rhetoric, and bursts of indignation, before the mute eloquence and mischief of those bright conquering glances!"[1]

Which singular effusion produced in a day or two's time the following letter and rejoinder :—

"THE CRADLE OF COTTON-SPINNING.

"*To the Editor of the Manchester Weekly Advertiser.*

"SIR,—I have read with much pleasure the article in the *Weekly Advertiser* of last week, headed as above, and that pleasure was much heightened by its bringing to recollection a German friend, whose father is the founder of the German village of Cromford, akin, in the beauty of its scenery, to its English namesake, and akin also in its associations as being the German 'cradle of cotton-spinning.'

"Every word that 'mine host' of the hostelry of English Cromford has stated to the writer of the article in your journal is true. My friend went from here (where he has been learning our English system of managing cotton-mills at our establishment) to Cromford, for the sole purpose of viewing it and its neighbourhood, as well as to see England's first cotton-mill.

"On his return from thence, and the Scottish Highlands, he expressed himself highly gratified with England's Cromford, and the hearty Eng-

[1] *Manchester Weekly Advertiser* of August 4, 1855.

lish welcome he there received from all.—I am, Sir, yours very truly,
WILLIAM HARRISON."[1]

Nearly to the end of his days Arkwright continued to superintend the management of his concerns. Only one of them, the mill at Bakewell, was handed over by him during his lifetime to his son, who out of it alone is said to have made £20,000 a year, spinning excellent yarns of counts as high as 80's.[2] Sir Richard Arkwright did not live to see the complete success of Cartwright's power-loom, which his own achievements had indirectly originated. But he did live to see the general application of James Watt's steam-engine, the first patent for which had been taken out in the same year as his own patent of the original spinning-rollers; and in 1790 he erected one of Boulton & Watt's steam-engines in a mill of his at Nottingham. This is the latest act recorded of Arkwright as cotton-spinner or mill-owner. During his long career he had suffered from a violent asthma. It was to a complication of disorders, aggravated, no doubt, by his incessant attention to business, that he succumbed in his sixtieth year, at Cromford, on the 3d of August 1792. The conflict between Europe and the first French Revolution was just beginning, and the financial resources which enabled England to play a part in the struggle were largely derived from the sudden development of the cotton-manufacture, contributed to so conspicuously by Arkwright. He left property of which the value was estimated at half a million sterling. Much of it was inherited by his daughter, Susanna, who married "Charles Hurt, Esq. of Wirksworth," High Sheriff of Derbyshire in 1790 (she survived till 1835); most of it by his only son, the late Richard Arkwright of Willersley Castle, who survived till 1843, when he died in his eighty-eighth year, enor-

[1] *Manchester Weekly Advertiser* of August 11, 1855.

[2] Ure, *Cotton-Manufacture*, i. 276.

mously wealthy.[1] The second Richard seems to have been a hard-working and unostentatious man, of superior capacity, and of no inconsiderable cultivation. A keen controversy was waged in his lifetime respecting the originality of his father's inventions, but during its course, as before and afterwards, he preserved a profound silence. It must be remembered, however, that when the elder Arkwright paid that first famous visit to Kay at Warrington, his son was but a boy of twelve.

Of Arkwright the man, scarcely a glimpse has been afforded us beyond that unsatisfactory one of him conversing with Highs in the parlour of "Mrs Jackson" at

[1] "Gardiner, in his amusing work, entitled *Music and Friends, or Pleasant Recollections of a Dilettante*, states that he" (the second Richard Arkwright) "had, by his unostentatious mode of living, attained such enormous wealth as to be, excepting Prince Esterhazy, the richest man in Europe, and as an instance of his liberality, he says: 'A few years back I met his daughter, Mrs Hurt, of Derbyshire'—who had married her cousin, Francis Edward Hurt of Alderwasley, Derbyshire—'on a Christmas visit at Dr Holcomb's, and she told me that a few mornings before, the whole of her brothers and sisters, amounting to ten, assembled at breakfast at Willsley [Willersley] Castle, her father's mansion. They found, wrapt up in each napkin, a ten thousand pound bank-note, which he had presented them with as a Christmas-box.' 'Since that time,' he adds, 'I have been informed that he has repeated the gift by presenting them with another hundred thousand pounds.' . . . His eldest son, Richard"—the third—"who was in Parliament for several years, died before him, but all the other sons and some of the daughters survived him." The second "Richard Arkwright's will, which was dated December 16, 1841, was proved in Doctors Commons by the oaths of his three surviving sons, who were made executors; and the property was sworn to exceed a million sterling, but this was only a nominal sum, taken because the scale of stamp duties goes no higher. The probate bears a stamp of £15,750, and the legacy duty will be much more. A complete list of Arkwright's descendants, and a notice of the principal legacies in his will, are given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June 1843."—*Biographical Dictionary of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge* (London, 1844). § Arkwright, Richard (*the second*).

Manchester. In the great dearth of anecdote, even what Dr Ure picked up about him, and recorded when speaking of the drawing-frame, may be just worth retailing. "Arkwright," he says, "saw so clearly the great part which this machine played in cotton-spinning, that when bad yarn made its appearance in any one of his mills, he swore a loud oath, according to the vile fashion of the time, and ordered his people to look to their drawings, convinced that if *they* were right everything else would go well." His portrait, limned more than once, has been read off by Carlyle as that of "a plain, almost gross, bag-cheeked, pot-bellied Lancashire man, with an air of painful reflection, yet also of copious free digestion." He must have enjoyed a certain meed of respect among his neighbours, or he would not have been deputed to present the address of congratulation to his sovereign, nor would a mere *parvenu* probably have been pricked High Sheriff of Derbyshire; but of course these are not incidents on which much stress can be laid, although it may be worth observing that both of them occurred soon after the verdict given against him at a trial in which he had been denounced as the unscrupulous appropriator of other men's inventions. When the poor and illiterate Bolton barber rose to be wealthy among the wealthiest, he neither hoarded nor squandered his riches. He had, and to a certain extent he gratified, the laudable ambition of founding a county family; he began the building of Willersley Castle and that of a church, which he left directions was to be endowed with a perpetual annuity of £50 as the stipend of its minister. In the last, and sometimes the most ridiculous adjunct, of newly-acquired wealth, Arkwright was careful to commemorate its origin and his struggles. Not only did he, when his portrait was painted, have his rollers introduced into the picture, but cotton figured, with the little busy bee,

in his armorial bearings ;[1] and well he knew the meaning, though not the language, of his adopted motto, "*Multa tuli fecique.*"

Some characteristics and traits of Arkwright, and scanty particulars of his habits, were received by Mr Baines "from a private source," he says, "on which full reliance may be placed," and we must be content to take them as they are given :—"He commonly laboured in his multifarious concerns from five o'clock in the morning till nine at night ; and when considerably more than fifty years of age—feeling that the defects of his education placed him under great difficulty and inconvenience in conducting his correspondence, and in the general management of his business—he encroached upon his sleep, in order to gain an hour each day to learn English grammar, and another hour to improve his writing and orthography. He was impatient of whatever interfered with his favourite pursuits ; and the fact is too strikingly characteristic not to be mentioned, that he separated from his wife not many years after their marriage, because she, convinced that he would starve his family by scheming when he should have been shaving, broke some of his experimental models of machinery" — a version of the story which differs considerably from Mr Guest's.[2]

[1] Here they are (from Burke's *Landed Gentry*) for the benefit of those interested in such matters :—

"Arms—Arg. on a mount, vert, a cotton-tree, fructed, ppr., on a chief, az., between two bezants, an escutcheon of the field, charged with a bee, volant, ppr.

"Crest—An eagle rising, or, in its beak an escutcheon, pendant by a riband, gu., thereon a hank of cotton, arg.

"Motto—*Multa tuli fecique.*"

[2] While these sheets are passing through the press, *Arkwright's Wife*, a drama founded on the version of the separation given by Mr Baines, is being played at one of the London theatres, after a preliminary career in the provinces. In this piece, the Margaret Biggins of reality is converted into the daughter of a Peter Hayes, intended to

"Arkwright was a severe economist of time; and that he might not waste a moment, he generally travelled with four horses, and at a very rapid speed. His concerns in Derbyshire, Lancashire, and Scotland were so extensive and numerous as to show at once his astonishing power of transacting business and his all-grasping spirit. In many of these he had partners, but he generally managed in such a way that whoever lost, he himself was a gainer. So unbounded was his confidence in the success of his machinery, and in the national wealth to be produced by it, that he would make light of discussions on taxation, and say that *he* would pay the National Debt! His speculative schemes were vast and daring. He contemplated entering into the most extensive mercantile transactions, and buying up all the cotton in the world, in order to make an enormous profit by the monopoly; and from the extravagance of some

represent the Thomas Highs with whom the reader is familiar. Peter has ruined himself in the attempt to invent spinning-machinery. Arkwright, who in the play is a brisk barber, with a vein of sentiment, offers in the course of business to buy Margaret Hayes's beautiful hair, but falls in love with her during the negotiation, and they become man and wife—the ruined Peter finding a shelter under their roof. Arkwright now betakes himself to projecting a spinning-machine, and, worming out of his penitent father-in-law the secret of the rollers, constructs a model, which is afterwards exhibited on the stage, and is a pretty close reproduction of the drawing accompanying the specification of 1769. Partly from jealousy of her husband's devotion to his project, partly from a fear that his success will throw the working people out of employment, Margaret destroys the model, and her indignant husband casts her off. Of course they come together again at last. Poor and forlorn, Margaret and her father reach, in the fifth act, Birkacre, near Chorley, where Arkwright was, as the reader knows, the owner of a mill which a riotous mob destroyed. Peter hounds on the malcontents to wreak his and their vengeance on the mill of his son-in-law, now a rich and prosperous man; but Margaret, still loving her spouse, and having acquired sounder than her former views on the economic results of machinery, baffles their schemes at the hazard of her life, and is rewarded by restoration to home and husband.

of these designs, his judicious friends were of opinion that if he had lived to put them in practice he might have overset the whole fabric of his prosperity."[1]

No one has estimated more highly than Dr Ure Arkwright's mechanical insight; but even had he been, what it is evident he was not, from first to last an appropriator of other people's inventions, Arkwright would still be admirable to the author of "The Philosophy of Manufactures." He did more than Kay, or Hargreaves, or Crompton, the inventors of isolated machines or mechanical contrivances, but not requiring for their success a harmonious adaptation to and of other systems of complicated mechanism, together with a new organisation of human labour. "The main difficulty," says Dr Ure,[2] "did not, in my apprehension, lie so much in the invention of a proper and self-acting mechanism for drawing out and twisting cotton into a continuous thread, as in the distribution of the different members of the apparatus into one co-operative body, in impelling each organ with its appropriate delicacy and speed, and, above all, in training human beings to renounce their desultory habits of work, and to identify themselves with the unvarying regularity of a complicated automaton. To devise and administer a successful code of factory discipline, suited to the necessities of factory diligence, was the Herculean enterprise, the noble achievement of Arkwright. Even in the present day, when the system is perfectly organised, and its labour lightened to the utmost, it is found nearly impossible to convert persons past the age of puberty, whether drawn from rural or from handicraft occupations, into useful factory hands. After struggling for a while to conquer their listless or restive habits, they either renounce the employment spontaneously or are dismissed by

[1] Baines, *Cotton-Manufacture*, p. 196.

[2] *Philosophy of Manufactures* (London, 1861), i. 14, &c.

the overlookers for want of attention. It required, in fact," the enthusiastic Doctor adds, "a man of a Napoleon nerve and ambition to subdue the refractory tempers of workpeople accustomed to irregular paroxysms of diligence, and to urge on his multifarious and intricate constructions in the face of prejudice, passion, and envy. Such was Arkwright, who, suffering nothing to stay or turn aside his progress, arrived gloriously at the goal, and has for ever affixed his name to a great era in the annals of mankind—an era which has laid open unbounded prospects of wealth and comfort to the industrious, however much they have been occasionally clouded by ignorance and folly. . . Arkwright well deserves to live in honoured remembrance among those ancient master-spirits who persuaded their roaming companions to exchange the precarious toils of the chase for the settled comforts of agriculture." No statue that one knows of has been anywhere erected to him; but the industrial aspects of Lancashire are an adequate memorial of his achievements. Richard Arkwright was the Founder of the Factory system, and of him it may surely be said to every denizen of his native county: "*Si monumentum quæris, circumspice!*"

THE END.

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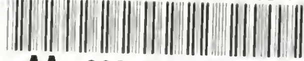

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