

BYGONE

WARWICKSHIRE

WILLIAM ANDREWS F.R.H.S.





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BYGONE WARWICKSHIRE.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.,

AUTHOR OF

“BYGONE ENGLAND,” “OLD CHURCH LORE,”

“OLD-TIME PUNISHMENTS,” ETC.

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Preface.

THE history of Warwickshire is of the greatest possible interest, an interest by no means confined to the county. In the following pages an attempt is made to deal in a readable form, but at the same time a scholar-like style, with the stirring events, social life, amusements, curious customs, folk-lore, etc., of the shire. Shakespeare has given to Warwickshire a world-wide fame, and on this account his life receives much attention. It is only fair to Mr. Leo Grindon, the writer of "The Shakespeare Garden," to state that we have adopted our own, and not his, mode of spelling the name of the poet. It now only remains for me to thank my contributors for their valuable assistance, and to express a hope that the volume may find favour with the press and the public.

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

THE HULL PRESS,
May-Day, 1893.

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BYGONE WARWICKSHIRE.



Historic Warwickshire.

BY THOMAS FROST.

TWO thousand years ago, when Rome was the centre of civilization, and our ancestors were skin-clad savages, their own skins ornamented with blue figures, the portion of England now forming the county of Warwick was sparsely inhabited by a tribe whom Roman writers call the Cornavii. The territory of this primitive people extended also to the present counties of Stafford and Salop, and a portion of Worcestershire. The greater part of the county was then covered with thick woods, a portion of which formed in later times the forest of Arden, the glades of which were peopled by Shakespeare with some of his most exquisite creations. These woods for some years afforded security to the dwellers in their fastnesses against the Roman invaders, but Ostorius Scapula, the second

governor of Britain, at length penetrated them with his legions, and forced the Cornavii to submit to the Roman yoke.

Forts and entrenched camps were constructed by the conquerors along the course of the Avon, and the capital roads which they had made from the south towards the centre of the island were extended through Warwickshire into Shropshire and Staffordshire. The Watling Street entered the county from Leicestershire, passing through Atherstone; and the Foss-way, made in the third consulship of Adrian, more than seventeen hundred years ago, also passed through the county, while traces of the Ickniel have been found a little to the north of Alcester, which was made a military station. High Cross, four miles from Newnham Padox, near which the Foss-way passed, is supposed to be the site of the Benonæ of the itinerary of Antoninus. The claim advanced by some writers for Warwick to be regarded as the Præsidium of the Romans is not sustained by clear evidence, and no Roman remains have been found there; but vestiges of the Roman occupation have been discovered at Alcester, where bricks and coins were often found in Dugdale's time, the latter memorials having

also been turned up in the making of the road from that town to Stratford.

All the eastern side of the Rugby division of the county has disclosed indications of Roman possession. It is bordered by the Watling Street, and remains have been traced of the station named Tripontium and a camp at Wolston, on the south bank of the Avon.

Warwickshire contributed very little to the history of the country during the Anglo-Saxon period. There are traditions of Royal residences in Heptarchy times at Offchurch and Kingsbury, and a charter of Beurthwolf, King of Mercia, of which kingdom the county formed a part, is dated from Villa Regalis, Werburgewis, supposed to be Warwick. The chief historical event of the period is the Battle of Seckington, fought between the Mercians and the West Saxons, in which Ethelbald, the tenth King of Mercia, was slain. Saxon remains are far from numerous, and not remarkable, as a rule, for architectural beauty or grandeur. A fine arch at Polesworth, formerly a portion of a monastery there, is one of the most conspicuous, and there are also some interesting remnants of the Abbey of Merevale.

The subsequent ravages of the Danes may

help to account for this state of things, as they are said to have burned many towns in this part of England in the course of their incursions.

It would perhaps not be fair to pass from this portion of the history of Warwickshire without mentioning the well-known legend with which the name of Godiva, the wife of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, is associated ; but it must be dismissed at once as a mediæval myth. Leofric died in 1057, and though several chronicles were written during the succeeding two hundred and fifty years, the story is mentioned in none of them, the earliest mention of it occurring in Matthew of Westminster, who wrote in 1307.

The first historical event of the Anglo-Norman period occurred during the civil war waged by the rival baronial parties who supported the respective claims to the throne of the Dowager Empress Maud and the usurper Stephen. Warwick Castle, which then first came into prominence among the feudal strongholds of the kingdom, was garrisoned for Stephen, but on the approach of a loyalist force under Prince Henry, son of the Empress (afterwards Henry II.), it was surrendered by the Dowager Countess of Warwick. When the troubles brought upon the

kingdom by the faithlessness of Henry III. reached Warwickshire, the castle was held for the King by William Maudit, but in 1265 it was surprised by an insurgent force commanded by the governor of Kenilworth Castle, the garrison made prisoners, and a portion of the outer walls destroyed. Maudit obtained his liberty, however, on paying a ransom of nineteen hundred marks. Kenilworth Castle had been granted by Henry to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who had married a sister of the King, and it became, after the Battle of Evesham and the death of that powerful and popular noble, a stronghold of the insurgents. Though it had been granted to Montfort only for his life, his son took possession of it, but fled on the approach of the royal forces commanded by the King. Henry de Hastings then assumed the direction of the defence, and held out with vigour, making many desperate sallies; but after a resistance protracted to six months, the defenders became so reduced by famine and sickness that they were forced to surrender. The castle was then given by the King to his second son, Prince Edmund, but on the attainder of the latter's son, the Earl of Lancaster, who headed the baronial

confederacy against Edward II., it reverted to the Crown.

In the course of that struggle between absolutism and a lawless aristocracy, there was enacted in the neighbourhood of Warwick Castle one of those violent deeds which have so frequently stained the pages of history in similar circumstances. Piers Gaveston, the unworthy favourite of an unworthy king, having been taken prisoner at Scarborough by the rebel barons, was brought to Warwick, and a council held in the castle to decide his fate. His death being resolved upon, he was taken to a hollow in the side of Blacklow Hill, two miles from the castle, where his head was struck off, a convenient rock serving as a block. The event was recorded by an inscription cut in the face of a cliff close at hand:—"1311. Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, beheaded here." About sixty years ago this simple record was supplemented by the erection of a cross, bearing the inscription:—"In the hollow of this rock was beheaded, on the first day of July, 1312, by barons lawless as himself, Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, the minion of a hateful king, in life and death a memorable instance of misrule." Edward soon

afterwards found his own person in danger, and endeavoured to secure a retreat in Kenilworth Castle, but he was taken prisoner by the revolted barons, and found it only a prison. His deposition was shortly afterwards pronounced by Parliament, and no long time elapsed before his life was brought to an end by violence in a dungeon of Berkeley Castle, in Gloucestershire.

Gosford Green, near Coventry, was the intended scene, in the reign of Richard II., of the projected duel between the Earl of Hereford (afterwards Henry IV.,) son of John, Duke of Lancaster, one of the uncles of the young monarch, and the Duke of Norfolk, which became, as a consequence of the interposition of the Sovereign, a prelude to the long and sanguinary struggle between the rival houses of York and Lancaster. The intending combatants being prohibited from fighting and banished the realm, the Earl of Hereford returned at the head of an army, dispossessed his royal cousin, and usurped his place. Four years later, a Parliament was convened at Coventry, a notable fact in connection with it being the exclusion of lawyers. Another Parliament was held at the same town in 1459, when an act was passed

attainting of treason Richard, Duke of York, who then claimed the throne as a direct descendant of the second son of Edward III., whereas Henry VI. was the great-grandson of the third son of that monarch. Attainders were passed at the same time against Richard's son, afterwards Edward IV., and the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury. The Yorkists on this account called this Parliament a *Parliamentum Diabolicum*, and all its Acts were subsequently rescinded when they became the dominant party in the State. Throughout the calamitous struggle of this period, Coventry adhered to the fortunes of the Lancastrian faction, while Warwick, partly perhaps through the Nevil influence, cast in its lot with the Yorkists. In 1469 Earl Rivers and his son were beheaded on Gosford Green.

The armies of both Richard III. and the usurper Richmond were on Warwickshire soil just before the battle of Bosworth. The former stopped at Maxstoke Castle, three miles from Coleshill, on his march from Nottingham to Bosworth, having taken possession of it on the attainder and execution of its late owner, the Duke of Buckingham; and Richmond entered

Atherstone with his troops while marching in the same direction, and encamped for the night in a meadow on the north side of the church. It was here that Lord Stanley and his son had the interview with Richard at which the traitorous movement was concerted which gave the victory to Richmond.

The history of Warwickshire under the Tudor Dynasty may be briefly told. When a party was formed to oppose the succession of Mary, on the death of Edward VI., it had many adherents in the county; but the Earl of Huntingdon came promptly to repress any movement they might make on behalf of Lady Guildford Dudley, and the agitation quickly collapsed. The Duke of Suffolk found a refuge here for some time, being, according to a local tradition, concealed in a large hollow tree, "two bow-shots south-west from the church," at Astley. He was betrayed, however, by a keeper in whom he had confided, taken from his hiding-place, and executed. In the following reign the county received a royal visitor for the first time in state since Henry VI. and his Queen, the intrepid Margaret of Anjou, were entertained by the corporation of Coventry. Elizabeth sojourned at that town on

her way to Kenilworth, where the Earl of Leicester entertained her with those pageants and banquets reported by Master Laneham, and the chief incidents of which have been so graphically described by Scott in the romance which takes its title from their scene. It was there, too, that the unfortunate Amy Robsart met her death, whether by accident or crime remaining as profound a mystery as her real relations with Leicester.

In 1566 another royal lady came to Coventry, but, not like Elizabeth, in the course of a royal progress. The unfortunate Mary of Scotland—truly unfortunate she was, whatever opinion may be held as to her relations with Rizzio, and her implication in the murder of Darnley—was brought there as a prisoner, and lodged in the house of the mayor. In the course of the many changes in her place of confinement, which were ordered by Elizabeth, who seems to have been in constant fear that her captive would escape, she was again in Coventry in 1569, when she was confined in the Bull Inn, on the site of which the barracks were afterwards built. In 1617, her son, James VI., then become James I. of England, visited Coventry, the trade of which, it

may here be noted, in woollen manufactures had been declining since the Reformation, and had not recovered at this time, while no other had taken its place.

Another royal visitor to Warwickshire at this period was the Princess Elizabeth, who was staying at Combe Abbey when the machinations of the "Gunpowder Plot" conspirators were in progress, and was the object of a conspiracy formed to surprise and kidnap her, which, however, was discovered and frustrated. This was one of the ramifications of the larger scheme of Catesby and others, and was to have been carried out by a section of the conspirators who met at Dunchurch.

During the civil war of the following reign, Warwickshire was almost unanimous in supporting the Parliament. The powerful influence of Lord Brooke was exerted on that side, and Coventry, Warwick, and Birmingham were early in pronouncing in its favour. At the commencement of the struggle, the King, who was then at Leicester, commanded the attendance there of the mayor and sheriff of Coventry, but they declined to wait upon him, the Parliamentary party being already in the ascendant there. The Earl of

Northampton, who held the office of recorder, endeavoured to raise men for the Royal army, but met with so much opposition that he at last had to fly for his life through the back door of the Bull Inn. Anticipating an attack from the Royalists, Lord Brooke had all the ammunition in the town seized and removed to Warwick Castle. Four hundred men, newly raised in Birmingham for the Parliament, marched to Coventry to assist in its defence, and when Charles appeared before the town with an army and demanded admittance, he was met with a refusal to receive more than two hundred men as the royal escort. Incensed at this, he ordered cannon to be placed on Stivichall Hill and the brow of the park quarry, and opened fire on the town. Only one of the defenders was killed, and little damage was sustained by the buildings; and the King, hearing that Lord Brooke was marching up from the south, drew off his troops, and left the town in peace.

A few days afterwards Lord Brooke arrived with seven thousand infantry and a troop of cavalry. Several Royalists of the town, who had paraded their sympathy with the monarch by wearing the colours of the Earl of Northampton,

were then arrested and sent as prisoners to Warwick, and the property of others who had fled was put under sequestration. In the following year Alderman Banks was appointed governor of the town for the Parliament, and measures were taken to place it in a condition for successful defence. A regiment of infantry and a troop of cavalry were raised, trenches cut outside the walls, and sluices opened at the influx of the river Sherbourn. Some of the gates of the town were closed and others fortified, and cannon were placed on the principal towers. The quarries near the town were filled up, lest they should afford cover to attacking parties of the enemy, this task being performed by women, who worked in military order, under the direction of one of their own sex, named Adderley, who appears to have been a woman of unusual courage and energy.

Charles ventured to enter Birmingham at this time, but when he left, the carriages containing the Royal plate were seized and sent to Warwick Castle. That stronghold was besieged in the month of August of this year, but the assailants were discomfited and forced to retire, after lying before it for sixteen days. About the same time

the Royalists were driven out of Stratford-on-Avon by Lord Brooke. The county furnished its full quota to the Parliament when the struggle commenced in earnest at Edgehill, two hundred men being furnished from Coventry, one hundred from Warwick, and three hundred from other parts of the county, the regiment which Lord Brooke commanded at Edgehill being composed entirely of Warwickshire men.

Edgehill, where the first great battle was fought, on the 23rd of October, 1642, is situated midway between the villages of Kineton and Redway, and about ten miles from Stratford-on-Avon. The road from the latter place rises almost imperceptibly until near the scene of the battle, where an abrupt incline is reached, the hill being really an upward step, like Alderley Edge, in Cheshire, Blackstone Edge, in Lancashire, and other similar places, the summit being level, the face towards the south-east alone being steep. The Royal army, commanded by the King in person, had marched from Shrewsbury, with the intention of advancing to Oxford, *via* Banbury; and that of the Parliament, led by the Earl of Essex, from Worcester. Though the distance between the two towns is only twenty

miles, the hostile forces were within six miles of each other before either of the generals was aware of the other's vicinity. The Parliamentarians had reached Kineton when Prince Rupert received intelligence of their approach, and he immediately apprised the King. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon, but as there was no likelihood of reinforcements reaching him, while the enemy had garrisons at Warwick, Coventry, and Banbury, and the disaffection of the inhabitants prevented him from obtaining any supplies, Charles resolved to attack at once. The Earl of Lindsey commanded, under the King, the infantry being led by Sir Jacob Astley, the cavalry by Sir Arthur Aston, and the artillery by Sir John Heyden.

On coming within sight of the enemy, who were prepared to receive them, Prince Rupert, at the head of the right wing of the cavalry, charged the left wing of the Parliamentary horse, which was commanded by General Ramsay. Sir Faithful Fortescue, who commanded a troop of that force, immediately went over to the King, and the rest fled, and were pursued furiously by Rupert for two miles. Seeing this, the right wing of the Parliamentary army also

took to flight, and were chased off the field by the Royal cavalry. Then the King's reserves, commanded by Sir John Biron, joined in the pursuit, deeming the enemy completely vanquished. Sir William Balfour, who commanded Essex's reserves, saw an opportunity to retrieve the fortunes of the Parliament. He made a vigorous attack upon the Royal infantry, captured the King's standard, its bearer, Sir Edmund Verney, being killed, and made prisoners of Lord Lindsey and his son, the former mortally wounded. Prince Rupert, returning from his characteristically impetuous chase, found what he had supposed to be a brilliant victory perilously near being a defeat. The unexpected reverse which had come about during his absence from the field had damped the ardour of his troopers, and Essex on his side made no attempt to follow the advantage gained by Balfour. Both armies remained on the field, but hostilities were not renewed, and on the following morning the King's army retreated to its former quarters at Banbury, and the Parliamentarians drew off to Warwick.

On the plateau of Edgehill stands the church of Barton Dasset, from which, according to

Barton, the historian, Cromwell, then a captain in a cavalry regiment, watched the battle, and on seeing the flight of his comrades, slid down the bell-rope, mounted his horse, and rode off. This story has been shown by Carlyle to have no foundation in fact. "Captain Cromwell," says he, "*was* present, and did his duty." His eldest son, too, was a cornet in another troop of Essex's cavalry, and was also present. The only other military incident of this year was the attack made by Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice on Caldecote Hall, which was so vigorously defended that they were constrained to retire.

In the following year Birmingham was attacked by Prince Rupert with a force of two thousand men, the object being to open the road from Oxford to York. The town was defended by a company of infantry and a troop of cavalry from Lichfield. A running fight in the streets ensued, resulting in the Parliamentarians being driven out, and the town fired by the Royalists, several houses being burned. Queen Henrietta Maria entered Stratford-on-Avon with three thousand infantry, fifteen hundred cavalry, and a battery of artillery, and was met by Prince Rupert with the troops

who had been engaged at Birmingham. The Queen sojourned three weeks in the town, staying at New Place, and then proceeded to Kington to meet the King, with whom she then travelled to Oxford.

After the decisive battle of Naseby, Warwickshire enjoyed peace, the authority of the Parliament being generally acknowledged. But, though the county evinced so much unanimity in supporting the cause of the Parliament, yet, in 1659, the restoration of monarchy was proclaimed amidst manifestations of joy, and the coronation of Charles II. was celebrated by the lighting of bonfires and the ringing of church bells in Coventry and other towns. In 1687, only a year before the abdication and flight of James II., Coventry received a visit from that monarch, that being the last occasion of the town being honoured with the presence of royalty.

Towards the close of the last century, Birmingham was violently agitated by the animosity which existed between the supporters of the Established Church and the Nonconformists of the town, and which was intensified by the political excitement created by the revolution in France. In 1791, a festive gathering was

organised by the Whig party, to which most, if not all, of the Nonconformists belonged, for the 14th July, the anniversary of the capture of the Bastille by the populace of Paris; a few days previous to which, by a device not unfrequently resorted to by the Government in those days, several copies of an inflammatory and seditious hand-bill were left by a stranger in a public-house. These being circulated, the magistrates offered a reward of one hundred guineas for the discovery of the author, printer, or publisher, who could not be found, though rumour associated them unjustly with the conveners of the intended gathering. Between eighty and ninety gentlemen assembled at the appointed time, and a scientist named Keir, a member of the Established Church, was voted to the chair. A tumultuous crowd gathered in front of the house, demonstrating their disapprobation of the proceedings by hisses and groans, and shouts of "Church and King!" On the party separating, the windows of the hotel were quickly demolished, notwithstanding the presence of the magistrates and their efforts to maintain order; but no further violence was committed until some hours later.

With the approach of night the mob gathered again, yelling their watchword and threatening the leading Nonconformists of the town, and attacked the Unitarian chapel at which the eminent scientist, Dr. Priestley, preached. Having set fire to it, the rioters moved to another Nonconformist chapel, which soon shared the same fate. Then they proceeded to the house of Dr. Priestley, at Fairhill, where they broke open the doors, and threw the contents of the library, the doctor's manuscripts and papers, and his valuable scientific instruments into the road, the owner and his family having barely time to effect their escape. On the following day, the rioters reassembled and attacked the handsome mansion of a gentleman named Ryland, where, finding a large stock of wine and ale, a scene of drunken revelry ensued, in the course of which the house was fired, several of the rioters perishing in the cellars by suffocation or by the falling in of the roof. Several other houses, including that of Hutton, the historian of Birmingham, were plundered and destroyed by the mob, who continued their destructive work until the night of the 17th, when three troops of dragoons arrived in the town, and by their aid the magi-

strates tardily succeeded in restoring order. Many prisoners were taken, twelve of whom were tried at Warwick and five at Worcester, three of the former and one of the latter number suffering the extreme penalty of the law.

The history of Warwickshire during the last hundred years has been comparatively uneventful. Prosperity followed in the track of peace, and was promoted by the introduction of new industries. Birmingham, which in the seventeenth century was of less importance than Coventry and Warwick, has become in the nineteenth a town of the first magnitude, while Coventry, though it has experienced some vicissitudes, has, through the enterprise of its citizens, survived all its reverses. The introduction of the ribbon manufacture, early in the last century, was the first attempt to replace the loss of its woollen trade, and it was followed later by an extensive trade in watches. Free trade in silks deprived the town of its ribbon trade, but this has been in turn replaced by the manufacture of trimmings and other small wares.

The Wars of Athelbald and Cuthred.

(A.D. 741-756.)

FROM the records of the ancient Mercian Kingdom we cull a page that narrates the wars of Athelbald of Mercia and Cuthred of Wessex—wars that are in effect a portion of Warwickshire history.

Athelbald, a powerful and successful monarch, harassed Cuthred by open warfare, and by prompting his subjects to revolt against his authority. Brief periods of indecisive war and disturbed peace followed, but A.D. 744 the two kings combined against a common enemy—the Britons. These unfortunate people made frequent war upon the Saxons, and over-ran and plundered the territories which they had once possessed. At this time they had assembled in arms to deal a special blow against their enemies, and had wrought much mischief and gathered rich spoil, when Athelbald and Cuthred fell on, drove their undisciplined bands from the field in confusion, and bore off the rich booty in triumph.

In 751 Cuthred won fresh laurels, and augmented his power by reducing to obedience one of his revolted chieftains named Athelhun, who was esteemed a capable and dangerous opponent.

The rival monarchs tried their strength against each other, A.D. 752, at Burford.

Burford field was a gleam with arms,
Mercia echoed to war-alarms.

In steel King Cuthred clad his breast—
Banners billowed above his crest.

Brave men bore the dragon of gold
Before the mighty Athelbald.

Loud was the clarion's thrilling peal,
Huge the forest of burnished steel.

With loud war-crash the surges meet—
The slain are trampled under feet.

Cuthred's bannerman couched his lance
To meet the Mercian's proud advance.

Down went the dragon of red gold
Upon the sward its bearer rolled.

Strong hands the dragon flag flung out,
Its glory dimmed by dark blood-gout.

Bore down the pikemens' hedge of steel—
Far back King Cuthred's warriors reel.

On front and flank the missiles rain,
Green herbage takes a ruddy stain.

With whirlwind force the horse bear down
To save King Cuthred's falling crown.

The shivered spear-wood strews the field
The warrior falls behind his shield.
Death gaps the column's bloody hem—
Nor spear nor shield the charge can stem.
In vain behind King Athelbald
His chiefs wave high the dragon's gold.
It glitters o'er a surging plain,
To fall amidst the chieftains slain.

As Roger of Wendover puts it, "God, who resisteth the proud, and giveth grace unto the lowly, turned Athelbald to flight, and rejoiced Cuthred with the victory."

The loss of the battle proved a heavy blow to the proud and warlike Athelbald, who renewed the struggle A.D. 755.

The marching armies no doubt presented a spectacle of barbaric magnificence, as the wild horsemen carried the banners forward, over hill and plain, huge masses of spearmen bringing up the rear, their weapons and armour glittering in the sun.

The two armies struck at Seckington, but history furnishes no details of the battle. It was decisive of the quarrel, and was therefore, no doubt, protracted and sanguinary. The result secured the throne of Cuthred, and proved fatal to Athelbald.

According to Wendover, Athelbald, disdain-
ing to secure his safety by flight, was slain at
Seckington. Roger de Hoveden confirms this
account. In the few notes that continue Bede's
"Ecclesiastical History," Ethelbald's fate is thus
stated: "Ethelbald, King of the Mercians, was
miserably murdered in the night by his own
tutors; Beonred began his reign, etc." The
Anglo-Saxon Chronicle confirms the continuation
of Bede:—"Ethelbald, King of the Mercians, was
slain at Seckington, and his body lies at Repton,
and he reigned forty-one years; and Beonred
obtained the kingdom, and held it a little while
and unhappily. And the same year Offa drove
out Beonred, and obtained the kingdom."

Cuthred, relieved from his most persistent
enemy, did not long enjoy the fruits of victory;
but struck one more blow in the field, with his
usual success, against the restless Britons.
Wendover thus records his death, A.D. 756:—"In
this year also merciless death carried off the most
mighty King Cuthred, after so many successes
and victories."

Kenilworth.

BY JOHN T. PAGE.

“Thy walls transferred to Leicester’s favour’d Earl,
He long, beneath thy roof, the Maiden Queen
And all her courtly guests with rare device
And mask and emblematic scenery,
Tridents and sea-nymphs, and the Floating Isle,
Detained. Nor feats of prowess, joist and tilt
Of harnessed knights, or rustic revelry,
Were wanting ; nor dance, and sprightly mirth
Beneath the festive walls, with regal state,
And choicest luxury, served. But regal state,
And sprightly mirth, beneath the festive roof,
Are now no more.”

AMONG the numberless pretty roads that Warwickshire can boast, it would be hard to mention one which possesses a greater charm than the road between Coventry and Warwick. For exquisite vistas of rural scenery and richness of historic association there could scarcely be found such another ten miles in any part of England. Should this statement require verification it is only needful to turn to Barnum’s Autobiography, where he speaks of it as “decidedly the most lovely country I ever beheld,” and further significantly adds, “Since taking that tour I have heard that two gentlemen once made a bet, each that he would name the

most lovely drive in England. Many persons were present, and the two gentlemen wrote on separate slips of paper the scene which he most admired. One gentleman wrote, 'The road from Warwick to Coventry;' the other had written, 'The road from Coventry to Warwick!'"

Kenilworth is about equidistant from the above mentioned places; and on a sunny summer's morning that man is certainly in an enviable position who, with his back turned on Coventry, finds himself *en route* for Kenilworth, along this well-kept road flanked on either side by masses of luxuriant foliage and glimpses of lovely undulating country. What a peaceful frame of mind he is in; and how keenly alive are his receptive faculties to the harmony of his surroundings! Myriads of songsters from Nature's orchestra fill the air with their dulcet notes to cheer him on the way, as he speeds nearer and ever nearer to his goal.

There could be no better prelude to prepare his mind for a careful survey of that classic ruin around whose every stone seems to hover a halo of romance. For some hour-and-a-half he has been living entirely in the present, and sight and sound seem to have vied with each other to keep

his attention there. Gradually now the scene changes, and anon he finds himself restfully reclining on a mossy slope, while all around him stand the fragments and shattered remains of what was formerly one of England's lordliest structures.

The transition from present to past has been almost imperceptible, for before he is aware of the fact, his-brain is busily engaged conjuring up the forms of those who have long ago mouldered into dust, but who, in their time, did so much to make the very name of Kenilworth full of recollections of intensest interest.

The word Kenilworth is undoubtedly of Saxon origin, being derived from *Kenelm*, King of Mercia, its first owner, and *worth*, a home or dwelling-place. In Queen Elizabeth's time it had somehow got corrupted into *Killingworth*, and strange to say some of the natives of Warwickshire still call it so to this day.

After the Norman Conquest, Kenelm's possessions were held by the Crown until the reign of Henry the First, when Kenilworth was granted to a Norman named Geoffrey de Clinton, who by his superior merits had raised himself from a low estate to be Lord Chief-Justice of

England. From this time the real history of the place commences. Geoffrey took a great fancy to his new property, laid the foundations of a lordly fortress, and speedily reared such a structure as became the glory of the surrounding country.

In the year 1154 we find Kenilworth Castle in the possession of King Henry the Second, who deemed it advisable, during the rebellion of his eldest son, to place a strong garrison there. Accounts and returns of receipts and expenses were regularly sent to the King by those in command, and these, which are still extant, help to throw some very interesting lights on the prices of provisions at this time. Thus we find that one hundred quarters of bread corn cost £8. 2. 2. (a fraction over 2 d. a bushel); one hundred quarters of barley £1. 13. 4. ($\frac{1}{2}$ d. a bushel); one hundred hogs £7. 10. 0. (1s. 6d. each); forty cows, salted, £4. (2s. each); one hundred and twenty cheeses £2. (4d. each); and twenty-five quarters of salt £1. 10. 0. (3d. a bushel.)

During the reigns of Richard the First and John, the castle seems to have vastly increased in importance, and on the appointment of a new

governor, named Gilbert de Segrave, by Henry the Third, in 1242, he took a solemn oath on a Bible in the presence of the King to observe, amongst other conditions, the following :—

“That he was to keep it only during the King’s pleasure, and not to deliver it into the hands of anyone but the King himself, so long as he lived : and that if the King should die during his custody thereof, to yield it to Queen Eleanor for the use of the King’s heirs ; but in case the said Queen could not come in person, that then he should not deliver it to any except to some of her uncles to the use of the King’s heirs who were not in league with the King of France.”

In the year 1254, Kenilworth was granted by Henry to Simon de Montfort, who had married Eleanor, the King’s sister ; and after Simon’s rebellion against his Royal brother-in-law, the castle became the scene of one of the most obstinate sieges recorded in history. A great battle was fought at Evesham, in the neighbouring county of Worcester, on the 4th of August, 1265, at which Earl Simon was slain. His son, who was at the time in charge at Kenilworth, received into the castle all those who fled after the fight was over, and soon a very large number

of rebels were sheltered within its walls. They continually sallied forth in bands to ransack the surrounding country for provisions, and those who stayed behind laboured in many ways to render their fortress impregnable. For the space of about twelve months, rapine, murder, and plunder were conducted on an enormous scale by these hordes of lawless rebels; until, in the autumn of 1266, Prince Edward appeared with a large army before the castle walls, and demanded a surrender. This the rebels indignantly refused, and, as Dugdale observes, "they did not only slight the King's offers, but maimed the messenger, and with much resolution defended themselves against all the assaults that were made, having engines that cast forth stones of great bigness, and making bold and frequent sallies, did very much mischief; neither could the sentence of Ottobon,* the Pope's legate, who was there in the camp, nor the King's power, one whit daunt them." For six months they held their own against all odds, and then, worn out by famine and disease, they capitulated.

Soon after the King obtained possession of the

* This was Ottobani, now on his second visit to England for the purpose of bringing about a better understanding between Henry and his Barons,

castle, he bestowed it on his son Edmund, at the same time creating him Earl of Leicester, the title which the De Montfort family had forfeited through their rebellion.

It was in the year 1279 that Kenilworth Castle was the scene of a most splendid and costly festival, presided over by "The King of Folly," Roger Mortimer, Earl of March. The lordliest gallants of the day, with an equal number of the proudest dames, were present. A continuous round of banqueting, tilting, and dancing was the order of the day; and it was during this merry-making that silk shawls are mentioned as having been worn for the first time by English ladies.

Soon after the troublous reign of Edward the Second commenced, the King gave orders for Kenilworth to be kept well garrisoned, evidently with the intention of himself retiring there for safety in case of need. We know that he did ultimately arrive there, but it was as a close prisoner, and subject to the tender mercies of Sir Thomas Berkeley and Sir John Maltravers. They eventually removed him to Berkeley Castle, but before they had proceeded far on their journey thither, in the open fields between Kenilworth



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

and Warwick, these brutal custodians are said to have conceived and carried out the fiendish idea of shaving the hair from his head and face with ditch-water. Stow recapitulates the tale of this cold-blooded cruelty in his usual quaint style, and says that "devising to disfigure him that hee might not bee known, they determine for to shave as well the haire of his head as also of his beard; wherefore, as in their journey they travailed by a little water which ranne in a ditch, they commanded him to light from his horse to be shaven, to whome, being set on a moale hill, a barber came unto him with a bason of colde water taken out of the ditch, to shave him withall, saying unto the king, that that water would serve for that time. To whome Edward answered, that would they, noulde they, he would have warme water for his beard; and to the end that he might keepe his promise, he began to weepe, and to shed teares plentifully."

The celebrated John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, was the next person of any note who owned Kenilworth. He greatly improved and enlarged the castle, and, with a few exceptions, the walls which now exist are the remains of those he built. Henry the Fourth, who was

John of Gaunt's son, inherited all his father's possessions, and from this time until the reign of Elizabeth, Kenilworth remained in the hands of the Crown.

It was on the 20th of June, 1563, that the Virgin Queen bestowed this princely inheritance on her favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. The accounts of the visits which the Queen paid to the Castle in 1566, 1568, and 1575 respectively are too familiar to need comment. The last, which was by far the most magnificent pageant, has been graphically and fully described by Scott in his well-known novel. In one of his brilliant word-pictures he also there describes the appearance the castle presented at the latter end of the sixteenth century. The paragraphs in question may very fittingly find a place here.

“The outer wall of this splendid and gigantic structure enclosed seven acres, a part of which was occupied by extensive stables, and by a pleasure garden, with its trim arbours and parterres, and the rest formed the large base-court, or outer yard, of the noble castle. The lordly structure itself, which rose near the centre of this spacious enclosure was composed of a huge pile of magnificent castellated buildings, appar-

ently of different ages, surrounding an inner court, and bearing, in the names attached to each portion of the magnificent mass, and in the armorial bearings which were there blazoned, the emblems of mighty chiefs who had long passed away, and whose history, could ambition have lent ear to it, might have read a lesson to the haughty favourite, who had now acquired and was augmenting the fair domain. A large and massive keep, which formed the citadel of the castle, was of uncertain though great antiquity. It bore the name of Cæsar, perhaps from its resemblance to that in the Tower of London so called. . . . Leicester himself had outdone the former possessors, princely and powerful as they were, by erecting another immense structure, which now lies crushed under its own ruins, the monument of its owner's ambition. The external wall of this royal castle was, on the south and west sides, adorned and defended by a lake, partly artificial, across which Leicester had constructed a stately bridge, that Elizabeth might enter the castle by a path hitherto untrodden, instead of the usual entrance to the northward, over which he had erected a gate-house or barbican, which still exists, and is equal

in extent and superior in architecture to the baronial castle of many a northern chief.

“Beyond the lake lay an extensive chase, full of red deer, fallow deer, roes, and every species of game, and abounding with lofty trees, from amongst which the extended front and massive towers of the castle were seen to rise in majesty and beauty.”

What multitudes of readers have shed tears over the sad fate of poor Amy Robsart! It must perforce be a cruel awakening to such sentimentalists when they at last realise the fact that Kenilworth Castle did not belong to her husband at all during Amy's life, she having died in 1560, or three years before he entered into possession. The Lady Amy Dudley's associations with the place are therefore but the imaginings of Sir Walter's brain, and her pathetic interview with Queen Elizabeth a mere invention of the play-wright.

The Earl of Leicester died in 1588, leaving his possessions to his son Robert. This nobleman's title was opposed on several grounds, with intense bitterness, by other members of his family, but after much litigation the case fell through. Sir Robert, however, left England, and on his refusal

to obey a summons to return, his estates were considered forfeited to the Crown. Prince Henry, the eldest son of James the First, desired to have the castle, but in a generous spirit agreed to give Dudley £14,500 for his title. He paid £3,000 of the sum and then died. Prince Charles (afterwards King Charles the First) then took possession as his brother's heir, but being less scrupulous, refused to acknowledge the previous owner's claims to any further balance.

After the execution of Charles, Kenilworth fell into the hands of Cromwell. Sad to relate, it is to him that we indirectly owe the present shattered aspect of the castle, for he presented it to certain of his officers, who at once set to work and dismantled it, leaving the walls standing much in the same condition as they now are. Not only did they heartlessly demolish this lordly structure, but "they also drained the great pool, cut down the woods, destroyed the parks and chase, and divided the land into farms amongst themselves."

The Restoration speedily put to flight these malignant Iconoclasts, and Charles the Second gave Kenilworth to Hyde, the historian, whom he created Baron Kenilworth and Earl of

Clarendon. It has remained in the hands of the Clarendon family ever since, the various descendants of which have always shown the utmost zeal in their efforts to prevent any further devastation of this relic of past greatness.

The present Earl is very careful in this respect. Visitors are admitted to view the ruins, but notices begging everyone to assist in preventing wanton destruction of any sort are judiciously exposed to the sight of those who enter the grounds.

There is only one portion of the buildings now inhabited, and that is the old barbican which the Earl of Leicester built. In one of the apartments of this structure may be seen an elaborate chimney-piece of curious workmanship, with the date 1571, and R. L., the Earl's initials, carved on it.

After passing the gateway, Cæsar's Tower is the principal object which attracts the attention of the visitor, as being the most entire. The walls are square in form, and in some parts about 16 feet thick. It was in 1817 that two large masses of the masonry of this tower fell from the west side and north-west angle respectively, that from the latter being estimated at 30 tons weight.

The best position to take up in order to gain some idea of the former vastness of the place is

to stand in the centre of the grand Gothic hall known as the Banqueting Hall. This was built by John of Gaunt, and it measures upwards of 90 feet long by about 50 feet wide. Not a vestige of roof remains to cover it, but on all sides the delicate traceries of the window frames betray to some extent the beauty of its architecture. The festoons of ivy, too, with which the walls are covered, render the effect most pretty and picturesque.

The whole ground plan of the castle may still be traced with ease, and the towers in all cases are plainly visible.

The contrast between those portions built respectively by John of Gaunt and the Earl of Leicester is at once apparent. The work of the fourteenth century still holds well together, while that of the sixteenth curiously presents an appearance of great age and antiquity. This is accountable for from the fact that Leicester used what turned out to be a very perishable stone in erecting the additions which he planned.

The view to be obtained from some of the coigns of vantage on the towers and walls is by no means to be ignored, for the site of the castle was well chosen in the centre of a knoll of rising

ground, which commands a large area of the surrounding country. .

A delightful valley separates the castle from the village of Kenilworth. The latter abruptly ends on the brow of a similar hill to that on which the ruins stand, and a pretty path winding through meadow and lane leads from one to the other. A trout stream meanders across the valley, and forms the completion to a landscape of surpassing beauty and loveliness.

It is well to cast a last look back at the ruined castle from the hill-top as the visitor once more enters the village ; and then in leaving it behind for ever to ponder once more over the words of him who said—"that of this lordly palace where princes feasted and heroes fought, now in the bloody earnest of storm and siege, and now in the games of chivalry, where beauty dealt the prize which valour won, all is now desolate. The bed of the lake is but a rushy swamp ; and the massive ruins of the castle only serve to show what their splendour once was, and to impress on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions and the happiness of those who enjoy a humble lot in virtuous contentment." *

* Scott.

Anlaf of Northumbria at Tamworth.

(A.D. 943.)

ANLAF, the heroic and dangerous opponent of the great King Athelstan, touches the border of Warwickshire history in his famous achievement at Tamworth, A.D. 943.

The destruction of the confederate army at Brunnanburgh, drove Anlaf to the wild life of the Sea King, but when Athelstan died, A.D. 941, and passed sceptre and sword to his brother Edwin, a youth of eighteen, Anlaf re-appeared upon the scene.

The restless Northumbrians naturally reverted to their native prince, and Anlaf was invited to return from his exile in Ireland. The hardy chieftain was still capable of commanding the hearts and swords of numerous allies, and he carried a considerable fleet up the Humber and Ouse, and entered York in triumph. Archbishop Wulstan welcomed him warmly, and espoused his cause, so popular with the Northumbrians, and thus he was enabled to assume the government of the province.

The fierce sea rover had the ambition and the ability of a great prince. He resolved to carry the war south of the Humber and attempt a larger conquest. Entering Mercia, he came to the resolution of attacking Tamworth, despite its defences, its castle and ditch, and numerous defenders.

Mercia wide was awake for war,
Staffordshire beacons shone wide and far,
As Anlaf came with his fierce sea kings,
And raven-banner, with broad dark wings.

We may imagine the dark masses of the Northumbrians drawn up in readiness for the assault; their steady march until they came within range of the missiles of the defenders, to be smitten by a tremendous shower of stones, arrows, and javelins, that brought a counter tempest of missiles, under cover of which the stormers rushed fiercely to the assault. Stern work followed as the warriors met, and iron skull-caps were smashed by the great spiked maces, spears and pikes crashed through throat and chest, and the huge swords shred off heads and limbs. Savage was the death wrestle along the line of defences, but

Back they surged with a deadly intent,
Javelins were hurled and the tough bows bent ;
Bright helms were shattered, broad axes gapped,
The sheen of battle the thick wall wrapped.

Mid rout and rally and hellish din
The raven-banner went tossing in ;
Swords were smiting and maces ringing,
Beresark Norsemen their death-song singing.

The banners once within the walls, the sword
of massacre flashed over the doomed town.

Down went the Mercians, stout and strong,
Speared and o'erwhelmed by the battle-throw—
The raven-banner abroad was thrown
From the red ramparts of Tamworth town.

The success of Anlaf shook young Edwin's
throne ; but he met the storm bravely, with all
his brother's spirit, and raising an army marched
to engage his enemy.

The armies came into collision at Leicester,
into which Anlaf retired after a protracted and
sanguinary, but indecisive, struggle.

While the rivals were meditating a renewal of
the conflict, the Archbishops of York and
Canterbury were seriously contemplating the
issue of the war. Its continuation would plunge
the whole country into ruinous confusion, and
prove fatal to either Edwin or Anlaf. Their

exhortations to peace led to the opening of negotiations that resulted in a division of the government, which was confirmed by the nobles. By the terms of the convention, Anlaf reigned north of Watling Street, and Edwin reigned south of that boundary. The crown of the kingdom was to revert to the surviving prince.

The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle thus briefly records the affair of Leicester:—"This year King Edmund besieged King Anlaf and Archbishop Wulfstan in Leicester; and he would have taken them, were it not that they broke out by night from the town. And, after that, Anlaf acquired King Edmund's friendship; and King Edmund then received King Anlaf at baptism, and he royally gifted him."

This account, however, is obviously too favourable to Edwin, who would scarcely have divided the government and risked the diversion of the crown from his heirs, had he held the fierce Northumbrian prince at his mercy.

Edwin and Anlaf did not long survive the settlement of their dispute.

Anlaf died the following year, being attacked by a mortal sickness "while wasting the church

of Balter and burning Tinningeham with fire," according to Wendover's Chronicle.

Two years later, A.D. 946, King Edwin closed his reign, being stabbed by Leofa, a notorious outlaw.

The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle gives the impression that Anlaf was driven into exile by Edwin, A.D. 944. "This year King Edmund subdued all Northumberland under his power, and expelled two Kings, Anlaf, son of Sihtric, and Reginald, son of Guthferth." This account is also followed by William of Malmesbury, and by Roger de Hoveden. Malmesbury, however, confuses the paternity of Reginald, and Hoveden speaks of the hero of Brunnanburgh as "Anlaf, the pagan King of Ireland," and later on informs us that in the year 941 the Northumbrians chose "Anlaf, King of the Norwegians, as their king." Wendover is guilty of a similar error, referring to Anlaf as "King of the Irish and of numerous islands," but establishes the identity of Anlaf later on in the following terms:—"In these days Anlaf, of Norwegian descent, who in the time of King Ethelstan had been expelled the kingdom of Northumberland, came this year to York, etc."

At this time there were several chieftains of

the name of Anlaf, hence the confusion of the chroniclers, but the two most prominent were the hero of our narrative and his nephew, viz., Anlaf, son of Sihtric, and Anlaf, son of Guthferth. Anlaf Curran is also referred to in connection with Northumbria.

Smollett states that Anlaf, after the partition of the kingdom, offended the Northumbrians by the heavy taxes that he imposed upon them, when the men of Deira raised Reginald, the son of his brother Guthred, to the throne, thus plunging the province into a state of confusion. Edmund seized the favourable moment, marched into Northumbria, expelled the two princes, and united the kingdom once more.

The conflicting statements are somewhat confusing, but there is little doubt that Smollett has arrived at the correct conclusion, and that Anlaf, after defeat and victory and achievement that may be justly described as brilliant, was finally expelled from the island.

St. Wulfstan: A Warwickshire Saint.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

WARWICKSHIRE claims St. Wulfstan as her son, though Worcestershire was the scene of his labours, whilst the most striking and picturesque event narrated of his life is said to have occurred in the great Abbey of Westminster. He was canonised in 1203. At Long Irthington there dwelt in Saxon days Ealstan and his wife Wulgeova, or as their names are sometimes given Æthelstan and Wulfgifu, who, sincerely pious, after the fashion which piety took in those days, thought it their duty to retire each into the monastic fold. Thus deprived of his natural protectors, it is perhaps not remarkable that Wulfstan even in boyhood adopted the monastic habit. Indeed, as we find him an inmate of the monastery of which his father had become a monk, it is quite possible that his own retirement from a world of whose wickedness he could not have much practical experience at so early an age, synchronised with the renuncia-

tion by his father and mother of their place in society. He first studied at Evesham, and afterwards at Peterborough, where he remained long a lay brother, shrinking from the responsibility of the priesthood, but finally took orders when about twenty-seven. His name is variously given as Wolston, Wulston, and Wulfstan.* His faith was as sincere as it was simple, and the austerity of his life corresponded with the enthusiasm of his devotions. Having taken deacon's and priest's orders, his vigils and constant prayers—and these were so prolonged that he was some times four days and nights without sleeping—pointed him out as a suitable person to take charge of the novices. From this post he was promoted to that of precentor and treasurer. The church was his home, and he had so great a love for the edifice and its associations that he would spend the night in prayer before the altar, and when quite exhausted would rest on one of the benches with a service book for a

*The authorities consulted for this biographical sketch are the chronicles of William of Malmesbury, Florence of Worcester, and Roger of Wendover; Fuller's Church History, book iii.; Fuller's Worthies (under Warwickshire); Baring-Gould's Lives of the Saints (under 19 January); Horstmann's Early South English Legendary (E.E.T.S., No. 87); Freeman's History of the Norman Conquest; and Alban Butler's Lives of the Saints (under 19 January).

pillow. His next promotion was to the office of prior. Wulfstan now developed strong powers as a popular preacher, so that his Saxon hearers were moved to tears by the directness and pathos of his appeals. Yet the element which in modern days is represented by the aggrieved parishioner was not absent from his audience. A monk reminded him that it was the function of bishops to preach, that of monks to be silent.

“Brother,” said Wulfstan, “the word of God is not bound.”

There are no writings of St. Wulfstan known, but he is conjectured to have written part of the *Chronicles*. This is, however, but surmise.

In all we read of Wulfstan, the directness and guilelessness of his character is manifest. He was moderate and even abstemious as to food, but one day when he was celebrating mass, the savoury odour of the roast goose that was being prepared for the dinner of the monks was wafted into the church, and reaching the altar distracted his thoughts, as he had fasted long and was exceeding hungry. This was not surprising, but he so quickly repented of his momentary dalliance with the desire of the appetite, that before he left the steps of the altar, he had made a vow

never more to touch flesh-meat. This resolution he maintained throughout the remainder of his long life. When the calendar of great vegetarians is compiled, St. Wulfstan will be entitled to a place.

When Aldred was translated from the bishopric of Worcester to the archbishopric of York, the King, Edward the Confessor, allowed the see to make a free election of whomsoever they thought fittest for the office. The clergy and the laity united in their desire to have Wulfstan as their bishop, but he declared himself unworthy of the post. This was no mere formality on his part, and it was not until he had been reprimanded by Wulfsi, a hermit of severe life and great sanctity, and had been strongly urged by the King to accept, that he gave way. Wulfstan became Bishop of Worcester not by his own ambition, honourable or otherwise, but from a sense of duty and in obedience to the good monarch whose piety and faith was congenial to his own. He would not yield to the wishes of the papal legates who were present at the election, but he submitted to the wish of the Saxon King and saint.

As bishop, Wulfstan was the same earnest strenuous ascetic that he had been as prior. He

took the hardest share of the services of the church, and as he rode about his diocese on horseback, he had the psalter open on the pommel of his saddle, and chanted aloud the psalms which interpreted the joy and sorrow of his devout heart, even as in later ages St. Francis of Assissi sang the "Cantico delle Creature," as he wandered amid the hills and valleys of his native land.

After the death of Edward and the accession of Harold, the new King continued the friendship of his predecessor for the prelate whom Freeman calls "the best and holiest man of his time." Wulfstan was apparently on intimate terms with the last of the Saxon Kings, and accompanied him in 1031 in the royal visit to Northumbria, which had for object the winning over of the north to acknowledge Harold's supremacy.

It became necessary to take down the old buildings which had been reared by St. Oswald, and as Wulfstan watched the demolition, the tears came into his eyes. To an astonished monk who thought the passing away of the old house, to be replaced by one of greater beauty and grandeur, was a matter of rejoicing, and not of grief, the bishop expressed his fears :

“We collect the stones of a material temple, but we neglect the edification of the souls of men.”

One of his jokes is recorded: In winter he wore lamb's wool garments, whilst catskin was the general wear of his clergy.

“Why?” he was asked.

“No one hears me sing *Cattus Dei*, but *Agnus Dei*, and therefore not by the cat, but by the lamb I wish to be kept warm.”

Ecclesiastical jokes have a flavour of their own, and it is not always one that the nostrils of the laity can appreciate. There is a curious story which tells that one day as he patted the head of a chorister, he said:

“These curls will all fall off one day.”

“Oh! save them for me,” said the boy, fearing the loss of his clustering hair.

“Fear not, child,” said Wulfstan, “so long as I live you shall keep them.”

And the monkish chronicler does not fail to add that the boyish curls fell off on the day when the good bishop died.

The death of Harold was fatal to the hopes of the English, and Wulfstan was one of the great men and bishops who joined in the submission of

Berkhamstead. There is a Worcestershire grant of the Conqueror made in 1067.

When the Norman Conqueror had overrun England, he replaced the higher Saxon ecclesiastics by priests of his own nation. The particular pretext alleged in the case of Wulfstan was that he was too unlearned for the episcopal office. A conclave was summoned to be held in Westminster Abbey in 1075, to decide two knotty questions, in both of which the see of Wulfstan had an interest. The first was to pass judgment upon a dispute between Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Robert, Archbishop of York, each of whom claimed that the bishopric of Worcester was within his province; the second was to deprive Wulfstan of his position as bishop. The charge made was that Wulfstan was a simple, illiterate man, unable to speak French, and therefore incapable of giving that assistance in the councils of the King which he expected from the bishops and abbots. The pretext was not ecclesiastical, but political, for as we have seen, Wulfstan was not only able to perform the services of the church, but had a high reputation as an eloquent and impressive preacher. When this matter was brought before

the conclave, he retired with his companions to consider what answer he should return to the charge thus brought.

“We have not yet sought service for the sixth hour ; let us therefore sing it,” said he.

Those with him urged the necessity of at once considering the reply to be made.

“Verily,” said Wulfstan “let us first attend to the service of God, and afterwards decide the disputes of men.”

The service duly said, he returned to the council chamber with no more preparation for an elaborate defence than that of giving his benediction to one of his monks who could speak some Norman French. Wulfstan neither denied nor sought to conceal his ignorance of the language which the King was striving to impose upon his new and unwilling subjects. Unlike his followers he was confident of the success of his cause.

“Know,” said he, “that I here see those saintly archbishops, Dunstan of Canterbury and Oswald of York ; they are defending me with their prayers and will darken the council of my detractors.”

The action against him was, however, taken by

command of the King, and there was nothing for the clergy 'to do, but to decree the deprivation of Wulfstan. This they did, but at the same time requested him, on the entreaty of the Archbishop of York, to visit those parts of the province which the Norman prelate had, from fear of the disaffected, and ignorance of the people and their language, not yet visited. Lanfranc, in consequence of the decision of the council, called upon Wulfstan to resign his pastoral staff and ring.

“Truly,” said Wulfstan, “I know that I am not worthy of this high honour, nor sufficient for the discharge of its duties. You claim from me the pastoral staff. It was not you who gave it to me, yet in deference to your judgment I resign, not indeed to you, but to King Edward, by whose authority I received it.”

The aged Saxon prelate then arose and marched with his attendants to the tomb of King Edward the Confessor, not yet marked by the wondrous decorations that afterwards made it so remarkable.

“Holy King Edward,” said Wulfstan, “thou knowest how unwillingly I took up this burden, and kept away when I was summoned. I confess

that I acted unwisely, but it was thou who didst constrain me. The election of the monks, the prayer of the people, and the good will of the bishops were without fault, but it was thy wish which weighed more than all these ; but now we have a new King, and new laws, and a new archbishop who puts forth new theories. They say thou wert in error when thou madest me a bishop, and accuse me of presumption in having consented to be one. I therefore resign my pastoral staff. Not to those who demand back again that which they did not give, but to thee who didst give it me, I resign the charge of these whom thou didst entrust to my care."

So saying, he raised his arm slowly, and struck the staff into the stone by which the saint's body was covered.

"Take it, my lord King," said Wulfstan, "and give it to whomsoever thou chooseth."

Wulfstan then took off his episcopal robe, and sat down once more a simple monk amongst his brethren. Thus far we are possibly in the region of history, but now the legendary element becomes apparent. A portion of the staff, we are told by Roger of Wendover, sank into the solid stone, so that the symbol of episcopal authority

stood straight up, as though it were a part of the King's tomb. Someone tried to take it out, but it was immovable. The rumour was at once taken to Lanfranc, who was still presiding at the conclave. He was incredulous, and sent Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester, to bring back the staff to the council chamber. But it resisted Gundulf's efforts. Then came Lanfranc and William the Norman. After a prayer, the Archbishop essayed to withdraw the staff, but in vain. The King uttered an exclamation of amazement, and Lanfranc's distress was great. Turning to Wulfstan, he said :

“Truly the Lord is with the simple-minded, and remaineth with the humble. Your saintly simplicity was the object of our derision, but alas for the darkness which blinds us, we called good evil, and evil good. Now by virtue of our authority, and the judgment by which God has convinced us, we again commit into your hands the office from which we had unadvisedly expelled you, for we see of a certainty that simple-mindedness working in faith and love is greater than worldly wisdom, which may abuse thy avarice. Come, therefore, my brother, and reach your pastoral staff, for we doubt not that the

saintly hand of the King which withholds it from us, will give it easily to you.”

Then Wulfstan, approaching the tomb once more, said :

“Behold, my lord the King, I give myself to thy judgment and resign into thy hand the staff thou gavest me. Now I pray thee give thy decision. Thou hast preserved thy dignity and shown my innocence. If then thou hast still the same opinion, confirm thy former sentence by giving me back my staff, and if thy judgment has changed, then show to whom it should be given.”

Then he touched the staff, and it came out of the tombstone as easily as if it had been stuck in clay. Then whilst all marvelled at this strange incident, the Norman king and his Norman archbishop knelt before the child-hearted Saxon and begged his forgiveness and his blessing. Wulfstan “who had learned from the Lord to be mild and humble in heart,” knelt in his turn and begged for Lanfranc’s blessings, whilst the king, kindling with devotion towards his saintly relative, resolved to adorn the tomb of King Edward the Confessor with costly workmanship.

What can the sober modern critic say to such a narrative? How shall we separate the possible germ of truth from the exaggerations by which it has become surrounded? The solid fact remains that Wulfstan's eviction from his see, though decreed, was not executed. Freeman thinks that the whole of the story about the tomb is legendary. Speaking of the conclave of 1075, Fuller says, "as these bishops accounted themselves well busied in removing their bishoprics, so some, I am sure, were ill employed in endeavouring to remove a good bishop, I mean Wolstan, from his church of Worcester. As the poets feign of Janus, that he had two faces, because living before and after the flood, so this Wolstan may be charactered accordingly, made bishop before, but continuing his place long after the Norman inundation. But in what sense soever he may be said to have two faces, he had but one heart, and that a single and sincere one to God and all goodness; yet his adversaries heaved at him to cast him out of his bishopric, because an Englishman of the old stamp; but he sat safe, right poised therein, with his own gravity and integrity. And being urged to resign his staff and ring, ensigns of his episcopacy, he refused to surrender them to any

man alive, but willingly offered them up at the tomb of Edward the Confessor, from whom he received them. This, his gratitude to his dead patron, and candid simplicity in neglecting the pomp of his place, procured him much favour, and occasioned his peaceable confirmation in his bishopric."

In the year of this conclave, Wulfstan also shewed his frank acceptance of William's rule by lending his aid in putting down the rebellion of Earl Roger.

"The greatest fault I find charged on his memory," says Fuller in another characteristic passage, "is his activity in making William Rufus king, to the apparent injury of Robert, his elder brother. But it is no wonder if clergymen betray their weakness, who being bred in a Covent, quit church business, and intermeddle with secular matters."

In 1088, he defended Worcester for William Rufus against the revolt of the Norman barons, and their defeat before the walls of the city was attributed to the anathema of a man so holy as Wulfstan.

One of the miracles attributed to Wulfstan is credible without the necessity of any theory of

supernatural intervention. A workman engaged in the building of a bell-house fell from a ladder forty feet high, and came unharmed to the ground. We should call this a marvellous escape, but the "Legendary" attributes the man's safety to the fact that St. Wulfstan made the sign of the cross as he saw him falling. But Wulfstan was reputed to heal the sick and to restore sight to the blind and speech to the dumb.

But a greater service to humanity than either his *pre* or *post mortem* miracles was the abolition, if only for a time, of the traffic by which English children were sold as slaves to Ireland. This reform he effected in conjunction with Lanfranc. Their joint appeal induced the King to sacrifice the revenue which he derived from this traffic in flesh and blood. William of Malmesbury, speaking of this incident, refers to the bishop as "Wulfstan, powerful from his sanctity and character, . . . than whom none could be more just, nor could any in our all equal him in the power of miracles and the gift of prophecy." The chief seat of this slave trade was at Bristol, which in later ages had an unpleasant reputation for its traffic in negroes. Wulfstan went to the

slave mart and preached there with so much force against the unholy source of their gains, that the merchants agreed to abandon the infamous commerce.

A flavour of the miraculous also attached to the story of his death. The end came to him on the fourteenth day before the calends of February—*i.e.*, 19 January—1095, and at the hour of his death, Robert, Bishop of Hereford, at Cricklade, had a dream in which Wulfstan appeared, and begged that he would hasten to Worcester to bury him. And he was buried wearing the ring of his episcopal consecration, which he had often said he would never part with whilst alive, nor even after death. And Wulfstan, in this same vision, reproved Robert, and foretold his death, which happened in the following June.

The ascetic observances of Wulfstan did not shorten his life, which was prolonged to “the eighteenth lustrum.” As he died in 1095 this would place his birth about the year 1005. In his ninety years the dominion of England passed from the Saxon to the Norman, and in the terror and devastation wrought by the ruthless conqueror, he saw the punishment of heaven on the national sins. He saw clearly that resistance

was hopeless; possibly, too, he may have had some prophetic instinct that the blending of the two races would be for the ultimate benefit of the nation, and the esteem and reverence in which Wulfstan was held, showed that the sterling virtues of the Saxon sometimes succeeded in winning the respect and affection of the conquering race. For the English, Wulfstan, the holy man, was a symbol of the nation, and represented its hopes, if not its aspirations. He was the friend of Edward the Confessor, and of Harold, yet he held his own in the stormy reign of William the Conqueror. The strength of the Saxon arms was crushed at Hastings beyond the hope of recovery, but in Wulfstan, the simplicity, directness, loyalty, and faith of the subject people forced a recognition, and his hearty religious sentiment shone by contrast with the courtly and ambitious Norman ecclesiastics.

The Coventry "Mysteries."

BY THE REV. GEO. S. TYACK, B.A.

AMONGST the many definitions of *man* that have been attempted, this surely might find place:—Man is an acting animal. The dramatic instinct seems to be well nigh universal; the innocent play of childhood and the blood-thirsty war-dance of savage life, in all else so dissimilar, are alike in bearing testimony to this. From China in the far east, with its immemorial possession of a regular theatre, to Peru in the distant west, with its native comedies, tragedies, and interludes, as found by Pizarro, almost every land has some kind of early dramatic literature.

In the early history of Christendom it was the Church, which, in her endeavour to raise and educate the whole man, became the nurse of the dramatic, as of the other arts and sciences. That capacity which man has for learning more accurately and readily through the eye than through the ear—which is surely nothing else than the passive side of that aforesaid dramatic

instinct—has from the earliest times been made use of by the church. In teaching the faith by means of action in the ritual of her offices, she appeals to this tendency in our nature, but a more direct and obvious appeal is met with in those dramatic representations of sacred story or of religious allegory, which were once so popular in England, and of which Coventry was annually the scene of one of the most famous displays.

The performance of mysteries or miracle plays, and the making of processions in which the personations of scriptural characters took part, formed the most striking features in the observance of the feast of Corpus Christi at Coventry and elsewhere. We will endeavour to follow the events of such a day at Coventry.

As soon as Easter was over, the whole town began to show signs of preparation for the coming pageants. Fresh rushes were procured for the floors of the churches and the stages of the pageant-cars, these latter were re-fitted and decorated, and all the multifarious articles of the players' wardrobes were repaired or renewed. Especially was this activity seen amongst the trade-companies, upon whose shoulders, according

to ancient custom, lay the responsibility of producing the "mysteries." In illustration of this we give part of the oath taken by the master of the Smiths' Company on his installation, and no doubt those of the other guilds were similarly bound; he swears "to kepe unto the uttermasse all such laudable customs as pagans (pageants), quartrage, weddings, burings, and such other like things as hath be in times past usyd and customyd." Under the supervision, therefore, of the authorities of these companies, the various bodies of players were brought together, and the parts assigned to them. Two rehearsals seem to have been generally found sufficient, which is no doubt explained by the fact that each company had its own peculiar miracle-play, and presented that year after year, probably employing, so far as possible, the same performers on each occasion. Thus the Smiths' Company acted the Trial and Crucifixion of Christ; the Cappers', the descent into Hell and the Resurrection; the Drapers', Doomsday; and that of the Shearmen and Tailors, the Nativity and the Epiphany. The production of a new play was a rare and important occurrence, and when, in 1584, the Smiths' Company presented the "Destruction of

Jerusalem" (founded on Josephus' account of it), six rehearsals were given to it.

At last the eventful morning of Corpus Christi broke, amid the pealing of bells and every sign of popular excitement. All Coventry was early abroad in its gayest gear, and from all the surrounding country the peasantry flocked in to wonder at the art and culture of their town neighbours. The Holy Eucharist was first offered in the several churches frequented by the different religious and craft gilds, the members of each of which afterwards breakfasted together and entertained the performers of the day, as they did again at supper when all was over.

The Coventry Leet Book (1444) gives the following list of the companies taking part in the Corpus Christi procession of that year, placing them in the order of their marching, the junior company first and the senior last: "The first craft, Fysshers and Cokes,—Baxters and Milners,—Bochers,—Whittawers and Glovers,—Pynners tylers and Wrightes,—Skynners,—Barkers,—Corvysers,—Smythes,—Wevers,—Wirdrawers,—Cardemakers Sadelers Peyntours and Masons,—Gurdelers,—Taylours Walkers and Sherman,—Deysters,—Drapers,—Mercers." Besides these

the Gilds of the Holy Trinity and of Corpus Christi and St. Nicholas, with the clergy and the religious orders of the town, joined the procession, the laity preceding the Host, the clergy and religious orders following. The Corpus Christi gild provided "a sonne to bere y^e Sacrament," that is, a rayed monstrance, and the Trinity gild a canopy to be borne by four burgesses over it, and every thing that could add to the dignity and impressiveness of the scene was forthcoming; a processional crucifix led the way, banners floated in the breeze, torches flared and flickered along the line of march; the mayor and aldermen in all the gorgeousness of civic state took part, and the charms of minstrelsy were of course not absent. The following characters were personated in the procession, probably by those who were afterwards to act similar parts in the mysteries; the blessed Virgin, for whom the Corpus Christi gild in 1501 provided a silver gilt crown at a cost of 43s. 9d.; St. Gabriel the Archangel, with a lily, the emblem of the Salutation; the Twelve Apostles carrying wax tapers; and eight holy Virgins led by St. Catherine and St. Margaret. The people crowded to give a reverent reception to the sacred Host thus borne in high splendour through

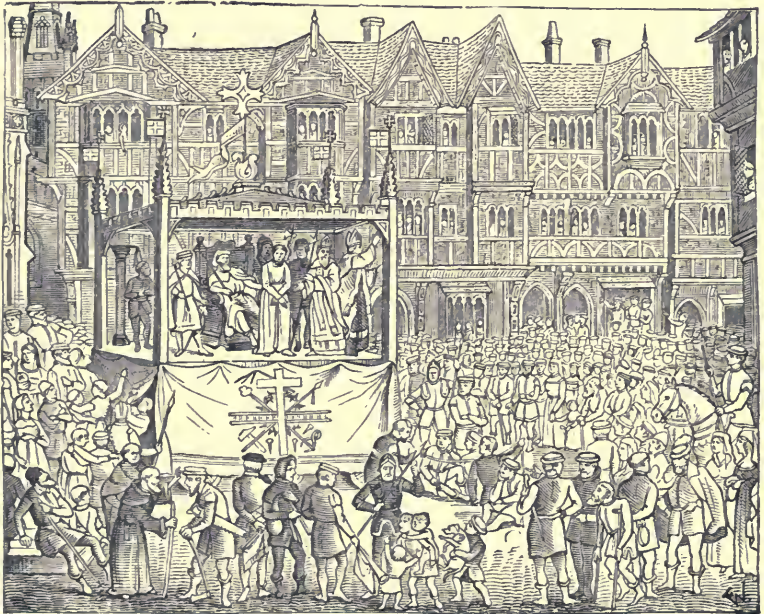
their streets, and then waited till the looked-for spectacle of the mysteries should be ready for their attention and applause.

The companies responsible for these—some of the smaller and poorer companies merely subscribed towards the expenses incurred by the greater ones in the matter—had each its own pageant-house, in which the moveable stage, or pageant, was kept; the Cappers', Shearmen and Tailors', Pinners', and Weavers' houses being in Mill Lane, the Mercers' in Gosford Street, and the Drapers' in Little Park Street.

This pageant—for the word properly applies to the stage, its use to describe the "Storiall Sheaw" enacted thereon being a derived meaning only—is thus described by Archdeacon Rogers (died 1595), as he saw it in use at Chester: "these pagiantes,* or carige, was a highe place made like a howse with two rowmes, beinge open on the tope—the lower rowme theie apparrelled and dressed themselves and the higher rowme theie played, and thei stode upon VI. wheelles, and when the had donne with one cariage in one place theie wheled the same from one streete to

* The uncertainty of Mediaeval English spelling is well illustrated by this word, which occurs in no less than twenty-three forms in different Coventry MSS.

another." The lower platform, or "rowme," was screened off by curtains of linen, sometimes painted with devices appropriate to the play, and called "pajiont clothes." The structure was often finished off above with wooden battlements



A MYSTERY PLAY.

and gilded vanes, and on the occasion of its use was decked with flags or "pencills." Ropes were attached to the car, by which it was drawn from place to place, as many as a dozen men being sometimes required for this service. The scaffolds

erected for the accommodation of spectators, a sort of "reserved seats" presumably, were also on wheels, and were apparently moved about with the pageants and kept in the pageant houses.

The pageants and the actors ready, these travelling theatres started on their round. Gosford Street formed their first station, Much Park Street end the second, and New Gate the third, and an entry in the accounts of the Drapers' Company suggests that these three were the only places of performance. As mentioned above, the subject selected by that craft was Doomsday, and in the course of this they exhibited a world in flames; we find accordingly in their accounts for 1556, "payd to Crowe for makyng of iij. worldys, ijs.," and again in 1558, "payd for iij. worldys, iijs. viijd." A "world" was of course destroyed at each exhibition (there is an entry, "payd for setting the world of fyer, vd.") and three were evidently sufficient for the day's exhibition. Each mystery was played in turn at every station, a second arriving as the first concluded, and the others following in due order.

The performance began with a "preface,"

"prologue," or (as in the Drapers' accounts for 1561) "protestacyon." The play was delivered in rhyme, homely in the extreme, and full of anachronisms, but not the less, rather the more, calculated on that account to catch and hold the attention of the uneducated crowds that gathered round. We meet, however, occasionally with a curious mixture of Latin and English, marking the monastic origin of the verse, as in St. Michael's summons of the world to judgment:—

"Surgite, all men Aryse
Venite ad iudicium
For now is sett ye hy justice."

In this, and in most cases of this kind, the meaning is clear enough for those untaught in Latin to be able to grasp it.

All the actors and assistants were paid for their services, the amount varying with the importance of the part. Thus in 1490, the Smiths' Company paid "Cayphus" and "Heroude," 3s. 4d. each, "Pilate is wyffe" received 2s., and the "bedull" (perhaps an officer attending on Pilate), 4d. A century later salaries had advanced somewhat, 6s. 8d. being the payment to several players in the "Destruction of Jerusalem" in 1584. A good deal of "doubling" of parts

was done at the latter date; one Gabryel Foster undertook the rôles of Justus, Ananus, and Eliazer, and William Longe those of Jacobus and Hippenus, both of them also taking part in the chorus. All the actors were no doubt males, boys representing the female characters, for no women appeared on the English stage until the time of Charles II. In addition to the money-payments, there was a plentiful supply of refreshments, especially of ale, a considerable quantity of which was evidently drunk between the stations, such items as these being common in the accounts for the day: "pd for the players drynke to the pagent, ijs," "pd for a pottell of wyne to the pagente xd" (Smith's Accounts, 1584), "payd for iij gawnes (query, gallons?) of ale in the pageand, xijd" (Cappers, 1565).

Many interesting details of the actors' dresses have come down to us. The representative of our Blessed Lord wore a coat of white leather, painted and gilded, and a "chevel gyld," a gilt wig! The high priests were habited as bishops, and in the records are generally spoken of as such; we find, for instance, in 1487, "Paid ffor hyryng off a skarlet wood (hood) and a raygete (rochet) ffor on off the bisshoppis, vd.," and in

1499, "Payde for colours and gold foyle and silv foyle for ij myttyrs." One of the leading characters was King Herod, who wore a mask and a "crest" or helmet, sometimes of iron, adorned with gold and silver foil, and bore a "fawchon" and a "septur." Herod took part in the procession on horseback, and usually made his entry in the play in a similar manner, as did also the three kings in the Epiphany mystery; a stage direction in the Shearmen and Tailors' pageant reads, "Erode ragis in ye pagond & in the strete also," which gives us a further instance of the drama not being confined to the narrow limits of the stage. The rage of Herod was probably part of the low comedy with which the more serious scenes in these representations were set off, and it became proverbial for boisterous bluster or ungoverned anger; the reader will readily recall such passages as, "It out-herods Herod" (*Hamlet*, iii., 2), "What a Herod of Jewry is this!" (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii., 1), and "Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you, but when you are well pleased" (*Ant. and Cleo.*, iii., 3).

Pilate received the highest pay of all the actors in the Smiths' pageant, and moreover was allowed

wine instead of ale during the performance. The Cappers' Pilate was armed with a mace, or club, with a wooden staff and a stuffed leather head, for what purpose is unknown. His wife frequently appears as Procula, or Procle, the name given her in the apocryphal gospel of S. Nicodemus. Besides the other characters obviously to be met with in a representation of the sacred story, there were angels in albs with "wyngys," and "dyadymes;" "white and black souls," called also, "savyd and dampnyd sowles," clad in appropriate colours; and occasionally, but rarely, a personification such as the "Mother of Death" (that is, sin), in the Cappers' pageant. It is well known that our forefathers did not hesitate to place a representation of God the Father upon the stage, as well as that of the Incarnate Son, a course which seems irreverent in the extreme to us, but to them, in their simple-mindedness, it unquestionably arose from no such feeling, and suggested no such idea.

One important character remains, the Devil or Demon, who had a conspicuous part in most of the miracle plays. His personator wore a dress of black leather, with a mask, and carried a club, with which he laid about him with a right good

will, not only amongst the actors, but probably amongst such of the spectators also as came within his reach. His clothes were often covered with feathers or horse-hair, to give him a shaggy appearance, and the traditional horns, tail, and cloven hoof were sometimes added.

Gloves of various colours were worn by the players, and masks, or visors, by several of them, the others having their faces "made up" for the occasion, as appears from an entry in 1498:—"Paid to the peynter ffor peyntyng of ther ffasses, viijd," and other similar charges.

A large number of persons in all was required for these performances, for in addition to a complete cast for each of the trade-companies' pageants, there were musicians in attendance, some dozen men to draw each car, a few "jaked men," or men in armour, to keep the people in order, and workmen to manage the stage properties and machinery.

Of this there was a considerable quantity. There were the three "worldys" already referred to, and the pillar for the scourging, and the Cross, the latter painted and gilt, probably as a mark of reverence, and other necessary adjuncts to the story of the Passion. Each pageant seems to have

been fitted, for some reason, with a windlass ; and the Drapers had a “baryll” for making, in some unexplained way, an earthquake. In the “Destruction of Jerusalem” there was a representation of the Temple, two pair of “Galleyes,” “starch to make a storm” (query, of hail?) and hogsheads to make thunder. But the most elaborate and costly of the properties was Hell-Mouth, which was used in several pageants, but specially in that representing Doomsday. This was a huge and grotesque head of canvas with vast gaping mouth, armed with fangs and vomiting flames, and the imagination of the makers was taxed to the uttermost to render it as hideous and awe-inspiring as possible. The jaws were made to open and shut, and through them the Devil made his entrance, and the “dampnyd sowles” their exit. The making and repairing of this was a constant expense to each gild that owned it, and frequent entries occur concerning it, as for example :—“Paide for payntyng and makyng newe hell hede, xiid.” (1537), “pd for makyng hell mowth and cloth for hyt, iiijs.” (1567), “payd for kepyng of fyer at hell mothe, iiijd.” (1557).

The orchestra at these exhibitions consisted of

trumpets, bagpipes, drums, and other portable instruments; occasionally, however, an organ was used. Thus in 1557 we find payment of 2s. "for fetching a pere of horgens and the carrege of



HELL MOUTH.
(From an old German print.)

them whome (home)." Vocal music also entered into the performance, and the charge for singing-men is a regular item of expenditure.

The cost of these annual pageants was con-

siderable. The Cappers, in 1534, spent 31s. 5½d. in the repairs of their dresses and properties, and 30s. 4d. in rehearsals and the performance; in 1550 and the following years the cost ranged from 45s. to 50s., and the production of the "New Pley" of the "Destruction of Jerusalem" cost £6 4s. 9d. Allowing for the difference in money value between those days and our own, and recollecting that these are the charges borne by one Company only, we realize that the total expenditure must have reached a large sum. To meet this an annual collection was made in each company, the result being known as "pageant pence;" the entrance fee paid by each craftsman on his admission to the Company was devoted to the same purpose, and the smaller Companies, as mentioned above, which presented no pageants, contributed to the expenses of those which did. A piece of common land, situated at "Whiteley at the hether end next to Barnes (Baron's) close," was enclosed, that its rental might aid in supporting the annual show.

The date at which these mysteries began to be performed in Coventry cannot now be determined. There is a record of the possession of a pageant-house by the Drapers as early as 1392,

and before the crafts undertook them, the Grey Friars exhibited pageants, the texts of which are supposed by some to be preserved in the so-called *Ludus Coventriæ* in the Cottonian Collection in the British Museum. The feast of Corpus Christi was instituted in 1264, and as these plays were very commonly associated in England with the celebration of that festival, we need not look for traces of any earlier origin. No pageants were exhibited in the years 1580 to 1583; the "New Pleye," more than once referred to, was given, in 1584, by all the Companies. For some reason there was again no exhibition until 1591, in which year the Coventry "Mysteries" were played for the last time. The Smiths had already sold their pageant and its house in 1586, the Mercers followed by disposing of their "pagant stufe" in 1588, and the Cappers dismantled their house in 1589.

Besides the great pageants on Corpus Christi Day, Coventry indulged in somewhat similar shows on various other occasions.

The only other annual pageant was that of Hox-Tuesday, a historical play said to commemorate the massacre of the Danes on

November 13th, 1002, or the deliverance of England from Danish rule by the death of Harthacnut on Tuesday, June 8th, 1042. No very reliable derivation of the word Hok, hoke, hucx, or hox seems to be forthcoming. The festivity was kept about Eastertide.

Coventry frequently showed her loyalty by a display of pageants, when she received royal or princely visitors; the exhibitions at these times consisting of groups of person dressed in character, who from the stations on the route of the royal procession made complimentary speeches or recited loyal verses, often of the most fulsomely flattering sort. Thus when Queen Margaret visited Coventry, in 1455, six pageants were presented, with the following characters:—the Prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah; St. Edward the Confessor and St. John the Evangelist; the Four Cardinal Virtues, Righteousness, Temperance, Fortitude, and Prudence; Angels; the “Nine Conquerors,” namely, Hector, Alexander the Great, Joshua, David, Judas Maccabæus, King Arthur, Charlemagne, Julius Cæsar, and Godfrey de Bouillon; and finally, a number of holy Virgins, with St. Margaret as spokeswoman.

Prince Edward was similarly greeted in 1474, Prince Arthur in 1498, Henry VIII. in 1510, the Lady (afterwards Queen) Mary in 1525, and lastly Queen Elizabeth in 1565, but none of these pageants seem to have been as elaborate as that of 1455.

The anachronisms, the frequent ill-taste, or even coarseness, of the humour, the apparent irreverence in these shows, and especially in those professing a sacred character, all these things it is easy for us to sneer at or to condemn. But upon one who has taken the trouble to make some research into the matter, a very different effect will be produced by the signs of care bestowed on the preparation of these pageants, the time, money, thought, laid out upon them, and the evident enthusiasm felt for them. In days of little learning, and no criticalness, the faults so obvious to us passed unnoticed, while to the masses, to whom books were well-nigh as unknown as if they were not, an amount of instruction was no doubt conveyed by means of these mysteries, which it is impossible for us to estimate.

Lady Godiva.

BY W. H. THOMPSON.

COVENTRY has long been famous for its pageants. In pre-Reformation days its mysteries or miracle plays, performed on the festival of Corpus Christi, were amongst the most notable of the land. The splendour of these displays, with their attendant processions, however, disappeared with the downfall of the old faith. Then for a century or more Coventry had no longer its annual pageantry, its fair was shorn of the chiefest of its attractions.

In 1678, however, there arose another show to fill the void which the abolition of the "mysteries" had left in the municipal ceremonies. Now again "attired in their gorgeous civic costume," with flags, and banners, and music, the Mayor and Corporation once more re-appeared in public procession upon the scene. That year marks the commencement of the Lady Godiva representation.

The story of Lady Godiva and her ride is perhaps the best known of all the legends of Warwickshire. Has not the late Laureate immortalised it in lines written in the early "forties?" And has not the show come down to our own times, as an unfading memorial of noble-hearted womanhood? How familiar is the picture of the stern Earl Leofric, who ground down the people, and of the womenfolk coming to his lady beseeching her to intercede for them and their children. Tennyson tells all this in his inimitable verse. Further, how the Lady Godiva went to her lord, and besought him to relieve them from the tax against which they clamoured.

Thus it is the poet repeats the tale of her pleadings with her churlish spouse:—

"She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone—
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, 'If they pay this tax, they starve.'
Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,
'You would not let your little finger ache
For such as these.' 'But I will die,' she said.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then filliped at the diamond in her ear.
'O ay, ay, ay, you *talk!*' 'Alas!' she said,

“ ‘But prove me what it is I would not do.’
 And from a heart as rough as Esau’s hand,
 He answered ‘*Ride you naked through the town,
 And I repeal it,*’ and nodding, as in scorn,
 He parted, with great strides, among his dogs.”

Hard as were the conditions, the noble-souled countess accepted the challenge. So the heralds were sent forth, making known to the people of Coventry the terms on which their relief was to be purchased; and in due course, with her long hair flowing, only “clothed on with chastity,” the lady rode through the silent streets. In this way,

“She took the tax away,
 And built herself an everlasting name.”

Such is the beautiful legend of Lady Godiva and her ride, a story which can boast no mean antiquity. The earliest writer who mentions it is probably Matthew of Westminster, a Benedictine monk who flourished in the fourteenth century. It is also given by Roger of Wendover and others. The following is Dugdale’s account:—

“Leofric married Godiva, a most beautiful and devout lady, sister to one Thorold, Sheriff of Lincoln, and founder of Spalding Abbey. Which Countess Godiva, bearing an extraordinary affection to this place, often and earnestly

besought her husband that, for the love of God and the Blessed Virgin, he would free it from that grievous servitude whereunto it was subject. But he, rebuking her for importuning him in a matter so inconsistent with his profit, commanded that she should thenceforth forbear to move therein; yet she, out of her womanish pertinacity, continued to solicit him, inasmuch that he told her, if she would ride on horseback naked from one end of the town to the other, in the sight of all the people, he would. Whereupon she returned, 'Will you give me leave so to do?' and he replied 'Yes.' The noble lady, upon an appointed day, got on horseback naked, with her hair loose, so that it covered all her body except her legs, and thus performing the journey, returned with joy to her husband, who thereupon granted to the inhabitants a charter of freedom, which immunity I rather conceive to have been a kind of manumission from such servile tenure, whereby they then held what they had under this great Earl, than only a freedom from all manner of toll, except horses, as Knighton affirms. In memory whereof the picture of him and his said lady were set up in a south window of Trinity Church in this city, about Richard the

Second's time, and his right hand holding a charter, with these words written on :—

‘I, Leofric, for the love of thee
Do make Coventry tol free.’”

This is Dugdale's circumstantial narrative, and his account practically agrees in details with the rest. We are afraid, however, the whole story of the ride must be relegated to that same limbo to which so many charming myths have had in our day to be consigned.

Not but that there was a real historic Lady Godiva, a lady renowned alike for her piety, her beauty, and her charity. It was her husband, Leofric, Earl of Mercia, who founded the famous Abbey of Coventry in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and both he and she were liberal benefactors to various other ecclesiastical foundations. The Earl had a seat at Coventry, at Cheylesmore it is surmised, as that manor was claimed by his descendants. Leofric died in 1057, but his countess lived many years afterwards.

As to the reputed exploit, however, to which the lady chiefly owes her fame, it rests on no contemporary authority. Matthew of Westminster, who first mentions it, lived some two-

and-a-half centuries after Godiva's death ; and so far as the episode of the miscreant "Peeping Tom" is concerned, this was not added before the reign of Charles the Second. Hence the "churl compact of thankless earth," upon whom Tennyson has poured the vials of his wrath, must be regarded altogether as a visionary personage. Although, at the same time, we admit that it appears bold scepticism to make such a statement in face of the many memorials of him which present day Coventry contains.

All save one, according to the legend, whilst the lady rode, not only kept—

"Within, door shut and window barred,"

but carried out her request that they so should do in spirit as well as letter. Thus it is Tennyson tells the story of the dreadful doom which befel the miscreant who was the exception :—

". One low churl
 The fatal byword of all years to come—
 Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
 Peeped—but his eyes, before they had their will,
 Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,
 And dropped before him ! So the Powers who wait
 On noble deeds, cancelled a sense misused."

From 1678 to 1829, the Mayor and Corporation joined annually in the show. It seems

hardly credible, but nevertheless it is a fact that, until 1848, every year the "countess" rode through miles of streets in the presence of thousands of spectators absolutely "sans culottes." As has been said "to make up for ordinary articles of wearing apparel she was, like her prototype, 'clothed on with chastity.'" Since then on the various occasions when the pageant has taken place, "Lady Godiva" has gradually appeared in more substantial garb, although there are even still, under present conditions, those who object to the show, as an outrage against good taste.

Shakespeare at Home.

BY SAM. TIMMINS, F.S.A.

THE genius and fame of Shakespeare have naturally aroused a deep interest in all relating to him, but, unfortunately, the facts of his life are curiously few. We know that he was born at Stratford-on-Avon, but neither the place nor the day are beyond doubt. We know that he married during his residence at Stratford, but not where the ceremony took place. We know that he left for London, but we know not when or why. We know that he became connected with theatres in London, but very few details have been preserved. We know that he made a fortune, returned to Stratford, lived in dignified ease, and died while in the fulness of his powers, but scarcely a scrap of detail has survived, and only a few casual references to his later life have escaped the hand of time. With the exception of the three signatures to his Will, two others to legal documents, and one (somewhat doubtful as to genuineness) in a copy of Florio's *Montaigne*,

not a scrap of his handwriting has been preserved. No letter of his has come down to us, even by a copy, and only one letter addressed to him has been saved. No personal relics of



SHAKESPEARE'S SIGNET-
RING.

him remain except a signet ring—probably a betrothal ring—-which was found by a labourer, and bought on the same day by Robert Wheler, the historian of Stratford, and bequeathed by his sister to the

Museum of the birth-place, where it is now preserved. As the seal is unique as to lettering, and the words “and seal” are scored through in Shakespeare’s Will, it is almost absolutely certain that this ring and seal belonged to the hand of Shakespeare. Even his features are doubtful, although the bust in the church and the Droeshout engraving were nearly contemporary, and the latter has Ben Jonson’s poetical praise for its likeness to the poet’s face. With this “plentiful lack” of facts, it must always be a difficult task to picture to ourselves what Shakespeare was like, how he lived, and how he worked; but still, on consideration, there is a large mass of material which may help to show us “Shakespeare at Home.”



Ch: Wilkinson

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.

As a dramatic author, and, especially, as a dramatic author who never repeats himself, never multiplies any character, never paints his own portrait, never lets us into the secrets of his own heart and life, it is simply impossible to look into his works and to find the man. The wonderful versatility of his style, the endless variety and equal excellence of all his characters, the lifelikeness and individuality of all, so thoroughly conceal the personality of their creator, that it is hopeless to attempt to find the personality of the poet, even by the most careful consideration and examination of the more than 700 speaking characters which appear in his various plays. Hence various enthusiasts in this hopeless enquiry, have proved him to be everybody, by quotations from his works. He has been shown to be a Roman Catholic, a member of the English Church, a Deist, if not an Atheist, so far as theological views are concerned. He has been proved to have been a lawyer, a doctor, a soldier, a sailor, and to have given so much attention to so many branches of human knowledge that one author has recently said that his works show a very rare and remarkable knowledge of the most subtle forms of lunacy; and others have con-

tended that he seems, by a sort of instinct, to have anticipated the theory of the tides and the circulation of the blood. All these guesses and ingenious arguments prove at least one thing fully—the marvellous universality of his genius,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

which seems to have gained intuitively what others take so long to learn, and the wonderful breadth of his humanity, which could understand and appreciate and realise every form of human thought and feeling, and give justice and charity to all.

As the character of Shakespeare cannot, then, be learned from any amount of study of the endlessly varied characters he has created and portrayed, we must be content to take only its general outlines, with such details as the few contemporary references of his personal friends afford. One form of praise is common to them all. He was always known and tenderly mentioned as "The Gentle Shakespeare," and this in an age when such an epithet was rarely merited, and when the men who gave it had but little claim to such an epithet themselves. Even rough "rare Ben Jonson" gives his brother dramatist the highest praise in his famous words, "I loved the man and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any." The gentleness and tenderness of Shakespeare's personal character are strongly shown by the specially prominent and unbroken characteristic of all his plays, since in the most terrible and tragic scenes, he always brings in some little touch of human feeling even in the most heartless of our race. No villain of Shakespeare's is wholly a villain; he has always some slight touch of nature to keep him within the lines of humanity, and this is the more remarkable as the other

dramatists of his day often revelled in horrors without a redeeming virtue. Again, still more remarkably, it must be remembered that in his days the women-parts were played by men or boys, and yet they rarely have to utter a word which the women players of the present day may not safely use, and rarely had to play a part which any lady of our own more exacting age would find it needful to decline. Herein, again, the contrast with his contemporaries is most marked, as every reader of the Elizabethan drama will well know; and Shakespeare, indifferent as he seems to have been to the future of his fame, still seems to have written, as it were, for a higher and nobler stage, in the purest and most graceful style.

When we remember the place of the poet's birth, the circumstances of his early life, the surroundings in which he lived in London, it is wonderful that he should have succeeded in so thoroughly sounding all the depths of human passion, and have looked into all the recesses of the human heart. While he wrote for the stage and wrote all his dramas to be played, his works have attained the rare distinction that they may

be read as well as seen ; and that thousands who never enter a theatre find in his plays the highest intellectual feast, artistic treat, and greatest moral lessons. He was "not for an age, but for all time," all places, all peoples. His great dramas are as fully "understood of the people" in foreign as well as in the English tongue. They have been translated into nearly every language which has a printed literature, from Icelandic to Tamil, and from Welsh to Chinese. Every year increases their fame, every nation which knows them holds them in highest honour, and critics of all countries are unstinting in their praise of the poet whose name is the "greatest in all literature," and whose works seem destined to be the greatest literary treasures not only of the English-speaking peoples, but of all reading people too.

"Shakespeare at Home" necessarily includes a glance at the sort of place where he was born more than three hundred years ago. Stratford-on-Avon was then a small but important town on one of the great highways—a place but little visited except in passing, and in which no speculative wayfarer could ever have dreamed that a great poet would be born. In those days

it was a picturesque town, of half-timbered, gabled houses, with rough uncared-for streets, miry roads in winter, dotted with orchards and homesteads, and with wild unenclosed country all around. Fourteen years before Shakespeare's birth the little town had been incorporated, and rejoiced, not in a Mayor, but in a Bailiff and



SHAKESPEARE'S HOME.
(From an old drawing in the British Museum.)

Alderman (capital burgesses) and Burgesses ; and, except for the first few years, the "minutes" of the Corporation were so well kept, and have fortunately been so carefully preserved, as to be probably unequalled as records of English life in a little town, for more than three hundred years.

Shakespeare's father was a prosperous yeoman when his boy was born ; was one of the early members of the Corporate body, and a regular attendant and active man for several years. Like the other members, he had to pay fines for non-attendance ; to attend the meetings in his "gowne," to march in all public processions in the said "gowne" when wanted ; to speak well of all his brethren, or in default to be fined ; not to disclose nor declare out of the Council Chamber what took place therein ; and especially "every night yearly from xv. day of December until the xv. day after Christmas, from the houre of five by the clock in the evening until the houre of eight by the clock in the evening, upon a lawful warning to have a lanthorn hanging in the street before his doore, and therein a candle burning to give light in the streets, under the pain to forfeit and pay to his chamber, for every default, xiid." Many other of the bye-laws for the good of the Corporation and the good government of the place are wonderfully curious, but are too long to be extracted ; and it must suffice to note that John Shakespeare (generally spelt Shaxspeare) was one of the Court Leet Jury in 1557 ; also an "ale taster ;" in 1558 one

of the four constables; in 1559 an afferor (or magistrate); in 1565 an alderman; in 1569 High Bailiff; and in 1571 Chief Alderman—a long series of local honours to an able and worthy man. Shakespeare's father had married, in 1557, Mary, the youngest daughter of Robert Arden,



MARY ARDEN'S HOME, WILMECOTE.

of Wilmecote, near Stratford, and the picturesque home of the Ardens, who were of "gentle" ancestry, still remains almost unchanged. Some old traditions record that she was a woman of rare intelligence and wonderful poetical imagination. At the time of the poet's birth, in 1564,

he lived in Henley Street; and tradition has continually recorded that the house once his property was the poet's birthplace. It has been restored in accordance with an old print to look like the house of the sixteenth century; and although there is no definite evidence, except tradition, as to the place of the poet's birth, it may be accepted as beyond doubt that he was born in the house and in the room now shown, for the legal pedigree of the house has been collected and preserved.

It is not difficult to imagine the scene of the poet's early days from the relics which remain. The middle portion of the house has had no change, and the old massive timbers of the walls and roof have never been removed, so that an accurate idea of its size and condition may be gained even now. The garden around it is the survival of the old garden and orchard, and at the chimney corner and in the low-ceiled rooms the young poet doubtless passed his early years. A disastrous fire two centuries ago destroyed many of the old houses, but examples enough remain to show what Stratford was in young Shakespeare's days. Most of the houses in Henley Street are of last century date, but some of the best

remain, and help to give an accurate picture of the olden time. When the lad went forth "with shining morning face," doubtless "unwillingly to school," he may have taken the short narrow passage, or gone round by the then picturesque old Market House to the School by the Gild Chapel, where he learned the "small Latin and less Greek" which helped him greatly in his immortal plays. As he passed the "Great House" on the left, even his fertile imagination could scarcely have indulged in a dream that one day he would hold that house as his own, with all the "Great Garden" and fields sloping down to the Avon, and that there he would write some of the great dramas which have won him immortal fame. He would look on the fine Gild Chapel, then to his eyes a venerable building, for it was more than a century old, and when he went there he would little dream how those grim old wall-paintings of scriptural subjects would haunt his memory in years to come, and give him illustrations to his works. Passing under the gate, past the church, and into the yard behind, the little lad, satchel on back, would pass up the picturesque old roofed outside steps, now removed, to the

large School, where good Thomas Hunt, the pedagogue, would be ready to teach and train the lads, little dreaming how one of the bright-eyed boys would reflect some honour, even on his own humble name, as one who had taught the world's great poet in his childhood's days.

Underneath the Schoolroom, which still remains, was the room, the Hall in which the growing boy would take a deeper interest, for that was the Gild-Hall, and there, when the players came and were entertained, he must have seen his first play performed, have felt a thrill of wondrous interest, have looked with breathless attention as the drama was played. When the lad was only five years old, his father, as Bailiff, had entertained the players, and the little lad was doubtless present, for John Shakespeare was certainly a great admirer of the stage, as the Stratford Records show, but little could he have thought or hoped that his son would create the English drama, and become its illustrious chief.

Adjoining the Gild-Hall and School are the Almshouses, and opposite the Gild Chapel the picturesque hostelry, "The Falcon," the interior of which remains as it was in Shakespeare's days, and one room of which has some of the wainscoting



FALCON INN.

TOWER OF GILD HALL ADJOINING, WITH SCHOOLROOM OVER,
GILD CHAPEL.

removed when New Place was pulled down. Farther on, along the road to the Church, the schoolboy must have rambled on his holidays to the Avon bank, and the venerable Church, and the picturesque old mill, and far on to the Weir Brake and Cross on the Hill, and over the pleasant meadows by the Avon side, down the river to Luddington and Bidford, on the bright spring and summer days. Even now, so few are the changes, that we may look on almost the very scenes which Shakespeare saw, the picturesque old town house of the great Clopton family, and other relics of the "Old Town," although the venerable College exists no longer on the right, as it was pulled down ninety-three years ago.

A boat on the river, along its many windings towards Warwick, or down the river below the Church, or through the meadows, with a good memory, or a volume of the poet's works in hand, can alone help to show "Shakespeare at Home." It is not the house where he was born, nor the ruins of that in which he died, not the green lawn of the Great Garden, nor the venerable Gild Chapel, on which he often gazed as he rested from his labours on some summer day, not

the great church on the Avon, with its dusty casques and crumbling monuments, and noble avenue, and soft-flowing stream, that Shakespeare will be found "at home." Pleasant and beautiful and charming as they are, these are only



BACK OF OLD HALL AND SCHOOL.

the surroundings in which the men and women and children in Stratford were seen by the poet's eye, and immortalized in his undying works. The men and women whose faces he knew, whose hearts he read, whose characters he painted, are

long since gone ; but the real student and lover of Shakespeare may learn the same lessons in the same school, if he goes out into the woods and fields, and there find Shakespeare as much “at home” as in the market or the street.

All around Stratford was the real school of Shakespeare. If all record of his history had been lost, any careful enquirer would have found so many local allusions in his works,—names, places, proverbs, dialect,—that the dramas would have been assigned to a Midland, nay, a Warwickshire man. Many pages might be filled with quotations showing the wonderfully minute and perfect descriptions of natural scenes pertaining to Stratford and its neighbourhood—as, for one example, the willow of Ophelia, which abounds on the Avon—or a hundred similar illustrations. Among these scenes Shakespeare was most “at home.” No other poet of his period so passionately loved the country and the beauties of the woods and fields. Happily for us the want of scenery in the earlier days of the drama allowed and even compelled the poet to describe ; and thus, all through the plays—not to mention the Poems, which are still more notable—Shakespeare has given the world, for all time,

not only the wondrous secrets of the human heart, its strange and crooked ways, its high ambitions and grovelling cares, but he has loved and studied nature with a passion, and described her endless charms with a tenderness and love beyond all praise. Shakespeare, in fact, was "at home" alike in country and in town; the humours of the city, its foibles and tricks, its temptations and hopes, its pleasures and rewards, were all lavished upon him, but yet he left them all without a sigh, returned to the humble little town where he was born, lived in peace and dignity and honour, and now remains "at home" for ever, by the soft-flowing Avon, which he loved so well.

The Shakespeare Garden.

BY LEO GRINDON.

ENRICHED as our gardens are to-day with beautiful and curious trees, plants, and flowers brought from every part of the world, it is difficult to conceive of a time when they contained examples only of such as occur wild in Europe, with a handful perhaps from the northern edge of Africa and the extreme of south-western Asia. We need but call to mind, however, that in 1593, scarcely anything was known, save by the merest hearsay, of the vegetable productions of North and South America, Eastern Asia, and the Cape of Good Hope, and nothing at all of the Floras of Australia and the South Sea Islands. These are now all abundantly represented. In the little suburban plot overlooked from my parlour window, I see the *Aucuba* from Japan, the scarlet-flowering *Currant* from California, a *Veronica* from New Zealand; and beside my desk is a charming *Primula* from China. The garden of the

Shakespearean age was full and lovely enough, all the same, to furnish sweet posies for the hand of the beloved, and to provide key-notes for the imagination of the poet, long before the reign of the "virgin queen;" many kinds of fruits and culinary vegetables were in common cultivation; there were many varieties also of medicinal herbs and economic plants; those emphatically distinguished as "flowers" were by no means neglected.

The earliest exact index to the contents of English gardens at the period indicated, is old William Turner's *Libellus*, published in 1538. Half a century afterwards came old Gerard's famous *Herbal*, a massive folio, crowded with rude woodcuts, from which, if assumed to be fairly truthful, it would seem that he had in cultivation no fewer than about 850 different species. Among them are seven or eight American plants. It is somewhat singular, at the same time, that Gerard makes no mention of the arbutus, the box-tree, and the laburnum, nor even of the sweet-bay. The most interesting horticultural sketches of the time are Bacon's delightful essay "Of Gardens," and Margaret Roper's loving and picturesque report of her

father's teaching during a ramble through the meadows at Fulham. Margaret, it will be remembered, was eldest daughter of the celebrated Sir Thomas More. Let us listen awhile to her pleasant talk :—

“For me,” says father, “there is manie a plant I entertayn in my garden and paddock which the fastidious would cast further. I like to teache my children the uses of common things—to know, for instance, the uses of the flowers and weeds that grow in our fields and hedges. Manie a poor knave's pottage would be improved if he were skilled in the properties of the burdock and purple orchis” (Ophelia's “long-purples,”) “lady smock, brooklime, and old man's pepper. The roots of wild succory and arrow-head mighte agreeable change his Lenten diet, and glass-wort afford him a pickle for his mouthful of salt meat. Then there are cresses and wood-sorrel for breakfast, and salep for his hot evening mess. For his medicine there is herb two-pence, that will cure a hundred ills, cammomile to lull a raging tooth, and the juice of buttercup to cleare his head by sneezing. Vervain cureth ague, and crowfoote affords the leaste painfull of blisters. St. Anthony's turnip is an emetic; goosegrass

sweetens the blood; woodruffe is good for the liver, and bindweed hath well nigh as much virtue as foreign scammony. Pimpernel promoteth laughter, and poppy, sleep; thyme giveth pleasant dreams, and an ashen branch drives evil spirits from the pillow. As for rosemarie (Ophelia's again) I lett it run alle over my garden walls, not onlie because my bees love it, but because 'tis the herbe sacred to remembrance, and therefore to friendship, whence a sprig of it hath a dumb language that maketh it the chosen emblem of our funeral wakes, and in our buriall grounds. Howbeit, I am a schoolboy prating in presence of his master, for here is John Clement at my elbow, who is the best botanist and herbalist of us all." Here the dear girl pauses, but she leaves us in no doubt as to the kind of botanical knowledge sought and possessed, assuredly to a less or greater extent, by Shakespeare, who refers not only to the purple orchis, and to rosemary, but to the lady-smock, the poppy, and several besides of the plants mentioned in her interesting little survey. His acquaintance with flowers cherished for the simple and sufficient sake of their exquisite forms and hues, or by reason of their fragrance, or that are a

gladsome sight because of their pretty ways, their manners and customs, so to speak, the marigold to wit,

“That goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises, weeping,”

must also have been wide and accurate. He knew, too, which were consecrated by ancient fable and by time-honoured tradition. Shakespeare, in citing trees, flowers, and plants, to illustrate his theme, certifies to us, over again, his possession of the delectable power of selecting at all times the best thing of its kind; and having done this, he speaks of it always in the way that is best for us, because the simplest and truest. His descriptive touches are such as have never been equalled: his epithets leave nothing to be desired. Alas, that the little garden, the trim lawn and leafy shade, all once so full of Shakespeare's presence, so glad in the daily sight of him, so gay with his unwritten jests, so charged with his unwritten wisdom, so tender and beautiful in the recollections of the rare spirit whose larger touches have “made the whole world kin,” alas, that they should have been swept away. Never mind. We still have Anne Hathaway's cottage, small and quaint, but just

such a home as should have sheltered the love of one at once so lowly and so royal as Shakespeare—who taught women how to become sweeter by walking with Miranda, lovelier through the loveliness of Imogen, more faithful by chatting with Rosalind. Be sure that little as we know of Anne's story, such a heart as his, and such a hand as hers, must have made a noble match of it.

In Shakespeare's references to flowers, whether field-born or cultivated, over and above their poetic beauty there is wonderful store of what may be fittingly termed natural history observation, and this often consists not more in what is stated as literal fact, than in what is implied. The daffodils "come before the swallow dares." Yes; but is that all? Mark the accuracy of the ornithological reminder. The flower is in bloom quite a month earlier than the appearance of the minute and delicate flies to which the birds look for their food. The lady-smocks are "silver-white." Yes, again, but why *silver-white*? Because of the peculiar soft lilac tinge of the petals, not remarkable when the flower is held in the hand, but plain enough when the plant grows in plenty upon a hill-side, and we look at the

petals obliquely. The resemblance to burnished silver, urns, vases, etc., which also seem flushed with just a gleam of delicate lilac, then needs no pointing out. How often must it have delighted the heart of the poet.

The list of garden flowers mentioned by Shakespeare is remarkably brief, extending to only eight or nine. He had no occasion to mention any more. The great mass of the references fall, as it is, upon only two, the lily and the rose, thus corresponding with the employment of flower-names in Scripture, where, indeed, these alone occur. The explanation is quite easy:—the lily and the rose have from time immemorial been the poets' metaphor for loveliness and purity. The species of rose cultivated in England in the Shakespearean age appear to have been the *centifolia*, with its variety, the *Provincialis*, the *Damascena*, or damask, the *moschata*, or musk-rose, and the *alba*, but none of these, probably, had double varieties. Anyway, it was the single rose, the natural and original form of the flower, a beautiful concave, with golden heart, which, conventionalized, became the rose of Heraldry. Shakespeare's "lily," was unquestionably that

peerless species called by botanists the *Lilium candidum*, the flower which in the Middle Ages was consecrated to the Virgin, whence the still-current appellations of Madonna-lily and Annunciation-lily. The erect and leafy stems, a yard high, the noble and well-balanced cluster of five or six pearly-white bells, exhaling the sweetest of odours, the spotless petals, curving outwards, the swinging golden anthers, and emerald stigma, could not but arrest the attention of the most incurious, and recommend it for the most elegant and devout of uses. To-day we have in our gardens quite a score of lilies unknown to the Elizabethan florists. Some of them may be more sumptuous and imposing, but not one excels the *candidum* in intrinsic and absolute queenliness. "Lily" has in all ages possessed a very wide signification. The "lilies of the field" in the Gospel are flowers in general. If the Divine behest falls powerless upon our hearts when we have only the daisy and the cowslip, and no botanical "lilies" before our eyes, it might as well never have been uttered. Employing the term in the broad or general sense, Shakespeare includes among the lilies the Iris, or fleur-de-lis, which name Chaucer

applies to the Madonna-lily. The particular species of the beautiful genus named after the rainbow, which Shakespeare had in view, cannot be determined, many of the exotics being in cultivation, but in all likelihood it would be the *Germanica*, the magnificent purple flower still considered foremost as a decorative plant. Shakespeare possessed also the crown-imperial, or at all events had seen it growing in some choice London garden, though there is no reason why it should not have been carried to Stratford-on-Avon. The marigold, above mentioned, is referred to upon five occasions. It was a well-known garden ornament. The celebrated old horticulturist, Thomas Hill, writing in 1574, calls it "the husbandman's dyall." The carnation had been introduced, probably by the Normans, at once taking a place in gardens well deserved, and its title to which has never been challenged. Some of the varieties were doubtless included under the name of "gilliflower," another term of very wide application, since in Lyte, A.D. 1576, it covers the pink, the sweet-william, the marsh-lychnis, and various other members of the beautiful order, the Caryophyllaceæ, with several of the Cruciferæ besides. The carnation and the

pink were also called "sops-in-wine," or simply "sops," because the flowers were placed in goblets of wine, to which they were supposed to impart a pleasant flavour. Hence in the *Taming of the Shrew*:—

“ Quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the Sexton's face.”

Many pretty plants, found wild in the fields and hedgerows, were unquestionably grown in gardens in the Shakespearean age. At the present day, in truth, mingling with the foreign flowers, there are still representatives in plenty of those indigenous to our island. The columbine, the oxlip, the violet, love-in-idleness, the primrose, the cowslip, and the crow-flower, would be conspicuous; and among the shrubs and ligneous plants, sweet-brier and the woodbine, also called honeysuckle. Shrubs, evergreens especially, would also be favourites, though in the dramas the references are but few. The cypress had been introduced from the Levant long before the time of Elizabeth. The very remarkable spire-like figure, then without a parallel in England, and the peculiar foliage, would be sure to attract the attention of so quick an observer as Shakespeare. Still, in his allusions to this famous tree, perhaps

we have only ancient literature renewed, since, like all other poets, he was apt to adopt the imagery of the classics. In oriental countries the cypress had been the chosen plant for placing beside tombs and monuments in cemeteries, from very early times, an association which at once explains the line in *Henry the Sixth*, III., 2, when Suffolk, execrating his enemies, wishes

“Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees.”

The Bathaway Cottage at Shottery.

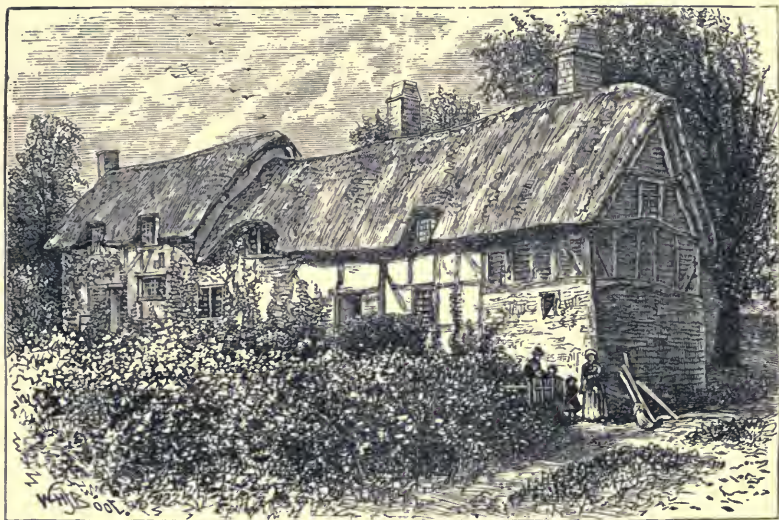
BY A. H. WALL.

SHOTTERY is the name of a little rustic village in the Warwickshire parish of Stratford-upon-Avon. In 107 King Offa bestowed it upon the church at Worcester, and what was for centuries called its manor-house was previously known as the priory. A very old house which now stands in the village, occupies its site, and its garden is to this day called "the old priory garden," as it is still called "the old manor-house." It was standing in Shakespeare's time, and Major Walter, in his "Shakespeare's True Life," pictures the betrothed, William and Anne, wandering through its chambers in loving conversation, and says, "It comes down as a tradition from the poet's time that the *Midsummer Night's Dream* owes much of its creation to this old hall," although the late Mr. Charles Flower, (founder of the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford) thought that play was first performed in the manor-house of Wilmcote, or Wincote, a

fine old building quite recently removed, together with three mulberry trees which grew in its orchard, and were traditionally believed to have been planted by Shakespeare. Mother Hackett's tavern stood close by it. Divine service used to be performed in the oratory at Shottery in 1402, when special license for that purpose was obtained, and a fitting priest duly appointed. Mass was secretly performed in an out-of-the-way garret of the manor-house, in Shakespeare time, and Major Walter quite believes that the ceremony of handfasting, or betrothing, between Anne Hathaway and William Shakespeare was therein performed.

The village is full of picturesque beauty. Little old-thatched cottages, quaintly hidden away in woody nooks, carry us back to far-off times at a glance, and it is something to see in them, unchanged, what Shakespeare and his sweetheart saw in their summer evening rambles,—no prettier exist in the neighbourhood. Close by the manor-house, and just before you come to a group of these old cottages, where the woodland road ceases to be a road, and becomes a field path, is the cottage, or rather farm-house, known as Anne Hathaway's, the resort every year of thousands of enthusiastic Shakespearian pilgrims

from all parts of the world. It is indeed curious to note how, while the house in which Mary Arden, the poet's mother, lived is scarcely ever visited, this, in which Anne Hathaway is merely supposed to have resided, should awaken so much feeling and curiosity.



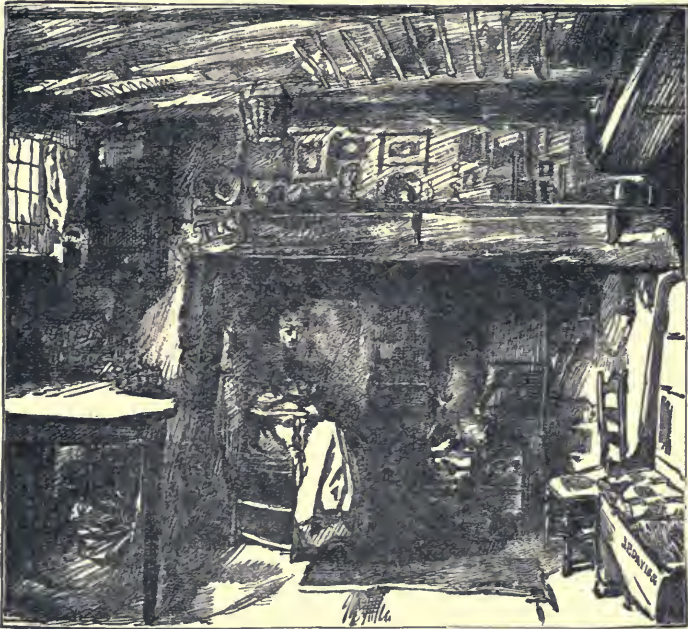
ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

Howitt, in his "Visits to Remarkable Places," confesses that "no spot connected with Shakespeare" interested him so strongly as Shottery did. He says "the house in which he was born was turned into a butcher's shop, his birth there was a mere accident, and the accidents of time

have not added to the intrinsic interest of the place; the house which he built, or improved, for himself, and in which he spent the last years of his life, was pulled down; but the birth-place and marriage place of Anne Hathaway, is just as it was; and, excepting the tombs of Shakespeare and herself, the only authentic and unchanged traces of their existence here." Howitt was a writer of the emotional school, and he certainly subordinated his facts to his fancies in writing thus. For instance, while the Shakespeare birth-place evidence leaves little or no room for doubt, we have nothing but a vague tradition to associate the so-called home and birth-place of Anne Shakespeare with the house of her supposed father, Richard Hathaway. We have no record of her birth, and in the will of her real or presumed father her name is not mentioned as one of his family. It mentions four sons and three daughters, named respectively Agnes, Catherine, and Margaret, but no daughter named Anne. Still the tradition is not altogether unsupported by suggestive facts.

We know that Richard Hathaway, of Shottery, and John Shakespeare, of Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon, were friends when

the poet was in his second year.* The sons of Richard were probably sent to the Grammar School—one was afterwards High Bailiff—and if so, Will Shakespeare may have been their



INTERIOR OF ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

schoolfellow. He may have passed many a holiday with them and their sisters at Shottery, and been merry with them under the boundary elm tree beside his father's house, or in the

* We have the bond in which John Shakespeare became his surety.

Corporation gravel-pits behind it. In this way Willie and Anne may have grown up together as sweethearts. All this is probable enough. And yet he may have married another Anne Hathaway. There were Hathaways living in Stratford, and I have just seen a record of Gild property, dated 1764, in which the names of both Hathaway and Burbidge (query Burbage)* figure as old inhabitants. Hathaways were also to be found at Luddington. It is known too that in Shottery a second family of Hathaways then existed, and in confirmation we have their tomb-inscriptions recorded. There were Hathaways too in Worcester. We have also the record of a Stratford Alderman's marriage with another Anne Hathaway in 1580. It is, however, argued in favour of the tradition that Agnes in the will was accidentally substituted for Anne, but this is hardly probable, although it is generally accepted as a fact by those who share William Howitt's feelings and prejudices. Another fact has, however, a bearing upon it which is distinctly favourable. In the marriage bond, or license, of November 1532, now preserved in the Consistorial Registry at

* Burbadge was Master of the Earl of Leicester's players.

Worcester, the names of the bondsmen are given, and these names are those of Foulke Sandells and John Richardson. They were both farmers at Shottery. John died rich in 1594, and Foulke Sandells was one of the supervisors of Richard Hathaway's will in September 1531. Halliwell-Phillipps argues in favour of the tradition, and says Richard appended his seal to the license because the seal attached to it bears the initials R. H., oblivious of the fact that Richard died about a year before the bond was issued. The license mentions Anne as of Stratford-upon-Avon, not Shottery, but this is of no great importance, because the village belonged to the parish, as Luddington and others did. Shakespeare's grand-daughter, Lady Barnard, the last of his descendants, when she died in 1669, had bequeathed to a relative, Joan, the wife of Thomas Hathaway, a sum of fifty pounds. With all these facts, conjectures, and traditions before us, it appears impossible to *confidently* assert that from this house Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway. Probably he did.

The venerable and kindly old lady who officiates as custodian of the house, Mrs. Baker, now in her 80th year, was born there, and we know

her great-grandmother's name was Hathaway. Moreover, she asserts that the popular tradition of Shakespeare having married a daughter of that Richard Hathaway whose will we have, was preserved in her family generation after generation. But there are other Hathaways, who came, as they assert, from Gloucestershire, who make the same claim with as much confidence. One of this family recently told me that he could prove their claim, but he could not tell me how "just then." In like way, maybe, we have many Shakespeares who claim direct descent from William Shakespeare. Several of them have visited Stratford within the last three years.

In 1854, the cottage became the property of Mr. Thompson, an architect and Alderman of Stratford-upon-Avon, and therefore one of the birth-place trustees. He did little or nothing for its preservation, and received from its tenant a rental of eleven pounds yearly. Soon after it was known that the trustees of the Shakespeare birth-place had obtained an Act of Parliament authorising them to use their funds in purchasing the cottages of Mary Arden and Anne Hathaway, he advertised the latter for sale in a London newspaper.

The news spread like wildfire, and in no place was it heard with more astonishment and incredulity that it was in Stratford-upon-Avon. Mr. Thompson was quite willing to deal with his brother trustees, but the price he demanded astonished them,—it was three thousand guineas! They were in a way compelled to purchase the property, the advertisement having brought them to book. Therefore they cleared out their treasury to do so, and consequently Anne Hathaway's cottage is now, as we hope soon Mary Arden's may be, the nation's property. Thus the fame of William Shakespeare profits even those who care least about either the poet or his works.

“Drunken Bidford.”

BY J. A. LANGFORD, LL.D.

IT is interesting, as well as curious, to note how epithets are added to the names of places, and when once accepted, the union remains unquestioned through all time. At first such nicknames are given for some quality which the places possess, or are supposed to possess, and once bestowed and become current coin, are retained long after the quality by which the designation was earned has disappeared. Some of these epithets are to the honour and others to the dishonour of the places so named; but whether good, bad, or indifferent, they invariably recur to the memory whenever we hear the places mentioned without the descriptive adjective.

Only a few miles from Stratford-on-Avon there are no fewer than eight of these strongly characterised villages, and tradition unhesitatingly ascribes their origin to the man who, of all men, set the seal of immortality on all that he said—the master dramatist of the world, Warwick-

shire's Shakespeare. The story runs in the words of Mr. J. R. Wise, “that Shakespeare, having gone over to Bidford on a drinking bout, was overcome with the Bidford ale, and spent the night on his road home under a crab-tree, and in the morning, being asked to renew the contest, refused, saying that he had drunk with:—

Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marston,
 Haunted Hillborough, and hungry Grafton ;
 With dodging Exhall, Papist Wixford,
 Beggarly Broom, and Drunken Bidford.”

There is probably some truth in this old tradition. Bidford was, long before the poet's time, famous for its ale, of which its people were accustomed to drink “potations pottle deep,” and Shakespeare's memory may have recalled this fact when he makes Iago say, after he has sung his excellent song, “Let me the canakin clink,”—“I learnt it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—drink hoa! are nothing to your English. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.”

However this may be, the places which the poet thus designated still retain, for the most part, the characteristic indicated in the name. Bidford is still known for its good ale, although we have good reason for believing that the inhabitants are not quite so thoroughly deserving of the significant appellation which Shakespeare bestowed on their village. The Falcon Inn has been converted into a poorhouse. It was here that the once common drinking bouts used to take place, and a room is "still shown as the scene of the famous festivity." The crab-tree, under whose friendly branches our poet is said to have slept off the effects of his day's indulgence, died a natural death in 1824, but the spot on which it once stood is still pointed out to the visitor of Shakespeare's haunts. There are people who still boast that they possess snuff boxes and other rarities made from this famous tree. Bidford is also famous for something besides its good ale. Bidford stone is well known and highly valued by those who are engaged in the building trade.

The village is about seven miles south-west of Stratford, and was in bygone times of much greater importance than it is at present. It is

mentioned in the famous Domesday Book, where its name is given “Bedeford;” and it was in Edward the Confessor’s time an ancient demesne of the Crown. In 1219-20, Llewelyn, Prince of Wales, granted a market; but the place was never incorporated, and much of its ancient prosperity has long since passed away. Its old noble church of St. Lawrence is beautifully situated on high ground which slopes gently down to the sweet flowing Avon; and here you obtain a fine view of the river with its picturesque stone bridge of eight arches. The church is largely Early English, and consists of a chancel, nave, north and south porches. It has an embattled tower on the west, with a clock, and a peal of six bells. Tradition preserves the memory of what was doubtless the case, and asserts that the church was formerly much larger than at present, and that it then had a north aisle. It was almost entirely rebuilt in 1835.

There are one or two monuments in the church which belong to bygone Bidford. In the south side of the chancel is one to Woodchurch Clarke, Esq., 1647; another, with arms and a bust, to Dorothy Parker, first wife of Sir Fulmar Skipwith, Bart., of Newbold Hall, 1655.

Many sharp skirmishes, and a few battles, were fought at Bidford, and in the neighbourhood, during the struggle between the Parliament and Charles I. Some of these took place on Cromwell's march from Edge Hill to Worcester. The severity of these engagements is proved by the fact that in nearly all the gravel quarries at Bidford, and near Bidford, men's bones are frequently dug out. "Sometimes helmets and spears are met with; and many of the skulls found show unmistakable marks of the terrible sword strokes which dismissed their owners to the nether world." The writer visited one of these quarries, and saw several leg and arm bones, and thought "of the mighty contest which their owners once waged, and of the ever-memorable day's work which these fierce, stern, liberty-loving men did for this foremost land of all the world."

The walk from Stratford to Bidford is at almost all times a very pleasant ramble. You pass through scenes which were familiar to our great poet, and across meadows which his feet have often trod; for in his youth his visits to Bidford were, we doubt not, tolerably frequent. And while he had spent many a night in "mirth and

glee,” his eyes were always open to the beauty and loveliness of the world in which he lived. How often must he have seen the fields studded with wildings, so thick that you “scarce could see the grass for flowers,” and which in later years burst from his memory in such little rivulets of pure lyrics as when he sang of

“The daisies pied, and violets blue,
 And lady-smocks all silver white,
 And cuckoo-birds of yellow hue,
 Which paint the meadows with delight.”

And at the time in which these flowers are in bloom, the air is filled with the love-inspired music of the choristers of the fields, while not unfrequently the voice of the nightingale is heard compelling you gladly to pause in your ramble, and listen to the song of this enraptured singer. You have nearly all the way the tree-shaded Avon softly murmuring along its gentle course, and now and then glimpses of the spire, pointing out the church where lie the mortal remains of the man whose genius has made every spot of country here, and in all Warwickshire, sacred to all the world ; and where he

“Sepulchred in such pomp doth lie
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.”

The neighbourhood of Bidford is rich in lovely walks. About threequarters of a mile from the village one of especial attraction is to the Marlcliff. Your walk is through a few fields, with the "Avon almost always in sight," and ascend this fine acclivity. "When," writes one enthusiastic visitor, "when we reached the top there lay, as it were, at our feet, the counties of Warwick, Worcester, and Gloucester; and gently winding its way below us was the lovely Avon, dear to all Englishmen, and now dear to all the world. From the top of the Marlcliff you get a dim view of great Malvern, and immediately spring up in the mind the rich remembrances of that delightful place. In a few moments we are down the cliff, watching the clear waters of the Avon,—

"Avon—a precious, an immortal name,"

and gathering flowers from its banks. A bunch of cowslips with their "crimson drops" are our trophy, and we bear them away for remembrance. Somehow every spot of this famous river seems haunted with the memories of its once great lover; and all sounds seem to echo Shakespeare's name. Just as we were thus thinking, the lark poured forth its river of song, and then arise the words—

“Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven’s gate sings,”

and then,

“Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist-cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty ;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar tops and hills seem burnish’d gold.”

Mr. J. R. Wise, who knows the whole of the country surrounding Stratford with a thorough knowledge, and loves it with all his heart and soul, presents us with a delightful description of a view he had near Bidford. He saw it from the spot where once stood the celebrated crab-tree. The season was at mid-harvest, and he writes :—“The view from here will well repay us. Before us spreads the vale of Evesham, the most fertile, perhaps, in England. The country here, which is always earlier than any other, is now in the middle of harvest. A fresh breeze, though, is blowing, here and there in play knocking down a sheaf, as if it were a huge ninepin, and rustling the crab apples down from the hedge-row trees, and blowing about the young second broods of birds that are taking their first lessons in flying ; but, best of all, breathing cool upon the brows of

the toiling harvestmen and the poor harvest-women, their backs aching with picking up the bundles after the reapers, whilst the Avon flows so silently down the valley.

“But it is not these places alone that should interest us. It is the whole country. And as we go on to Stratford let us now and then stop and look back, and watch the Autumn sunset fading behind us upon this our last walk, as Shakespeare often must have seen it; flake upon flake of cloud burning with fire behind the Binton Hills, and casting their rosy shadows in the far east, as if there another sun-rise was dawning upon us, instead of night. And let us too, rising from Shakespeare even up to higher things, remember, with some of that feeling of patriotism which so marks his plays, that this was the land, where at Edgehill, the first battle in the great struggle for English liberty was fought in

‘His native county, which so brave spirits hath bred.’”

So bygone Bidford, and present Bidford, small as the village is, unimportant as it may appear in this progressive nineteenth century, and distinguished by the epithet—the questionable epithet—which clings to its name, will always

recall pleasant memories to the mind of all English-speaking people. We can never forget that in his early youth Shakespeare frequently trod its street, as frequently visited its Falcon Inn, and passed many a merry night with his boon companions, the memory of which may afterwards have given birth to some of the revels with the unparalleled Falstaff in Eastcheap. And that, according to a firmly believed tradition, after retiring from London to end his days in his native town, the last of the merry meetings he ever passed with his later friends was at the Falcon, at the Bidford which he had himself named “Drunken.”

Hereford and Norfolk at Coventry.

BY EDWARD LAMPLOUGH.

I. THE AFFAIR AT RADCOT BRIDGE.

ON Sunday, the 17th of November, 1386, a highly dramatic scene was enacted within Westminster Hall, when the Duke of Gloucester, supported by the Earls of Nottingham, Arundel, Warwick, and Derby, confronted King Richard, and, with all the dignity and solemnity that attached to an act of national justice, appealed of treason the Archbishop of York, the Duke of Ireland, the Earl of Suffolk, Robert Tresilian, and Nicholas Brembre, demanding their permanent removal from His Majesty's council and court. Laying their written demands at Richard's feet, they cast their gauntlets on the floor, and appealed to the wager of battle.

Gloucester was ambitious, the confederate lords were far from stainless, but Richard was young and headstrong, and his favourites were not without reproach. Much might have been said on both sides, for Gloucester was anxious to rule

under the sceptre of his nephew, if no better chance befell; but the Duke had the best of the argument, 40,000 men being arrayed under his banners.

The charge was to be referred to parliament, but the Duke of Ireland secretly and expeditiously withdrew into the Welsh marches, where he speedily formed the nucleus of an army, Sir Thomas Molineux, Sir Ralph Vernon, and Sir Ralph Ratcliff placing their swords at his disposal.

On the first rumour of a hostile movement, the Earl of Derby marched to oppose the Royalists. The armies struck at Radcot Bridge, in Oxfordshire, but Ireland fled before lances shivered, and, casting off knightly mail, swam across the river, and effected his escape. The victory was almost bloodless, but, amid breaking ranks, the rush of fugitives, and the charge of Derby's knights, the gallant Molineux met his death, disdaining to fly before the King's enemies.

The triumph of Gloucester was signal. Tresilian and Brembre were executed. Suffolk and Ireland escaped beyond sea, the former to die after a few months' exile, and the latter to be fatally mangled by a wild boar of Brabant, some

years after the affair of Radcot Bridge. The Archbishop of York ended his days in Flanders, the priest of a small parish. Sir Simon Burley, Sir John Beauchamp of Holt, Sir James Berners, Sir John Salisbury, John Blake, and Thomas Huske, were executed as aiders and abettors of the appealed nobles.

Burleigh was regarded with sincere affection and veneration by Richard and his queen, who made strenuous exertions to save his life. Derby seconded their petitions, and with a warmth and zeal that threatened to divide the associated lords, but Gloucester was determined to remove so influential a friend of the monarch, and remained inflexible.

It is not possible here to fully enter into all the events that preceded and followed the affair of Radcot Bridge, nor into the transactions of the merciless, or wonderful, parliament, but it is interesting to trace from these early events of King Richard's reign the change of dynasty that involved the nation in the wars of Lancaster and York, and led up to the hundred years of the Tudors.

In 1389, King Richard re-assumed the government of the nation, and eight years later he

avenged his former humiliation and defeat by compassing the death of his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, bringing the Earl of Arundel to the block, obtaining the banishment of Thomas Arundel (Archbishop of Canterbury), and the incarceration in the Isle of Man of Thomas, Earl of Warwick. Thomas Mortimer, who was also impeached, secured himself by taking refuge in Ireland. In a word, the most dangerous of the lords appellants were removed by execution, exile, or imprisonment, and the proceedings of the wonderful parliament were repealed.

Two of the lords appellants were spared—Henry, Earl of Derby, and Thomas Mowbray, Earl of Nottingham. These took part with the King in his hour of triumph, and won to themselves the credit of having, by their influence, restrained Gloucester, Arundel, Warwick, and Mortimer, from their expressed intention of deposing his Majesty. Lancaster and Mowbray were, accordingly, recommended by the Commons to Richard's favour, and the King acknowledged their loyalty in gracious terms; and rewarded their somewhat supposititious services by elevating Lancaster to the dukedom of Hereford, and Mowbray to that of Norfolk.

Hereford and Norfolk might be congratulated on their escape rather than on the acquisition of their somewhat questionable honours; and Hereford, at least, was disturbed by apprehensions of danger, which cast grave suspicions on his faith later on. Kneeling before Richard, he confessed his complicity in many actions that had proved prejudicial to his Majesty and to the peace of the country, but in his newly awakened consciousness that they were offences against the King's Majesty, he humbly and earnestly implored forgiveness.

Richard was very gracious, and pardoned his cousin, certainly not one of the most dangerous of the lords appellants, maugre his activity at Radcot Bridge. A general pardon for past offences was then announced, Richard, however, excepting fifty unnamed persons, who were to be dealt with in his own time, should he deem it necessary to proceed against them.

In the conclusion of Parliament, the Commons desired his Majesty to form a committee to assist him in the settlement of affairs. The committee to which such extraordinary authority was delegated, consisted of the Dukes of Lancaster, York, Albemarle, Surrey, and Exeter; the

Marquis of Dorset; the Earls of March, Salisbury, Northumberland, Gloucester, Winchester, and Wiltshire; and John Bussey, Henry Green, John Russel, Henry Chelmeswick, Robert Tey, and John Golofre, Knights.

The first business of the committee was provided by Hereford, who had laid a charge against Norfolk of having discredited the King, in the course of a private conversation, entered into while they were *en rapport* between Brentford and London. The conversation, as given in the rolls of Parliament, is of sufficient interest to quote.

Norfolk.—We are on the point of being undone.

Hereford.—Why so?

Norfolk.—On account of the affair of Radcot Bridge.

Hereford.—How can that be, since the King has granted us pardon, and has declared in Parliament that we behaved as good and loyal subjects?

Norfolk.—Nevertheless our fate will be like that of others before us. He will annul that record.

Hereford.—It will be marvellous indeed, if the

King, after having said so before the people, should cause it to be annulled.

Norfolk.—It is a marvellous and false world that we live in; for I know well that, had it not been for some persons, my lord, your father of Lancaster and yourself would have been taken or killed when you went to Windsor after the Parliament. The Dukes of Albemarle and Exeter, and the Earl of Worcester and I, have pledged ourselves never to assent to the undoing of any lord without just and reasonable cause. But this malicious project belongs to the Duke of Surrey, the Earls of Wiltshire and Salisbury, drawing to themselves the Earl of Gloucester. They have sworn to undo six lords, the Dukes of Lancaster, Hereford, Albemarle, and Exeter, the Marquess of Dorset, and myself; and have power to reverse the attainder of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, which would turn to the derision of us and many others.

Hereford.—God forbid! It will be a wonder if the King should assent to such designs. He appears to make me good cheer, and has promised to be my good lord. Indeed, he has sworn by St. Edward to be a good lord to me and others.

Norfolk.—So he has often sworn to me by God's body, but I do not trust him the more for that. He is attempting to draw the Earl of March into the scheme of the four lords to destroy the others.

Hereford.—If that be the case we can never trust them.

Norfolk.—Certainly not. Though they may not accomplish their purpose now, they will contrive to destroy us in our houses ten years hence.

Norfolk had indignantly repudiated Hereford's statement, stigmatising it as "the lies of a false traitor," and when the charge was again gone into by the committee, he maintained his denial, in face of which it was impossible to come to an impartial decision, the onus of proof resting on Hereford, who could produce no evidence to maintain his assertion. Under these difficult circumstances, it was resolved to refer the matter to a court of Chivalry, to be held at Windsor, on the 29th of April. The decision of the court was that Hereford and Norfolk should abide by wager of battle, the place Coventry, the time September the 16th.

II. THE LISTS AT COVENTRY.

Froissart, prince of mediæval chroniclers, is not always to be relied upon for his facts, and his account of the break between Hereford and Norfolk attaches the breach of faith to the latter; but it is not within the limits of this article to refer to his version, save in the quoting of the following portion, which probably is a correct account of the preparations for the combat:

“These two lords made ample provision of all things necessary for the combat, and the Earl of Derby sent off messengers to Lombardy, to procure armour from Sir Galeas, Duke of Milan. The duke readily complied with the request, and gave the knight who brought the message the choice of all his armour; and when he had selected all he wished for, in plated and mail armour, the Lord of Milan, out of his abundant love to the earl, ordered four of the best armourers in Milan to accompany the knight to England, that the Earl of Derby might be more completely armed. The earl marshal, on the other hand, sent into Germany, whence he thought he should be ably assisted by his friends. Each provided himself most magnificently to

outshine the other; but the greater splendour was certainly shown by the Earl of Derby; for I must say, that when the earl marshal undertook this business, he expected to have been better supported by the King than he was."

The interest in a judicial conflict, so extraordinary in its character, and the actors in which were of such exalted lineage, was necessarily deep and widespread. Holinshed's account is of rare interest and colour, and its quotation requires no apology.

When the memorable day dawned, "The Duke of Aumerle, that day being high constable of England, and the Duke of Surrey, marshal, placed themselves between them, well-armed and appointed; and when they saw their time, they first entered into the lists with a great company of men, apparelled in silk sendall, embroidered with silver, both richly and curiously; every man having a tipped staff to keep the field in order. About the hour of prime came to the barriers of the lists the Duke of Hereford, mounted on a white courser, barded with green and blue velvet, embroidered sumptuously with swans and antelopes of goldsmiths' work, armed at all points. The constable and marshal came to the barriers, demanding of him what he was; he answered, "I

am Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, which am come hither to do mine endeavour against Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, as a traitor, untrue to God, the King, his realm, and me." Then, incontinently, he sware upon the holy evangelists, that his quarrel was true and just, and upon that point he required to enter the lists. Then he put by his sword, which before he held naked in his hand, and, putting down his vizor, made a cross on his horse, and with spear in hand entered into the lists, and descended from his horse, and set him down in a chair of green velvet, at the one end of the lists, and there reposed himself, abiding the coming of his adversary.

"Soon after him entered into the field, with great triumph, King Richard, accompanied with all the peers of the realm, and in his company was the Earl of St. Paul, which was come out of France in post to see this challenge performed. The King had there above ten thousand men in armour, lest some fray or tumult might rise amongst his nobles by quarrelling or partaking. When the King was set in his seat, which was richly hanged and adorned, a king-at-arms made open proclamation, prohibiting all men in the name of the King, and of the high constable and

marshal, to enterprise or attempt to approach or touch any part of the lists upon pain of death, except such as were appointed to order or marshal the field. The proclamation ended, another herald cried, 'Behold here Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, appellant, which is entered into the lists royal to do his devoir against Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, defendant, upon pain to be found false and recreant.' The Duke of Norfolk hovered on horseback at the entrance of the lists, his horse being barded with crimson velvet, and embroidered richly with lions of silver and mulberry trees; and when he had made his oath before the constable and marshal, that his quarrel was just and true, he entered the field manfully saying aloud, 'God aid him that hath the right,' and then he departed from his horse, and sate him down in his chair, which was of crimson velvet, curtained about with white and red damask. The lord marshal viewed their spears to see that they were of equal length, and delivered the one spear himself to the Duke of Hereford, and sent the other unto the Duke of Norfolk by a knight. Then the herald proclaimed that the traverses and chairs of the champions should be removed,

commanding them on the King's behalf to mount on horseback, and address themselves to the battle and combat. The Duke of Hereford was quickly horsed, and closed his beaver, and cast his spear into the rest, and when the trumpet sounded, set forward courageously towards his enemy six or seven paces. The Duke of Norfolk was not fully set forward, when the King cast down his warder, and the heralds cried, 'Ho, ho!' Then the King caused their spears to be taken from them, and commanded them to repair again to their chairs, where they remained two long hours, while the King and his council deliberately consulted what order was best to be had in so weighty a cause."

The sentence was more than severe—it was tyrannical—for neither of the peers had been convicted. Norfolk was condemned to perpetual banishment, and Hereford to ten years exile, but Richard afterwards promised to remit half the term. The King also gave permission to the nobles to secure to themselves by legal deeds any inheritance that might revert to them during their absence. It was not long before the death of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, gave the deeds effect, and Hereford succeeded to the

prouder title. Richard, however, perfidiously seized upon Lancaster's estates, and on the 4th of July, 1399, Bolingbroke returned from exile, ostensibly to recover his inheritance from the unjust monarch.

The exile, returning at the head of a handful of followers, was speedily surrounded by chivalrous bands, amongst whom the Duke of Northumberland was his most powerful and prominent partisan. Hereford's progress was little less than a triumphant procession to the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, but it was not undistinguished by falsehood, perfidy, bloodshed, and sacrilegious perjury; it had all the fruit of success, however, for by sword and axe, the triumph of the field and the scaffold, Henry of Lancaster vanquished every foe, and Richard of Bordeaux was foully, but secretly, done to death within the blood-stained walls of guilty Pontefract.

Lawrence Sheriff, Grocer, of Rugby.

BY THE REV. W. H. PAYNE SMITH, M.A.

AMONG the few facts which have outlived the lapse of centuries, concerning the founder of Rugby School, one quaint incident remains recorded in Foxe's Book of Martyrs. The scene there narrated is so graphic, so illustrative of the time, so full of touches which portray the character of its hero, that we prefer to give it in full, rather than to mar it by retelling:—

“The matter whereof is this. Soone after the stir of Wiat (A.D. 1554), and the troubles that happened to this Queene for that cause, it fortun'd one Robert Farrer, a Haberdasher of London, dwelling neare unto Newgate market, in a certaine morning to bee at the Rose Taverne (from whence he was seldome absent), and falling to his common drinke, as hee was ever accustomed, and having in his companie three other companions like to himselfe, it chanced the same time one Laurence Shiriffe Grocer, dwelling also not

farre from thence, to come into the sayd Taverne, and finding there the sayd Farrer (to whom of long time hee had borne good will) sate downe in the seate to drinke with him; and Farrer being in his full cups, and not having consideration who were present, began to talke at large, and namely against the Lady Elizabeth, and said, That Jill hath bin one of the chiefe doers of this rebellion of Wiat, and before all be done, she and all the heretikes her partakers, shall well understand of it. Some of them hope that she shall have the crowne, but she and they (I trust) that so hope, shall hop headlesse, or be fried with fagots before she come to it.

“The foresayd Laurence Shiriffe Grocer, being then servant unto the Lady Elizabeth, and sworn unto her Grace, could no longer forbear his old acquaintance and neighbour Farrer in speaking so unreverently of his Mistresse, but sayd unto him: Farrer, I have loved thee as a neighbour, and have had a good opinion of thee, but hearing of thee that I now heare, I defie thee; and I tell thee, I am her Graces sworne servant, and shee is a Princesse, and the daughter of a Noble King, and it evill becommeth thee to call her a Jill, and for thy so saying, I say thou

art a knave, and I will complaine upon thee. Doe thy worst, sayd Farrer : for that I said, I will say againe ; and so Shiriffe came from his company.

“Shortly after the said Shiriffe, taking an honest neighbour with him, went before the Commissioners to complaine ; the which Commissioners sate then at Boner the Bishop of London’s house beside Pauls, and there were present, Boner then being the chiefe Commissioner, the Lord Mordant, Sir John Baker, D. Darbishire Chancellor to the Bishop, Doctor Storie, Doctor Harpsfield, and other.

“The aforesayd Shiriffe comming before them, declared the manner of the sayd Rob. Farrers talk against the Lady Elizabeth. Boner answered, Peradventure you tooke him worse than hee meant. Yea my Lord, said Doctor Storie, if you knew the man as I doe, you would say there is not a better Catholike, nor a honester man in the City of London. Well, sayd Shiriffe, my Lord shee is my gracious Lady and Mistresse, and it is not to bee suffered that such a Varlet as hee is should call so honourable a Princesse by the name of a Jill : and I saw yesterday in the court that my Lord Cardinall Poole, meeting her in

the Chamber of Presence, kneeled downe on his knees and kissed her hand; and I saw also that King Philip meeting her, made her such obeysance, that his knee touched the ground; and then me thinketh it were too much to suffer such a Varlet as this is, to call her Jill, and to wish them to hop headlesse, that shall wish her Grace to enjoy the possession of the crowne when God shall send it unto her, as in the right of her inheritance. Yea? stay there, quoth Bonner. When God sendeth it unto her, let her enjoy it. But truly (said he) the man that spake the words that you have reported, meant nothing against the Lady Elizabeth your mistresse, and no more do we: but he like an honest and zealous man feared the alteration of religion, which every good man ought to feare; and therefore (said Boner) good man goe your waies home and report well of us toward your mistresse, and we will send for Farrer and rebuke him for his rash and indiscreete words, and we trust he will not do the like again. And thus Shiriffe came away, and Farrer had a flap with a Foxe taile." (Foxe, vol. 3, p. 951. Edn. 1641).

Doubtless the "flap" which Farrer received

was not a very vicious one ; the railing frequenter of the Rose Tavern had a truer appreciation than his opponent of the kind of treatment which any adverse criticism of the Princess Elizabeth was likely at that time to receive from the Commission sitting beside St. Paul's. The incident, however, introduces us to the few facts which are known about Lawrence Sheriff.

Born at some unknown date in the earlier years of the Tudors, at the little Warwickshire village of Rugby, Sheriff migrated from the home of his fathers to London. How, or why, or when, he settled in the capital, is unknown to us ; but there we find him, in the reign of Edward VI., a prosperous grocer in Newgate Street, attached in some way to the household of the Princess Elizabeth, and provider of "spices and necessaries" to her. In the household accounts of the Princess, for the years 1551-52, under the head of "The Spicerie and Chaundrye," there occur frequent entries of sums amounting to a considerable total, paid to Lawrence Sheriff, Shreffe, Shrefe, and so on. The name is spelt with almost as many varieties as that of Wiclif. During the reign of Mary there were anxious times for the adherents of Elizabeth. The

incident quoted above shows the simple loyalty and true-hearted courage of the man. It was no wonder that when his royal mistress came to the throne, Sheriff flourished, and was in high esteem. We find record of a grant of a coat of arms from the Herald's College in 1559, an interchange of New Year's gifts between the Queen and her grocer in 1561, election to the vice-wardenship of the Grocers' Company in 1566, the acquisition of some little property both in the neighbourhood of his native village and near London; and the facts known as to Sheriff's life are at an end.

The record of the New Year's gifts just alluded to is not without interest as showing the high value then set upon the commodities imported from the new-discovered eastern lands. Sheriff presented to the Queen, "a sugar loaf, a box of ginger, a box of nutmegs, and a pound of cinnamon," and received as a gift from her Majesty, "one gilt salt with a cover, 7 oz." The coat of arms, too, is significant of the character of this merchandise of eastern spices, which was the real business of our "grocer." Its heraldic description is as follows:—

"Azure, on a fesse engrailed between three

griffins' heads, erased, or, a fleur-de-lis of the first, between two roses, gules. Crest, a lion's paw, erased, or, holding a branch of dates, the fruit of the first in the pods argent, the stalks and leaves vert." The fleur-de-lis and the roses doubtless indicate the holder's service to the royal House of Tudor, the griffins are the fabled guardians of the treasure of eastern climes, the branch of dates grasped in the lion's paw is emblem of the commodities furnished to his patrons by the grocer in his business.

Sheriff did not live long to enjoy his honours. The years passed on, and as he felt that the time was come for him to settle his earthly affairs, his thoughts turned towards his native village. On July 22nd, 1567, he executed his will, being then, as he describes himself, "sick of body, but of good and perfect remembrance, for which thanked be God." This will opens with a long list of sums assigned to various charitable and public-spirited purposes, and of legacies bestowed on relatives and maids and 'prentices; the testator then proceeds to state his purpose that "his lands, tenements, and hereditaments in the county of Warwick" together with a sum of £100 in money, should be used by his trustees for the

foundation of a "schoole house and almshouses in Rugbye, according to the tenor of a certayne writeing, conteyneing mine intent in that behalfe." The lands referred to consisted of two parts; first the rectory of Brownsover; secondly, the house in Rugby in which the founder was born, and which he inherited from his father. This was an old timber building, and stood opposite to the parish church, on the site now occupied by the easternmost almshouses; the site and premises were small, comprising less than half an acre in all.

The document referred to in the will, and known as "The Intent of Lawrence Sheriff," is the nearest approach to original statutes connected with the foundation. In it the founder states his purposes in detail: "a fayre and conveyent schoole howse" is to be added to the old mansion, and four almshouses to be erected near it, the trustees are to cause "an honest discrete and learned man, being a Master of Arts, to be reteyned to teach a Free Grammar Schoole in the said schoole house;" he is to have the mansion for his residence, and a salary of £12 per annum; the school is to be open chiefly "to the children of Rugby and Brownsover aforesaid,

and next for such as bee of other places thereunto adjoining ;” and it “shall be for ever called the Free Schoole of Lawrence Sheriffe of London, Grocer.”

Thus, then, one more was added to the number of little local Grammar Schools which were dotted over the length and breadth of the country in the 16th century. No doubt the “schoole howse,” or big school-room, was built sooner or later after the founder’s death. No vestige, no picture even, is extant of the old house and school. It stood in the centre of the town, to the north-west of the church, surrounded by buildings of various kinds, confined in space, incapable of extension. For more than one hundred and eighty years it was the headquarters of the “free schoole,” and of the humble work done therein. It was not till 1750 that its present site was acquired for the school, and that the old quarters were deserted. As Rugby School grew great, interest increased in proportion with regard to its earlier history. An old Rugbeian, writing in 1809 in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, preserves some reminiscences of the old school in which he had received his earliest education sixty years before ; he describes the old

room, long and rather lofty, built with timber; the indifferent house of residence; the little room with blue cloth hangings, fragrant with the odours of the master's pipe, in which Dr Knail often taught his class; the school, strewn with rushes at the Anniversary every summer; the speeches, some in Latin, some in English; the want of a playground, and the use in its stead of a piece of ground near the churchyard, to which, if tradition be true, the churchyard itself sometimes served for an extension. It is a striking contrast between the lowly simplicity and narrow limitations of the past, and the present magnificence of close and quadrangle, and manifold modern appliances for work and play.

First and foremost among the causes and conditions of the change must come the famous and mysterious codicil to the founder's will. A few years before his death, Sheriff had bought four-and-twenty acres of land in the outskirts of London, in Lamb's Conduit Fields, for £320. One-third part of this he had left to his sister. A few weeks after he had made his will, and only a fortnight before his death he journeyed to Rugby, and there executed a codicil, by which he

revoked the legacy of £100 originally assigned to the charity, and substituted for it this third part of the London estate. What reason influenced him to make this alteration is wholly unknown; it was a change of momentous importance in after times, but its original cause remains a mystery. For a long period, indeed, after the founder's death, it may be doubted whether any person dreamt of the possibilities of this London estate. For a hundred years the history of the school is little more than a blank; the record is merely one of wretched quarrels about the property. The income was misappropriated, one of the chief offenders being a nephew born some few years after the founder's death. More than one appeal to the law courts ensued, and it was not till just one hundred years after Sheriff's death, that final judgment was given in favour of the school trustees. There was not much money going in these years for repairs or enlargements, for almsmen and masters; in one year it is on record that, after necessary expenses had been met, the meagre sum of two shillings and seven pence was all that found its way as salary into the pockets of the "honest discrete and learned man" then in enjoyment of the mastership.

And even when the final decision was reached in 1667, the estate was as yet of little value. But the eight acres which had been land of little worth in the "outskirts" of London was beginning to be building land of constantly increasing value. The long leases on which it had been let were beginning to run out. Daylight was appearing. It is true that in the Act of Parliament passed in 1748, in prospect of the change of school premises, it is stated that the income of the charity was at that time only £116 odd, but it was a time of great expectations. There was good security for borrowing. To go into all the details of the property would be tedious; it must suffice to say that as the years rolled on, the expectations were realised, and the income from the London property rose to a total of some thousands a year. So great were the results of the mysterious codicil!

But our story is travelling beyond its limits, and far away from Lawrence Sheriff. Of the early years of the school, little or no further record remains. In the hundred years of litigation, the names of some six or seven masters are known; they are names and little more. If one incident rather than any other should be

selected as a turning point in the subsequent rise of the school, it should perhaps be the appointment of Holyoak as master in 1687. There is little connection at first sight between our subject and the high-handed attempt of James II. to force Anthony Farmer as President on Magdalen College, Oxford. But there was at that time among the chaplains of that college one Henry Holyoak—*Henricus de Sacra Quercu*, as he was fond of signing himself—a Warwickshire man by birth, and one of those who were ejected by the King's order from the college, that their places might be supplied by Roman Catholics. The mastership of Rugby School was vacant, and to it the evicted chaplain was elected. In the next year his chaplaincy was restored to him, but he clave to the school, and ruled over it till 1730, a period of nearly forty-four years.

The school must have been nearly defunct when he came to it. It is true that his last predecessor but one, Mr. Robert Ashbridge, had prospered, had received a fair number of pupils, and had even admitted some from a distance, but in the pride of his success he had started a register of his pupils, which reveals a very different tale of his successor. Under Mr.

Leonard Jeacock, two new boys were admitted in 1683, one, and one only, in 1684, not even one in 1685 and 1686. Then things took a turn. Holyoak came of a family of scholars, he was a man of genial temperament and wide popularity, and soon began to attract pupils from a wide circle. During his long tenure of the post, 630 boys were admitted, of whom as many as 500 came from places outside the limits of the foundation, from various parts of the Midlands, and even from more distant places.

From Holyoak's time may be dated the prosperity of the school. Many of his successors increased its reputation: not many years elapsed after his time before people began to think that the old premises were too strait, and to realize that the prospects of the foundation, both in money and in fame, called for enlargement. A scheme for purchasing a piece of property contiguous to the old home of the Sheriff's fortunately failed. About the same time, A.D. 1748-9, an estate, comprising the old manor-house and eight acres of land on the south side of the town, was in the market. This was purchased, and in 1750 the old school migrated to its new quarters.

At this point we leave it. It is not our purpose to trace its later extensions and rebuildings, its periods of success and depression. In the present century many causes have conspired to give wide fame to Rugby. Greatest among them is the inspiring name of Arnold, and the influence which, by his own example and writings, and through pupils and colleagues, he has exercised in English education. To the thoughtful student of education, Stanley's *Life of Arnold* is full of an interest which more recent progress has increased rather than diminished; to almost all Englishmen, Judge Hughes' great school story is as a household word. The increased interest of the present has led to careful study of the past. It would be a shallow judgment which saw in the story of the foundation and early struggles of Sheriff's School nothing more than an antiquarian interest. The tale indeed throws light on a by no means unimportant page of English history. The time of the Tudors was an era of school-founding. The renaissance of literature was followed by a remarkable outburst of educational zeal. More grammar schools were founded in the latter years of Henry VIII. than in many centuries before :

and what he had begun, his son and Elizabeth carried on. The dissolution of the monasteries both caused a need for new schools far and wide, and in many instances supplied the funds for meeting the need. What the royal hands had begun many private individuals, especially in the later years of Elizabeth, set themselves to imitate. So we get that goodly company of founders of schools, which comprises such notable names as John Lyon, yeoman, at Harrow, Judde at Tunbridge, Lawrence Sheriff, grocer, of Rugby, and many others of equal worth. And there were many others, of like purposes and equal public spirit, whose foundations, from one cause or another, have never risen to high fame and wide success. A story like that of the early years of the "Free Schoole of Lawrence Sheriff, grocer" throws some light on the history and growth of English schools, and shows how some at least were prepared of the conditions which led on to the development of that peculiarly English institution, our Public Schools.

The Gild of Holy Cross, Birmingham.

BY MISS TOULMIN SMITH.

AMONG all the institutions of mediæval England there is none which so much excites interest and imagination as that of the gild. The part it played in the growth and development of economic life, its place in social intercourse and local help, are still food for inquiry and thought. The various branches of activity, educational, religious, charitable, municipal, and other, which had a gild as their background and origin, are opening out more and more as research advances. Of the amount of good achieved by those spontaneous associations no record can ever tell, the spirit which animated them left its mark upon the life of the brethren and sisters in many ways, of which we get but glimpses from their bye-laws and scattered notices. Good behaviour at meetings and feasts, orderly life, obedience to rules and officers, honest workmanship and honest trade, charity to poorer members, were more or less everywhere insisted

on, as indeed lying at the root of successful concerted action.

The constitution of the Gild of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was elastic, as diverse as the circumstances of the populace among whom it grew up, and had the great advantage that, save as affected by those circumstances, it was not necessarily limited by territorial bounds or divisions. Rather neighbourhood and local feeling seem to have afforded the natural bond; self-help and mutual protection of interests the chief spring of action. The members as gildsmen owed no suit to legal courts whether of lord or of tenants; if indeed they were merchants,* traders, or craftsmen, their gild needed official recognition from the municipality of the town or borough where they dwelt; if with other objects for their gild, they wished to devote lands and money to pious uses, which often included what we now call public works, they had to obtain a licence in mortmain from the crown regarding those lands, just as any private person was by law obliged to do. This once obtained (it was duly paid for in cash,

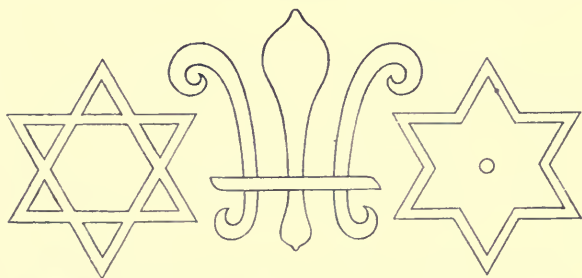
*The gilds merchant of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries may have been more rigidly defined, but we know too little of their origin and inception to judge of their original independence.

like most "liberties" of old) they were free to pursue their useful course, apparently untrammelled.

Great numbers of these gilds, as is well known, existed all over England, in town and in villages, in the fourteenth century; many of them founded during that period, some of earlier date. In the places where they once flourished and bore fruit their very names may now be forgotten, their records utterly gone. This was the case till a few years ago with the gild of St. John the Baptist of Deritend. Deritend, a hamlet in the Lordship of Birmingham, is one of the older parts of that city; there formerly the inhabitants were joined in the Gild, of which some notices in private deeds revealed the unsuspected existence, and which subsequent researches proved to have endured something near 170 years (about 1375 to 1547), how much before that is not known. This Gild of Deritend possessed lands and houses in several places in the neighbourhood.

One of these houses, for which Thomas Syre paid the rent of 3s. 2d. in 1547, was on the spot where a small house still stands, abutting on the Old Crown House in Deritend, and yet known to the owners as "Syre's house," members of the

Syre family having lived there for a long number of years. Baldwin Broke, Master of the Gild in 1517, had for his seal the Freemasons' symbol of the double triangle, found also on the slope at the end of the "Gallorye chamber," in the Old Crown, where it is supposed one of the Broke family, a resident, may have set it up. Among other functions the Gild seems to have supported or helped a school, we find at its dissolution that



SYMBOLS IN "GALLORYE CHAMBER," OLD CROWN HOUSE, DERITEND.

one of the two priests of St. John's Chapel was "teaching a grammer schole." But where this forerunner of the Free School of Birmingham stood has never yet come to light.

In Birmingham, which in the fourteenth century occupied Digbeth, and was stretching away to the higher ground beyond St. Martin's Church, the Bullring, and High Street, a busy market town growing under its manorial form of

government, the Gild set up by the inhabitants has left such enduring traces that the fact of its whilom existence could not be quite forgotten. It must have filled a valuable part in the life of the town, increasing with the growth of the place, and becoming identified with it as "The Gild of Birmingham," thus named in several records,—so closely indeed that in the sixteenth century the Gild Hall was also known as "le Towne Hall." In this last particular, Birmingham was not alone, several other places must have owed their Town Halls to their gilds; in Birmingham we can prove that it was so. And when the gild was dissolved in 1547, it had laid the foundation for further work of utility to the town, which was taken up and carried down to the present day. On the ashes of the gild rose the Free Grammar School; and by its side, in the latest years of the gild, was established the vigorous body devoted to "works of charity" (among which, in 1628, was the repair of Deritend Bridge, in old times defrayed by the Gild of St. John, Deritend), still known as Lench's Trust.

In the care of the Governors of the Free Grammar School repose at the present day three interesting memorials of Birmingham piety over

five hundred years ago, which show the first steps that were taken previous to establishing the Gild of Holy Cross. It was intended by four burgesses, Thomas de Sheldon, John Colleshull, John Goldsmyth, and William atte Slowe, to give property in Birmingham and Edgbaston to the value of twenty marks (£13. 6s. 8d.) in order to endow two chaplains to perform daily services in St. Martin's Church, in honour, among other sacred personages, of the Holy Cross. The usual inquiry *ad quod damnum* must have been held in the neighbourhood, for they obtained the King's licence in mortmain, and also the licences of Isabella de Sutton, Lady of Dudley, and of John de Bermyngeham, Knight, who were the intermediate holders between the donors and the Crown, and whose consent was also legally necessary to the grant of land for such a purpose. Some months elapsed between the first and the last of these, the dates, Westminster, 25th October, 1382, Duddelegh, 12th January, 1383, and Bermyngeham, May, 1383, together with the existence of the very documents themselves, torn and mice-eaten as two of them are, attesting the continuance of the intention.

Why should these old deeds have been kept if they were not felt to have some value? Hitherto the King's licence alone has been known, through its entry on the Patent Roll of the year; but this licence of 1382 at the Grammar School must be the very document which several years later was sent back to the chancery to be cancelled, as it does not bear the King's seal. Some chance stayed the hand of the four friends, and as a mere chaplaincy their idea was never carried out; no doubt the near example of Deritend with her gild as well as chaplain (the latter set up in 1381) had something to do with it. They waited, death removed one of their number, Thomas de Sheldon; but nine years later the bailiffs and commonalty of the whole town took up the matter in a larger form, and applied for a licence in exchange for the unused one, which was returned to be cancelled.

The design now was to found a gild or brotherhood, consisting not only of the men and women of Birmingham, but of other places in the neighbourhood, with its proper government; which should establish the two chaplains for the services in St. Martin's Church, much as before intended, and should undertake other works of

charity that might be needed. The property now offered for endowment of the gild by the three survivors was, it is true, of less value, viz., £7. 13s. 0d., which leads to the conclusion that the deceased Sheldon was a wealthy man, and had contributed the largest share to the first proposal. (Was it his death which put a stop to that idea? It would be interesting to learn the date.)

But on the other hand, as the founders well knew, the "quarterages" or regular contributions of the gild-brethren and sisters, collected and carefully managed by their wardens, would go far towards increasing the income and carrying out the works on which their souls were bent.

Accordingly we find that on 10th July, 1392, the King being at Nottingham, issued his writ to his officer of the county of Warwick, desiring him to make the proper detailed inquiry by a jury of the neighbourhood, whether these burgesses could afford to give that property without neglect of their own duties or hurt to the locality. On the 3rd August following, the inquiry was taken at Birmingham, and it is interesting to note that men of "other places" were included even then; one of the jurors being Robert o' the Grene, the

same who, in 1381, had appended his seal as the representative man of Deritend and Bordesley to the agreement made with the Monks of Tykeford



SEAL OF ROBERT O' THE
GRENE.

as to Deritend Chapel. The jurors, referring to the licence of 1382, declared that, in this case, as in that, the King might safely grant his licence to the extended scheme, entering into all the details of the lands, from whom they were held, and what the owners had besides. How much information do we not now owe to all these requirements of the feudal law! in which the land and its records are inseparable from the people. The licence was accordingly granted shortly after,* the consents of the middle lords obtained, and the Gild of Holy Cross of Birmingham was begun.

But the copy of this licence with the great seal, and of the licences of the middle lords, which were the real title-deeds of the Gild, are lost, together with their book of ordinances, their

* The date on the Patent Roll, 16 Ric. II., pt. 1, m. 15, gives 7th July, which is plainly a mistake. Mr. Toulmin Smith set it as for 7th August (*Eng. Gilds*, p. 245, note): even this, however, implies uncommon rapidity of official action, as the inquiry was only made on 3rd August.

register of members, and their comptus or account book, and any other deeds which belonged to them. Probably all were seized at the time of dissolution, by one of the sets of commissioners who reported in 1545 and 1547.

We are able to reconstitute the powers of many guilds from returns sent in by them to the chancery in 1389, and still preserved in the Public Record Office, but of course this source fails us here, as the guild was not yet in being. There is, however, no doubt that the bailiffs and commonalty framed the "constitucyons" of their guild like those of other bodies of the kind; we may feel sure that the members paid their entrance fees and their contributions to the wax lights, annual feasts, and other guild expenses; that they came to the "morn-speech" whenever summoned (else why should they have a "Belman");* that they duly attended the burial of brethren and sisters, paying for mass and dirge; and that they fined one another for wrongdoing, quarrels, or insubordination on the feast-day. Moreover, we know that they lent money

* See, too, his office in Norwich, summoning all to mass the morning after the "gild-day" (*Eng. Gilds*, p. 30, 31.)

to poor members,* and gave bread, drink (*i.e.*, ale), and coals to others. Their priests, whom they lodged in chambers over the gateway of the parish church (St. Martin's), sang divine service there, and at Easter gave the Sacrament to a great number of parishioners. "Works of charity," too, in those days often included the mending of roads and the repair of bridges, and the Gild of Holy Cross undertook the repair of "two greate stone bridges, and divers foule and daungerous high wayes" (some leading to the marches of Wales) which the town itself was not able to do; they also kept "the clocke and the chyme"—surely a work of the same kind—which we may presume were in St. Martin's Church tower. When they began to keep an organist for the church we do not know, but one Thomas Bothe, living in a house of theirs, next to the church, filled that office in the last years of their reign at St. Martin's, the services of which must have been greatly indebted to their devotion and liberality. The name of Godes Cart Lane (later

* At Coventry, the gild lent any poor brother or sister fallen into poverty without fault, money to trade with for a term, without interest. At Lincoln (St. Benedict) the money was advanced, and if not able to be repaid at the end of three years was made a free gift (*Eng. Gilds*, 173, 229.)

called Carr's Lane) in which the gild possessed a croft, may point to the conclusion that Birmingham had her procession pageants, possibly a play too, on Corpus Christi day in olden times, but there is no indication that the Gild of Holy Cross took any part therein, as gilds in many places did. Besides all these, the gild possessed, in 1547, four almshouses, as well as other tenements (one at Deritend) which they let rent free to poor people of the town; in these houses, rent free, twelve poor men and women of the gild were maintained with food and apparel. We get little glimpses of these poor folk in the last days of the gild; Christopher Bayley and his wife occupied one house, two widows, named Isabella Waldern and Elene Smythe, had others, a man and his wife had the Deritend tenement, while Elizabeth Palmer, "the common mide-wyff," occupied a fifth; Thomas Groves, at that time seventy years of age, who took care of the gild house and garden (in New Street), had a pension besides his cottage, the "Belman," too, had his cottage; and four others, James Johnson, Agnes Walton, Ralph Grete, and Agnes Bydle were housed in the same manner. The four almshouses probably were situated in Mercer Street and New

Street, valued at 12s. yearly rent; they appear to have been seized by the Crown with the rest of the gild's possessions, but they disappear from sight. Mr. Joseph Hill,* however, identifies them with tenements in Digbeth, which, in 1667, were added to the charities under Lench's Trust, where, though other houses have long since been built on the site of these and their gardens, the rent continues to be used in support of almshouses to this day.

The whole of this various work was probably not begun in the first years of the Gild; they could not know all future needs, but the constitution was large, and would allow of progression as the income expanded. The property must have been well managed, and a large number of members must have joined, for a comparison of descriptions and values made between the inquisition of 1392 and the account of the collector of rents of the gild for the Crown † soon after the dissolution, indicates the Gild to have been in a prosperous condition, and its income largely increased, especially in the number of houses possessed. The endowment of 1392 was,

* Throkmorton's Survey of Birmingham in 1553, with notes by Joseph Hill, 1891, p. 59.

† Minister's Accounts, 1 Edw. VI., No. 54.

as we have seen, valued at £7. 13s. 0d. ; in 1547 the lands and possessions were declared of the yearly value of £32. 12s. 5d., which, after allowing for some decrease in the power of money, must still mean a large increase. The Gild nurtured the town, the growth of which re-acted back on the Gild. This prosperity was no doubt owing, in large measure, to the governance by the



SEAL OF THE GILD OF HOLY CROSS, BIRMINGHAM.
(By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)

Master and Wardens of the gild. These officers were essential, and no doubt from the first were chosen from among the most worthy and substantial of the townsmen ; what subordinates they employed besides a clerk to the gild and the bellman, we do not find recorded.

Quite a list of the Masters, whose office, as in other gilds, must have been annual, may be drawn up from leases and other documents, in which, by

virtue of their office or prominence, they were called on to appear. The first two known are in leases of 1426 and 1437 to which the seal of the Gild is attached, bearing the legend, SIGILL' : COMUNE : GYLDE : SANCTE : CRUCIS : DE : BERM̄YGEH^AM. These leases were grants of property made by the Gild, viz., by the Master, with the assent and consent of the brethren and sisters.

- 1426. William Rydware.
- 1437. John Belle.
- 1482. Henry Chesshire.
- 1483. John Lench.
- 1484. John Byrd.
- 1493. John Lyddyatt.
- 1501. Roger Byrde.
- 1507. Thomas Belle.
- 1524. John Locok.
- 1540. Humfrey Colchester.

The last-named master was appointed one of the feoffees first appointed under Lench's Trust, thus linking together the new and more lasting institution with the good old one so near its doom. The name of the master in the year of dissolution has not been found.

Sometimes a gild was used to meet at an inn

for business on their gild-days (as the Pelytyers of Norwich), and possibly, as inns appear to have been pretty numerous in Birmingham, our gild may have begun with the same practice. But the members probably soon felt the need of a common meeting-house and office for affairs, though we do not know at what date they built "le Guilde Hall" in New Street, whose *alias* had come to be "le Towne Hall" in Edward Sixth's* days. Well-built it must have been, for, after the Gild was destroyed, it was used as the Grammar School House for 155 years, only being taken down to make way for a new building in 1707. †

The Birmingham Gild seems to have been seized for the Crown under the Act of 1547, and we find its possessions and tenants fully detailed in the "Minister's Accounts" of the first and second year of Edward VI. The priests, the organist, and a few of the lower officers were pensioned off, and a suggestion for the institution of a Free Grammar School, under the new order of things, having been thrown out, time was taken to consider the matter. It would be interesting to

* Charter to the Grammar School, printed for the governors, 1824.

† Jos. Hill, Survey before cited, p. 37, *note*.

trace the steps taken; suffice it here to say that a charter was given on 2nd Jan. 1552, granting a large portion of the former property* of the Gild of Holy Cross, with its hall, for the foundation of a Free Grammar School in Birmingham. Two-thirds of these possessions were handed over to the governors of the school, for which they paid 20s. a year to the Crown until 1810, when the payment was commuted. On this fine foundation the noble traditions of the old gild spirit were kept up under a new guise, a free education for the youth of the town was provided through whatever difficulties and strifes may have intervened in the early years of the school. With the plan greatly enlarged in recent years, and under a liberal and enlightened management, the Free Grammar School of Birmingham, originating through the ancient

* This proportion can be closely proved by comparing the properties described in the charter with the list of the *whole* possessions in "Minister's Accounts," 1 and 2 Edward VI., No. 54; and checking these by a Schedule of the possessions still in hands of the Crown which was made *after* the date of the charter, but *before* a grant of a small portion which was made to the Earl of Lincoln in 1576. Up to the last date but one other grant had been made out of these lands, viz., in 1553 to Edward Aglionby and Henry Higford. The Schedule, which has only recently been discovered in the Public Record Office, agrees identically in the values, and almost identically in the tenants' names; the variations—such as calling one of the poorer holders by her familiar name of "Black Nell"—but serving to enforce the identity. It is not dated, but will probably belong to an early year of Elizabeth.

Gild of Holy Cross 500 years ago, grown into fair proportion with many branches, bearing goodly fruit of boys and girls, now sets the example, and bears the proud pre-eminence of being the best and finest Grammar School in England.

Trading Gilds of the City of Coventry.

BY W. G. FRETTON, F.S.A.

ONE of the most remarkable features observable in the institutions of this ancient city during the middle ages and more recent periods, was the existence of an unusual number of these commercial brotherhoods. In their earlier forms they were, for the most part, of a religious character, having for their principal object the promotion of works of piety and charity. In a modified form the religious element was supplemented by regulations tending to the protection of trading interests; thus constituted they continued until the Reformation, when most of the property belonging to the gilds which still maintained their religious observances was confiscated, sold, or devoted to other uses, and all that remained of these institutions was the regulation of the custom of the trade to which the various members belonged.

One of the earliest of these trading gilds was

the Bakers', which dates back to the 6th year of King John, which would be about 150 years before the charter of incorporation was conferred on the city by Edward III. But it is more than probable that its organisation was confined to the observance of such rules and regulations as were deemed necessary for the welfare of the Bakers' community in the city, and did not possess the character of a regularly constituted gild. It is quite evident that at times serious disputes arose between the Bakers and the citizens on the question of weight and quality of the bread supplied by these tradesmen, and on several occasions disturbances took place. We read in the MS. annals of the city, that in 1374 the Commons arose and threw loaves of bread at the Mayor's head, as he sat in St. Mary's Hall, and similar proceedings took place in 1387. This seems to have been the popular way of showing the disapproval of the citizens for the practice of offering light bread or poor quality. It was a part of the Mayor's duty to superintend the assize of bread, and see that it was good and sufficient. On another occasion (1483) a dispute arose between the Mayor and the Bakers, and the latter left the town and took refuge in Baginton

Castle (three miles south of the city). Seven years before this, there had been sharp correction for selling light bread. The records of the city give many very interesting items as to the price of provisions in these early days, for instance, in 1598, wheat was sold at 11s. a strike, and other things were equally dear; three years afterwards wheat fell to 2s. 8d. a strike. Some of the members of the baking fraternity must have been men of good substance and influence, for I find that between the years 1528 and 1664, six bakers held the position of chief magistrate in this city.

Coventry was celebrated in the middle ages for its pageantry, in which miracle or sacred plays were performed in the open street on movable stages, and to these semi-religious performances (chiefly conducted by the Grey Friars) the guilds were called upon to contribute. To these spectacles the Bakers appear to have lent a willing hand, but as the company was not a wealthy one, like some of the others, and unable to bear the expense of a pageant of their own, they were, in 1506, attached to the company of Smiths (or Armourers) to organise one play between them, the subject being the Condemna-

tion and Crucifixion of Christ, the items of some of the "properties," and their repair, are somewhat startling:—

It. p^d for v. schepskens for god's cote and for makyng, iijs.

It. p^d to John Croo for mendyng of Herods hed, and a myter and other thyngs, ijs.

It. for sowyng Dame P'cula * wyff shevys, iijd.

It. p^d to Wattis for dressyng of the devells hede, viijd.

It. p^d for mendyng of Pilatts hatt, iiijd.

These displays ceased after the Reformation, and we find the Bakers assisting at the first introduction of the Godiva procession in 1678, the other companies joined in the performance, and the "lady" was represented by a youth named Swinnerton. On the occasion of the last display of this kind, which took place on the 2nd of August, 1892, this company (now known as the Master Bakers' Association) was represented, headed by the banner (made for the purpose on the first pageant), and which (spite of its age of 200 years) looked tolerably well.

* Dame Procula, a character representing Herod's wife.

The company still retains possession of its old Black Book, containing the rules agreed upon about the latter end of the reign of Henry 8th, and some of the ordinances are interesting. There are twenty-six rules; and the first of these is worth observing now:—"Agaynst unclenlynes of servants." None who had outward sores or scabs, or who were intemperate or of immoral lives, were to make "dowe." Other rules provided that none who had been masters were to carry bread about. This was to keep up the dignity of the "chair." No stranger was allowed to be taken in as servant until he could prove that he had served at least seven years to the trade. Trade secrets were not to be betrayed. None were to bake or carry bread into the country on the sabbath day. The brethren not to go to law with each other. No slander or opprobrious words allowed. The master to see if weights and scales were correct. Men's wives not to carry bread to any inn, tavern, or alehouse. The brethren were prohibited from having any dealings with victuallers who were in debt to any member of the company: this was one way of sending debtors to Coventry.

The MERCERS' Gild is regarded as the senior

of the existing gilds in the city. It is not accurately known when it was founded, but it was a wealthy fraternity in 1448, and is referred to then as an old one. It furnished thirty armed men for the defence of the city, and took an active part in promoting the pageantry. In 1589, the Mercers had a room at St. Mary's Hall for the purpose of holding their meetings, and storing their armour, for which they first paid a rent of 6s. 8d. per annum, and continued to do so till 1710, when it was raised to 40s.; in 1789 they relinquished it altogether. This room is on the ground floor adjoining the gateway on the east side, and is still called the Mercers' Chapel, but this is incorrect, the Mercers, having a chapel both in St. Michael's and Trinity Churches, had no need of one at St. Mary's, this room was therefore used as their hall or place of meeting, where they were also allowed the use of the kitchen and Great Hall for their feasts. Access was first of all gained to this room from the street, but in 1597 this doorway was walled up, and a new one opened into the porch, at an expense of 21s. 7d. The old blocked-up doorway is still traceable.

It appears from an entry in the Leet book that

this company did not confine itself to mercery, but dealt in linen drapery, haberdashery, grocery, and saltery ; hats, caps, etc. This comprehensive trading seems to have acted prejudicially to the success of the true business of the mercery element, and brought the company into collision with other interests, and we find that a dispute arose between the mercers and the drapers, the latter company having obtained a charter of incorporation in 1607. Appeal was made to the Privy Council by the mercers, who described Matthew Collins, the master of the Drapers' Company, "as a man of a turbulent and presumptuous disposition." The quarrel was ultimately settled, and definite lines laid down for the transaction of trading matters. The litigation cost the company about £30.

One feature common to most of the fraternities was the possession of a pall, for use to show respect for departed brethren at their funerals. The Mercers' pall was bought in 1607, and cost £12. 2s. 11d. But they had an eye to business as well as sympathy, and a charge of at least 6s. 8d. was made for its use at interments of non-members, some of this was expended in attendance. A list of forty-five at whose funeral it was used,

between the date of its purchase and the last entry on this account, includes many of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. A new one was bought in 1651.

A constant item of expenses occurs in the accounts for cleaning and repairing the armour and weapons, so as to be ready for use in any emergency. It was regularly used at the annual processions, when the great fair was proclaimed, and on other occasions of public assembly, rejoicing, and so forth. In 1631, the company paid £2 towards the repair of the market cross. In 1640, £2 was paid towards the horses for the carriage of Charles I. Two years afterwards, preparations of a costly nature being on foot in anticipation of a siege, the company contributed according to its means, and a number of items of a warlike character are noticeable during the interval of twenty years, which terminated in 1660. When the steeple of Trinity Church was blown down in 1665, the Mercers gave £20 towards its restoration, and in 1670 a further sum of £13 6s. 8d. was subscribed for repairs to the cross. The pageants already referred to ceased for a while in 1569, and as the oldest existing book of the company commences in this year, all

we have of the expenditure consists of what appears to be an ordinary charge "for players' wages and other things, the sum of £3 7s. 8d."

In 1584, the pageants were revived for a short time, but the object had lost the assistance of the Friars, who were the chief supporters of it, and after a short struggle died out as far as the miracle plays were concerned, and in 1588 the company sold all its "pageant stuff" for £2 19s. 8d. The Mercers, like the other larger companies, contributed to the support of a religious service, in one or other of the larger churches. This company had a chapel both in St. Michael's (which also formed the south chancel aisle), and in Trinity, which stood north of and parallel with the north chancel aisle. This is called Marler's Chapel, which derives its name from its founder, who was a mercer, and was mayor in 1481. The rules are in many respects similar in character to the others, and provide for attendance at church, preaching of sermons, feasting, regulations for the trading interest, relief of travelling brothers, etc. The company possesses a small revenue derived from rents, subscriptions, and other sources, but its membership had fallen down to one in 1829. In that year, five new members were nominated

by the survivor, and still increasing, exists as one of the remaining fraternities of its kind.

In 1633, John Cartwright, a stationer or bookseller, was allowed to sell books, all sorts of writing paper, pens, horns, wax boxes, parchments, vellum, maps, and pictures. No explanation of this "permissive bill" is given, but it would appear that the company had some control over the trading in other goods besides mercery (as before noticed), such as ironware, cutlery, pitch, oil, etc., carrying on the latter in conjunction with the Cardmakers' Company. In 1660, two pairs of butts were ordered to be set up in the Little Park for the use of the company, to practice archery. In 1689, 8s. was paid for twenty-four yards of orange coloured ribbon, and one pound for wine on the occasion of the proclamation of William III. Further payments of a like character were made the next year, when the King passed through Coventry on his way to Ireland. Several instances are recorded of the Mercers giving aid to towns which had suffered from fire, etc. In 1760, we find the Mercers contributing £15 to a fund raised in the city to oppose the bill then before Parliament, for utilizing the Roman Watling Street, on the

ground that it would be very hurtful to the city. These few extracts will illustrate some of the channels through which the funds of the company flowed, besides the ordinary items of expenditure.

DRAPERS.—This is the wealthiest company in the city now existing, and has a hall of its own, and the locality in which it is situated formerly went by the name of the “Drapery.” It appears to have owed its origin to William Walshman, valet and sub-bailiff to Queen Isabel, wife of Edward II., to whom the erection of St. John’s Collegiate Church may be mainly ascribed. This would take the foundation of the company back to the middle of the 14th century, St. John’s Church having been dedicated in 1350. He built a house for the use of the company in Bailiff’s Lane (now Bailey Lane); and from the sales there effected, he appears to have drawn some advantage in the way of toll. The oldest book of the company commences in 1534, the previous ones having been lost or destroyed. The Acts of Leet, however, indicate the gradual development of the guild, and its rising importance. In the oldest of the books referred to, the rules and ordinances have been inserted, from whence we gather that much the same obligations were observed in this as in

the other companies, necessary differences being provided for in accordance with the nature of the interests involved. Among other matters of business were the choice of Master, Warden, and other officers, and the holding of the annual dinner (which was on the 31st December). Each member was to provide himself with a gown of dark tawney, puke, or else of brown blue, and a hood, one half tawney, the other half of scarlet, which he was to wear on all occasions of assembly, burial, or otherwise, and any brother who had been Mayor was to wear these garments at church, together with his civic velvet tippet, or be fined, without pardoning, 12d. The special days of public assembly were as follow :—The annual feasts and choice of masters, the procession on Corpus Christi day (when the great fair was proclaimed) the pageant and play, and the Midsummer Watch on St. Peter's night. There was some considerable amount of ritual observance, both on civic and religious occasions, and as I find that there were no less than sixty of the company had held the office of Mayor between 1489 and 1685, there must have been a fair proportion of past mayors among the brethren on most occasions. Any member

who absented himself from the burial of a brother at the command of the master, or refused to assist in bearing his corpse to the grave, was to pay 6d. without any grace. Every master draper was to pay for every apprentice towards the light in the rood loft, and for every journeyman he employed, 4d., and if he had no apprentice he was to pay 4d. for himself. Every master was required to pay towards the making clean the Chapel of our Lady in St. Michael's Church,* and strewing the seats with rushes in summer, and pease-straw in winter, every one yearly, 2d. Every one having a shop in the Drapery was to pay towards the sweeping annually, 2d., those having no shop, 1d. A point strongly insisted upon by most of the companies was the observance of secrecy as to the affairs of the gild. The other articles were for the most part regulations affecting the trade and its usages, the conduct of members, and attendance at church; the latter is somewhat curious, "every freeman of the company dwelling in the city (excepting such as have been mayors), shall sit in the Drapers' Chapel every Sabbath day at morning prayer (when there is warning

* This (the north chancel aisle) is still known as the Drapers' Chapel.

given by the Master and Wardens) and their apprentices to sit before them on pain of 12d., or lawful excuse made."

Among the items of expenditure are the following:—

- 1577. To a poor preacher, 6s. 8d.
- 1594. Paid to the poor people visited by the plague, £2.
- 1602. Paid to Mr. Collins for books for the Library, £6 13s. 4d.
- 1604. Paid for a quart of sack and sugar to comfort the weak-hearted, 'very near overdone by reason of their long staying, and the coldness of the weather, 15d.
- 1610. Charges amounting to over £430 were paid on account of obtaining the new Charter of the Company.
- 1637. In May of this year, a new hall was begun.

Many of the items are connected with the loan money for the benefit of young freemen commencing in business, which had been contributed at various times by benefactors to this and other companies.

As in the case of the Mercers (referred to

before), so we find the Drapers preparing for the possible event of a siege, by contributing towards the victualling of the city, partly in loan, and partly by gifts.

In 1651, £2 5s. was paid for setting up the States Arms, and in 1660, a further sum of 1s. 6d. was paid for blotting them out again.

In 1677, the Rev. Nathaniel Wanley, vicar of Holy Trinity Church, presented a copy of his book, "Wonders of the little world," in acknowledgment of which the company gave him £6, accompanied with the thanks of the brethren.

The Drapers had paid a rent, varying in amount, for the use of the Lady Chapel, but in 1697 this payment was discontinued. Some disorderly proceedings took place at the latter end of 1703, which were mostly of a political nature, during which one of the contending parties broke open the doors of the hall, and carried off the charter and company's seal, with the Book of Orders, which were subsequently recovered.

In 1738, Thomas, Lord Leigh, was elected Master of the Company.

The old Hall, described as a dark unpleasing

edifice, was taken down in 1775, and a new one built, but this only lasted till 1829, on account of the dry rot having nearly destroyed the timbers. The present one was completed in the year 1832, and cost several thousand pounds. In the same year the rental of the property belonging to the Drapers brought in over £200 a year.

Of course a company with such adequate means as the Drapers was represented in the sacred pageantry, and we find that their play was called "Doomsday." Some of the charges for the requisite paraphernalia are curious enough, but cannot in this condensed account be particularised.

FULLERS and SHEREMEN.—At first these interests appear to have been united, their common hall being in the chamber over the Gosford Gate, their religious observances taking place in St. George's Chapel adjoining. These combined fraternities were both interested in the cloth manufacture, and the earliest documentary evidence respecting them appears in a license of Henry VI., recognising in 1438 the Sheremen and Fullers of Coventry. But in 1448 the Fullers practically withdrew from the Sheremen, relinquishing their rights to St. George's

Chapel, and other property of the Sheremen, though their entire separation was not consummated till 1547. Their rules are still in existence, and bear date 1475, and a portion of their account books. Their ordinances principally relate to their trade as Fullers or cleansers of cloth, after the fabric had been woven, to remove all oil and grease necessarily used in the weaving. This gild (at one time numerous) gradually decreased in numbers, until the company was reduced to *one* in 1837. He nominated another member, the numerical strength then amounting to two, and so it remained until 1860, when the survivor of the brethren elected seven others, and the gild was revived on the 15th April 1874, the writer being elected clerk on the same day. There are now twenty members, the only source of income is a subscription of 10s. per annum, and their chief days of meeting, St. Clement's (November 23) and St James' (April 25). Their business partakes mainly of the nature of Archæological meetings, when papers of local interest are read by the clerk, and in the Summer an excursion to some place of antiquarian celebrity in the county is organised.

CLOTHIERS'.—This company is limited in its

number of members, but possesses a small income, which is annually disposed of according to the discretion of the members, part of which is expended at their annual dinner and other festivals, when they "receive the masters' accompt" and transact the business of the gild.

WORSTED WEAVERS.—This fraternity is maintained by contributions of the members, but has no real estate, and is kept together out of respect for the old trading companies, of which this was one.

CAPPERS.—Here we have another of the companies whose existence has been secured with a similar object; it has a small revenue from the rental of a small house, which is mostly disposed of at their annual gatherings.

TANNERS.—After a long period had elapsed, this ancient fellowship has been revived within the last few years, and is maintained by the contributions of the members, there being no real or funded property.

I have confined my notices to those trading companies still existing. At one time there were between thirty and forty; the names of some of them are still preserved in the chapels they formerly supported in the two large parish

churches of St. Michael's and Trinity, though the companies themselves have become institutions of the past. In St. Michael's we have the Dyers', Smiths', and Girdlers' Chapels. In Trinity, the Butchers' Chapel, and the Tanners' Aisle.

I have endeavoured in this condensed article to give some general idea of the nature of these fraternities, and have made a few extracts from the books of the several companies as being illustrative of the nature of some of the items of expenditure to be met with therein.

Wroth-money and Knightlow Hill.

BY THE REV. W. H. PAYNE SMITH, M.A.

ABOUT five miles to the south-east of Coventry, the great London road begins to rise out of the valley of the Avon, and mounts up Knightlow Hill on to the long level surface of Dunsmore Heath. It is a remarkable stretch of road across the heath. Some century and a half ago, the then Duke of Montagu, owner of large estates in this district, was so fond of planting trees, that he has come down to our times with the title of "John the Planter." Along this road, right across Dunsmore Heath, from the top of Knightlow Hill to the south-eastern side of the village of Dunchurch, he planted an avenue, some six miles long, the first portion of it composed of elms, the latter of Scotch firs, which is now a scene of great beauty, and presents to the traveller along the road, in its curving lines, and varied tints of green and over-arching branches, a succession of pleasing points of view.

Just at the beginning of this avenue, and at

the top of Knightlow Hill, there stands on the left side of the road an old mound of small dimensions, similar to many others found at Rugby, Hillmorton, and other places in the county. This one is distinguished from others by the glorious view of Coventry, which rises at the other side of the valley with its grand spires, by four Scotch firs planted one at each corner, and by a large rectangular stone, with a hole in the centre, which stands in the midst. Hither once in every year, at an early hour in the morning, before sunrise, on St. Martin's Day, a small assemblage gathers. Their object is to perform an ancient and quaint ceremony; they consist of the steward of the Duke of Buccleuch, the present owner of the property, of accredited representatives of a large number of the villages comprised within the Hundred of Knightlow, and of a sprinkling of spectators. The ceremony is as follows: The steward invites the party to stand round the stone, and reads the "charter, or assembly," which opens thus, "Wroth-silver collected annually at Knightlow Cross by the Duke of Buccleuch, as lord of the manor of the Hundred of Knightlow." Then the names of the parishes liable to the fee are called over, and the

representatives of each parish cast the required sum into the hollow of the stone. In old times each representative walked thrice round the stone before making his payment, but this is no longer done. *

An enquiry into the origin and meaning of this ancient and picturesque ceremony takes us back first of all to the great Warwickshire antiquary, Dugdale. It is true that he himself, in the original edition of 1656, says nothing of the payment of Wroth-money, but he has a long discussion of the locality. After many learned observations on the ancient customs of the Romans, Danes, and others, to raise *tumuli* over the bodies of such as were slain in battle, and a long enquiry into the etymology of the word *lowe*, or *lawe*, the antiquary concludes that the word signifies a mound or tumulus used as a place of burial, and that this tumulus was the monument of some eminent soldier in the Roman time, as the *knight* prefixed to *low* signifies. "But (he proceeds) the cross sometime there was of later erection, as in most publick places of concourse, the like hath bin, to put people in

* For several details we are indebted to the account contributed by Mr. W. G. Fretton, F.S.A., to 'Timmius' "History of Warwickshire," p. 210.

mind of the great benefit God hath vouchsafed for the redemption of mankind, by the passion of his Son; which no doubt to all pious Christians is of very good use, however, upon pretence that they were idolized, are now demolished in most parts of this kingdom." So far Dugdale: nor has later research much to add or correct with regard to the tumulus, except that these mounds are probably of British origin, and cover the remains of British, not Roman, warriors. With regard to the cross, or rather the base in which there was once a cross, it may have been originally erected there, as Dugdale suggests; but it is equally probable that the base was removed to the spot from some one of the neighbouring villages after the shaft was destroyed. There is no definite record with regard to this, nor with reference to the planting of the four trees, but they were probably set there by John the Planter, alluded to above, about A.D. 1740.

In the second edition of Dugdale's "Warwickshire," published in 1730, by Dr. William Thomas, Rector of Exhall, to the account of the Hundred of Knightlow is added mention of the payment of Wroth-money. Till the time of King Charles I., the Hundred remained in the King's hands. In

the fourth year of this monarch's reign, "by letters patent, bearing date July 29th, he granted unto Francis Leigh, Kt. and Bart., his heirs and assigns for ever, all that his hundred of Knightlow in the county of Warwick." After a list of rents, etc., thereto pertaining, and of towns and villages therein contained, the account proceeds: "There is also a certain rent due unto the Lord of this hundred, called Wroth-money, or Warth-money, or Swarff peny, probably the same with Ward penny, *denarii vicecomiti vel aliis castellanis persoluti ob castrorum praesidium vel excubias agendas*, says Sir H. Spelm, in his Gloss., fol. 565, 566. This rent must be paid every Martinmas day, in the morning, at Knightlow Cross, before the sun riseth; the party paying it must go thrice about the cross, and say The Wrath-money, and then lay it in the hole of the said cross before good witness, for if it be not duly performed, the forfeiture is thirty shillings and a white bull" (Dugdale, edition of 1730, Vol. 1, p. 4). A list is besides given of thirty-three places in the Hundred paying sums varying from 1d. to 2s. 3½d., and amounting in all to a little over 9s. The number of places paying is now reduced to twenty-five, and the penalty is

twenty shillings for every penny not forthcoming, or a white bull with red nose and ears; the threefold circumambulation of the cross has also ceased. In other respects, except for a period of a few years of desuetude at the beginning of the present century, the old custom has remained unaltered.

More than one answer has been suggested to the question, what is the origin and meaning of this ancient custom? One is based on Dr. Thomas' view, and is to the effect that the payment may have originated in the times of Alfred the Great, who, for the purpose of maintaining order, appointed officers in charge of various districts, with power to hold courts for the punishment of offenders, and to levy payments to meet the necessary expenses. Another view, which meets with more support in the present day, is based on the identification of the word Wroth with the Saxon Weorth, a word signifying either *Field* or *Price*, and is to the effect that Wroth-money was a price paid for the privilege of the use of certain roads through the Hundred—a kind of early highway rate; the survival of which in this particular instance may be attributed to the special grant of the right to

Sir Francis Leigh, as described above. The legal right to the payments is recorded to have been upheld on one occasion. In 1685 payment was refused by some of the parishes, and the matter came before the Court of King's Bench. Judgment was to the effect that King Charles I.'s grant entitled the lord of the manor to exact the payments, and no subsequent refusal to meet the demand has occurred, though it would appear that some of the parishes originally liable have either compounded at some period, or have been allowed to forego their obligations.

The Battle of Edgehill.

BY EDWARD LAMPLOUGH.

PRINCE Rupert takes the field to-day—
Beat drums, and trumpets sound the fray!
Like tongues of light rapiers shall flash
Where pike and halberd wildly clash,
And Ramsay's horsemen spur away.

Oh, may a glorious field repay
Our valour's long and sad decay,
As foemen cry, to cannon's crash,
Prince Rupert takes the field.

So shall our loyal hearts be gay
As pike and rapier clear the way,
And snorting chargers wildly dash,
As cavaliers give point, or slash
With biting edge, to maim and slay—
Prince Rupert takes the field.

ON the conclusion of the unfortunate Scottish campaign of 1640, the arms and munitions of war that had been taken from Kingston-upon-Hull were re-stored in that fortress, esteemed one of the strongest fortresses of the north. To its moated walls, frowning with numerous cannon, came King Charles on that memorable 23rd of April, 1642, to find the bridges raised, and his royal authority set at naught.

Unfortunate, vacillating Sir John Hotham maintained his vow, "fall back, fall edge," to maintain the fortress.

Clarendon dates the civil war from the 11th of January, 1642, when the five accused members proceeded to Westminster under the protection of the trained bands, but it might be also referred to the King's appearance before the walls of Hull. The temper of the King and commons, and the formation of two large parties, in bitter opposition, made a continuance of the peace impossible; the first open breach might be the result of a certain action, but that action would have to be referred back to a long chain of circumstances.

It is not without interest, however, to refer to special acts that became the centre of flashing swords, and when Charles laid siege to Hull in the month of July, it was scarcely possible for the struggle to be terminated without the two parties first trying their strength in the open field. Little could be expected from the attempt: the cavaliers were ill-equipped and inexperienced in the art of war, and were opposed by a trained garrison, commanded by Sir John Meldrum, a veteran soldier.

The defection of Goring, governor of Portsmouth, was followed, on the 2nd of August, by an offensive movement of the Parliamentary forces. Charles met this by proclaiming Essex and his commanders, and by summoning his subjects to assemble in arms at Nottingham on the 25th August. On that inauspicious day the royal standard was raised, and the war commenced.

The opening incidents of the struggle proved adverse to the royal arms. Portsmouth was reduced by the Parliament, and the royal forces were driven out of the Western counties by the Earl of Bedford.

Rupert, however, raised the spirits of the Royalists by a fiery charge, in which the Parliamentarians were driven from the field in headlong flight, after losing their commander, Colonel Sandys. This skirmish was fought near Worcester.

The trial of strength, which was to enable the two parties to more justly estimate the character of the struggle to which they stood committed, could not long be delayed, and at this stage of the conflict had a decisive victory been accorded to either army, a cessation of arms and an accommodation *might* have followed.

To march upon London was Charles's plan of opening the campaign, and had it proved successful the consequences must have proved of almost decisive importance. The Earl of Essex was, however, in close proximity, and two days after Charles had commenced his movement, he marched out of Worcester to offer the Royalists battle.

On the 23rd of October, Charles was at Edgecot, his attention being turned to the reduction of Banbury; but Rupert brought him the unexpected and startling information that Essex's army was stationed in "the vale of the Red Horse," near Kington. The Royalists at once began to form on the summit of Edgehill, but many regiments were out-lying seven or eight miles off, and much time was lost before Charles was able to complete his line of battle.

Essex had not expected so prompt a response to his challenge, his object being to arrest the King's advance upon London, and he had proposed to await the arrival of several pieces of artillery and 2,000 foot and 500 horse, that were in his rear, before fighting. He was not slack in meeting the danger, however, although the forces actually in hand were inferior to those

of the King. His army was promptly drawn up in order of battle. The centre consisted of pikemen and musketeers, under his own command, with Sir John Meldrum's brigade in the van, and the Lords Brooke and Hollis in the rear. Three regiments of cavalry formed the right wing, and were commanded by Sir Philip Stapleton, Sir William Balfour, and Lord Fielding, and supported by the heavy artillery. The remainder of the cavalry, twenty-four troops, constituted the left wing, and were under Sir James Ramsay, who had served in the Swedish army.

The gallant Earl of Lindsay commanded the royal centre, fighting at the head of his own regiment. The cavalry of the right wing was under the leadership of Prince Rupert; and the left wing was under Commissary-General Wilmot, seconded by Sir Arthur Aston. Sir John Byron's regiment constituted the reserve; and Sir Edmund Verney carried the royal standard. Charles may be supposed to have commanded-in-chief, and his address to the army was judicious, moderate, and calculated to impress rather than inspire his troops. He exerted no influence over the field, but each commander fought his own

command, without consideration as to the fate of the battle as a whole; Charles might, therefore, have done his cause better service by charging with Rupert, although the moral dignity of his position, at this early stage of the war, might have been prejudiced by such action.

It was a calm and tranquil day, the Sabbath of a Sabbath-loving people. The day was wearing towards three o'clock when the sudden roar of artillery proclaimed the opening battle of the great and sanguinary struggle. After a cannonade of about an hour's duration, the two armies prepared to close—centre and wings equally eager for the battle, although the movements of the cavalry were more rapid, prominent, and decisive.

Rupert prepared to fall upon Ramsay's horse, among whose front ranks there was a sudden stir, as, with infamous treachery, Sir Faithful Fortescue disengaged his troop of horse from the Parliamentarians, and rode over to Rupert, discharging his pistols in the ground. At this critical moment, and with troops inexperienced in war, this action might well dash the spirits and temper the confidence of Ramsay's troops,

and no doubt it materially contributed to Rupert's success. Uniting with the Prince's squadrons, the traitors took part in the fiery charge that followed, as Rupert's troopers closed in with play of flashing steel and discharge of holster pistols. Before that avalanche of fiery valour Ramsay's cavalry were pierced, cut down, trodden under foot and driven from the field in wild confusion, with Rupert's hot riders at their heels, slashing and hewing, bearing down man and horse, and following the fleeter fugitives with wild and unreflecting excitement, as though the charge had shred and scattered the whole of Essex's army. The excitement in the royal army was great, and a regiment of horse, doubtless Byron's, in defiance of orders, joined in the wild pursuit, although it might have rendered incalculable service had it remained at its post.

On the left, Wilmot and Ashton charged Essex's right, with an appearance of success that was fallacious, for while the Cavaliers thundered on in pursuit of a handful of fugitives, Sir William Balfour either drew aside his regiment, and avoided the fury of the Cavaliers, or disengaged and re-formed his men, for he

afterwards re-appeared upon the field, where he found Stapleton's regiment, and the two united to snatch the victory from Charles, and to threaten the destruction of his centre.

While the royal cavalry exulted in their easy triumph, the iron infantry of those two gallant armies were engaged at push of pike, maintaining a hand-to-hand struggle with a courage and conduct that can scarcely be too highly extolled.

“Right English all, they rushed to blows.”

The King made an attempt to line some hedges on Essex's right with musketeers; a movement that would have been highly advantageous, but the Parliamentary dragoons frustrated it, and the battle of pikes and muskets raged furiously, those untested troops emulating the steadiness and valour of veterans.

Stapleton charged, but was beaten back by pike and musketry, and was renewing the attempt, and had captured some cannon, when Balfour came up with his horse, and a desperate conflict followed, the royal centre fighting furiously at a cruel disadvantage. The gallant Earl of Lindsay fell, severely wounded, and was captured by the enemy, his son surrendering himself into their hands, that he might be in

attendance upon the brave old man. The standard disappeared in the confusion, Sir Edmund Verney being slain ; but it was shortly afterwards recaptured. The royal infantry was severely handled ; dead and dying men and fugitives encumbered the field, in the midst of which two of Charles's regiments alone retained their formation, and clung desperately to the ground.

With the handful of Essex's cavalry vengefully thundering at flank and rear, as occasion offered, and the infantry pressing them in front, these iron regiments appeared devoted to destruction, when Rupert came up with his blown and disordered squadrons, and Balfour and Stapleton sullenly withdrew behind the masses of Essex's pikemen and musketeers.

Rupert had driven the enemy before him a distance of nearly three miles, and was plundering Essex's baggage at Kineton, when Hampden appeared upon the scene, supported by a second regiment and some pieces of artillery, whereon Rupert remembered his duty, if not as a general, at least as a captain of horse, and returned to the field of battle, but not without receiving a charge from Essex's handful of cavalry.

Amid the wrack of that disastrous field, over which the shades of evening slowly gathered, the remains of the two armies gazed sullenly upon each other, but made no offensive movement, although the cannon roared again, to soon cease as night proclaimed the peace of nature over the strife of men.

Essex could not move his victorious infantry, with no cavalry to second them, and Rupert dared not charge those deadly pikemen with his disordered and weary cavalry. Slowly the scattered Royalists collected around their banners, and retired over the hill, from which they had descended in all the pomp and circumstance of war a few hours before. Essex maintained the field, and was reinforced on the following day by several regiments, including Hampden's, to the number of 4,000 men; but his army was shaken, and he retired upon Warwick, without attempting anything further against Charles, who adorned his somewhat disastrous position with some of the honours of victory by marching upon Banbury, which capitulated on his summons. Half the garrison entered under his standard, and he carried his army to Oxford, whence he harassed the neighbourhood, and alarmed the

Londoners by sending out flying parties of horse.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York were on the field, under the charge of the celebrated Dr. Harvey, and in the most disastrous crisis of the day, just prior to Rupert's return, they were exposed to some danger, and were ordered off the field by the King. It was in this dark hour that Lindsay fell, and his son, Lord Willoughby, surrendered. His devotion was rewarded; he was permitted to attend his father, who expired during the night, but the gallant young nobleman remained nearly twelve months in the hands of the enemy.

The night was frosty, with a keen wind, and the wounded and dying suffered severely. General Ludlow had not broken his fast that day, and had to walk the field all the night to keep himself alive, having nothing to keep him warm "but a suit of iron."

From 5,000 to 6,000 men perished in the battle, of whom the proportion of Parliamentarians was estimated at two-thirds; and they also lost two gallant officers, Colonel Charles Essex and the Lord St. John, of Bletzo.

On the King's side there fell the Earl of

Lindsay, the lords John Stuart, Stuart d'Aubigné, Sir Edward Verney, and John Wishart, of Pitarrow.

Both sides claimed the victory, which neither won.

Lieutenant Smith recovered the royal standard, by taking the orange scarf of a Puritan, and, passing into the enemy's ranks, when he boldly seized the standard, and bore it off on the spur. The King rewarded him the same night by creating him a knight-banneret. Sir John Smith received a gold medal as a memorial of his daring. It bore the royal profile on the obverse, and on the reverse, the royal standard. On the 1st June, 1643, Charles made the following order in favour of Robert Welch, who seconded Lieutenant Smith in his gallant exploit:—

“Our will and pleasure is, that you make a medal in gold for our trusty and well-beloved Sir Robert Welch, Knight, with our own figure and that of our dearest sonne, prince Charles. And on the reverse thereof to insculp ye form of our royal banner used at ye battail of Edgehill, where he did us acceptable service, and received the dignity of knight from us,

and to inscribe about it, 'Per regale mandatum regis hoc assignatur Roberto Welch militi.'"

Cromwell became the object of some severe strictures because he failed to bring his troops into the battle; Denzil, Lord Hollis, expressing his opinion somewhat bitterly:—"He was as arrant a coward as he was notoriously perfidious, ambitious, and hypocritical. This was his base keeping out of the field of Keinton, where he with his troop of horse came not in, impudently and ridiculously affirming, the day after, that he had all that day been seeking the army and place of fight, though his quarters were at a village near at hand, whence he could not find his way, nor be directed by his ear, when the ordnance was heard for twenty or thirty miles off."

From the old Beacon Tower, that still stands on the Burton Dassett hills, the warning light was carried to London, by way of Ivinghoe, forty miles away, on that cold October night of 1642.

Wrapt in spiritual thoughts and aspirations, Richard Baxter was preaching at Alcester, twenty miles from Edgehill, while the fight went on, and his congregation heard the dull booming of the distant battle. His text was "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence," and,

absorbed in his subject, he heard not the violence that convulsed one of the kingdoms of the earth.

The day of Edgehill was fine overhead, but the wet and miry soil made toilsome marching for the heavily armed foot and horse, and increased the difficulty of moving the ordnance.

The appearance of Charles on this unhappy day was regal and imposing; he was clad in complete mail, and wore a steel cap, covered with velvet. Over all was cast a black velvet mantle, on which glittered his Star-and-George.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for February, 1733, is noted the death, at the age of 115, of one of the soldiers who fought at Edgehill. He was predeceased by an old Parliamentarian, who fought under Essex that day, and who died in 1732, aged 112. He carried arms eighty years, serving with William in Ireland, and with the great Marlborough against France. This ancient veteran was named William Hazeland, and was a native of Wiltshire.

Warwickshire Folk-Lore.

BY A. H. WALL.

THERE is perhaps nothing more interesting or philosophically useful to the student of humanity than that species of knowledge which we so very vaguely denominate folk-lore. It carries us beyond the utmost reachings of history, back to the most primitive times, helps us to understand the principles of human progress, and shows how the conditions of human life influenced mental, moral, religious and social progress. We glean pregnant knowledge from discovering such relics of pre-historic ages as we find in caves, river-beds, graves, and earth pits, the bones, weapons, tools and domestic appliances of our savage forefathers. But in the relic words of thoughts, feelings, passions, and the relic customs of successive countless generations we get nearer to them and understand them more thoroughly. If it were possible to trace to their most remote origins all these strange, curious, and apparently unaccountable developments, the proper study of mankind would indeed be vastly simplified.

But alas! what opportunities have been neglected and for ever lost! These things which were so potent for good and evil, which moulded to a large extent the characters of successive generations, constantly undergoing modifications, yet never losing the indications of their origins, are, and long have been, dying out. With each succeeding generation they become fewer and fewer, and their records will now sadly lack completeness because they were too late commenced. If the Folk-lore Society had existed in the last century, and been more enthusiastically active than it has been, scholars, historians, and antiquaries would have found it far more useful in most of their different branches of study.

It is, however, a mistake to speak and write of folk-lore as if each shire and county, or even country, had its own. It belongs to all countries and all ages surviving every other kind of record. Hence its exceeding value. The only use there can be in considering it piece-meal is in the modifications brought about by local influences and necessities. In reading what follows about the folk-lore of a particular shire this must be borne in mind. As Mr. S. Timmins says in his

“History of Warwickshire” (1889), “No very clearly marked boundary separates Warwickshire from the surrounding counties so far as folk-lore and superstitions and even dialect are concerned, and sundry peculiarities are very difficult to trace back to their origin among so many sources of influence, not merely from neighbouring, but even from distant counties.” Neither the folk-lore nor the dialect of Warwickshire have ever had full and careful study. And again, “Warwickshire has had so long a Leicestershire border on the north-east that it is not surprising to find many of the words and phrases familiar in Leicestershire are common to both counties, while in the south of Warwickshire the influence of Gloucestershire, and on the west that of Worcestershire, are very marked. Indeed, it is practically impossible to prove that any word, phrase, or superstition is peculiar to any county without so complete a knowledge as no expert is likely to possess.”

If there is one part of England in which we should expect to find lingering traces of folk-lore in its most ancient and terrible shapes, it would be here in the very heart of ancient Mercia. Here the Primeval Forest lingered longest. Imperial Cæsar found the whole of the Midlands

still one vast horrible solitude, where interwoven branches shut out the daylight, and thorny tangled undergrowth, with heaped-up masses of rotting tree trunks, and huge piles of dead leaves, defied all human intruders. Nameless rivers ran into it to be lost in weeds and rushes, under fallen trees that choked up their courses, and spread them out into great mist-breeding swamps. At night, howlings, shriekings, and screeches, creakings and groaning, and fearfully mysterious noises of all kinds added fresh horrors to the black impenetrable darkness. Even the scarcely human aboriginals of the island, the veritable calibans, of whose flint and stone weapons and bone implements we have so many relics in our public and private museums, shunned it perhaps in childish terror of they knew not what, until wave after wave of Aryan and the less civilized Cymrian invaders reached their shores to slaughter and enslave all who did not find within it their strongest sanctuary.

From that time forth these forest midlands began to be populated, thinly in peaceful times, more numerous when wars and revolutions and new invaders from Gaul, Spain, and Germany, added to the seething cauldron fresh elements of

discord and distress. Outcasts of all kinds, fugitives from desperate battlefields, defeated armies and discrowned monarchs, men, women, and children, the wounded and dying, mad people and people afflicted by contagious diseases, escaping slaves, desperate law breakers of all kinds, and those offenders whom the Druids had excommunicated for offences against religion and morality, all these found in Arden (the forest) safe hiding, adding to its imagined horrors, horrors that were, alas! only too real.

The new settlers and their descendants, generation after generation, through successive centuries, preserved their ancient customs and traditions. They were in the far past a very imaginative people who saw in darkness everything that was horrible and repulsive. In their thoughts all wicked things loved darkness, and what they were in Asia, they were in England. They imagined this savage forest, or Arden, a domain of eternal midnight, where all kinds of horrors abounded, beautiful plants whose perfumes poisoned those who plucked them, etc.,* men of colossal size and strength, insatiably lustful and

* Shakespeare refers to the magic properties of "root of Hemlock digged in the dark."

cruel, where dwarfs gifted with superhuman powers, fed upon the knot-grass, and therefore never grew, where strange and terrible animals and monstrous creatures that were partly human and partly beasts lived. And of all these our Warwickshire and our world-wide folk-lore speaks to this day, in nursery stories, legends, and a variety of unaccountably fantastic, foolish, and irrational superstitions.

Bearing these things in mind helps us to imagine how the folk-lore of Asia began to assume strange new aspects, without altogether losing its old-world identity. For thousands of years our Aryan ancestors had listened to stories of gods and goddesses with reverential credulity. For thousands of years they had worshipped Nature in symbolic images, lifting their prayers to heaven and singing hymns of praise to the sun that gave warmth, life, and light, peopling earth and air (as so many Christians still do) with a mob of spirits. They heard in thunder the roll of the divine chariots, and saw in lightning the darting of spears and flashing of swords wielded by angry gods. In the winds that moaned, or sighed, or kissed their cheeks with perfumed breath, they recognised the souls of their dead friends, and

when stormy blasts were blowing, those of dead enemies, still active for evil.*

While Britain was a Roman colony, and pagan, these romantic and poetic fancies were perpetuated. When Christianity was introduced their reign was over—great Pan was dead! As Christianity grew powerful it became more and more fiercely aggressive and cruelly intolerant. "Never was a reformation so violent as that of Theodosius. Antiquity shows no trace of such proscription of any form of worship. The Persian fire-worshipper might in his heroic purity have scorned idol worship, but he let the idols stand, and the Jews found in him a friend and protector. Greece laughed at the gods of the darkness, the tunbellied Cabiri, but bore with them, and even in part adopted them, shaping them into a vulcan." Rome never warred against the sylvan gods of Etrusca, and she left the Druids to themselves until their destruction became a political necessity. But the Christians of Rome regarded tolerance of other creeds as a crime against God, and in the folk-lore of our religion that mischievous idea still lingers and is

* "Some airy devil hovers in the sky
And pours down mischief."

—SHAKESPEARE.

nowhere stronger than it is in Warwickshire. Christianity in power "demolished the schools, ridiculed logic and learning, and uprooted philosophy, razing heathen temples and demolishing their beautiful statues.* Its monks sought the path of celibacy, in open opposition to law by which they haughtily refused to be bound. They persisted in defiance of all opposition, and fled to the desert that they might be beyond law, temptation, and the wiles of women. But there, too, the devil pursued and tempted them. In their rage against nature-worship and all sensual pleasures, a rage strangely like that of the English puritans in times which were then so far in the future, they found devils even in flowers, and were specially hard upon the daisies. But assuredly worse devils haunted them in the gloomy horrors of primeval forests and the grim stony-hearted wilderness. "The light we think so pure, the air we deem so sweet, the very heavens themselves—O blasphemy!—they denounced as hellish." That divine morning-star whose glorious beams enlightened and delighted a Socrates, an Archimedes, a Plato, was in their

* "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth, I am come not to send peace, but a sword." (St. Matthew, x., 3.)

estimation, a devil! the arch-fiend Lucifer, son of the morning, and that mild, sweet, placid star that has inspired poets in all time, set like a jewel in the evening sky, they regarded gloomily and with malignant hatred as the she-devil Venus whose sensuous wiles destroyed men's souls and bodies.

And so these poor, useful, blind, heroic, and sublimely unselfish tools, not knowing what they did, performed their tasks and went their way, adding their sum to the folk-lore in that of religion.

In that long prose-poem of things beautiful and repulsive, which combines so many crude fancies with so many pregnant facts—Michelet's "La Sorciere,"—he speaks eloquently and forcibly of the next great change, which came with the Dark Ages, and for a long long while seemed to make men worse rather than better, to carry them back rather than forward, leaving them more barbarously cruel, more easily terrified by superstitious imaginings, more desperate and fanatical in their opinions, more mad than ever in their actions. He says:—"It was nothing new that the gods must perish. Many an ancient worship was grounded in that very idea. Osiris

Adonis died indeed, but in order to rise again. On the stage itself, in plays which were only acted on the feast days of the gods, Æschylus expressly averred by the mouth of Prometheus, that some day they should suffer death, but how? As conquered and laid low by the Titans, the ancient powers of nature. Here, however, things were quite otherwise. Alike in generals and particulars, in the past and the future, the early Christians would have cursed nature herself. So utterly did they condemn her as to find the devil incarnate in a flower."

But the decline of Olympia had in no wise destroyed the host of domestic gods. The various deities that inhabited the woods, the hills, the rivers, still secretly influenced the people's lives. Their gods were still sought in the hearts of mighty oaks, in the rush and roar of deep waters, in the changeful beauties and stormy threatenings of sky and clouds. Who said they were dead? The Christians? Why they too believed in them. The very words in which they denounced them as devils proclaimed their existence! They were still worshipped, as Michelet says, "in the desert, on the moor, in the forest, and above all, in the home. The wife still protected her idols. She

hid them in her closets, even in her bed. With her they still had the best place in the world, a better one than the temple could give, a place within her heart." She was still true to the gods of her forefathers,* but the Christians regarded her as a worshipper of devils. It was she who became the witch of the Middle Ages, nowhere better known than in Warwickshire. For her horrible punishments were invented, "new pangs expressly devised." She, too, sought hiding in the forest wilds, accursed and proscribed, regarded with horror and detestation as "the betrothed of the devil, the incarnation of all evil." He says of women like her "they were tried in a lump, they were condemned by a single word. Never had there been such wastefulness of human life. Not to speak of Spain, that classic land of the faggot, where Moor and Jew went to their awful doom, always accompanied by the witch, there were burnt at Tréves seven thousand, and I know not," says Michelet, "how many at Toulouse. Five hundred at Geneva in three months of 1513, at Wartzburg, eight hundred almost in one batch,

* History shows that it is always amongst women that forms of belief and the feelings that strengthen them have the longest and strongest vitality. This is cleverly recognised in the most popular religious novel of our day, "Robert Elsmere."

and fifteen hundred at Bamberg." In the Wartzburg list, one witch was a girl of fifteen, and at Bayonne, two were beautiful girls of seventeen.

"Oh, Queen of Persia, bewitching Circe, sublime Sibyl! into what have ye grown? How cruel a change has been forced upon you since from your throne in the east you taught men the virtues of plants and the courses of the stars, since basking in the sun-gods' love you pronounced from your Delphic tripod the oracles of Fate!"

As the first witches were, so were the last. "For a thousand years the witch was the physician of the people.* Emperors, kings, popes, and lords of rich domains had, indeed, their doctors of Salerno, their Moors and Jews, but the bulk of the people in every stage (it may be said the world) consulted none but the Saga or wise woman," the witch, the foreseers of the future. Even now in these our own days fortune-tellers abound. I have seen columns upon columns of their advertisements in the Australian newspapers, especially in those of Victoria.

* When Paracelsus burnt the books of medicine by Galen and Avicenna, at Basle in 1527, he confessed that all he knew as a physician he had derived from witches.

Their lore is indeed folk-lore in the strictest sense of the word, and in no part of England is it, perhaps, more abounding than it is in Warwickshire, where but a few months since a wretched woman who sold eels from the river of Stratford-upon-Avon fell dead by her own door-step, and was said by her neighbours to have been carried off thus suddenly by the devil because she was a witch!

It is always a woman who is most loyal to her religious belief. Michelet paints picturesquely a picture of a woman moaning over the displacement of her pretty fables and graceful fancies by the grim hard nature-hating Christian's creed. It is so forcible that I am sorely tempted to quote it, for it so exactly fits my subject. After describing such a forest clearing as must have been common in the ancient Warwickshire Arden, and one of its peasant huts, with roof of thatch, floor of earth, damp, draughty, and windowless, furnished with little beyond the wife's distaff, a bed, a couple of stools, and an oaken chest, he paints the lonely wife, in hodden homespun grey, whose goodman is woodcutting in the forest. She is thinking dreamily of the folk-lore stories told by her mother and grandmother, the stories

she will tell anon to the children that will be growing up about her, stories of the Sleeping Beauty, Beauty and the Beast, and Riquet with the Tuft, stories which, as Mr. Bunce says, "are common to all nations because they were first made by one people, and all the nations in which they are now told, in one form or another, are all descended from this one common stock." We have degraded and caricatured them in our pantomimes and vulgar parodies, but they are still popular, and are still told to the cottage children of Warwickshire, round about the labourers' winter fires. To this woman they were still poetic and beautiful, pervaded with tender feelings and loving sentiments, as they had been for so many ages. Reverently and credulously believing, she has wondered and wept, smiled and sighed over them. "This woman, for all her ignorance, bears locked up in her heart a secret the Christian priest must never know. She cherishes secretly a pitying remembrance of the gods and goddesses of her ancestors." Dwelling in rocks and hearts of oak, they shiver in the cold and darkness of the wild wood from which they steal to enjoy the glow of her winter logs. Sometimes in the dim twilight she sees them in

the cow-houses and stables warming themselves between the sleeping beasts. They partake of her household comforts, poor as they are, these homeless outcast divinities. Bereft of incense and burnt offerings they are glad to receive a share of the milk which she stints herself to give them, leaving it overnight to find it gone in the morning. They dare not come in the daylight, but they are there in the night when all is still, and only the breath of the sleepers breaks the silence. In gratitude they aid her in her household work, rocking the cradle, sweeping and cleaning, lighting the fire, and even cooking the food for her. She sometimes goes out alone at night, daring the perils of the black ugly forest, to the fountain, rock, or oak, in which they hide. Her husband is afraid of the Priest. He would beat her if he found her so employed. And if the Priest who hunts these woeful spirits out of their favourite haunts with bell and book and holy water only knew it, oh! horror, whatever would become of her? At Christmastide when the holy log is burnt, she thinks perhaps how her forefathers kept the Long-Night feast. On May-day Eve of the Pervigilium of May, when she should pray to the Virgin—oh! wickedness

unutterable,—her thoughts are with some genii of the woodland, and when a saint should be the object of her adoration she seeks a Sibyl. She cannot think of these poor forsaken spirits as devils, she cannot hate them as good Christians should, she is bewitched, and on the high road to become herself a witch. Do not all these things help us to understand folk-lore superstitions still lingering in ancient towns and out-of-the-way localities. Do they not haunt us still in the guise of reviving paganism?

In 1875, a waggoner named Haywood, living in South Warwickshire, at the tiny village of Little Compton (anciently a nest of monks and nuns) brutally and remorselessly killed with his pitchfork a poor old woman, named Ann Tennant, who lived by the selling of mops. In explanation, he said callously, "Hur were the properest witch ever knowed," and expressed an opinion, in which others of the village agreed, that he "knowed" sixteen more in the parish "as oughter be saarved the same." In the course of my Warwickshire rambles in out-of-the-way localities, I have everywhere found amongst the lower classes a lingering belief in the existence of witches, ghosts, and devils, and amongst the

upper classes as evident a leaning towards their modern survivals, or revivals as scientific mysteries. But this is hardly to be wondered at when we remember recent facts belonging to other and far more important localities. For instance, in a year no further back than 1743, the Presbytery of the Secession Church in Edinburgh published a solemn acknowledgment of national sins, amongst which was specified "The Repeal of the Penal Statutes against Witchcraft, contrary to the express laws of God, and for which a holy God may be provoked in a way of righteous judgment, to leave those who are already ensnared to be hardened more and more, and to permit Satan to tempt and seduce others to the same wicked and dangerous snare."

. Warwickshire folk-lore is almost confined to superstitious ceremonies, omens, warnings, sights, sounds, and odd sayings. Mrs. Cross gives many of them in her famous novel *Adam Bede*. The robin, called of old the ruddock, is still revered as a sacred bird that finds, and charitably covers with leaves and mosses, the dead bodies of men, women, and children abandoned to rot unburied, or lost and starved in the depths of the forest. The hens will resent the indignity if you

burn their shells, and cease to lay. The cows will know it if you throw their milk away by extinguishing your fire with it, and cease to give milk. A mouse on your bed is a sign of death, hence perhaps the terror of it among women. If you meet a magpie, make the sign of a cross or raise your hat to it, or ill-luck will alight upon you. If you see a shooting star and wish, you will have your wish, but it will make you sorry that you did wish. If it rains on Ascension Day, catch the drops and bottle them. A teaspoonful of that water added to the leaven will prevent your loaves from being heavy. Ivy was long used as a tavern sign in Warwickshire, and ivy was a plant sacred to Bacchus. Gold-finches were called Proud Tailors, because, it has been surmised, the souls of tailors who were accustomed to sing at their work migrated into them. Eating knot-grass stunts your growth. Flibbertiggibet was a night demon who had delight in mopping and mowing to terrify chambermaids and waiting-women, between the ringing of the curfew bell and the crowing of the earliest morning cock. Light always put spirits to flight. The moon's attendant star was so constant because it loved the goddess it represented. The song of the

cricket on the hearth was regarded as a good sign. Carol-singers are most uncomfortably abundant in Warwickshire, and of old it was the custom to admit them at the front door and let them out at the back, after being duly rewarded, in order that the new year might be a lucky one. It is a Warwickshire saying that to mend any article of apparel while wearing it, brings trouble. To mend a rent secretly made by a witch, is to make her your deadly enemy. This superstition is common amongst the Basques or Iberians of Spain and France. Cakes of pure white or simnel bread, mentioned in a statute in the reign of Henry III. as made during the Lent fast, used to be called symbol cakes in both Warwickshire and Worcestershire, I don't know why. To shoulder your spade after entering your house was sure to bring about a death in the family. Sneezing was as significant here as it was in the East, and Mr. Timmins quotes as an old bit of Warwickshire rhyme, the following doggrel:—

“ Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger ;
Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger ;
Sneeze on Wednesday, have a letter ;
Sneeze on Thursday, something better ;
Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow ;
Sneeze on Saturday, and see true love to-morrow.”

If a dog howls before your door it is the omen of death.

But I fear I have already overstepped the space allotted to me, and must put aside my pen. The list might be easily enough lengthened and varied, but only by embodying folk-lore as common to many other counties as it is to Warwickshire.

Pooley Hall.

BY ANDREAS EDWARD COKAYNE.

POOLEY HALL, near Polesworth, in the county of Warwick, was for many years the residence and property of the Cokaynes, whose chief seat was at Ashbourne. The writer has in his possession the helmet and the battle axe worn and used by Sir Thomas Cokayne, who was knighted on the field of Tournay in France, by King Henry VIII.

Pooley Hall was rebuilt in the sixteenth century by the aforesaid Sir Thomas Cokayne: he also enclosed the woods lying westward of the Hall into a Park, three of which, according to the inscription on his monument in Ashbourne Church were impaled by him, the other two being those of Ashbourne, and Clifton, near Ashbourne.

Dugdale gives a good history of Pooley Hall as it was in his day. It is an ancient structure, somewhat in the perpendicular style of architecture, pleasantly situated on the side of a

hill. The private chapel adjacent to the house was built by the authority of Pope Urban IV., and dedicated to St. Mary. Sir John Cokayne, who died in 1447, provided by his will for a priest to officiate therein.

A private road leads from Pooley Hall to Polesworth Church: on this road occurred a quarrel between Thomas Cokayne and Sir Thomas Burdett of Bramcote. Thomas Cokayne was killed, being thrown off his guard by a sudden depression in the ground. Tradition says that a yew tree marks the spot where this occurred. In fact at the present day there is a hollow suddenly descending from the pathway, beside a yew tree, which appears to correspond with the tradition.

Thomas Cokayne, thus unfortunately killed, was buried at Youlgrave, near Bakewell. His altar-tomb is in the Chancel of that church, completely restored, after extreme dilapidation, under the direction of the writer at the expense of his kinsman, Mr. George Edward Cokayne, Norroy King-at-Arms.

The quaint old poet, Michael Drayton, in his "Poly-olbion," speaks of Pooley and Polesworth and the river "Ancor."

Before the work of restoration and partial

rebuilding in 1869, Polesworth Church was in a sad state of dilapidation ; unsightly galleries, a flat plastered ceiling, and other deformities had been introduced ; and the old stone font had been moved from its proper place, and built into a corner in the eastern wall, by which removal it had suffered considerably, the chisel of the stonemason having actually been set to work to make it fit in its position.

The Church was very well restored under the vicariate of the Rev. Nigel Madan, about 1869. Therein is a tomb, with armorial shields, to Sir Richard Harthill, whose daughter married Edmund Cokayne, and brought the ancient residences of Pooley Hall, and Herthill Hall, near Bakewell, into the Cokayne family : the latter of which was subsequently sold to the Duke of Rutland.

There is also another tomb to Isabella, daughter of Sir Hugh Shirley (ancestor of the Earls of Ferrers,) wife of Sir John Cokayne, who died in 1447. This altar-tomb was thoroughly repaired and set in order in 1869, after many years of neglect.

The slab in the church to the memory of Aston Turvile, a son of Sir Aston Cokayne's

daughter Isabella, wife of William Turvile, is curious :—

“Here Aston Turvile lyes as fine a child
 As ever parents hopes by death beguile
 Having lived fourteen weeks he's drop'd away
 As early blossoms nipt by frost decay.
 His innocent soul was soon aweary here
 Therefore to Heaven did speedily repare
 His mortal remnant till the general doom
 Lyes here inclosed under this humble tomb.

This child was born the 2nd of September and dyed the 17th of December and then was almost a yard long. Sir Aston Cokayne was his grandfather and godfather.”

Amongst antiquaries, Sir Aston Cokayne's volumes of poems are well known. His name does not appear in any baronetage, but there is no doubt he was created a baronet by King Charles I., whose cause he did his best to further; but the “Docquet” was lost in the troublous times of the Civil Wars. The actual date is recorded as 10th January, 1641. His poems, which are chiefly valuable as recording his classical learning and his travels, and especially his epigrams, as relating valuable genealogical notes, his family connections, etc., bear his name as baronet, and in his will he is so described. He is buried under the chancel of Polesworth Church, close to his old residence of Pooley Hall.

The writer does not remember any church in worse condition before restoration, nor one that has been better restored. The very ancient church of Polesworth, a remnant of the Monastic Institution and Nunnery founded by King Egbert in the ninth century, is dedicated to St. Edith. Dugdale, in his "History of Warwickshire," thus relates the legendary circumstances of the foundation of this nunnery:—"King Egbert having one only son, called Arnulph, who was a leper, and hearing by a Bishop which came from Ireland, that the then King of Connaught had a Nun to his daughter called Modwen—(the image of St. Modwen was formerly in the Cokayne Chapel in Ashbourne Church; the curiously carved pedestal on which it stood has recently been replaced in the north wall of the said chapel)—that healed all diseased people repairing to her, sent his said son at the persuasion of that Bishop, into Ireland, where he was accordingly cured by the same holy woman; which great favour so pleased King Egbert, that he forthwith invited St. Modwen to come into England, promising that he would found a Monasterie for her and her convent, of which tender she soon after accepted, forasmuch as the



POOLEY HALL.

1847

Religious House wherein she resided was, by wars betwixt those petty Kings of Ireland, burned and wasted; and brought over with her two of her fellow Nuns, whereupon the King having a great opinion of her sanctitie, recommended his daughter Edith unto her, to be instructed in Religion after the Rule of St. Benet, giving her a dwelling-place in the Forest of Arderne, then called Trensale, where the said Edith, together with St. Lyne and St. Osithe, lived together in a holy manner; and soon after founded a Monasterie for them on the bank of the River Anker, at this place called Pollysworth, the first syllable, Pol., importing a deepness of water, and the other, seil-worth, a dwelling or habitation, constituting the said Edith Abbess thereof." "I am of opinion," Dugdale further observes, "that the faire spire-steeple here, was built by the last Sir Richard Herthull of Pooley, about King Richard 2nd's time [A.D. 1377 to 1399] partly for that I find on each side the same, a little below the embattlements the coat of Herthull, cut in large shields upon the frieze, and partly for that the carved work on the buttresses resembleth that which is upon his monument within the Church."

The extent of the monastic establishment on this site was great; ruined walls and foundations here and there give a faint outline of its original grandeur. A portion of the old monastery, probably the kitchen or Refectory, is now used as a workman's shop.

The arms of Polesworth Monastery are, azure a fesse cottised argent, between six crosses crosslet, or.

The Rev. Nigel Madan, the then vicar, kindly contributed [1869], for a privately printed Cokayne family history, the following notes respecting Polesworth:—"Polesworth, a village in Warwickshire, situated on the banks of the river Anker, 'need not,' says Dugdale, 'for antiquity and venerable esteem, give precedence to any in that county.' King Egbert founded the first religious house in this part of England, within its precincts, and from that time to the present, it has been a place of considerable note, both from the nunnery, which long flourished there, and from the number of families 'of high degree,' which have been connected with the parish by property and residence."

The Nunnery, founded probably about A.D. 880, continued to St. Edith and her successors

till the Norman Conquest. At that time the Castle of Tamworth was granted to Sir Robert Marmion, and he ruthlessly drove the nuns from their convent, compelling them to resort to Oldbury, a cell which belonged to them. A year afterwards, owing (it is said) to a dream, he regretted his conduct, and restored the rightful occupants of the religious house to their lands and possessions; desiring at the same time that himself and Sir Walter de Somerville might be their patrons, and have burial for "themselves and their heirs in this abbey, viz., the Marmions in the Chapter House, and the Somervilles in the cloisters." From this period to the dissolution of this Nunnery, in 1545, there is little record or history of the place. The nuns were famous for their educational abilities, and especially in teaching the daughters of neighbouring squires the difficult art of embroidery. In the year 1539, six commissioners visited the place, and, after a strict scrutiny, implored the mediation of Thomas Cromwell, that the Nunnery might not be suppressed. The inmates are described in their report, as "vertuous and religious women, and of good conversation."

The appeal was unsuccessful, and the Nunnery

soon after ceased to exist. Of the building itself, the refectory still remains, together with the porter's lodge and gateway. The cloisters and many other parts of it may be traced by the excavations which have been made from time to time, the church dedicated to St. Edith is a fine structure, consisting of a nave and north aisle, separated by a line of Norman columns of great beauty and interest. A new chancel has lately been added, and the whole is surmounted by a massive tower, built by Sir Richard Herthull, of Pooley (A.D. 1377-1388), and bearing his arms. In the parish of Polesworth are four houses of importance, viz., Polesworth Hall, erected on the site of the Nunnery, long the residence of the Goodere family, and now belonging to Sir George Chetwynd, Bart.; Pooley Hall, the seat of the fine old Derbyshire family of Cokayne, of Ashbourne and Pooley, now belonging to C. W. Wynne Finch, Esq., of Pentre-Voelas; Bramcote Hall, possessed since the Norman Conquest, by the Burdetts of Foremark; and, Hall-End, the seat of the Corbyn family, from whom it passed by an heiress to the Lygons, and is now the property of Earl Beauchamp."

Another old place of considerable interest

is Radway Grange, near Kineton, which belongs to the family of Miller. I am indebted to the kindness of Rev. G. Miller, Vicar of Radway, for the following notes. The old spelling was Rodweii, Rodewei, Rodweia. The earliest known owners were the Church of Coventry and Earl Richard: value 3s. In 1086, the Church of Coventry held three hides, Earl Alberic two hides, Richard Forestarius one hide, value 95s. The area was then six hides arable, twelve plough, three in demesne, meadow twenty-seven acres. Population twenty villeins, five bondsmen, eight labourers, thirty-three families—153.

Since then the owners have been as follows: that which belonged to the Church of Coventry came to the bishop, who gave two hides to the Monks of Radmore. The other hide came to Geoffrey de Clinton. He gave it to the Monks of Radmore, who had removed to Stoneleigh. Earl Alberic's portion passed to Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, *temp.* Henry II., and passed afterwards to the Monks of Stoneleigh, except one hide which passed to the Monks of Erbury. This latter portion paid dues to the Church of Burton Dassett which belonged to the Monks of Erbury.

Richard's portion passed through the Loge, Morcote and Walden families, and came in possession of the Monks of Stoneleigh *temp.* Richard II.

In Edward I.'s time, the monks had a Grange called Egge Grange, and later on another called Radway Grange. There was also a small monastery under the hill, used as a Convalescent Home for the sick monks of the abbey.

At the dissolution of the monasteries, Edge or Egge Grange was purchased by Richard Andrews and Leonard Chamberlain, and Radway Grange passed to Francis Gooders in 36 Henry VIII.'s reign. Early in the next century, Radway Grange was purchased by Walter Washington, a younger son of Robert Washington of Sulgrave. John Washington, his son, held the Grange at the time of the Battle of Edgehill, and a few years later passes from our notice entirely. Very possibly he is the John Washington who is wanted to make the pedigree complete of George Washington.

Radway Grange and the estate belonging to it passed next to Thomas Goodwin, one of whose sons, Richard, died 15th December, 1668. His monument is in the parish church.

In 1715, Sanderson Miller, fourth son of John

Miller, gentleman, of Draycott in Northamptonshire, and of Boycott near Buckingham, purchased the Grange, and about 70 acres of enclosed land, and 240 acres in the open field, for £3671. Other properties in the parish were purchased afterwards by him and his son, Sanderson Miller.

Sanderson Miller was noted for his skill in architecture and in laying out grounds, as well as for his knowledge in the management of all things connected with landed property. His numerous friends were anxious to obtain his advice on these matters. He considerably improved the value of his own estate, raising it from 8s. to over £1 per acre. He made the grounds round the house some of the most beautiful for their size to be found in the kingdom. Under his direction, his friend, Lord Lyttleton, built Hagley Hall; and the Court House at Warwick was also built under his superintendence. A stone vase and clump of trees commemorates a visit that the great Earl of Chatham paid to him; when in the dining room of Radway Grange, after dinner, Fielding read his manuscript of "Tom Jones" to the Earl of Chatham, Lord Lyttelton, and their host, for their approval before it was printed.

Glimpses of George Eliot's Warwickshire Scenery.

BY J. CUMING WALTERS.

WARWICKSHIRE is thronged with classic shrines. "Set not thy foot on graves," said the philosopher Emerson; but another American pilgrim who is fond of traversing the enchanted English country has recorded that the history of our land is largely written in ancient churches and crumbling ruins, wherefore the traveller to literary and historic shrines will find it difficult "to avoid setting his foot on graves." Perhaps in general there is an insufficient appreciation on the part of Englishmen of the rich legacies which the great ones of our race have left behind them. In the course of visiting the places associated with George Eliot and her works, I was mournfully impressed with the pervading indifference of Warwickshire people to that illustrious woman. The age of hero-worship seems a-dying; the majority of men have no time for enthusiasms which do not

fill their purses and increase their banking accounts. Few indeed feel how good and pleasant it is to be near the "living light-fountain" (as Carlyle termed the hero)—"the light which enlightens the darkness of the world, the natural luminary shining by the gift of heaven, in whose radiance all souls feel it is well with them." Warwickshire has upon her roll of worthies many famous names, the two most enduring of which are those of England's greatest poet and England's greatest novelist. The great woman who gave us "Adam Bede" and "Felix Holt" most closely approximates to him who was not for an age, but for all time, and who was "above all Greek, above all Roman fame." And it should be the perpetual pride and glory of Midlanders to recall that both these immortals were born in the Heart of England, that both alike felt the influence and charm of Warwickshire scenes, and that both of them have left an imperishable tribute to the sweetness and the beauty of their favourite home. The Arden in which Shakespeare loved to roam, and the haunted shadowy nooks which he deemed the fittest environment for the most bewitching of his heroines, the gentle Rosalind, were for many

years most familiar to the eyes of Mary Ann Evans :—

“ And wild-rose branches take their finest scent
From those blest hours of infantine content.”

In one of her most charming poems, “ Brother and Sister,” she has sketched her early life, made up of pleasant days, long wanderings, and fruitful companionship ; she has spoken tenderly of the rookery-elms

“ Whose tall old trunks had each a grassy mound,
So rich for us we counted them as realms
With varied products ;”

of the meadow-path with its memorable spots :

“ One where it bridged a tiny rivulet,
Deep hid by tangled blue Forget-me-nots ;”

of the copse and its mysteries, the black-scathed grass occasionally betraying the past abode of Gipsies, “ who still lurked between Me and each hidden distance of the road ;” of the brown canal with its floating barges, and the grassy hills in the distance, the wide-arched bridges, and all the minuter details which compose a typical picture of Warwickshire. These hours, wrote George Eliot, were “ seed to all my after good,” and

“ Those long days, measured by my little feet,
Had chronicles which yield me many a text.”

The text and its elaboration are found in the stories which made her famous. Allusions to Warwickshire run like a golden thread through all that she wrote, and brighten the fabric which she wrought. Consciously or unconsciously, she transposed the men and women of the real world in which she lived to the realm of her fancy; she skilfully delineated the characters she had known, and under new names made actual friends and acquaintances breathe a new air, sometimes assigning to them new parts in a new drama, and at other times with the wand of an enchantress causing them to re-appear upon a vanished stage and act again the comedy and tragedy of their lives.

Mary Ann Evans was born at the South Farm, Arbury, one of the homesteads which dot the lordly park of the Newdigates. Here the child played among the flowers, and memory had so photographed the scene, that pictures of the house, the little garden, and the distant hall, flash into the light as the novelist's pages are turned. "Janet's Repentance," one of the first of George Eliot's original literary works, tells us of the garden of her childhood, with its "rich flower-border running along every walk, with its

endless succession of spring flowers, anemones, snapdragons, auriculas, wall-flowers, sweet-williams, campanula, and tiger-lilies." There was a beautiful confusion, a delightful irregularity, in this cultivated little plot. "You gathered a moss-rose one moment, and a bunch of currants the next. You were in a delightful fluctuation between the scent of jasmine and the juice of gooseberries." The figure of the father, that fine old yeoman, Robert Evans, speedily appears. In "Middlemarch" he is presented to us in no vague or abstract form, but seemingly in the real flesh, as Caleb Garth. "His early ambition had been to have as effective a share as possible in [a] sublime labour, which was peculiarly dignified by him with the name of 'business;' and though he had only been a short time under a surveyor, and had been chiefly his own teacher, he knew more of land, building, and mining than most of the special men in the county. . . . He had a reverential soul with a strong practical intelligence. But he could not manage finance—he knew values well, but he had no keenness of imagination for monetary results in the shape of profit and loss—and having ascertained this to his cost, he determined to give up all forms of

his beloved 'business' which required that talent. He gave himself up entirely to the many kinds of work which he could do without handling capital, and was one of those precious men within his own district whom everybody would choose to work for them, because he did his work well, charged very little, and often declined to charge at all." Add to this novel capability for "business" the devotion of Mr. Tulliver to his "little wench," Maggie, and we get the accuracy and detail of a photograph of George Eliot's father. Maggie was herself in some particulars, and Tom Tulliver was her brother Isaac. The "Mill on the Floss" is the most endearing of all child-narratives, and it was Griff House, a mile from Nuneaton, which is therein so minutely described, room by room, attic and all, and not forgetting the "left-hand parlour," where Maggie retired to pore over her books. It was to Griff that Robert Evans had removed with his family in 1820, with its "old high-pitched roof," its "worm-eaten floors," and its "dark rafters festooned with cobwebs." Then there were the gardens, the farms of "Uncle Pullet" and "Mrs. Hackit," and the "Round Pool" where Maggie and Tom—or rather, Mary Ann and Isaac—went

fishing. It was a "wonderful pool which the floods had made long ago—no one knew how deep it was; and it was mysterious, too, that it should be almost a perfect round, framed in with willows and tall reeds, so that the water was only to be seen when you got close to the brink." Was there such a pool as this? Certainly. To this day it may be seen by those who walk along the path leading from the back of Griff House. One must read the delicious sequence of sonnets, "Brother and Sister," to realise what a fascination the water had for the boy and girl who day after day visited the mysterious place, and were wholly happy in each other's society:—

"Long years have left their writing on my brow,
But yet the freshness and the dew-fed beam
Of those young mornings are about me now."

At the age of five, George Eliot went to school with her elder sister Christiana, at Attleboro, a suburb of Nuneaton; later she became a pupil at Miss Wallington's school at Nuneaton, a house known as "The Elms." The little shy awkward girl is remembered by many people now alive, one of whom, on being recently interviewed, said, "She was ungainly, quiet, and 'watchful like,' and very seldom spoke. As she approached you

she gave you the idea of being awkward in manner, and exceedingly reserved. She was always dressed with most scrupulous plainness, and had a heavy bunch of very dark hair; her complexion was pale, and she had bright and almost piercing eyes; she was continually reading—often with a second book under her arm—and she only raised her eyes occasionally as she found it necessary to move out of someone's way." At twelve she went to Coventry, her mistresses being the Misses Franklin, and at this period she was doubtless, like Maggie Tulliver, "a creature full of eager, passionate longings for all that was beautiful and glad; thirsting for knowledge; with an ear straining after dreamy music that died away and would not come near her; with a blind, unconscious yearning for something that would link together the wonderful impressions of this mysterious life, and give her soul a sense of home in it."

It is essential for our purpose to pass at a bound from these days of girlhood to the year 1856, when Mary Ann Evans was thirty-five years old, and had only just conceived the plan and purpose of that literary work which was to make the name of George Eliot famous. To

George Henry Lewes she confided her wish to write a story, or rather (as she records it) "a series of sketches drawn from my own observation of the clergy, and calling them 'Scenes from Clerical Life.'" Though at the age of twenty-six she had gone to London, and remained there, her memory treasured the thought of Warwickshire, and the glad involuntary return to an early recollection is the crowning proof of the truth of that passionate outburst in "Theophrastus Such:" "I cherish my childish loves—the memory of that warm little nest where my affections were fledged."

The pastoral labours and domestic life of a Warwickshire clergyman, the Rev. John Gwyther, B.A., Curate of Chilvers Coton, were the first theme treated by the novelist with consummate art and dramatic intensity. The title of the story was "The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton," and woven into the narrative are the life-threads of the poor clergyman's wife, Milly. "She was a lovely woman; a large fair, gentle Madonna. Among strangers she was shy and tremulous as a girl of fifteen; she blushed crimson if anyone appealed to her opinion; yet that tall, graceful,

substantial presence was so imposing in its mildness that men spoke to her with an agreeable sensation of timidity." The young curate and his gentle wife were happy—happy in their poverty—at Shepperton, the real Shepperton being Chilvers Coton, a straggling parish just beyond Nuneaton. A perfect picture of the church five-and-twenty years before the story was written (that is, as George Eliot remembered it when a girl just in her teens) is presented in a few marvellous touches. "Pass through the baize doors, and you will see the nave filled with well-shaped benches, understood to be free seats; while in certain eligible corners, less directly under the clergyman's eye, there are pews reserved for the Shepperton gentility. Ample galleries are supported on iron pillars, and in one of them stands the crowning glory, the very clasp or aigrette of Shepperton Church adornment—namely, an organ, not very much out of repair, on which a collector of small rents, differentiated by the force of circumstances into an organist, will accompany the alacrity of your departure after the blessing, by a sacred minuet or an easy 'Gloria.'" But all this is changed: it was changed greatly, as she lamented, when George

Eliot wrote : and to-day there is little at Chilvers Coton to remind one of the Shepperton of old, except Milly's grave and monument.

“Our Midland plains have never lost their familiar expression and conservative spirit for me,” said the novelist in one of her later works, and we have only to study the scenery and types of character in her principal stories to realize how indelible were the impressions of youth. In the history of the Rev. Mr. Gilfil, she returned to Shepperton, and related the “Love Story” of a remarkable man, known in real life as the Rev. Bernard Gilpin Ebdell. His spiritual duties were performed “with undeviating attention to brevity and despatch.” “He had a large heap of short sermons, rather yellow and worn at the edges, from which he took two every Sunday, securing perfect impartiality in the selection of them as they came, without reference to topics ; and having preached one of these sermons at Shepperton in the morning, he mounted his horse and rode hastily with the other in his pocket to Knebley.” Knebley, which thus figures in the story, is identified with Astley Church, standing a mile to the west of Arbury Park, the original of the authoress's Cheverel Manor. The church

was famous for its high tapering spire, a veritable landmark which had won the local name of the "Lanthorn of Arden;" but it fell in 1600, and a square, strong tower has replaced it. "A wonderful little church," wrote George Eliot, "with a checkered pavement which had once rung to the iron tread of military monks, with coats of arms in clusters on the lofty roof, marble warriors and their wives without noses occupying a large proportion of the area, and the twelve Apostles, with their heads very much on one side, holding didactic ribbons, painted in fresco on the walls." "Mr Gilfil's Love Story" quivers with passion, and our sympathy with him and with the luckless Caterina, becomes the stronger for knowing that the tragedy of their lives was real. The counterparts and prototypes of Captain Wybrow, Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel, can be traced, and the sad story is almost a tradition in the quiet country-places where George Eliot roamed. As for Cheverel Manor, it has been described in its evening glory as it can never be described again, the glowing colours of the scene reproduced clearly by the great artist: "The castellated house of grey-tinted stone, with the flickering sunbeams sending dashes of golden light

across the many-shaped panes in the mullioned windows, and a great beech leaning athwart one of the flanking towers, and breaking, with its dark flattened boughs, the too-formal symmetry of the front; the broad gravel walk winding on the right, by a row of tall pines, alongside the pool, on the left branching out among swelling grassy mounds, surrounded by clumps of trees, where the red trunk of the Scotch fir glows in the descending sunlight against the bright green of limes and acacias; the great pool, where a pair of swans are swimming lazily, with one leg tucked under a wing, and where the open water-lilies lie calmly accepting the kisses of the fluttering light-sparkles; the lawn, with its smooth emerald greenness, sloping down to the rougher and browner herbage of the park, from which it is invisibly fenced by a little stream, which winds away from the pool, and disappears under a wooden bridge in the distant pleasure ground."

But there is a more terrible place close at hand, the awful "Rookery," where, "under the gloom of interlacing boughs," false-hearted Wybrow fell dead. A damp green hollow, from which over-arching trees and dense foliage exclude the light,

it may still be seen, the one dark and dismal spot in Arbury.

The third of the "Scenes" is the least popular, "Janet's Repentance," but so far as it lends itself to identifications and localisations, it is perhaps even more striking than the two which preceded it. "Milby" is Nuneaton itself, as it was sixty years ago. "It was a dingy-looking town, with a strong smell of tanning up one street, and a great shaking of hand-looms up another; and even in that focus of aristocracy, Friars' Gate, the houses would not have seemed very imposing to the hasty and superficial glance of a passenger."

George Eliot knew many an out-of-the-way nook and corner in this old market-town. She has minutely described the mill, the market-place, the bridge which spans the Anker, "Orchard St.," which we find closely resembling the Church Street of the present day, and, above all, the old-fashioned hostelry called "The Red Lion," but which we have no difficulty in recognising as The Bull in all its pristine glory. Here Mr. Dempster mixed his brandy-and-water, and puffed his cheeks, and protruded his "lipless mouth," and heard Mr. Tomlinson the miller declare that

“he could buy up most o’ the eddicated men he’d ever come across.” Mr. Tryan, the clergyman, daily rode on his pony from Nuneaton to Stockingford (the “Paddiford” of the story), where there were to be seen “rows and rows of grimy cottages.” The Rev. Edgar is one of the truest portraits in the gallery of George Eliot; he was “the first Evangelical clergyman who had risen above the Milby horizon,” and the author’s scornful satire is directed against those obnoxious people who, without knowing the difference between true and false religion, mercilessly denounce good men. In and about Nuneaton, the homes of the principal characters in “Janet’s Repentance” can still be traced—Mr. Dempster’s house, in particular. Dempster is well known in the district as the name which but half disguises the identity of a man Buchanan, whose treatment of his wife (Nancy Wallington) excited intense local interest. The wide passage in Orchard Street, with its round stones and gravel path, remains unchanged; Mrs. Pettifer’s door is seen, and at the end may be found an opening into the mill yard, where the counterpart of arrogant, ignorant Tomlinson strode about, boastful and tyrannical.

I have dwelt at some length upon the scenes and characters in the three stories of "Clerical Life," with which George Eliot won her first fame in literature. The reason is obvious. The sketches are fuller and more precise than in any of the succeeding works. George Eliot continued to fashion her characters from living models, but as she grew more certain and venturesome in her art, she took greater liberties in departing from the originals, and engaging in new developments. Let it not be thought that she was ever the slave of hard fact: she was always free and unrestrained, often scouting detail, and, with the proper liberty which an artist would take, making her pictures better by omitting a cloud which suddenly advances in a clear sky, and instinctively perceiving the advantage of imparting a glow to the landscape which the outer vision had not witnessed.

In localising an author's works we by no means deny to that author the faculty of imagination; but when nature supplies hints and themes, why should we fear to go direct to nature and trace the source of the inspiration? "Adam Bede" is not a Warwickshire, but a Staffordshire and Derbyshire story, but there are Warwickshire men and

women in it. The real Seth and Dinah Bede were George Eliot's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Evans; Mrs. Poyser's farm is at Corley in Warwickshire—a fine red manor house, with gables, and griffins' heads upon the gate-posts instead of lions', as the author chose to say. The mistress of the Hall Farm was not only a Warwickshire woman, but an Evans also.

To the end Warwickshire was George Eliot's most treasured land, consecrated by many associations, made memorable by much that was pleasantest and worthiest in her gladdest years. She regretted, as all lovers of nature and all human beings with sentiment must regret, the havoc and change of time. "Our woodlands and pastures," said she, "our hedge-parted cornfields and meadows, our bits of high common where we used to plant the windmills, our quiet little rivers, here and there fit to turn a mill-wheel, our villages along the old coach-roads, are all easily alterable lineaments that seem to make the face of our Motherland sympathetic with the laborious lives of her children." At another time she said, "Perhaps this England of my affections is half-visionary;" but, recollecting herself, and the old

feeling of fondness returning in force, she added grandly that she had the right to cherish the illusions and visions which had grown in and become a part of her. "They began for us when we were less acquainted with evil, and they have not lost their value when we discern them to be illusions. They feed the ideal better, and in loving them still we strengthen the precious habit of loving something not visibly, tangibly existent, but a spiritual product of our visible, tangible selves." So was the panorama of her youth ever unrolled, and the glamour of romance heightened its colour and deepened its gloom; the fantastic light of fancy irradiated the scene, and invested it with a dreamier delight. What the novelist and poetess drew from nature, she returned to nature beautified. The scenes are hallowed with sweet associations, imbued with intense human interest, interwoven with beloved names, and marked as the arena where the battle of life was fought, and where the romance of past days was evoked. As we gaze upon the far-stretching meadows and the slow rustling streams, as we see the nestling homesteads in the quiet villages, as we hear the rustic talk of an old-fashioned and disappearing race, as we inhale the odorous refresh-

ing air, and hearken to the melody of birds, we seem to form part of that magic community known to us only in the volumes of that strange, that great, and that oft-misunderstood woman, whose

“Infant gladness, through eye, and ear, and touch,
Took easily as warmth a various food
To nourish the sweet skill of loving much.”



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