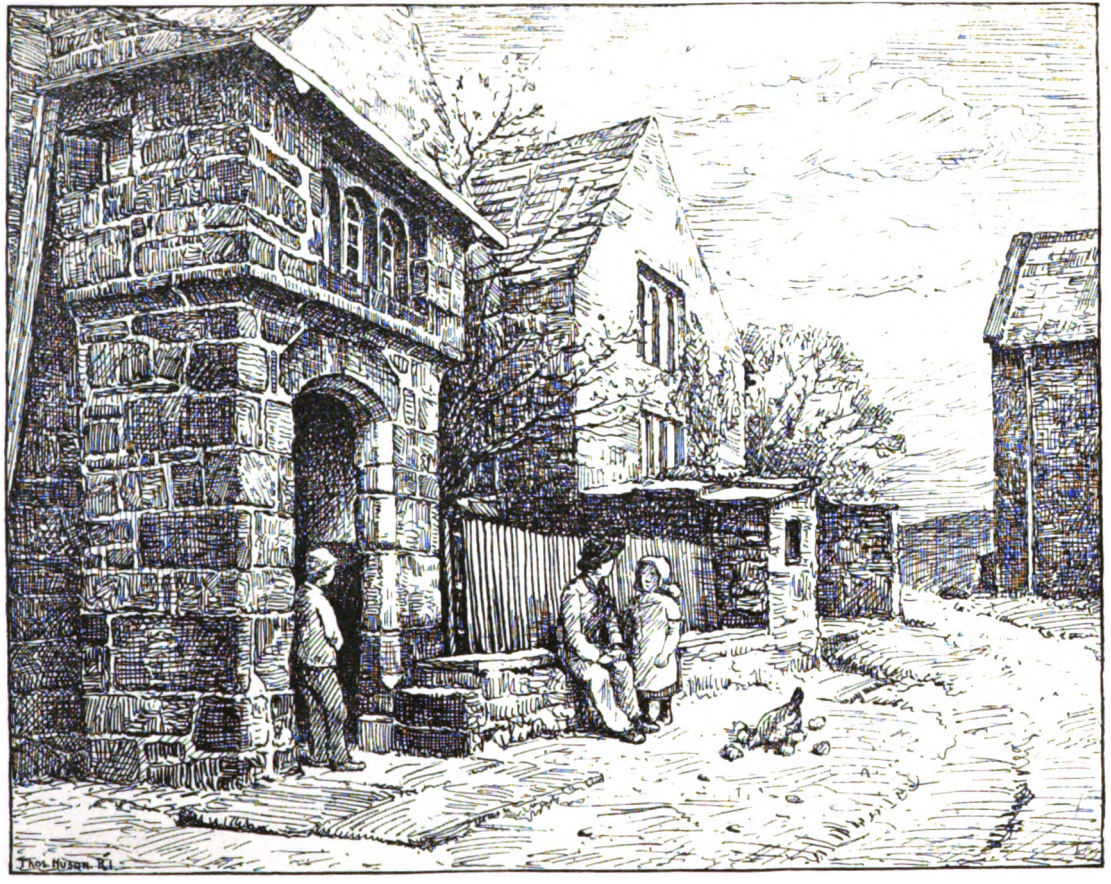
Memories of Hurstwood, Burnley, Lancashire

Tattersall Wilkinson, J. F. Tattersall

MEMORIES OF HURSTWOOD



SPENSERS', HURSTWOOD.

[*Frontispiece.*

MEMORIES OF HURSTWOOD,

BURNLEY, LANCASHIRE.

WITH

Tales and Traditions of the Neighbourhood.

BY

TATTERSALL WILKINSON

AND

J. F. TATTERSALL.

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TO

EDMUND, JOHN, AND HENRY TATTERSALL,

GREAT-GRANDSONS OF

RICHARD TATTERSALL,

THE LAST TATTERSALL OF HURSTWOOD.

AS GLEANERS GO INTO THE HARVEST LAND
TO GATHER UP, ERE SHADES OF EVENING FALL,
THE EARS THAT HAVE ESCAPED THE REAPER'S HAND—
SO WE (TO RESCUE THINGS BEYOND RECALL
SOON, WHEN THE REAPER, TIME, HAS GARNERED ALL
THE EARS THAT HEAR NOW, AND THE FEET THAT STAND
YET IN THE FIELDS WHERE ONCE IN FOLD AND HALL
ECHOED THE VOICES OF OUR FATHERS' BAND)—

HAVE GATHERED HERE ALL THAT THE PRESENT YIELDS
OF MEMORIES OF OUR KIN'S FORSAKEN FLOORS—
OLD STORIES FLITTING FROM THE ANCIENT FIELDS,
OLD LEGENDS LINGERING ON THE LOFTY MOORS:
AND THIS SMALL SHEAF GLEAN'D FROM THE PAST IS DUE
BY ALL THE TIES OF LOVE AND KIN, TO YOU.

T. W.
J. F. T.

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MEMORIES OF HURSTWOOD.

"Whilst we wander back,
With pensive step, o'er life's dim shadowy track,
And read man's history, his joys and fears,
Writ on the dark remains of vanished years;
Old scenes to visit, and old dreams to dream,
Will not to you a useless labour seem."

"What have these lonely mountains worth revealing?
More glory and more grief than I can tell:
The earth that wakes one human heart to feeling
Can centre both the worlds of Heaven and Hell."

EMILY BRONTË.

I.

THE Pennine Range, upon the western slopes of which the ancient town of Burnley is situated, has been called the "backbone of England." It stretches in an almost unbroken series of high peaks and lofty moors from Scotland to Derbyshire, and in the shadow of Pendle Hill, which is a detached spur almost in the middle of the range, lies the town of Burnley. To the south, beside the Brun, from which the town takes its name, is the hamlet of Hurstwood.

Cycles of untold millions of ages have passed away since the rough grit rocks, the reverend bastions of the Pennine Chain, formed the ocean floor of a future continent. The upheaval which formed the Pennine Range took place soon after the last Carboniferous

Epoch, and since that remote time the slow atmospheric processes of countless ages have swept away to the sea many hundred feet of carboniferous and other strata which were thrown up above the millstone grit rocks, leaving but a faint sketch or ground-plan of the mighty range of lofty mountains caused by the far-distant disturbance which first raised them from the level lands. The view of one of the geological sections in which the neighbourhood is so rich cannot but awake feelings of wonder in one who reflects on the slow processes of natural law, and the gradual change of seasons. The rocks of which yonder strata of sandstone consist are themselves the débris of a more ancient formation; the clay and black schist on which rest the carboniferous deposits, and the coals themselves, are formed by processes which must of necessity be very slow.

In the valley of Cant Clough, about four miles from Burnley, workmen have been recently digging out the boulder clay of the ice age, for the purpose of puddling the reservoir which is being made for the town; in this clay are found a large number of erratic stones, belonging principally to the mountain limestone, upon whose surfaces deeply-scored scratches show the action of the glacier which once ploughed its way across the valley. What reflections upon the antiquity of our planet, upon which man is as it were but a tenant of yesterday, must crowd on the mind as we view these strangers brought far away from their parent rocks by the march of the glacier! The mind is unable to measure or even to conceive the vast time which must have elapsed since the ice age, much less is it able to reckon the time since these moors were first upraised! The wide landscape of hills and moors which perhaps the eye now sees in the mild splendour of a vernal sun, or rich in the purple hues of early autumn, was once locked for ages in the embrace of perpetual winter. At that time the huge piles of Pendle, Penyghent, and Ingleborough pushed their summits above the surrounding wastes of snow and ice like solitary islands. Who can

tell when Man first trod these moors and valleys, afterwards to be the theatre of so many strange and interesting events in the development of his race? and who, reflecting on the mists which hide the dim vistas of the Past, will venture to prophesy how many ages shall pass away ere the sad fate which scientist and theologian alike agree in predicting for our planet shall overtake it?

But such anticipations are as vague as they are useless. Our knowledge of progress made in the vast Past gives us hope and faith for the vast Future before us.

"Will then the merciful One, who stamped our race
With his own image, and who gave them sway
O'er earth, and the glad dwellers on her face,
Now that our flourishing nations far away
Are spread, where'er the moist earth drinks the day,
Forget the ancient care that taught and nursed
His latest offspring? will he quench the ray
Infused by his own forming smile at first,
And leave a work so fair, all blighted and accursed?

"Oh, no! a thousand cheerful omens give
Hope of yet happier days whose dawn is nigh;
He who has tamed the elements, shall not live
The slave of his own passions; he whose eye
Unwinds the eternal dances of the sky,
And in the abyss of brightness dares to span
The sun's broad circle, rising yet more high,
In God's magnificent works his will shall scan—
And love and peace shall make their paradise with man.

"But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall,
But with thy children—thy maternal care,
Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all,—
These are thy fetters—seas and stormy air
Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where
Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well,
Thou laugh'st at enemies: who shall then declare
The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell
How happy, in thy lap, the sons of men shall dwell?"

From *The Ages*, by W. C. BRYANT.

II.

PRE-HISTORIC TIMES.

"When the funeral pyre was out, and the last valediction over, men took a lasting adieu of their interred friends, little expecting the curiosity of future ages should comment upon their ashes". . . . . "But these are sad and sepulchral pitchers, which have no joyful voices; silently expressing old mortality, the ruins of forgotten times, and can only speak with life, how long in this corruptible frame some parts may be uncorrupted: yet able to outlast bones long unborn, and noblest pile among us."

SIR T. BROWNE, *Urn Burial*, 1658.

"The land which warlike Britons now possesse,
And therin have their mighty empire raysd,
In antique times was salvage wildernesse,
Unpeopled, unmannurd, unprovd, unpraysd;
Ne was it Island then, ne was it paysd
Amid the ocean waves, ne was it sought
Of merchants farre for profits therein praysd;
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to have bene from the Celticke mainland brought.

"But far in land a salvage nation dwelt
Of hideous Giaunts, and halfe beastly men,
That never tasted grace, nor goodnes felt;
But like wild beastes lurking in loathsome den,
And flying fast as Roebucke through the fen,
All naked without shame or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoiling liveden."

SPENSER, *Faërie Queene*, Book ii. Canto 10.

THE Pennine Range of East Lancashire, and especially the neighbourhood of Burnley, is particularly rich in pre-historic remains. In remote ages this part of Lancashire, now the home of an intelligent and industrial population, enjoying

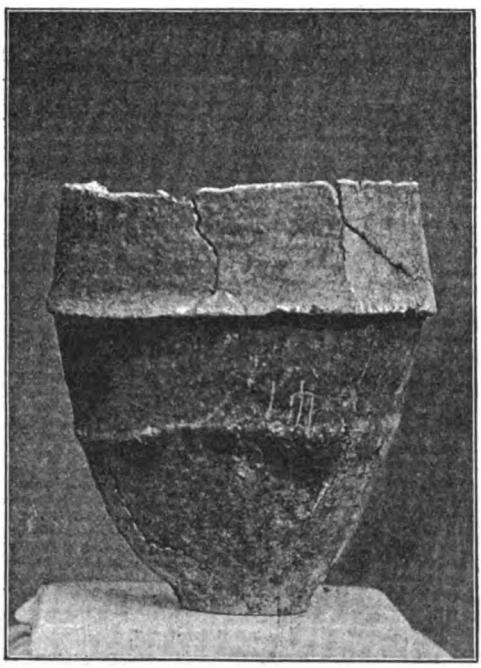
all the advantages of modern science, was a barren wilderness, inhabited by a few scantily-clad barbarians, who lived a nomadic life, subsisting entirely by the chase. Their first appearance in Britain is so remote that neither history nor even tradition can penetrate the mysterious veil which hides their origin.

That these Lancashire moors contain the relics of the ancient races is due to several causes. First, the moors have been untouched by the hand of man since these old races roamed over them, so that their traces, which would have been obliterated by the plough in more favoured lands, have been preserved; secondly, these ancient men, like their Aryan ancestors, who lived far away in the Himalayas of India, appear to have had a preference for burial on high elevations; and thirdly, when they had to retreat before a stronger race armed with bronze and iron, they were forced to keep to the wild moors for protection and food. The manner in which they disposed of their dead differed very considerably, and in a great measure throws a light upon their history. On the Worsthorn, Extwistle, and Bouldsworth moors are found stone circles with a cairn of stones in the centre, beneath which are found rude cinerary urns, containing cremated human remains. In the same locality are found round or bell-shaped barrows, and also the huge barrow, in the centre of which is found a massive stone coffin, composed of large blocks of unhewn stones, these different varieties indicating the various stages of progressive development. This form of memorial is found scattered over many parts of the globe, from the plains of Hindostan to the western coast of Ireland.

In the vicinity of Colne is one of the most interesting relics of antiquity. On the summit of "Tum" Hill there is a circular camp or earthwork, nearly six hundred feet in diameter, which must have taken a vast amount of labour in its construction. This primitive stronghold appears from its vast area to have been intended for the shelter of those who made it, with their flocks and herds in cases

of necessity. Antiquarians have generally attributed these remains to Roman origin, but when it is remembered that camps of a similar character exist in different parts of Britain which are undoubtedly Celtic, and also that a great number of men would be required to defend such extensive lines, there seems every reason to suppose a pre-Roman origin for this earthwork. Pre-historic man's existence on the moorlands of the Pennine Range may be divided into three distinct epochs. Firstly, the Paleolithic, or primitive stone and flint age; secondly, the Neolithic, or subsequent stone age; and thirdly, the Bronze period. The flint weapons of Paleolithic origin have been frequently found in the district extending from Blackstone Edge and Brown Wardle Hill, near Rochdale, to Bouldsworth Hill, near Colne. The remains of neolithic man are usually found in urns, after having undergone the process of cremation. These urns are generally from ten to eighteen inches high, made by hand, of very coarse clay. The first discovery of an ancient grave near Burnley was made by the late Mr. Studley Martin in 1842, while on a visit to Ormerod Hall. On digging within a stone circle on the summit of a hill overlooking the village of Worsthorn, an urn was discovered containing the calcined remains of a human body, and this relic is now in the possession of Sir John H. Thursby, Bart., at Ormerod Hall. On Extwistle Moor, in a close called Delf Hill Pasture, Mr. Spencer, an antiquarian of Halifax, discovered in 1842 three small rudely-shaped urns containing human remains, together with a number of flint arrow-heads. In September, 1886, T. Wilkinson found a well-defined circle of seven rude stones in the upper part of Hell Clough. In the centre of a smaller circle hard-by, about three feet from the surface, was found a black carbonized mass of charcoal and human remains, but no urn. Afterwards, a deep trench was dug across the first circle, and a number of loose stones covering a large three-cornered flag-stone were discovered. Beneath the flag was an urn, the examination of which took place in

the presence of a number of antiquarians, including Dr. March, of Rochdale, and Mr. Abram, of Blackburn. A great number of carbonized human bones were found in the urn, among which were the jaw-bones of two persons, an adult and a child, together with the bones of an animal—probably a dog—and also a bronze pin, four inches in length.



PREHISTORIC URN.

Discovered by T. Wilkinson, September, 1886, at Hell Clough, near Burnley, on the property of Thomas Townley Townley-Parker, Esq., of Cuerden Hall, in whose possession the urn now remains.

At Cliviger Laithe,* near Mereclough, in the summer of 1886, was found a cinerary urn containing the cremated bones of two persons, an adult and a child, as was the case in the bronze urn discovered at Hell Clough. In this urn was a small bone pin,

* During the printing of this book two more urns have been discovered at Cliviger Laithe; one is decorated with the 'fish-bone,' and the other with the 'thong' ornament. A food-vessel was found with each.—T. W.

similar in size to the bronze one found in the Hell Clough urn. In pre-historic graves food-vessels and the bones of different animals have often been discovered, indicating the belief of the ancient races in the continued life of the spirit after death. From the two discoveries in 1886 near Burnley it seems probable that a child was sacrificed to accompany the adult into the world of spirits. This, together with the rude shape and make of the urns, would seem to argue a very high antiquity for the race which, ages ago, cremated and buried their dead in the neighbourhood of Burnley.

AT A PREHISTORIC CAIRN.

I.

In this lone cairn upon the mountain-head
  On one far morning of the misty past,
  The earliest wanderers o'er these moorlands cast
A kinsman's ashes to their narrow bed.
Now we, by Nature's mighty guidance led
  By marvellous ways, through revolutions vast
  Of Time, her latest children, not the last,
Gather again around the ancient dead.

Little can Science speak, and History's dumb
  Beside this dust: yet this, at least, is known,—
He, who has shrunken to this narrow sum,
  Was of our kith and kin, our blood and bone;
Reverence this grave then, as in years to come
  We would our children should revere our own!

II.

Yes, let this place be sacred. Not apart
  Are we from men whose graves have felt the rain
  And suns of countless seasons, but a chain
Whose links were formed by many a beating heart,
Binds us to them. Yea, all we are, our art,
  Our creeds, the works of which our hands are vain,
  Owe their far source to them, as the wide main
Its might to springs that from high mountains start.

What changes, swift as autumn clouds that sweep
Across these moorlands, or as waves that chase
Each other o'er the wide wastes of the deep,
Thou hast seen, Mother Earth! upon thy face,
Since hither, in his last eternal sleep,
Men bore their brother to his resting place!

III.

Whence came these ancient wanderers of yore?
What tongue can surely tell? We're children, born
Mid'st pilgrims: from our fathers travel-worn
We hear dim stories of a distant shore
From which their fathers journeyed: but no more
Of whither? whether to a land of morn,
Or to a realm of darkness, void, forlorn,
But guesses vague from travellers gone before.

Shall we not then march onward? Let us learn
From these our distant kinsmen, from the care
With which they gathered in the reverent urn
Their fathers' ashes, how to live—to dare
To die, thro' faith, like their's, the Power Eterne
Hath many mansions for us, far more fair.

IV.

This ancient grave again we consecrate
With benedictions: may the sunshine steal
For ever o'er it, and the clear moon wheel
Her silver orb above its sacred state!
And thou, in whom lost love, or the world's hate,
Hath left a hidden wound which will not heal,
Thou, brother! who in yon dark town dost feel
Thy lonely, hopeless, man-forsaken fate;—

Come hither! here, beneath the quiet stars,
By this still cairn, learn patience for thy way!
Courage, to battle with all earth-born bars,
How short the tenure of thy house of clay!
Here one hath rested long since many wars;
Death hath for thee, too, his most peaceful day.

III.

CELTIC FOOTPRINTS.

THE district extending from Bouldsworth southwards as far as Rossendale, offers a rich field to the ethnological student. The wild and inhospitable aspect of this portion of the Pennine Range offered no allurements to the Saxon invader, but the Celts, driven by the forces of circumstances from the lower and more fertile regions, held their own in those out-of-the-way places up to within a short time of the Norman conquest. Beyond Extwistle Moor, in the direction of Bouldsworth, is a large block of millstone grit, named the "Lladd Law." The prefix "Lladd" is a pure Celtic word, signifying to "kill," or slaughter; while the affix "Law" is the Saxon "*hleow*," or hill, "the Hill of Slaughter;" pointing, in an unmistakable manner, to the time when the Druids offered up human sacrifices on their sacred rock.

Looking southward across Widdop Valley, on the summit of the hill opposite the embankment of the reservoir, there stands up an enormous pile of gritstone rocks, in appearance like the ruins of an old feudal castle. This pile of rocks is called the "Cluthers," an indelible footprint of the ancient Celts. In Hugh's Welsh Dictionary this word is spelt "Cluder," a confused heap or pile, a description corresponding to the character of this mass of rocks. Clitheroe seems to be derived from the same root, the mass of limestone rocks on which the castle stands being tilted up from beneath, with the stratification broken up in all directions. Turning to the north,

"Penyghent" lifts up its head to the clouds, forming a fine background to lovely Ribblesdale.

The name of this grand old mountain is derived from the Cymric or Welsh "Pen," head or top, and "ghent" from "gwin," white, *i.e.* "the white hill," probably owing to its snowy crown in winter. The Celtic name of this venerable monarch of the north presents to the mind a fertile source of contemplation. The history of past ages passes before us like a dream, and imagination points vividly to the time when the wild Celts, the pioneers of the Aryan races, wandered through the dense forests and over the heath-clad moors, in pursuit of the wild game, and free as the air they breathed. Where are they gone? The silent temple of Stonehenge echoes back, ah! where? Driven by the ruthless Saxon into the inaccessible mountains of Wales, while their elder brethren, the Erse, were pushed into a narrow strip of land verging on the Atlantic from Cork to Argyllshire, they are shortly destined to become an extinct race.

The fierce political struggles now going on in our midst are the dying throes of a brave and ancient race battling for freedom and independence which can never be consummated. The turbid stream, once so pure and limpid, which flows through Burnley, feeding the mighty machines which manufacture fabrics for the four quarters of the earth, is derived from two pure Celtic roots. Calder, from Cymric, "Cul;" Gaelic, "Caol," narrow; and "der" from "dwr," water—"Narrow Water." These Celtic roots abound everywhere throughout the Pennine Range. A very interesting one not only records their traces in Thorsdean, but also marks the path of their migration across the European Continent, from east to west. This is the river "Don," which rises on Bouldsworth, passes through Thorsdean Valley, and finally joins the Calder, near Pheasantford. Coming westwards, through Asiatic Russia, the Celts left their mark in the river Don. Further westward, we find the river Danube—in German, "Donau." There are several rivers "Don" in Britain;

for instance, at Sheffield and at Doncaster. The word is from the Celtic root, "Don," to flow or spread. The time when the Cymry first came into Britain is not known, although in historic times we find them emerging, under the name of Cimbri, in vast numbers from the depths of the Hercynian forests, and crossing the Rhine. They committed sad havoc among the Roman armies, till Caius Marius finally defeated them, in the year B.C. 101. It is just possible that these men were the fragmentary remains of the great Celtic stock, pushed westward by the advancing hordes of the Teutonic races, who, after the lapse of five centuries, followed them across Britain, driving them into the sterile wastes of the Pennine Range, the almost inaccessible mountains of Wales, and the Cornish peninsula. In no part of Britain do we find so many Celtic names as in the neighbourhood of Burnley. These ancient names stand forth in bold relief, an indestructible record of the forgotten past. Conquest after conquest has rolled over our land, Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman have successively established themselves here, and still these old names live, breathing the spirit of a brave and warlike people, who gave us names to the mountains, rivers, and rocks—names which will long exist, perchance, when our empire has fallen, when England shall have performed her cycle of human destiny, and when her commerce and imperial power have passed to other climes.

THE BURIAL OF THE CELTIC CHIEFTAIN.

Thro' the dark watches of the night
Upon the lofty mountain-crest,
The Celtic chieftain, slain in fight,
Awaits his narrow place of rest.
His dark-haired clansmen, clad in hide,
By the red torches' lurid fire,
Drag pine-trees up the mountain side,
To build the hero's funeral pyre.

The plaintive murmurs of the gale
Come from the moorlands wild and drear;
They mingle with the women's wail,
Who crouch around the dead man's bier,
Chanting his many deeds of might,
His fathers' fame of long ago;
They call him eagle of the fight,
The terror of the flying foe.

Now the long dark night's work is done.
The dead man, in his war-attire,
Him, who no more shall see the sun,
His kinsmen place upon the pyre.
They gaze towards the eastern hills,
Silent, to catch the dawning ray
Of the great God who flames and fills
The valleys with the light of day.

See! from the mountains which uprear
Their wave-like summits, far withdrawn,
Swift as the flight of gleaming spear,
The earliest shaft-ray of the dawn!
A warrior takes the torch, to light
The pyre of him who ne'er again
Shall be his leader in the fight,
The early and untimely slain!

No more his war cry, in the rout
Of battle, shall make foes afraid:
No more, in the wild chase, his shout
Shall echo thro' the forest-glade:
The antler'd glory of the glen
Unscathed for him, may bound away:
The grey wolves in their bone-strewn den,
Unstartled, snarl above their prey.

Behold! in the far eastern skies,
The bright orb of the God of Day!
The red flames from the dark pyre rise
With clouds of smoke, which drift away:
What is that piercing wail of woe?
A woman's wild despairing cry!
They slay the warrior's child, to go
The journey with him to the sky.

Then, as the black smoke streams away,
  Like a black banner on the air,
They sunwards stretch their hands, and say
  With down-bent heads, the ancient prayer :—
" Take them, Heaven-Father ! by thy love
  Thou on them here didst freely shine ;
By Thee they lived : and now above
  Their spirits take, for they are Thine ! "

They gather, while the women weep,
  The warrior's and his slain child's bones ;
The sacred urn they bury deep,
  And o'er it pile a cairn of stones :
Seven mighty boulders, brought with toil
  From the resounding torrent's bed,
They rear around, to mark the soil
  For ever sacred to the dead.

Then down the heath-clad mountain-steep
  In silent bands the mourners troop ;
O'er the lone cairn the dark clouds sweep,
  The eagles, fiercely screaming, swoop :
The warrior on the mountain's crest
  They leave, where Nature's breeze and gale
Shall chant the requiem of his rest
  For ever, till her forces fail.

IV.

ROMAN FOOTPRINTS.

"Then woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,
Be to the Briton babe that shall be borne
To live in thraldome of his fathers foe!
Late king, now captive; late lord, now forlorne;
The worlds reproch: the cruell victor's scorne;
Banisht from princely bowre to wastefull wood!
O! who shal helpe me to lament and mourne
The royall seede, the antique Trojan blood,
Whose empire lenger here than ever any stood?"

SPENSER, *Faërie Queene*, Book iii. Canto iii. 42.

WHEN Cæsar first arrived in Britain (B.C. 55) he records that he found the ancient Britons, or Celts, in the south of England, in what must be considered a comparatively high state of civilization. It is probable, however, that at this time the inhabitants of the wild districts of the Pennine Range were in a much ruder state; they may have been the descendants of the ancient neolithic men, driven by their foes, the stronger Celts, into the fastnesses of the moors. The chief centre of Roman power in the north of England was situated at Slack, near Halifax, and was called Cambodunum, towards which place nearly all the Roman roads in Lancashire and Yorkshire lead. Were any of the pre-Celtic race still living on these moors at the first arrival of the Romans in the north, it must have been at that time that they were finally exterminated. Their conquerors, the Celts, were now retiring before the swords of the Romans, from the lower

and more fertile lands, and would have small pity for a race whom they probably regarded as little better than wild beasts. In fact, the ancient Druid, who is depicted in the stirring poem of Gray as denouncing the Roman tyrants, might have been justly addressed in similar language by the neolithic men. The Romans were but measuring out to the Britons the same measure that they had meted out to the more ancient inhabitants of the land. From the landing of Cæsar to the year when the Romans finally left Britain, gives a period of 475 years of Roman domination, towards the end of which time disastrous troubles menaced the power of Rome. The barbarous races of Europe began to crowd on towards the centre of Roman life, and Britain was denuded of troops to save Rome. A powerful heathen race then landed in swarms on the east and north coast of the island of Britain, and the sanguinary struggles which took place during the century after the departure of the Romans, ended in the complete conquest of the Celts. While the Romans occupied Britain, the valleys near Burnley were probably thickly wooded and almost uninhabited, except in the vicinity of the Roman camps, where there would probably be settlements of the Britons, subject to the Romans as slaves for the construction of their works, and engaged in supplying them with food from the chase, or in a rude cultivation of the soil in favoured spots. What a contrast between the vale of Burnley as it must then have appeared with the prospect now, when the town fills the whole valley, and the hum of a thousand looms comes faintly to the ear of him who now looks down on the town from the camps on the moors which, fifteen centuries ago, the soldiers who spoke the language of Horace and Cicero left for ever!

The traces of Roman fortifications near Hurstwood extend from Ringstones, about a mile distant, along the moors northwards to Castor Cliff (Tum Hill), near Colne. The Roman camp at Ringstones is square in shape, about fifty yards each way, and consists of a fosse with a vallum, in a good state of preservation. The

eastern entrance is very distinct, and on this side is a smaller earthwork or camp, which seems to have been erected to defend the approach to the larger camp. A short time ago a large oven, built with stones, was found here, and also a quern, or small hand-mill. Across the valley, in a line stretching northwards, are traces of another camp on the brow of the moor, of exactly similar construction and plan. On the top of Beardley Hill is another larger camp of about eighty yards square. The camp at Castor Cliff has already been referred to as probably of pre-historic or Celtic origin, but from recent discoveries it is evident that the Romans took advantage of its commanding position, and used it during their military occupation of this district.

THE ROMAN CAMP AT MIDNIGHT.

Midnight on the moors! O'er the lone highlands
Of the north the moon hangs calm and chill;
On the white mists, as on seas the islands,
Swim the summits of each distant hill:
Save the sound of far-off brooks to dry lands
Falling, all the air is dead and still.

Starry night from all the care that cumbers
All the day, the toil that drags and drives,
Leaves us free, and hours that memory numbers
As the happiest of our changeful lives
She reveals, with dreams like those in slumbers
When alone the happier soul survives.

Here the eye in the weird moonlight tracing
The long lines of an old Roman camp,
Makes the fancy see the sentry pacing
Up and down, with slow and measured tramp,
The moon's rays with light his arms enchasing:
Hark the watchword! and the war-horse stamp!

Up and down he paces, that stern warder
Of an iron race of warlike wills:

Marching on to Rome's relentless order,
As she wills he spares alive or kills:
Far to-night beyond wild Britain's border
Is the soldier's heart, by Tiber's hills.

There he knows the wife he loves is praying
For his welfare in the barbarous land;
"Bring him back, ye gods!" he hears her saying,—
"Bring him back unharmed to Tiber's strand!"
"Sated surely is Rome's sword with slaying,
Would that now I by her side did stand!"

Hark! what sound is that? an arrow flashes
From the shadows of the dark hill-side!
See! the soldier falls! his armour clashes,
Ringing loudly in the trenches wide;
On the morn an urn—a few white ashes—
Comrades buried hard by where he died.

Since that night how many generations
Passed, as clouds across these moorland vales!
Risen and fallen how many mighty nations,
Scarce remembered more than last year's gales!
Yet we too are men, and our relations
With the dead are more than idle tales.

Ah! these hills now wrapped in silence hoary,
Broken only by the wild bird's cry,
And the sound of streams, could tell a story
Had they voice, of ages long gone by:
Tales of Man's brief sorrow, gladness, glory;
Tales of triumph and of tragedy!

What is Man, and whither is he hasting?
From what source, toward what distant goal?
Shall his spirit strive for everlasting—
Thro' all change survives the constant soul?
Or like flowers that fade, that live by wasting,
Is it subject to Death's cold control?

From the depths of the vast star-sown spaces
Comes this answer only to the mind:—
"Patience! Death shall tell thee when he places
On thy brow his hand benign and kind;

Why shouldst thou know what these vanished races
Ever guessed at, but could never find?

"Boldly did they front all Nature's forces,
Faced the storms and beasts that blindly slay:
Fought against the stars' unswerving courses,
Bravely bore the burden of their day;
Shall thy heart fail when from deeper sources
Thou mayst cheer thy spirit by the way?

"Lov'st thou Peace? for her thy sires have striven;
Freedom? for her smile thy fathers bled.
By their toils for thee the chains were riven
Which once fettered man from heel to head;
Much hast thou received. Shall nought be given
By thee, ere thou'rt numbered with the dead?

"Only thus shalt thou find satisfaction,
Comfort, when the shows of this world fade:
Knowing, that by free unselfish action
For the world, thy own debt has been paid:
That thy hand hath lifted some small fraction
Of the load which on thy brothers weighed!

"Swift as flights of heavenward-hurtled arrows
Men must follow men, as waves chase waves;
Change with her slow share the firm land harrows,
Fills the seas that carve the shores with caves;
Soon your graves shall be earth's ancient barrows;
Shall be old as yon forgotten graves!

"Canst thou not, impatient, restless spirit,
Wait for what the swift years soon shall tell?
Fairer far than thou couldst guess or merit
Is thy home, which men make heaven or hell;
Thou thro' change this fair earth didst inherit,
Shall not also earth's last change be well?"

Holy Night! thy lore of long-past ages,
Dreams of glory swift and fugitive,
Teach us more than all the scripts of sages,
Give us wisdom which no books can give.
How thy priceless peace our pain assuages!
Teaches how to die and how to live!

Take us to thy heart! Teach all the wonders
In thy stores of silence, vast and deep!
Speak to us through storms and rains and thunders!
Fill us with thy peace! Then when the sleep
Of thy angel, Death, our spirit sunders
From our frames, we shall not fear or weep.

ON THE RIVER BRUN, BELOW HURSTWOOD.

By P. G. HAMERTON, Esq.

(*By kind permission, from his "Isles of Loch Awe," and other poems*, 1855.)

V.

SAXON FOOTPRINTS.

BUT little record of Saxon times in Burnley remains, but the Saxon has left traces of his occupation of the country in many local names.

Paulinus, the apostle of the Picts, is said to have preached in Burnley in the year 697, but the truth of the legend rests on very slender evidence. In the year 937 the great battle of Brunanburh, which has been described by ancient writers as one of the most important which had ever taken place in Britain, was fought between the Saxons under their king Athelstan, and the allied forces of the Scots, the Danes, and the Welsh.

The victory of the Saxons at Brunanburh kept the Saxons in power 130 years, and made Athelstan one of the most renowned princes in Europe. It is strange that the site of this battle was not mentioned by the early historians with any accuracy, and it is still not known with certainty where this great battle took place. The late Mr. T. T. Wilkinson, in Vol. IX. of the Transactions of the Historical Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, has shown that with great probability the battle was fought in the neighbourhood of the Burn, near Burnley. The Saxon Chronicle, which we may regard as the earliest record of the battle, calls it "Brunanburh," or the "Fort by the Brun."

The river Brun, from which the town of Burnley (anciently Brunley) takes its name, flows by Hurstwood and washes the base of a hill, in a field on the top of which is erected a huge block of hard rock,

known by old tradition as the "Battle Stone." The local tradition is, that a great battle was fought at the spot between the Danes and Saxons, and that the dead, among which were three kings, were buried in the hollow or valley north of the stone.

This tradition, some years ago, was well known in the neighbourhood. In the Sharples family, which till recently held a small farm hard by the Battle Stone, reclaimed from the moor five or six centuries ago by their forefathers, the tradition had been handed down for many generations.

That Athelstan, the Saxon king, was once engaged in war in Lancashire was traditionally preserved by the Lancashire family of Elston (anciently Ethelstan, Cf. Harl. MSS., 2042, date about 1613) where Mr. Elston writes as follows:—

"It was once told me by Mr. Alexander Elston, who was uncle to my father, and sonne to Ralph Elston, my great-grandfather, that the said Ralph Elston had a deede, or a copie of a deede, in the Saxon tongue, wherein it did appeare that king Ethelstan, lying in campe in this County upon occasion of warres, gave the land of Ethelstan unto one to whom himselfe was Belsyre."

It is known that the Danish forces landed in the Humber, and probably marched on York. Athelstan, with his army, advanced from the south through Lincolnshire towards York, and it seems probable that the army of the invaders, attempting to turn his flank, marched westwards on the Roman road, till they were forced by the Saxon king to give battle in the neighbourhood of Burnley. The fugitives probably escaped to the sea-coast, in their flight to Ireland, along the Roman road which runs over the Long Causeway near Hurstwood, to the Setantian Port, on the western coast of Lancashire, a distance of about forty miles.

It would be of the greatest interest to historians, and to all men of English race, to know the site of this great victory of their Saxon ancestors, and it is to be hoped that in future years discoveries may

be made which will prove it with certainty. Till that time it is contended that no place has a better claim to be the scene of the Saxon victory than Hurstwood, and the moors overlooking the Brun.

"Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armèd hands
Encountered in the battle-cloud.

"Now, all is calm, and fresh, and still,
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

"Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save."

W. C. BRYANT.

By permission of the Hon. Hallam Tennyson, the translator, we are able to insert the best English version of the fine old Saxon war-song celebrating the battle of Brunanburh, which is found in the Saxon Chronicles, A.D. 937.

THE SONG OF BRUNANBURH.

"Athelstan King, lord of earls, giver of costly gifts among barons, and his brother Edmund Atheling,—life-long glory they gain'd in the strife by Brunanburh with the edges of their swords.

"They clove the wall of shields; they hew'd the battle shields of linden-wood; with hammered brands they hew'd them—these sons of Edward.

"This was their nobleness from those that went before them, that they, so often, in combat against every foeman, should guard their land, their hoards, and their homes.

"The spoilers cringed; the Scottishmen crouch'd, and the ship-crews fell: they were doom'd to the death; the field flow'd with blood of warriors, from when the sun on high, the mighty star in the morning-tide, the bright lamp of God the everlasting Lord, glided over earth, even until this noble creature sank to his setting.

"There lay stricken down by the spear many warrior-men of the north,—shot over the shield; many a Scotsman also, full-wearied with war. All day long the West-Saxons,—their chosen men in companies,—follow'd on the track the race of their

loathing; quickly they hack'd at the fliers rom behind—with swords sharpen'd by the grindstone.

"The Mercians stinted not their hard hand-play among those heroes, that along with Anlaf, over the weltering waves, in the bark's bosom, had made for the land. In fight they were doomed to the death. There lay five young kings, sword-silenced on the war-field; there lay seven earls of Anlaf—and ravagers innumerable—seamen and Scotsmen.

"The Norse leader was hunted away; needs must he fly to the stem of his ship—few of his own were with him: the keel drove afloat; the king fled forth; on the fallow flood he saved his life. There came likewise in flight to his kith in the North, the wary Constantinus, the hoary warrior.

"No need had he to boast of the welcome of swords; he was forlorn of his kin, he was forlorn of his friends, they were fell'd on that throng'd field, slain in the strife; and he left his son upon the place of slaughter, wounds had gash'd him into pieces, he was yet young in war.

"No need had he to vaunt of the carnage of axes, that white-hair'd Baron! that aged Traitor!—nor had he, nor any more had Anlaf, with the ruin of their armies, aught of reason for laughter, as though they were better in the works of war, in the struggle of standards in the battle-ground, in the meeting of men at the gathering of spears, in the wrestling of weapons, wherewithal they had play'd on the field of slaughter against the sons of Edward.

"Then past forth a red remnant of the javelins, the Northmen in their nailed barks, on the sounding sea, over the deep water, to make for Dyflen, for Ireland again—they were shamed in their souls.

"But the brothers, the King, and the Atheling, both together, sought their kith in the land of the West-Saxon, rejoicing in battle.

"Many a carcase they left behind them, many a sallow skin for the swarthy raven with horny beak to tear; the livid corpse they left behind them for the ern with white tail to gorge as carrion, for the greedy war-hawk, and for that gray beast, the wolf of the weald.

"Never before in this island was a huger slaughter of men fell'd by the sword-edge (among those of which the books tell us, the ancient chroniclers)—never before—since the Angles and Saxon came up hither from the East, and over the broad brine sought Britain; when haughty war-smiths overcame the Welshmen, and earls full of the lust of glory gat hold of the land."

THE BATTLE-SPOT.

The full moon was shining brightly
O'er valleys and moors and leas,
The night-wind was breathing lightly
In the tops of the leafy trees,

As the hermit and I together
Went out from our little cot,
To visit in fair night weather
The stone at the Battle-spot.

How calm was the hour! the planet
Of Jove, in the heavens hung clear:
We stayed by the stream to scan it,
And saw, in the deep jum near
The sheen of the great star, gleaming
Like a gem in the waters brown
Of the old Brun, murmuring, dreaming,
As it fell to the far-off town.

Dear stream! what a world of treasure
We had given, had gold been ours,
Could our ears but have caught thy measure,
Thy song in those midnight hours!
For it seemed that you murmured snatches
Of song, as a dreamer sings
In sleep, in the deep night-watches,
Of past and forgotten things.

Was thy dream of that day of slaughter
Long since, when thy waves ran red
With blood—when thy chilly water
Lapp'd faces cold and dead?
That ballad thou sing'st not sleeping,
But when the loud thunders boom
On the moor, and the spate goes leaping
Thro' the gorge in the tempest's gloom.

Yet what to thy peace the passion
The follies and feuds of Man?
Our fancies we vainly fashion,
For surely thy waves that ran—
That run, that will run long morrows
After Man's voice is still,
Speak not of his joys and sorrows
As they murmur by moor and hill.

But—if they possess a meaning—
Our wisest, by widest art
In all fields of thought up-gleaning
Could never express their heart.

For to tell their interpretation
Were what Man shall never find,
The secret of the creation
Of matter, the mint of mind.

From the Brun's side we clambered slowly;
From the height of the wooded hill
We beheld in the moonlight holy
The hamlet reposing still;
Onward our way was taken,
Till we saw, like a monarch lone
Discrown'd, by his friends forsaken,
The hoary-grey battle stone.

There "Athelstan, King, the Giver
Of costly gifts to Thanes,"
O'ercame, by the Brun's swift river,
The hosts of the Scots and Danes;
There, shaken by shocks of onset,
Were these fields, now so ghostly-still,
From sunrise until the sunset
Shone red over Pendle Hill.

"Fly back, discomfited raven,
To the crags where your eyrie hangs!
And thou, King Constantine, craven!
To the north with your broken fangs!
Fierce Anlaf, thy nail'd barques tarry
To ferry thee o'er the flood,
Whence no more thou shalt fare to harry
The men of the Saxon blood!"

Ah, since in yon silent hollow
Below, the dead kinglets lay,
What summers, with sun and swallow,
Have faded and past away!
What autumns, with dead leaves falling!
What winters, with wind and snow!
What spring-tides, with days recalling
That battle of long ago!

And we mused, as those haunted meadows
We paced, 'neath the moon's pale beam,
Are we, perchance, only shadows
That are dreaming here of a dream?

Lives nothing, from Life's short story,
But fame, which soon fades away,
Like our Saxon fathers' glory,
Gained here on that distant day?

Not so! tho' the legend hoarded
Long ages, be lost at last;
Tho' the great deed go unrecorded
By men, to the misty Past;
Yet its influence fadeth never.
Our fathers, tho' long forgot,
Yet fashioned our fate for ever,
At this lonely Battle-spot.

NOTE.—It may be noted that this district was, long before the battle of Brunanburh, a frequent scene of conflict between the Britains and invaders from the north. In 467 A.D. the Saxons themselves, with their allies the Picts and the Scots, were defeated by King Arthur in four battles, "Super amnam quæ nominatur Britannice Duglas quæ est in regione Inniis." (Gildas). This is the Douglas which is a tributary of the Ribble, and the spot is further indicated by two places called Ince, near Wigan. The site of another of Arthur's victories, "super flumen quod vocatur Bassas," has been identified with the Bashall Brook, which falls into the Ribble near Clitheroe.—Dr. H. C. MARCH, *East Lancashire Nomenclature.*

VI.

HURSTWOOD.*

" Fresh shadowes, fit to shrowd from sunny ray;
Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in season dew;
Sweet springs, in which a thousand Nymphs did play;
Soft rombling brookes, that gentle slomber drew;
High reared mounts, the lands about to vew;
Low looking dales, disloign'd from common gaze.

Faërie Queene, Book iv. Canto 10.

THIS ancient village of a few homesteads lies about a mile south of Worsthorn. Its outward aspect can have changed very little since Barnard Townley, and Agnes his wife, built Hurstwood Hall, in the days of Queen Elizabeth. The visitor who now stands south of Hurstwood, looking towards Pendle, probably sees a scene differing very little from that which met the eyes of Edmund Spenser, when he visited the place in the years 1576-79, after leaving Cambridge. In the year 1576 Hurstwood Hall was still unbuilt, and the poet saw, standing and looking northward from the moor east of the Rock Cottage, the Brun flowing on the left, and washing the base of the steep clough or bank, on which the old house of his relatives—now almost hidden by Hurst-

* 'Hurst,' from A.S. 'hyrst' an ornament, hence a plantation—probably of oaks, for which the neighbourhood was once celebrated.

" From each rising hurst
Where many a goodly oak had carefully been nurst."

M. DRAYTON.

wood Hall—would stand in full view; and a little beyond he saw the roof of Tattersall's homestead, at the "bottom o' th' fold." He would see the path leading down from the two houses to the little bridge over the Brun; beyond, on the left, the trees round the old house of the Ormerods, and the distance grandly filled up by the long and lofty back of Pendle. Since the time of Spenser and the building of Hurstwood Hall, 1579, now more than three centuries ago, scarcely any addition has been made to Hurstwood, with the exception of a neat chapel, and a few cottages of ancient but more recent date. By a fortunate fate, the village where the poet of the "Faërie Queene" doubtless spent some of his happiest days, has been preserved from the deafening whirl of the machinery which is so essential to the wants of modern civilization, and from the tall chimneys, which would make the "neighbour town" of Burnley unrecognisable to one who lived there but a century ago, could he revisit the place. One might fancy that the Spirit of Beauty had preserved from profanation and change the spot which her poet loved so well.

Spenser's house stands hard by Hurstwood Hall. Here it was that Spenser probably spent the greater part of the time between the year 1576, when he left Cambridge, and the year 1579, when there is evidence that he was in London, the very year in which Barnard Townley built Hurstwood Hall. With all the mass of evidence collected by Dr. Grosart in his life of the poet, we have a tradition—current in the neighbourhood long before the question was debated in the literary world, and which Tattersall Wilkinson had from his grandfather Robert Halsted, who was born in 1766, through personal tradition reaching from father to son among the Halsteds, who were kinsmen of the Spensers by marriage—that the poet lived at Hurstwood, that a certain spot on the banks of the Brun above Hurstwood was his favourite seat, and that at Rock cottage once lived the "widowe's daughter of the glenne," the Rosalinde of whom he was enamoured, who "laughed his layes to scorne."

Spenser's house is built in a very substantial manner, almost entirely of millstone grit, with a quaint square porch, which may have been added at a subsequent period to the original building. Entering the house, the first room to the left is a small chamber with a massive stone fire-place and oaken roof. In this chamber was formerly a curious carved panel, now preserved at Ormerod Hall, containing the arms of Spenser de Hurstwood—"Quarterly, argent

ARMS OF SPENSER OF HURSTWOOD.

From a panel formerly at Spenser's, Hurstwood, now at Ormerod Hall, the seat of Sir John H. Thursby, Bart.

and gules, on the second and third quarters a frette or, over all a bend sable, charged with three fleur de lis, argent." Mr. Abram, of Blackburn, points out that the Althorp Spencers' Arms are the same, except that they bear "three escallops" instead of "three fleurs de lis."

The Arms of the great Barons Despenser, of the Edwardian age, were "quarterly, argent and gules, in the second and third quarters a frette or, over all a bend sable," showing that both the Althorp

and Hurstwood Spensers claimed kinship with the Despenser family, and bore their arms with a "differenced coat;" so that when Edmund Spenser dedicated some of his poems to Sir John Spencer of Althorpe's daughters, and spoke of the "noble familie of which I meanest boast myself to be," he was referring, not to his patrons' family, but to the great house of Despenser, from which both the Spencers of Althorp and the Spensers of Hurstwood claimed origin.

It is strange that Spenser makes no reference in his poems to his connection with Lancashire. It is remarkable, however, that although he makes no direct mention of the scenes where he spent his youth, yet he loves to describe a country similar to that round Hurstwood, of high hills and moors, with deep vales filled with the music of falling waters. Dr. Grosart has found from the records of Spenser's College at Cambridge, that he was frequently ill during his stay there; and it may have been to recruit his strength that, after leaving college, he went to stay with his kinsmen in Lancashire.* Perhaps his own case may have been in his mind when, in the third book of the "Faërie Queene" he described how the damzells of Belphœbe tended the wounded Squire:—

> "Into that forest farre they thence him led,
> Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade
> With mountaines rownd about environed,
> And mightie woodes which did the valley shade
> And like a stately Theatre it made,
> Spreading it selfe into a spatious plaine:
> And in the midst a little river plaide
> Emongst the pumy stones, which seem'd to plaine
> With gentle murmure that his cours they did restraine."

* "There is documentary proof that the Spenser family lived at Hurstwood for four centuries, namely, from the year 1292 (20 Ed. I.), when in a grant of Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, Adam le Spenser is mentioned as a 'freeholding tenant,' to the year 1690, when John Spenser, then of Marsden, sold the old house of his ancestors to Oliver Ormerod of Hurstwood, and his son Laurence."—DR. GROSART.

In the 9th Canto of the sixth Booke, where the poet describes the love of the Knight Calidore for the fair Pastorella, written far away in Ireland, at his castle of Kilcolman, may we not think that he had his first love, the fair Rosalinde of Lancashire, in his mind? perhaps regretting, after his sad experience of the great world, that he had followed the advice of his loquacious friend, Gabriel Harvey, to "forsake the soyle which so did him bewitch."

There seems, indeed, a great deal of personal feeling in the stanzas where the poet describes the charms of a quiet rural life, which could hardly have been written except by one who had himself experienced what he puts into the mouth of the old shepherd and the knight Calidore.

"The time was once, in my first prime of yeares,
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
That I disdain'd amongst mine equall peares
To follow sheepe and shepheards base attire:
For further fortune then I would inquire:
And, leaving home, to roiall court I sought,
Where I did sell my selfe for yearely hire,
And in the Prince's gardin daily wrought:
There I beheld such vainenesse as I never thought.

"With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded,
With idle hopes which them doe entertaine,
After I had *ten yeares* my selfe excluded
From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to my selfe to plaine,
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare:
Tho', back returning to my sheepe againe,
I from henceforth have learn'd to love more deare
This lowly quiet life which I inherite here."

If Spenser left Lancashire in 1579, and if we may gather a personal allusion in these stanzas, the "ten yeares" would give us 1589, probably the year that he retired to the solitude of Kilcolman Castle, and the year in which he was visited by the "Shepheard

of the Ocean," Sir Walter Raleigh. At Kilcolman he again for a short time enjoyed the quiet country life, which ten years before had been his delight at the home of his kinsmen at Hurstwood. It must ever be the pride of Hurstwood, that the poet, whose fame Gibbon advised the Spencers of Althorp to regard as the "brightest jewel in their coronet," spent the happiest days of his youth by her ancient stream, the music of which doubtless inspired some of the most perfect passages of his song. His ashes lie in the old Cathedral of Westminster, under a tomb erected at the cost of the Countess Anne Clifford, of Skipton Castle, not far from Burnley and Hurstwood.

"He there does now enjoy eternal rest
And happy ease, which thou doest want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little payne the passage have,
That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave,
Is not short payne well borne, that bringes long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."

HURSTWOOD.

At Hurstwood, by the Brun,
Whose moorland waters run
Murmuring in shade and sun
From strand to strand,
There stands a little cot
Upon a grassy spot,
A lovelier is not
In any land.

The rolling moors stand round
This old enchanted ground,
By ancient Pendle crown'd,
Serene and far:
Fair is the glade at dawn
When cool dews gem the lawn,
Fair, too, day's light withdrawn,
'Neath moon and star.

Fairest at eventide
Ere the day's light has died,
When no cloud is descried
In cloudland ways:
When peaceful quiet fills
The folds of vales and hills,
And one bird clearly trills
His evening praise.

When o'er pellucid pools
The gnats in fairy schools
Dance, and for the gay fools
The trout out-springs:
Splash! hark the pleasant sound
As the fish leap and bound,
Dimpling the water round
With widening rings.

At such an hour as this
The Past and Present kiss—
Thought cannot snatch our bliss
By cares unkind;
Then like remembered rhymes,
Or like remote church-chimes,
Memories of far-off times
Will haunt the mind.

Clear fancy pictures then
The youth, whose poet-pen
Still glorifies the glen,
Beside the stream,
Stretched on yon grassy mound,
Yet called the poet's ground,
Listening the water's sound,
In trancéd dream.

See! in the fading light
The gallant Red-Cross knight
In moon-lit armour bright
Rides up the strand;—
Fairer than whitest rose
The lady Una goes
Before him, for she knows
Her native land.

O glen ! Thy murmuring wave
To gentle Spenser gave
The music of his stave
Its cadence sweet :
And now, for evermore,
To every mossy shore
Thy poet's fairy-lore
Thy waves repeat.

O toiler from the street
Of cities, if thy feet
Lead thee to this retreat,
Let low cares cease ;
May this fair glen reveal
To thee its charm to heal—
Into thy spirit steal
Its ancient peace !

ROCK GLEN.

VII.

HURSTWOOD HALL.

THE principal house in Hurstwood is Hurstwood Hall, a building in the early Jacobean style of architecture. It was built by Barnard Townley in the year 1579, as appears from an inscription over the chief entrance—

BARNARDVS TOWNLEY ET AGNES UXOR EJUS.

1579.

Barnard Townley was a member of the Towneley family of Towneley Hall, and his wife Agnes was an Ormerod of Ormerod Hall. According to information derived from a pleading in the Duchy of Lancaster Court, now at the Record Office, it appears that Barnard Townley was an architect and builder, and therefore, no doubt, designed and built his own house at Hurstwood.

The Hall stands in a commanding situation, not far from the edge of a steep clough, just at the point where Thorndean water meets the Brun. In the good old times of Barnard Townley, this venerable house was doubtless one of the best in the neighbourhood, and although the fine oak panelling which once covered the walls has almost entirely disappeared, and the inner fabric has suffered much from alterations to suit subsequent tenants, the house itself is of such

strength and solidity that, with proper care, it seems built to last for ever.

Hard by Hurstwood Hall, opposite Spenser's house, is a plain oblong building, now occupied as a cottage, which, from its structure, seems to have been built at the same time as the Hall. It may have been originally intended as a Chapel and School.

WINDOW AT TATTERSALLS' HOMESTEAD.

VIII.

TATTERSALLS' HOMESTEAD.

AT the extreme western end of Hurstwood stands this old house, locally known as "th' bottom o'th' fold." It is a long low building, largely composed of massive blocks of millstone grit, which seem to defy the corroding tooth of Time. From the style of the building it appears to be of about the same age as Spenser's House, or even older, and both are no doubt considerably older than Hurstwood Hall. There was a tradition that the old farm at the "bottom o' th' fold" was the oldest possession of the Tattersalls, although we find no mention of it as belonging to them earlier than the year 1598, when Janet Tattersall, widow of Richard Tattersall of Ridge, is described as of "Hirstwood." The entrance of the old house is a rounded Norman arch in the centre of the building, leading into the principal chamber of the present farmhouse.

This old house may be considered as a type of the home of the Lancashire yeoman of the sixteenth century, and was built when yeomen were well to do, and could afford to replace with solid stone structures the houses of wood and lath which had been the homes of their fathers from Saxon times. These old houses are built of such massive strength that nothing but an earthquake or a subsidence of the ground (such as has occurred to a slight extent at Hurstwood, through the excavation of the coal beneath) could destroy their framework. Well may they be regarded with reverence as relics of

TATTERSALLS' HOMESTEAD, HURSTWOOD.

[*Face p.* 39.

our sturdy freedom-loving forefathers, and when we visit one of them—to use the words of a modern poet who has made the past live again in his pages—we think of "how they have stood, and seen so many generations of men come and go; how often they have welcomed the new-born babe, and given farewell to the old man; how many secrets of the past they know; how many tales which men of the present have forgotten!"

DOORWAY OF TATTERSALLS' HOMESTEAD.

IX.

ROCK COTTAGE AND GLEN.

"Not farre away, not meet for any guest,
They spide a little cottage, like some poore man's nest.
Under a steepe hilles side it placed was,
There, where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke;
And fast beside a little brooke did pas."

Faërie Queene, Book iv. Canto 5.

THE Brun, which flows through Rock Glen, one of the prettiest glens in East Lancashire, rises in the breast of Black Hambledon, a bleak heathery mountain, 1,500 feet above the sea, which forms one of the most prominent features of the Pennine Range. The stream passing through the vale of Cant Clough joins Shedding water at the entrance of the Glen, and the united streams flow on through the glen, till they are joined by Thorndean water at Hurstwood Hall. During cycles of ages this moorland stream, swelled by the wintry storms that roll up from the Atlantic, has worn its way through the solid rock in the Glen to the depth of nearly 100 feet. For some distance the miniature gorge is deep and narrow, in some places the opposite ledges being but a few feet asunder. At the top of the glen the stream sweeps round a bold headland traditionally known as "Spenser's Seat."

The opposite bank or bay forms almost a semicircle covered with trees, and in Spenser's time, when the surrounding hills were perhaps well wooded, one could hardly imagine a more exquisite

sylvan scene than this must have been. The high and bleak moors bound the prospect to the eastward, while on a clear day the north-western horizon is filled by the lofty mass of Old Pendle, rising like a huge giant above the intervening woods and valleys.

Tradition says that Spenser often used to sit here to muse o'er flood and fell, and the spot may have been in his mind far away in Ireland, when he wrote verses like these:—

"And fast beside there trickled softly doune
A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did play
Emongst the pumy stones, and made a soune,
To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay . . .
And on the other syde a pleasaunt grove
Was shott up high full of the stately tree
That dedicated is t' Olympick Jove,
And to his sonne Alcides, whenas hee
In Nemus gayned goodly victoree:
Therein the mery birdes of every sorte
Chaunted alowd their chearefull harmonee,
And made emongst themselves a sweete consort,
That quickned the dull spright with musicall comfort."

Faërie Queene, Book ii. Canto 5.

Or when, probably at Hurstwood, he wrote as follows:—

"Lo Colin, here the place whose plesaunt sight
From other shades both weand my wandring minde.
Tell mee what wants mee here, to wake delight?
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling winde,
So calme, so coole, as no where else I finde:
The grassie grounde with daintie Daysies dight,
The Bramble bush, where Byrdes of every kinde
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right."

Shepheard's Calendar, June.

At the lower part of the Glen, where the stream falls into a natural rocky basin, stands a small cottage known as "The Rock," or "Rock Hall."

At this spot, according to tradition handed down through the Halsted family, once lived that Rosalind of whom Edmund Spenser

was so deeply enamoured. The researches of Dr. Grosart have failed to prove conclusively who this lady was; he inclines to the belief that she was of the Dyneley family, whose original seat was at Dyneley Hill, not far from Towneley Park. If so, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the widow Dyneley may have lived with her daughter, who laughed the poet's "layes to scorne," at this beautiful spot.

The cottage which now stands here is still locally known as "Rock Hall," pointing perhaps to a time when a more important edifice existed in its place, a dwelling worthy of Spenser's Rosalinde of whom the writer of the "Glosse" to the Shepheard's Calender wrote, "It is well known . . . that she is a gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endowed with anye vulgare and common gifts, both of nature and manners: but suche indeede, as neede neither Colin be ashamed to have her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinol be greved that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singular virtues."

Edmund Spenser, more than three centuries ago, doubtless often listened to the music of the Brun at this spot, as it falls into the deep "Jum" or hole at the side of Rock Hall.

"And we shall sleep—and on thy side
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try
And pass to hoary age and die.
But thou, unchanged from year to year,
Gaily shalt play and glitter here;
Amid young flowers and tender grass,
Thy endless infancy shalt pass;
And, singing down thy narrow glen,
Shalt mock the fading race of men."

W. C. Bryant.

Tradition relates that Rock Cottage was originally built by an eccentric hermit called "Robin o' th' Rock." In ancient days the moor extended westward as far as Ormerod; and Robin, looking

about him for a site to erect a cottage, determined to build in this beautiful situation, without troubling himself to ask any permission from the lords of the soil. It is said that the master of Towneley, hearing of this unwarranted intrusion on his property, sent a number of men to demolish Robin's humble cot, but as often as they pulled it down, he built it up again, with such perseverance, that, tired out by the pertinacity of the hermit, the great man allowed him to remain in peace on the spot which he loved so well.

In later times a more tragic story is related of a tenant of the "Rock." About fifty years ago, a rather eccentric man named Tom Ratcliffe was the occupant, a quarryman. Tom's wife was a woman fond of a little gossip, and when Tom returned at evening from his hard daily toil, he often found his meal unprepared, his children uncared for, and his wife absent from home. This careless conduct on the part of his spouse set Tom thinking how to reclaim her to more domestic ways. He purchased a long trumpet or horn which he used to blow loudly whenever, on his return to the cot, he found his wife absent; and there are people still living who have often heard the unharmonious strains of Tom's trumpet on the evening air. Whether this novel expedient to cure a gossip succeeded or not is not known, but one day Tom left the Rock for ever and sailed for America, where, it is said, he saved a considerable sum of money, with which he returned to Burnley, perhaps with the wish to spend the evening of his life at his native place. In a year or two, however, his hard-won earnings were all dissipated, and Tom sailed again for the land of the setting sun. It is said that he travelled far into the backwoods of America, and clearing a space from the woods, with his own hands built a rude cot. For years his friends heard nothing of him, till at last the news of his tragic end arrived.

He had been found dead hard by his little hut, killed by the deadly venom of the rattle-snake, for the remains of the poisonous reptile were found in the dead man's grasp.

IN HURSTWOOD GLEN.

Beside the classic stream I strayed
By which in youth sweet Spenser stayed,
And to its music first essayed
His tuneful song:
And as I mused the Past did seem
To rise, as visions in a dream
Pass by, or dead leaves in the stream
Are swept along.

The sky was dark with autumn cloud:
The wild west wind careering loud
Roared, like the murmurs of a crowd
When many feet
Tramp, and the poet's ballad rings
For downfall of the crowns of kings,
Or justice from their underlings
From street to street.

Then from the wild wind overhead,
From whirling leaves from bare boughs shed,
My heart with memories of the dead
Was overcast;
And with dim forms a dreamer spies
When sleep to fancy seals his eyes,
I saw before my vision rise
The vanished Past!

Behold the forms of skin-clad men
Tracking the wild beast to his den,
Pass shouting up the wooded glen
In wild career!
Then silence: in thick shades around
No noise but falling waters' sound
Till they return with booty bound
On shield and spear.

Behold again the ancient days
When men with faces stern from frays
Marched proud along their iron ways
With martial tramp:

When thro' these moors and valleys rang
The speech in which a Horace sang,
A Cæsar wrote of wars, and clang
Of court and camp!

Once more behold the battle day
When the Dane met, in stern array,
The Saxon, sworn his course to stay
Or else to die:
When the swift stream was choked with slain,
And dyed with blood, a ruddy rain,
When warriors, cleft thro' helm and brain,
Were buried nigh!

At last behold the centuries long
Tired of dark years of war and wrong
Stand spell-bound at the charm of song
In cadenced chimes.
O Hurstwood! still thy highest praise
That thou in those melodious days
Wast first to inspire our Spenser's lays
And rustic rhymes.

Yet still thy dearest memories,
Hurstwood! that thro' long centuries
Our fathers looked upon thy skies
And ancient hills:
Memory, with glances backward cast,
Surveys those days which might not last—
A heartfelt tear for the lost past
Her eyelid fills!

She sees the sturdy yeoman, still
Ready, with good yew bow and bill
To guard his land from foreign ill
In days of yore:
Later, with loyal Cavaliers
Marching against insurgent spears,
Laughing to scorn the Roundhead sneers
On Marston Moor.

She tells how Towneley brave enrolled
(When he was young whom we call old)
Near yon steep hill-side's little fold,
A secret band,
His king's foes from the throne to chase
That the young heir of ancient race
Might hold, in his forefathers' place,
His fathers' land.

"Who will bring back," she cries, "again
The good old days, and in their train
Old Virtue, which, to love of gain
Preferred the life
"Which, walking in the ancient ways,
Made all its work-days holy days,
And found enough to love and praise
In home and wife?

"Restore," she cries, "O Past! restore
The honest ways and men of yore!"
The torrent, chafing 'gainst its shore,
Gave answer back—
And thro' the pauses of the blast
These words, as from some cavern vast—
"My stream returns not, nor the past,
Upon its track!

"See! as on this loud day of rain,
I bear away unto the main
Dead things, which ne'er return again
Unto my side—
"So, by the law of ceaseless change
Which from the star to man doth range
Time brings and takes the new and strange
Upon his tide.

"Go learn the lesson of my glen!
Only the labour of the pen
May, for the phantom minds of men,
Preserve the past:

"Write of me—thus shalt thou repay
The solace, which this autumn day
I made thee, on thy lonely way
With clouds o'ercast!"

Dear stream! if e'er by rede or song
We do thy much-loved memories wrong—
The best powers that to us belong
To thee we give:
And well we know 'tis but thy fame
Shall save our little book from blame,
And give it, far beyond our name,
A right to live.

A WINTER STUDY ON THE BRUN, BELOW HURSTWOOD.

By P. G. HAMERTON, Esq.

(By kind permission, from the "Isles of Loch Awe," and other poems, 1855.)

X.

WITCHCRAFT AND BOGGART TALES, AND OLD CUSTOMS.

O l'heureux temps que celui de ces fables
Des bons démons, des esprits familiers,
Des farfadets, aux mortels secourables !
On écoutait tous ces faits admirables
Dans son château, près d'un large foyer ;
Le père et l'oncle, et la mère et la fille,
Et les voisins, et toute la famille,
Ouvraient l'oreille à Monsieur l'aumônier,
Qui leur fesait des contes de sorcier.
On a banni les démons et les fées ;
Sous la raison les grâces étouffées,
Livrent nos cœurs à l'insipidité ;
Le raisonner tristement s'accrédite ;
On court, hélas ! après la vérité,
Ah ! croyez-moi, l'erreur a son mérite !

VOLTAIRE.

"I am also well assured, that if all the old women in the world were witches, and all the priests conjurers; we should not have a drop of raine, nor a blast of winde the more or lesse for them."—REGINALD SCOT, *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584.

"For my part, I have ever believed, and do now know, that there are witches."

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, *Religio Medici*, 1643.

"Giving up witchcraft is, in effect, giving up the Bible."—JOHN WESLEY.

FEW men, even those of culture and learning, in the sixteenth and seventeenth century, were wise or bold enough to condemn the popular superstition of witchcraft, and it is therefore to the lasting honour of the Kentish Squire, Reginald

Scot, that he ventured so early to expose the absurdity of a superstition which was believed by grave philosophers and clergymen of the age to be consistent with reason and Holy Writ.

It is well known that no county was more celebrated for witches than Lancashire, and that no part of Lancashire was more infested with witches than the region around Pendle Hill. The belief in witchcraft has perhaps lingered longer in this district than anywhere else in England, but the superstitions and delusions to which the belief gave rise are fast dying away, and their traces are becoming fainter and fainter. If, as the worthy knight, Sir T. Browne, was of opinion, it is one of the deepest arts of the devil to make people disbelieve in witchcraft, his Infernal Majesty must look on Lancashire with almost perfect complacency at the present day—in this respect at least. Many old people, however, have not been long dead, who were reputed witches and wizards, and went to the grave with the stain of witchcraft on their characters. Whole families were shunned and hated by their neighbours because one of their kin was reputed a witch.

If a cow or a horse died from some unknown sickness or perhaps from old age, it was thought bewitched, and even in this century numerous were the preventives used to protect house and farm from the malevolence of witches. A horse-shoe nailed to the door protected the homestead; a stone with a hole in it tied to the key of the stable preserved the horse from being ridden by the witch during the night; a hot iron put into the churn took from the witch all power of interfering with the making of butter; and in the baking of bread the dough was protected by a cross. Notwithstanding all precautions, the witches often contrived to evade them, and then "wise men" were sought out to discover the witch and defeat her designs.

These "wise men" must have had a large and extensive practice.

"To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair;
When brass and pewter hap to stray,
And linen slinks out of the way;
When geese and pullen are seduced,
And sows of sucking-pigs are chows'd;
When cattle feel indisposition,
And need th' opinion of physician;
When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
And chickens languish of the pip;
When yeast and outward means do fail,
And have no power to work on ale;
When butter does refuse to come,
And love proves cross and humorsome."

BUTLER.

Among the last of them was an old man, with the reputation of being able to forecast the future, who used to come out of Yorkshire by the Long Causeway, to the villages of Worsthorn and Hurstwood, bringing a donkey with him to carry back the weft and other portable goods given him by the credulous persons who sought his aid, and could only pay in kind for his services.

The tales here set down are well-known to old natives of the district, but they will probably be entirely forgotten when this century has passed away.

"The superstitious idle-headed Eld
Received, and did deliver to our age
These tales."

Let them live a little longer here, now that they have been exiled from their dominion by the fire-side by the usurping printing-press and the light of an advancing civilisation, never more to return to their old haunts.

OLD JOHNNY O' TH' PASTURE.

A short distance above the Rock Glen at Hurstwood there stands an old farm-house called "The Pasture," remembered as

once the dwelling-place of an old wizard, who went by the name of "Johnny o' th' Pasture." Wonderful tales still linger in these lonely places concerning Old Johnny and his dealings with the devil. There is a tradition that the evil spirit met him on a wild tempestuous night between Foxstones and "Crow Hoils" in Cliviger, in the shape of a black dog, with large flaming eyes.

It is said that Johnny bartered his soul for the power of being a wizard, in confirmation of which it was observed that when the old man died there arose such a tremendous storm that houses were unroofed and trees were torn up by the roots.

"That night a chiel might understand
The deil had business on his hand."

As Johnny was passing by Foxstones early one New Year's morning on his way to Burnley, he stepped into a small cottage to light his pipe, little dreaming what direful consequences might ensue to the household if any one therein gave a light on New Year's Day. An old woman was the only person in the cottage, her good man having departed early to his work at Worsthorn delph, leaving strict orders that no light or fire should be taken over the threshold that day, reminding his wife what a run of bad luck they had had the previous year. The woman was busy at her loom when Johnny entered, working by the light of a small candle. "Wi' ta let me leet ma pipe?" said Johnny. "To be sure! tak' a leet!" answered the old woman, quite forgetful for the moment of the strict orders given by her husband. Johnny lighted his pipe and went on his journey, little thinking of the misfortune he had caused; for a few minutes after he had left the cot the good wife had occasion to piece up an end of a warp, when, sad to relate, the candle fell into it, and the whole of the piece was burnt.

No doubt when the master returned from his work in the evening he upbraided his wife for not remembering his caution not to give a light to any one, much less to such a reputed wizard as Old Johnny.

At another time Johnny was found lying in the middle of a field near the "Lower Red Lees" in a state of unconsciousness, to all outward appearance dead. Two men who found him were about to carry him to the nearest house, when they suddenly saw a small animal like a black rabbit running in circles round the field, drawing nearer and then darting away as if it wished to get at Johnny. At last it made a spring and entered Old Johnny's body by the mouth, on which he presently came to himself, and gave the men who had disturbed him a good rating for their interference. Poor injured Old Johnny o' th' Pasture! He sleeps in the rural churchyard at Holme, and knows his superstitious slanderers no more. Peace be to his soul!

The belief that it was unlucky to give light from the house on certain days had its origin in the most ancient religion of mankind, the worship of the sun. Our British ancestors on the first day of the spring solstice used to light their hearths with fire obtained from the Druidic altars, paying a small silver coin to the priests. It seems hard that poor Old Johnny's character should have suffered for breaking an observance laid down by the priests of a religion which had vanished from his country more than a thousand years before his birth! It is a proof of how tenaciously old customs and superstitions linger in the minds of men, when their origin and meaning have been long forgotten.

The Legend of "Old Thrutch."

In the township of Extwistle there stands the site of an ancient corn mill long ago demolished to make room for the present mill; and the goit and bywash, and also the mounds on which formerly stood the headings of the water-wheel, are still visible. In the Duchy Pleadings are found the proceedings of an action brought by the lessee of the King's, or Soke, Mill against Edmond Tattersall and

others to contest the right of grinding their corn at the old mill in Extwistle. The King, as Lord of the Manor, claimed the exclusive right of soke and moultre of all corn grown within the said manor. The pleadings are very voluminous, and throw considerable light on the rights and privileges of manorial magnates in those days.

There is a very interesting legend in connection with the old mill. Nearly two centuries ago the tenant who leased the mill from the Parkers, of Extwistle, was also tenant of the hostelry at Worsthorn, known as the Bay Horse. His thrifty wife, in addition to managing the inn, occasionally gave a helping hand to her husband at the mill. In course of time, like a sensible woman, she contrived to put away a nest-egg in the shape of a considerable sum of money, unknown to her partner, to provide for a rainy day. One wild winter's night, as she was returning home, her path lay across the stream below Heckenhurst, then swollen by the pouring rain. Crossing the stepping-stone she was carried away by the flood and drowned. As time rolled on, strange noises, accompanied with the sound of footsteps, were frequently heard in a disused chamber of the Bay Horse. A rumour spread among the villagers that the ghost of the miller's wife, assuming mortal shape, had returned to visit her concealed hoard,

"Doomed for a certain time to walk the night."

As time passed away, these unearthly visits were of frequent occurrence, until at length the entrance to the haunted room was permanently walled up, thus effectually confining the ghost within its own domains. This was no sooner done than the noises ceased and matters assumed their normal condition. Successive tenants held the old hostelry, and the legend of the haunted room was almost forgotten. Occasionally it formed the story of a winter night's tale, and many a village urchin has hutched nearer the ingle corner when listening to the tale from the lips of the old grandmother, often—

"Glowering round with prudent cares,
Lest boggarts catch him unawares."

'Twas in the beginning of the present century when a man of the name of "Old Johnny o' th' Tayleurs" became mine host of the Bay Horse. Like many a sceptic of his day, Johnny threw to the winds the legend of the haunted chamber, and suiting the action to the word, the obstruction was removed, and the room was again used by the family. But Johnny had reckoned without his host. It soon became a subject of general conversation in the village that Old Thrutch had returned, and had recommenced her nightly visits—

"Making night hideous; and we fools of Nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls."

'Twas said that she appeared clad in a russet silk dress, such as are seen in the portraits of the dames of the last century; and on one occasion the bedclothes disappeared in a mysterious manner from the bed where the children were sleeping in an adjoining room, who heard the sound of her retiring footsteps as she passed down the staircase. Soon after this a number of quarrymen and labourers were having a rant, and during the small hours in the morning (the inns were kept open all night in those days) one of them, whose children are alive to-day at Worsthorn, had occasion to go to the door. On returning to his mates he found the door fast. Placing his foot to push it open he found somebody holding it on the opposite side. "Thrutch" (push), cried out a hollow voice from the other side. "Thrutch the d——l," cried the man. "Thee thrutch and I'll pull." With that the door flew open; nothing was seen or heard but the rustling of a dress as it swept along the passage to the haunted chamber. After this the doorway was again closed, and "Thrutch Chamber" remains a *terra incognita* to this day.

The Spectre Horses of Ridge.

In old times a way led from the high road to Ridgend House, the chief home of the Tattersalls for more than three centuries. Along this road it is said that a troop of invisible horses were often heard galloping, at dead of night, towards the Ridge House. The tradition is that there was once a wain-house on the road belonging to Rowley Hall, and that the driver of a team was murdered early one morning as he was starting for Halifax, and his murderer was never discovered. The invisible horses were, it is presumed, the spirits of the teamster's horses, reminding men that their murdered master was still unavenged, and his assassin at large. As they have not been heard by living man, perhaps the phenomena ceased with the death of the murderer, now long since gone to his account.

The Bee-Hole Boggart.

An old woman of dissolute habits, and probably a witch, once lived near Brunshaw Bottom. Farmers and yeomen in old times frequently stayed late at Burnley, making merry at the inns of the town with convivial spirits, and, returning home late at night no better travellers for their potations, many a one lost his life when crossing the streams swollen by the storms of winter. One dark winter's night, one of the Halsteds of Rowley was returning home very late, at the "witching hour of night," from Burnley. On arriving at a place called the Bee-hole, near Brunshaw Bottom, he heard the sharp cry of a woman in distress. "If ever you loved a woman in this world, do come and help one!" The horse took fright and galloped away, but that night tradition says that Old Bet was carried off by the Evil One, after he had skinned her and left her skin upon a thorn.

The Towneley Boggart.

A boggart, it is said, used to appear on a bridge near Towneley, and caused such consternation among the neighbours that it was resolved to lay it. The priest from Towneley Hall was successful in doing so, subject only to the condition that the boggart should never appear while there was a green leaf in a neighbouring clough. In order to secure this, the clough was planted with hollins, or holly trees, and it is called Hollinhey Clough to this day. Some say that the boggart claimed, as a second condition of his ceasing to haunt the spot, that he should have the first life that crossed the bridge on a certain day every year. In order to fulfil this, a cock was usually killed on the bridge on the day, but on one occasion a travelling Scotch pedlar or chapman was seen to approach the bridge on the fatal day and hour. Some people—probably, it would seem, those who were on their way to the bridge to sacrifice the cock—called out to the pedlar to stop, but not understanding the reason, the unhappy Scot kept on his way, and totally disappeared, pack and all, before he had crossed the bridge.

This tale clearly explains the origin of the name of Hollinhey Clough. It must have been a more recent boggart who, according to tradition, used to be heard crying in a wailing tone—

> "Be warned, lay out! be warned, lay out!
> Around Hoare Law and Hollin Hey Clough,
> To the children give back the widow's cot;
> For you and yours there's still enough."

These ancient couplets refer to an illegal enclosure of land which took place more than three centuries ago.

Dr. Whitaker records that the Towneleys illegally enclosed Hoare Law pasture, and that in the year 1603, the Duchy of Lancaster ordered one hundred and ninety-four acres which had been enclosed to be granted to Lord Mountjoy, Earl of Devon, in con-

sideration of his services. It seems that the warning cry of the boggart had failed to influence the Court to restore the cot to the rightful owners.

Large tracts of open and common land were enclosed in the neighbourhood of Burnley, as, indeed, all over England, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries, on the "good old rule, the simple plan" that the largest landholders should have the greatest share, and that those who had no land should receive none.

Old Sally Walton of Cloughfoot Bridge.

Passing east along the Roman road from Widdop we arrive at "Cloughfoot Bridge." A small cottage, overshadowed by a few stunted trees, stands on the north side of the road at this place. A remarkably hale old woman, who had seen some fourscore winters, and her little granddaughter were, about half a century ago, the sole inhabitants of this secluded spot. A small croft of about an acre, besprinkled with several large blocks of grit rock, was the only source of providing the winter's fodder, and in one corner of the croft grew two or three Scotch firs, whose funereal appearance seemed to make desolation look more desolate. "Old Sally Walton," for that was the name of the venerable old dame, had stored up in her mind a rich harvest of legendary lore of the neighbourhood. Many a time in days gone by has the writer listened with eager ears to those weird stories of ghosts and boggarts, now fast disappearing before the advancing tide of science and education.

Unfortunately for herself, Sally Walton was looked upon by her neighbours with a suspicious eye; for she had, like many a poor persecuted old creature before her, the reputation of being a witch. Though old and careworn, her weather-beaten face, covered with deep wrinkles, her wonderful memory, and indomitable pluck, showed remarkable vitality in her extreme old age.

Her little cottage had been several times broken into by robbers and everything of any value carried away. On one occasion the heartless plunderers even cut away a piece of unfinished cloth out of the old woman's loom. At a short distance from Old Sally's cot, near the head of Alcumdean valley, there lived at the time of Sally Walton's occupation a farmer who firmly believed in her power of witchcraft. One night, as he lay in bed, he saw a large black cat sitting at his feet, intently gazing at him. Laying hold of a knife which was close at hand, the farmer hurled it at his unwelcome and evidently supernatural visitor, striking it, as good luck would have it, on one of the fore-legs. The cat instantly vanished, leaving not a trace behind—even as an ordinary cat would probably have acted under the circumstances—but the neighbours remembered, when the frightened farmer told the tale, that the very morning after the apparition, Old Sally had gone about with the corresponding arm wrapped in a kerchief, a sufficient evidence to their credulous minds that the old woman, in feline shape, had been wounded by the farmer. No doubt after such a proof, no power on earth could have shaken their belief that Old Sally Walton was a dangerous witch, and a person to be avoided as much as possible.

Let us be thankful that the faith in witchcraft has now almost disappeared from our land; but let us remember when we feel inclined to be surprised at the superstitions of uncivilized races, that our minds are of the same nature, and that if we had lived in the seventeenth century, we should probably have held as a sacred article of religion a belief in a superstition as foolish, and perhaps more cruel in its action than those of the most benighted savages of the present day.

Extwistle Boggart.

In olden times it was a generally accepted superstition that it was possible to "raise the devil" by certain incantations and spells.

It was believed that to recite the Lord's Prayer backwards was sure to bring up his Satanic Majesty, usually in his orthodox shape, with horns, cloven hoofs, and tail; and woe betide the unlucky wight who did not manage to give him a task which he could not perform.

It is said that some country people once raised the devil near Lee Green, where once stood three small cottages. In this instance his Infernal Majesty had accomplished the most difficult tasks his rash summoners could set him. He had knit a knot in water, and twined a rope from sand—tasks foolishly considered beyond his powers—and terror and dismay filled the minds of the unlucky bumpkins, for the time was fast drawing nigh when the devil would claim his recompense, the souls of those who had had the audacity to summon him from his dark abode. At this awful moment they bethought them of their last resource, the aid of a priest. While some, to use a nautical phrase, were keeping the Fiend "in tow," others saddled a horse, and the best rider rode off in hot haste to Towneley Hall to fetch a Catholic priest. Imagine the terrible suspense of those who had undertaken the difficult task of entertaining the Fiend, who was getting impatient to be off with his booty! Just in the nick of time the priest arrived at the spot, the devil vanished in a flash of lightning at the sight of his mortal enemy, who duly laid the foe of man with bell and book at the foot of Lee Green Scar, where he rests till this day. *Requiescat in pace.*

"Sae fare thee weel! auld Nickie-Ben!
O wad ye tak' a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake.
I'm wae to think upo' yon den
Even for thy sake!"

ROBERT BURNS.

Holden Boggart.

The ancient farmhouse of Holden stands on the edge of a deep gorge or clough, that joins Swinden Valley.

This spot is one of the seats of the ancient family of Holden, one of whose members was the last Abbot of Whalley, and another, Ralph Holden, the first Protestant vicar of Haslingden. Holden Farm remained in the possession of the Holdens till it passed by purchase to J. Birtwistle in 1703, from his family to the Stanworths, and from them by marriage to the Halsteds of Cockden (a collateral branch of the Halsteds of Rowley), in whose family it still remains.

Many and strange were the stories told about "Holden Rag"—for that was the name given to the boggart of Holden. It was said to appear sometimes in the shape of a great black dog, and frequently like a rag of white linen on a thorn in "Holden Bonk," eluding the grasp of mortal hands by shrivelling up, and finally vanishing with a flash. "Once upon a time" (no nearer date can be given), two great black dogs were observed gambolling on Noggarth Hillside, near Rogerham, by a labourer who happened to be behind a wall that separated him from the supernatural visitants, who appeared to be endowed with the power of speech.

From their conversation, overheard by the man, it seems that one was Towneley and the other Rowley boggart, and the subject of their conversation was Holden Boggart. For one said to the other "Where is Holden Rag?" The reply was, "Just now he is at Grand Cairo, in Egypt"—proving conclusively the wonderful power of locomotion possessed by boggarts.

Tradition says that such were the pranks played by Holden boggart—generally of a malevolent description, such as blasting the crops, causing sickness among cattle, and all manner of strange noises about houses—that folk were much alarmed, till at last in a happy hour a priest "laid" Holden boggart with book and bell, under

Noggarth Cross, never again to trouble mortal men as long as a drop of water runs through Holden Clough; the best proof of which tradition is that it has never since been seen.

Noggarth Cross stood on the roadside, on the way to Monk Hall; the pillar is gone, but the plinth with socket, which was some years since removed a few feet nearer the wall to facilitate traffic, still stands, a silent memorial of a superstitious age, now almost mythic in the increasing light of science.

Edmund Tattersall (n. 1587, ob. 1669) married Elizabeth Holden, of Holden, and it is probable that the family derived their name from the Holden Farm, as the word is derived from the Saxon, meaning a hollow or cavernous valley, well describing the valley or gorge overlooking which the old house stands.

The Halsted Changeling.

"A Faery thee unweeting reft
There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left:
Such, men do Chaungelings call, so chaung'd by Faeries' theft."
Faërie Queene, Book i. Canto 10.

"Of all the delusions wherewith he (the devil) deceives mortality, there is not any that puzzleth me more than the legierdemain of changelings."—Sir T. Browne. 1643.

A woman living at High Halsted, near Extwistle, once left her child in the cradle while she went to fetch water. On returning, she found her child had been exchanged for a little weazened old thing that looked "as false as a boggart." After trying many methods to regain her child, she went to a wise man, who informed her that the person in her cradle was a fairy, and in order to test it, she was to do some strange and unusual act to attract its attention. She went home, eager to regain her own child, and put an empty egg-shell on the fire, with some water in it. The changeling looked on

with great apparent interest, and when the water boiled, the little creature said to the woman, "What are ye going to do with that?" "I'm going to brew," was the woman's reply. "Well, I'm threescore and ten, and I never saw that trick done before!" said the changeling in its little shrill voice. The woman instantly snatched it up and said, "If you are threescore and ten you leave this house at once!" She took the changeling out of the house and down the meadow towards the spring, belabouring it as she went, so that its cries resounded through the valley. Suddenly she heard her own child's cry, and saw it in the hands of a very small old woman, who was beating it with all her force. On meeting this person, she exchanged the children without a single word, and returned to her house, overjoyed at regaining her own offspring.

In Croker's "Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland" the same tale is related. The imp is said to have exclaimed, "I'm fifteen hundred years in the world, and I never saw a brewery of eggshells before!" A similar tale is given in "Grimm's German Fairy Tales," in which the changeling cries out, "I am as old as the Westerwald, and never yet saw anyone boil water in an eggshell."

Similar fairy legends being found all over Europe among races of Aryan stock points to the fact of the extreme antiquity of these tales—older, perhaps, than the first immigration of the Aryans from Asia.

The Barcroft Boggart.

The following tale is a very ancient one, and probably dates from a time long before the present Barcroft Hall was built.

It is said that the farmer's wife at Barcroft on rising in the morning would often find the house clean swept, the fire lighted, and other household matters attended to by unseen hands. One cold winter's night the farmer called out from his bed-room to his

son to rise and fetch in the sheep into the barn for shelter, when a small squeaking voice called up the stairs, "I'll do it!" After a short time the small voice was again heard, crying out, "I've done it! but there was a little brown one that gave me more trouble than all the others!" On examination the following morning, the farmer found that a fine hare had been housed with the sheep. Mortal eyes had as yet never seen the boggart who had proved himself so useful to the household, till the farmer's son, filled with curiosity to see him, bored a hole through the oaken boards of the ceiling above the chamber where the boggart appeared. Peeping through the hole early one morning he saw a little shrivelled old man, barefooted, sweeping up the floor.

Thinking to perform an act of kindness, the boy got a pair of small clogs made for the old man, and placing them by the fireside at night, he rose early in the morning on purpose to look through the hole and see how his well-meant gift was accepted. The elf walked up to the clogs and took them in its hand, and looking at them carefully, it said, "New clogs, new wood, T'hob Thurs will never do any more good!" After this everything went wrong in the household. Mischief of every kind was found each morning—pots broken—cows sick—and, to crown all, the bull was found across the ridging of the house when the farmer rose early one morning for his day's work. His patience gave way at this last signal proof of the boggart's malevolence, and packing up his goods, he determined to leave the luckless house. Having loaded a cart with furniture, he proceeded on his way across a small bridge at the bottom of the clough, when he heard a small voice from beneath calling out, "Stop while I've tied my clogs, and I'll go with you!"

"Nay!" replied the farmer; "If tha'at going with me, I'll go back again!"

A similar tale to this is found in many different parts of England. That redoubtable sceptic, Reginald Scot, wrote as follows,

three hundred years ago:—"Indeed, your grandams' maides were wont to set a bowl of milk before him and his cousin Robin Goodfellow, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight; and you have also heard that he would chafe exceedingly if the maid or good-wife of the house, having compassion of his nakedness, laid any clothes for him besides his mess of white bread and milk, which was his standing fee; for in that case he saith,

"'What have we here? Hemten, hamten,
Here will I never more tread nor stampen.'"

In Keightley's "Fairy Mythology" is the following tale, from the Scotch Lowlands:—

"A good woman had just made a web of linsey-woolsey, and, prompted by her good-nature, had manufactured from it a snug mantle and hood for her little brownie. Not content with lying the gift in one of his favourite spots, she indiscreetly called to tell him it was there. This was too direct, and Brownie quitted the place, crying,

"'A new mantle and a new hood!
Poor Brownie! ye'll ne'er do mair gude!'"

Robin Goodfellow's chief dislike was to be watched at his work: the author above quoted adds, "He is, to a certain degree, disinterested; like many great personages, he is shocked at anything approaching to the name of a bribe or *douceur*, yet, like them, allows his scruples to be overcome if the thing be done in a genteel, delicate, and secret way."

The chief point of interest in the tale of the Barcroft boggart is his name "Hob th' Hurst," or "goblin of the wood," a name which could only have originated when the neighbourhood was well wooded, as it is known to have been in ancient times, and the tale carries us back in imagination to the time when "Hurstwood" first gained its name, and when perhaps this very tale was told by

the winter fire of the Saxon thane at Barcroft, and at the neighbouring hamlet of Hurstwood.

A Poacher catches a Boggart.

A night poacher used to go out catching hares by running them into an open sack placed in one of their tracks. One night, taking a wide sweep across a field near the Hagg, in Extwistle, he succeeded in bagging what he thought was a fine hare. Swinging the sack over his shoulder, he made off homewards, well pleased with his night's sport. He had not proceeded far when he heard a weak squeaking voice behind him, crying as if in deep distress, "Wee Billy Wee! Wee Billy Wee!" Immediately a voice responded from the sack, crying, "Yo'r abscence, yo'r abscence! yer thi ha'a mi daddy calls!"

The astonished poacher quickly threw the sack on the ground and made off home as fast as he could run, saying, "If that be thi daddy, I'll carry thee no further!"

Gret Dick's Encounter with the Devil and a Dun Cow.

"Gret Dick," whom the writer knew very well, used to live in the village of Worsthorn in a cottage built on the "Cinder Hill."

Dick was in the habit of going to Burnley, generally on a Monday, that being market-day, and occasionally got a little over the line, often stopping at his potations in Burnley well into the small hours of the morning. Returning to Worsthorn at midnight on one occasion rather bemuddled, he had to pass by the top of Brunshaw, then well known as a most boggardly spot. Passing the turn at the top of the hill the Devil appeared to him in orthodox shape with horns and tail, and accompanied by a little dun cow.

Dick determined not to be taken, and the tussle began in good

earnest between him and his Satanic Majesty, assisted by the small dun cow.

Dick was shod with a pair of good clogs, ironed round the sides in the good old style, which he used with good effect on old Clootie's shins, until at length the evil spirit, being overmatched, fled away, disappearing in a flash of fire, followed by the dun cow with a loud unearthly laugh, leaving Dick the master of the road.

The following couplet was long known in Worsthorn and the neighbouring villages concerning this battle. Less important encounters have often been celebrated in epics much less concise.

> "Dick and the Devil and th' dun cow fagth (fought),
> Dick threshed the Devil and the dun cow lagth" (laughed).

The Fairies of Calf Hey Well.

"Calf Hey Well" is a strong spring of water rising out of the hillside hard by Ormroyd Bridge near Cockden. Over fifty years ago the spring was impounded and the water conveyed to Burnley in earthenware pipes, being the first water ever carried to the town by artificial means. Tradition says that the fairies used to meet at this well, and were often seen dancing round it on moonlight nights, and before the spring was interfered with they were observed anxiously deliberating together, as if protesting against any intrusion upon their favourite well. Their protest was in vain. Angry at the desecration of their trysting-place, the fairies left the neighbourhood, and nevermore shall their moonlight revels be seen by mortal at their once-favourite haunt.

Old Jam Well, Worsthorn.

A small syke or rivulet joins the river Brun near the great Jum at Hollins, below Hurstwood. It springs from a well in the village of Worsthorn, which used to be the chief source of water supply

to the village, and was called "Old Jam Well." There was a tradition that it was a favourite haunt of the fairies. Old Nanny Watson, an old inhabitant lately deceased at over eighty years of age, has often related how the fairies used to milk the cows during the night in the neighbouring pastures, and how they used often to be seen in the gloaming running about among the cows, the men in little green jackets and the fairy women with white stockings and low shoes milking the cows into miniature cans, and making their little pats of butter at Old Jam Well. These fairy pats of butter were about an inch in diameter, with little prints of a cow on the top, and were often seen in the morning by the venerable old lady herself in her youthful days. She took a special delight in relating to those who would lend an attentive ear the doings of the fairy people in old times, but woe betide the wight who ventured in her presence to express any discredit of the poetical fancies of our rural forefathers. Alas! the fairies have fled for ever from the wells and glens of Lancashire, and we, sad sceptics of the old faith in the tiny folk, are forced to admit with the philosopher "that even error has its merits."

Holed Stones, as a Protection against Witches.

Stones with a hole through them, either natural or artificial, used to be considered as an excellent preservative from all evil influences, and in old times were often hung up in farm-houses in a conspicuous position. The superstition is alluded to in "Hudibras."

> "Chase evil spirits away by dint
> Of sickle, horse-shoe, *hollow flint*."

A stone which once served this useful purpose in the Halsted family was given by Mr. Lawrence Halsted, of Heckenhurst, to the writer not long since.

This stone has the appearance of a sea-rolled pebble, and a circular hole has been drilled through it.

It is doubtless a relic of the prehistoric races of the Stone Age who once lived and hunted on the Burnley moors, and may have been found in an ancient burial-place when digging for limestones on the moor; or it may have been lost by its savage owner in battle or the chase, and have found its way, centuries after, to the bed of a watercourse, where it was picked up as a valuable treasure in the ages of faith in witchcraft. Could this venerable stone be made to repeat all the tales which have been told in its presence, what a magnificent volume of folk-lore we should possess!

THE HOLED STONE.

Being the Reflections of an Evolutionist thereon.

When, musing on life's sweets and sours,
We all alone are sitting,
And thro' these curious minds of ours
Fancies and facts are flitting,
What law is that which leads the brain,
And things with thoughts close-linking,
From random objects weaves a chain
Of unawaited thinking?

To-night, in that sad mood when books
Seem dull as thrice-told stories,
And choicest writers only cooks
Of earlier authors' glories,
I placed my sacred paper-weight
On the page I was perusing,
And, at its touch, it gave me straight
Far other food for musing.

See! in this wave-worn pebble, drill'd
Thro' (now my weight for papers),
Matter, which in its course has fill'd
Strange uses, cut strange capers:

As old, perchance, as any form
Which human hands have moulded;
Older than pyramids enorme
In Egypt's mists enfolded.

For when the cosmic heat retired
To centre of our planet,
Matter, which had been fused and fired,
Cooled down to gem and granite;
Vast clouds, electric stores, did rest
Upon Earth's mighty bosom,
And soon, from her maternal breast,
Young life began to blossom.

Dimly we see, in Nature's writ
Of Earth's true strata diving,
How thro' long years she strove to fit—
—And ever now is striving—
A being of her blood and bone,
Worthy her mighty moiling.
Behold! towards this end alone
We still with her are toiling!

There came a day—far off indeed—
In her most patient season,
She bore a son from her first seed,
Endowed with dawn of reason;
A thinking soul, not quite the sport
Of her titanic forces,
But swaying, to its wish and thought,
Her stern unswerving courses.

Look not, O Modern! with high scorn
Upon the early savage,
Who in Creation's misty morn
With the wild beast did ravage;
Alack! what little light he had!
What toil of bone and sinew!
What seeds of all the good and bad
Which you, vain man, have in you!

We see with our long-toiled-for light,
Each atom in Creation,
In all the Cosmos infinite,
In high or lowly station,
Obeying one high law which binds
All things in one strong tissue,
Moulding (we trust) all things and minds
To some diviner issue.

He, in his forest-glooms remote,
Heard in the rolling thunder
The voice of some Man-God, which smote
His soul with fear and wonder;
We see in the swift lightning's law
No sign of high displeasure,
But marvel, with a deeper awe,
At its impartial measure.

* * * * *

One far day in the unknown past,
An earth convulsion lifted
An ocean-bed, and swiftly cast
Huge mountains, rent and rifted,
High o'er the waves and seas of cloud
Which dashed against their faces,
And from whose summits glaciers ploughed
Vast valleys to their bases.

Tall rocks, by frost or sun-rays rent,
Fell, and were ground to gravel,
And by the roaring torrents sent
Swiftly on toilsome travel:
By gorge and lake, by swamp and brake,
Their pilgrimages making,
Until they felt Old Ocean shake
His shore, with billows breaking.

A savage man, in that far day
To which no record reaches,
Wandered one morn that ocean-bay
And trod its shingled beaches;

He watched the racing rollers foam
Upshore, then backwards streaming,
And saw, beneath a high wave's dome
This sea-worn pebble gleaming.

He dashed into the surge, and took
In sinewy hand the treasure,
And, full waist-deep in foam, he shook
His prize aloft with pleasure;
He bore it with him to his band,
Bartered with a neighbour,
Who drilled it, with a patient hand,
Thro', with a toilsome labour.

Who then can tell its strange career
Thro' years of chase and battle—
When by it men were felled like deer,
And deer like penn'd-up cattle;
Till one day by the brawling Brun
The strong arm met the stronger,
When its fierce owner's days were done,
And it took life no longer?

There ages long it rested till
A farmer found it. "Rare is,"
Quoth he, "this stone. No man could drill
It thro'—'twas done by fairies!"
He took it home, and many years
Hung in his home's best niches:
It charmed the household from their fears
Of evil eye and witches.

Ah! happy days when faith was strong
With not a doubt to shock it;
When men fought fearless all day long,
A relic in the pocket!
Alas! those days, as all days must,
Fled to the past and faded;
My paper-weight then to the dust
Was, in good sooth, degraded.

Deposed from its long pride of place
And tutelary station,
For many years it had to grace
A humbler occupation;
Year in, year out, full many a knock
It bore, and changeful weather:
Tied to a rope, it served as block
The lowing cows to tether!

Like a good man whose nobleness
Is to the dull world hidden,
Or like a guest in humble dress
From his low place unbidden,
For many a year in lowly guise
It languished in a stable:
Now the most sacred thing it lies
Upon my study-table.

Ah! could we but forecast thy fate
And tell, to close thy story,
What further cracks of chance await
Thee in thy old age hoary!
Thou warrior old! how dull it were
For thee, in some collection,
To be mew'd up and kept with care
For learned men's inspection!

Some pessimistic souls report:—
"Civilization's rotten.
Soon, soon, its flower of art and thought
Will faded be—forgotten!"
O sweet revenge! thou shalt be then
By savages enabled
To crack the craniums of the men
Who boxed thee up and labelled!

Some say:—(O may our days be done!)
Our mother-planet's mass is
Doomed soon to fall into the sun
And be resolved to gases:

And so once more be launched to space
With little diminution,
To run once more its ancient race
Of painful evolution.

The matter then which makes up me
May take up thy position,
And make poor pebble—unto thee
Be given our strange condition,
Which thinks, and hopes.—
When Nature's plan
Us has again divided,
Mayst thou compose a better man
Than, in past ages, I did!

Bull-Baiting.

Little more than half a century ago, bull-baiting was a popular sport in the villages of East Lancashire. Each township had its "Town field," a common open to all householders in the neighbourhood, in which was placed the "Bull-stone," generally a huge stone sunk in the ground, with a swivel ring in the centre, to which the bull was tied by a rope. Bull-baitings usually took place on a holiday or festival. A bull, the most ferocious that could be found, having been purchased, he was secured in a stable overnight, and on the following morning he was paraded to the Bull-stone, decked with ribbons, attended by a crowd of all sorts and conditions of men anxious to see the sport.

The bull's horns were tipped with balls of wood, or sometimes wrapped with greased tow, in order to prevent too great a slaughter among the dogs, or, in the event of the bull's getting loose (an event which was not unusual), to make his horns less dangerous to the crowd. In spite of this precaution, fatal accidents sometimes took place.

On arriving at the bull-stone, the bull was fastened to the ring with a stout rope about twenty yards in length. To rouse his

temper he was prodded with sharp-pointed sticks, and, as a last indignity, his tail was twisted by the most adventurous of the spectators. When the poor animal was judged sufficiently infuriated, the first dog was let loose. Then came the most exciting moment of the sport. The dog made straight at the bull's nose, and often received a pitch from the horns that sent him flying over the heads of the onlookers. The dog, in order to be declared the winner, had to pin and hold the bull by the nose, while, at the same time, his owner held him by the fore-leg. If the owner could succeed in doing this for five minutes, his dog was proclaimed the conqueror.

The last bull-baiting which took place at Worsthorn was in the year 1834, an event remembered well by many old people at the present day. The bull-ring was a few yards below the present entrance to the churchyard. The bull belonged to Jim Anson, and Nick o' Ellises', a rough-and-ready chip of the "good old times," had a rough-looking bull-dog, named "Crib," which won the fight. The infuriated bull, on this occasion, at last broke loose from his tormentors, scattering them in all directions, and finally, as if urged by a dumb prophetic instinct, that in education lay the surest hope of a more humane treatment of his species in the future, he took sanctuary in the yard of the village school. The bull-ring at Extwistle was situated a few yards across the road from where the White Cottage now stands, and still retains its name. The bull-stone, a ponderous piece of mill-stone grit, is now built into the wall hard by.

The sport of bull-baiting was at its height as a favourite amusement of the people in Elizabethan times, and it cannot be doubted that Spenser, who often compares the combats he describes to a bull-baiting, was often a spectator of the sport when he was residing in the neighbourhood.

> "Like a wylde Bull, that, being at a bay,
> Is bayted of a mastiffe and a hound,

And a curre-dog, that doe him sharpe assay
On every side, and beat about him round;
But most that curre, barking with bitter sownd,
And creeping still behinde, doth him encomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thonder."

Faërie Queene, Book vi. Canto 5.

In this instance, at least, the gentle poet's sympathies are with the bull, whom he compares to his hero in the combat, assailed by villains; and, doubtless, he considered the favourite sport of his age as a custom "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

Cock-Fighting.

The local gentry were generally the leaders in the favourite sport of cock-fighting. The cockpit was usually situated in the "Town field," and was often under the care of the village parson, whose duty it was to see good sport and fair play.

In Porter's "History of the Fylde," it is recorded that in 1790, a notice appeared in Liverpool that the "great main of cocks between Thomas Townley Parker, Esq., of Cuerden, and John Clifton, Esq., of Lytham, would be fought on Easter Monday, the fifth day of April, and the three following days, at the new cockpit in Cockspur Street, to show forty-one cocks each; ten guineas each battle, and two hundred guineas the main." The landed gentry generally put in their leases a covenant, by which the farmers maintained a gamecock for their benefit, and many were the birds supplied for this purpose, some of the farmers taking a pride in keeping up the reputation of their patrons in the cockpit. Old "Jenny" Fisher, a native of Weeton, near Blackpool, related, a few years ago, being about ninety years of age, how she went to Preston races when a girl, and on one occasion she saw Lord

Derby come out of the cockpit bedaubed with blood and feathers, and take his position among the ladies on the grand stand to view the races, with a piece of silver plate before him, the prize of the winner of the approaching race. The village green in front of the old hostelry at Mereclough, about a mile from Hurstwood, was once the scene of an exciting cock-fight. Nearly two centuries have passed away since a great number of people, including the principal local gentry, assembled to witness this celebrated contest. At that time the principal entrance to the old public-house was at the gable end of the building. The two celebrated cocks which had to decide the fortunes of the day were famous throughout the country as the heroes of many a hard-fought main. "Butterfly," the pride of the Ormerods, and "Cæsar," the favourite of Towneley, were the names of these doughty birds. Both combatants were backed for heavy sums, and there is a tradition in existence to this day that the fate of the Ormerod estate depended on the issue of the battle. The ring was made, the cocks unbagged, when Ormerod, like a true sportsman, alighted from his horse. Doffing his coat, he stepped into the ring to "set his own bird." If a photograph could have been taken of the assembled group at this moment, how interesting it would have been! The local magnates, with top boots, saddle-bag waistcoats, and three-cornered hats, surrounded by their respective tenants, all beaming with excitement for the coming battle. The fun commenced, round after round was fought, until at length "Butterfly" lay prostrate on the ground, seemingly in a dying condition, while "Cæsar" was almost in a similar state. Ormerod, having lost the fight, as far as appearances went, mounted his horse and rode away in the direction of home, expecting that he was a ruined man. Having proceeded on the highway as far as the "High Style," about midway between Mereclough and Ormerod, he heard a great shout arise from the vicinity of the cockpit. Turning his head in the

direction of the sound, he espied a man running at the top of his speed and throwing his cap into the air, shouting, "Come back, Butterfly's won." The bird had suddenly risen from the ground, and, by a spasmodic effort at the last jump, had driven his spur through the head of his opponent, thus snatching a victory for his master. There were high jinks that night at the old hostelry, and the name of the inn was changed to the "Fighting Cocks." The sign hung for many generations, till it finally found a resting place in an old lumber-room. On it appeared the following device:—On one side was a painting of two cocks in the attitude of preparing to fly at each other, and underneath the following words:—

"For heaps of gold and silver we do fight,
Death comes at every blow when it hits right."

On the reverse side was a cock crowing over the dead body of its rival, with the words—

"Brave Towneley's 'Cæsar' here doth bleeding lye,
Kill'd by Ormerod's gallant 'Butterfly.'"

The Old Wapentake Law.

For years previous to the introduction of Courts of Request, or County Courts, there existed an old law originating in the feudal court held at Clitheroe Castle. Its jurisdiction extended over the whole of the district of the Honour of Clitheroe, one of the largest in England. The practice was, that if any unlucky debtor became involved to the extent of £1 19s. 11½d., the creditor, by applying at the castle, could issue a "wapentake," which was generally served on the delinquent by a bailiff of the Court. After serving the process, his custom was to seize some article of furniture—a pair of tongs, poker, or kettle, to be taken back to the castle as a proof of delivery of the "wapentake." Now, in a small cottage at Worsthorn, called the

"Kell," lived an old man with his only son, who was of stalwart frame, but had the misfortune to be both deaf and dumb.

The pair carried on the humble trade of pig-ringing and mould-warp-catching, which perhaps was not very lucrative; for having got into debt with the grocer, two bailiffs arrived from Clitheroe with a wapentake, and entered the cot when the old man was absent. Throwing the wapentake upon the table they proceeded to seize the old kettle in the corner. The young man, not understanding the meaning of all this, was much surprised at the conduct of the bailiffs, but soon decided on a course of action. Rising from his seat, he locked the bailiffs in the house, put the key in his pocket, and taking from the wall the pig-ringing tools, he seized one of the bailiffs, pinning his head between his knees as firmly as if it were held in a vice. The bailiff's comrade, coming to his mate's help, was silenced by a blow from the dumb Samson, who proceeded to bore a hole and insert a ring through the first bailiff's nose, which operation he successfully performed, not much to the improvement of the visage of the luckless minion of the law. The other bailiff, coming to himself, and fearing a similar treatment, dashed through the window, taking the frame and glass with him in his headlong flight. Tradition does not say what were the consequences to the deaf-and-dumb youth for dealing in so unceremonious a fashion with the officers of the Honour of Clitheroe.

The Stocks at Worsthorn.

This ancient relic of old times stood in full working order in the centre of the village till about 1849, a terror to the incorrigible gambler or drunkard who chanced to cross the path of the village constable or the churchwarden.

A man, named Jack Bawlden, one of those incorrigibles often found in rural villages, was once found very drunk by old Jim o' th'

Halsted, the village constable of Worsthorn, who took him before his betters, where he was sentenced to sit in the stocks for one hour. The constable, who had the privilege of selecting the hour of punishment, having a grudge against poor Jack Bawlden, chose a bitter winter's day for the execution of the sentence.

Locking his man safely in the stocks, he marched off in all the pride of office, leaving Jack in that "durance vile,"

> "Which none are able to break thorough
> Until they're freed by head of borough."

Scarcely had the constable disappeared, when a friend of the sufferer's popped a bottle of good old rum into Jack's hands, the result of a subscription among several sympathisers. Jack much relished such a welcome companion in cold weather, and his progress to the land of forgetfulness was so rapid that, before the constable's return, he was in complete unconsciousness of all this world's troubles. A wag standing by was suddenly struck with the idea of playing a practical joke with the man of office.

Rushing off with breathless haste, as if something terrible had happened, he ran to Old Jim's. "Be quick! th'as done it reet at last! Poor Jack's starved to death! Tha'at sure to be hanged for putting him in this cold day."

Dropping his knife and fork—the constable was dining—he answered, "Tha dosn't tell t' truth, surely?"

"I do that; come and look for thisel'!" was the answer.

Without more ado, away went the constable, and on arriving at the stocks, he lifted up Jack's head, which felt as heavy as lead. By this time a crowd had gathered around, all enjoying the fun but Old Jim o' th' Halsted, who had a prospect of Lancaster Gaol vividly in his imagination.

"Whatever mon I do?" he cried in his distress.

"Get him some brandy!" cried out one.

"Tak' him to the lower public and gi' him what ye thinks best, and I'll pay!" exclaimed the frightened constable.

No sooner said than done. Carried shoulder high, Jack Bawlden was taken to the "Old Bay Horse," which soon rang with merry laughter at the way in which Old Jim o' th' Halsted, the terror of all the village topers, had been outwitted.

The Lime Galloways of the Pennine Range.

Up to within half a century ago, the principal traffic of the district was carried on by "pack-horses," of a small hardy race, bred in Gallowayshire. These galloways generally went in "gangs" of from twelve to eighteen horses, under the care of a gall-driver. Owing to the wild and mountainous character of the country, these hardy little pack-horses formed the only and best means of communication between the different townships, connected often only by steep and precipitous paths. Browsing along the roadsides as they sauntered leisurely on their way, and at night pasturing on the neighbouring moors, their cost for feeding was a mere trifle. The leader of the "gang," generally a venerable old equine patriarch, was bedecked with a leather collar, on which were fastened a number of ball-bells, while a bell with a clapper hung at the bottom of the collar. During the long dark evenings in the autumn months these bells served as a guide to the members of the "gang." The chief business of these galloways was to carry lime and coal to places difficult of access to wheeled carts. Each load was contained in a sack, and weighed about two hundred and forty pounds. At one time during the early part of the present century, the following gangs existed in the townships of Hurstwood, Briercliffe, Worsthorn, and Cliviger. The enclosure of the commons or moors, the making of railways and the exaction of horse-duty, have swept away every vestige of the primitive institution of

pack-horses, so useful in the reclamation of farms from the sterile moorland.

LIST OF OWNERS OF GALLOWAYS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD ABOUT SIXTY YEARS AGO.

— Heap, Ridehalgh, Briercliffe . .	1 gang,	14	horses.
Tummus Whitaker, Extwistle . .	1 „	12	„
Harry o' th' Huntsman's (Henry Heap)	1 „	12	„
Tom o' Saunders (Thomas Saunders) .	1 „	14	„
James Crowther, Worsthorn . . .	1 „	18	„
Bob o' Ned's (Robert Swain), Worsthorn	1 „	14	„
Old Shack (John Swain) . . .	1 „	12	„
Old Skinners (— Roberts) . . .	1 „	12	„
John Ormerod	1 „	12	„
Harry Marshall, Hurstwood . . .	1 „	14	„
Edmund Crowther, „ . . .	1 „	18	„
Old Duerden, Thorndean . . .	1 „	14	„
Thorndean Laithe . .	1 „	12	„
		178	horses.

THE EXTWISTLE HUNTING SONG.

The Squire Parker mentioned in the following once well-known hunting song was Mr. Robert Parker, who married the co-heiress of Christopher Bannister, by whom he obtained the estate of Cuerden Hall. Five of the verses were published by the late T. T. Wilkinson; the remainder were given to T. W. by old Dick o' Dick's (Richard Preston) nearly fifty years ago, at that time nearly ninety years of age. The old man, when primed with a glass or two of good ale, took a pride in singing this fine old song at the neighbouring fairs and rushbearings. The date of the hunting which the song celebrates was probably some years before 1718, in which year Captain Robert Parker died. On Thursday, March 17th, 1718, Captain Robert Parker, with two of his daughters, Mary Townley and Betty Atkinson, and a child, were seriously injured by an explosion of

gunpowder in the dining-room of Extwistle Hall. Two other rooms were set on fire, doing much damage. Captain Parker succumbed to his injuries on the 21st of April following. It appears he had been out shooting, and, the day turning out wet and stormy, he returned to the house drenched with rain, and spread out in front of the fire his coat, in the pocket of which was a powder-flask, filled with gunpowder, which exploded from the heat of the fire. It is said that the family after this melancholy accident took up their residence at Cuerden Hall, and the old house at Extwistle has been abandoned to dilapidation, although part of it is still occupied as a farm-house.

"O ancient moss-grown walls!
Your ruin aye recalls
Our own brief hour.
Nothing we see can stay,
But blooms, and fades away
Like any flower!"

As an instance of how long old traditions used to be kept fresh, it used to be related by old Dick o' Dick's, who died at Extwistle nearly fifty years ago, at the age of ninety years, how one of the Parkers of Briercliffe armed a number of his tenants and fought under the Earl of Surrey at Flodden Field, 9th of September, 1513.

A tale used to be related concerning one of the Parkers of Extwistle (perhaps the Captain Robert Parker who died in 1718) that one evening returning from a Jacobite meeting, he saw a goblin funeral procession pass through the gate at the top of the Law Carr, between Extwistle Hall and the Old Tithe House at the top of Netherwood Fields. The ghostly cavalcade passed on in deep silence, a train of little men bearing a coffin, on the top of which, as it passed, he saw his own name inscribed!

The following is the old song celebrating the Extwistle Buck-hunt.

There were originally several other verses, which are now lost;

and there is a tradition that one of the Tattersalls of Cockden was drowned when returning from the hunt. The verses in brackets are those given by old Dick o' Dick's.

THE EXTWISTLE HUNTING SONG.

Come all ye jolly sportsmen, give ear to me all,
And I'll sing you of a hunting at Extwistle Hall;
Sich jumping and hunting you never did see,
So come, jolly sportsmen, and listen to me.

There were squire Parker, and Holden o' th' Clough,*
T' one mounted on Nudger an' t' other on Rough:
Tantivy! Tantivy! the bugles did call,
To join in the hunting at Extwistle Hall.

[There were Starkie fro' Huntroyde on th' old bob-tailed mare,
An' Townley, an' Ormerod, an' lots moor were there;
Such riding an' leaping were ne'er sin befoor
As they swept helter-skelter o'er Extwistle Moor.]

[O'er Haggate and Shelfield, and down they did hie,
And through Trawden Forest they ran him breast high,
They swept across Boulsworth, and o'er by th' Deer Stone,
Till Parker on Nudger were theer all alone.]

Old Nudger kept leading, and let nought come near,
And it neighed and it marlocked when th' hunters did cheer.
So come, jolly sportsmen, and join wi' me all,
In a health to Squire Parker of Extwistle Hall.

They hunted fro' Roggerham to Wycollar Moor,
But th' buck kept ahead and made th' horses to snoor;
There were th' owd dog and Pincher, but Rover bet all
'At started that morning from Extwistle Hall.

They hunted to Longridge and then back again,
Till o'er Pendle Water th' owd buck it were ta'en;
Some horses did stumble, some riders did fall;
For they hunted beawt restin' fro' Extwistle Hall.

* A Holden of Holden in Extwistle before mentioned. Mr. Thomas Smith, of Hill End, Briercliffe, says that there is one verse wanting, which mentions that one of his ancestors was present at the hunt. "There were Townley of Royle, and Smith of Pighoyle" is the only line remembered.

[So come, my brave fellows, come lift up your glass
To drink to Squire Parker an' his bonny lass;
He's of a good sort, and long may he live,
And mony a good hunting like this may he give!]

THE KNIGHT'S WARNING.

(FOUNDED ON A LEGEND OF EXTWISTLE.)

Once, in the pleasant month of May,
A Knight, as if lost in dream,
At eventide walked slow by the side
Of a murmuring moorland stream.

The throstle sang on the alder-bough,
In the air so calm and cool:
The nimble trout for the fly leapt out
From the face of the dimpling pool.

There was not a cloud in the sky; the sun
Had fallen below the hill;
There seemed no care in the quiet air,
The earth was at peace and still.

Yet the mood of the Knight was wondrous sad,
And wherefore he could not tell;
For safe stood his hall and his steeds in stall,
And his Lady loved him well.

He stayed his steps by the grassy bank,
Sat him down on a mossy stone;
Till the moon 'gan rise up the eastern skies,
And the light of the day was done.

The moon-beams fell on the grassy dell,
And the Knight, and the stream that sung
Like a pilgrim lone of days past and gone
In a lost mysterious tongue.

Long sat the Knight in the pale moonlight
When, up the ghostly glen,
Walking twain and twain, he beheld a train
Of little black-clad men.

With sunken heads, as if deep in woe,
They marched by the murm'ring stream;
And strange and weird looked each silver beard
In the ray of the pale moonbeam.

He saw them wind a great rock behind—
As they came in the moonlight clear,
Eight bearers bore the train before
A little black-draped bier!

The Knight amazed on the black bier gazed—
As if traced in silver flame,
On the velvet pall in letters tall
Was written the Knight's own name!

He tried to speak—but no sound did break
The night-air, tranc'd and still,
Save the waters' fall and the startled call
Of a bird upon the hill.

Slow up the glen went the little men
In the weird and solemn light;
And ere the brave Knight breathed again
They had faded from his sight!

Full sadly homewards went the Knight
To the Hall of his fathers' pride;
And little I ween thro' that long night's teen
Did he sleep by his Lady's side.

Ere the sun uprist thro' a cold grey mist
A horseman came clattering
To the Hall—"Sir Knight! Arm! Arm! to fight
The foes of our Lord the King!"

Then red lights gleam'd in each lancet-pane,
There was trampling in the Hall;
And the Knight's grey steed they saddled with speed
And led him from the stall.

He rode away o'er the moors that day,
His Lady wept at home;
And she bade no steed the court should tread,
Until her Lord should come.

But never again did that noble Knight
Dismount at his fathers' door;
For he fought and fell for his King, served well
On the field of Marston Moor!

Thro' the silent glooms of the old hall's rooms,
His Lady walked alone.
Untrod by steeds the yellow weeds
Sprang from the court-yard stone.

Old Roundlegs.

The following weavers' song used to be sung by old Tom o' th' Radlers in Cliviger, a half-witted man that used to go hawking blacking, &c., about half a century ago. Who "Old Roundlegs" was—if he ever had an existence in the flesh—is, and we fear ever must remain, shrouded in mystery.

I.

Old Roundlegs was a cunning toad;
Fol lol, &c.
Roundlegs was a cunning toad;
Fol lol, &c.
Roundlegs was a cunning toad;
He made a mule carry four horse load.
Fol lol lol, &c.

II.

Roundlegs had some collops fried;
Fol lol, &c.
Roundlegs had some collops fried;
Fol lol, &c.
Roundlegs had some collops fried;
Bad ale, and short o' measure beside.
Fol lol lol, &c.

III.

Roundlegs put a chalk o'er door;
Fol lol, &c.
Roundlegs put a chalk o'er door;
Fol lol, &c.
Roundlegs put a chalk o'er door;
Swore he'd ne'er come there no more.
Fol lol lol, &c.

IV.

Roundlegs looked o'er the wall;
Fol lol, &c.
Roundlegs looked o'er the wall;
Fol lol, &c.
Roundlegs looked o'er the wall,
And leet all his eggs fall.
Fol lol lol, &c.

The following are three stanzas of an old song dating from Jacobite times, which used to be a favourite in the district within the memory of old inhabitants:—

"IT WAS LAST MONDAY MORNING."

I.

It was last Monday morning,
As I went o'er yon moss,
I had no thoughts o' listing,
Till the soldiers did me cross.
They kindly invited me
To drink a flowing bowl,
They advancéd, they advancéd me some money,
Ten guineas and a crown.

II.

It's true my love is 'listed,
And wearin' a white cockade.
He is a handsome young man,
Beside a roving blade.
He is a handsome young man,
Just going to serve the King.
O my very, O my very heart lies breaking
All for the loss of him!

III.

O, may he never prosper,
Nor may he never thrive,
In anything he takes in hand
As long as he's alive.
May the very ground he walks upon
The grass refuse to grow,
Since he's been, since he's been the very causer
Of my sorrow, grief, and woe!

THE FAERIE SONG; A DREAM FANCY.

"Die Geisterwelt ist nicht verschlossen,
Dein Sinn ist zu, dein Herz ist todt."

Fled are the faeries from their favourite fountains,
Where they once revelled in the nights of May;
No more their footsteps on the grassy mountains
Are seen at early morn, the shepherds say;

Ah! why have all the little people vanish'd
From a dull world which once their presence blest?
Alas! 'tis unbelief which them has banish'd
Far from the haunts which once they loved the best.

Far from the noisy town, the farmer's steading,
Flown are the faeries from the homes of men;
Yet still believing eyes can see them treading
Fantastic measures in the moonlit glen.

One night as I lay listening to the falling
Of the cold burn into the deep pool near,
And heard the cuckoos to the moonlight calling,
The faery music floated to my ear.

I heard the silver bridles clearly ringing;
Sounds as of elfin horsehoofs on the shore;
And then—ah me! a voice so sweetly singing,
I could thereto have listen'd evermore.

I sprang (methought) from my low couch, and glancing
From the small window up the moonlit glen,
I saw upon the dewy greensward dancing
In mazy circles, little faery men.

Green were their caps, in which a little feather
Each wore, as green as hawthorn leaves in May;
Green were their cloaks, in hue the moorland heather
When in the bent their eggs the moor-larks lay;

Green were their hose, in shade the sallow willow
Which droops in summer o'er a sluggish stream;
Each wore a girdle, glancing like the billow
Made molten silver by the pale moon's beam;

Round a green mound they danced in linkéd motion,
With feet which seemed to float above the ground;
But it was not their song which like a potion,
Entranc'd the senses with melodious sound;

On the low mound there grew a hawthorn cover'd
With blossom, frosted by the moonlight's sheen;
And 'neath its boughs, while fays around her hovered,
Sat, in her royal robes, the Faerie Queene;

Of silken samite was her vesture fashion'd,
Broidered with pearls, the golden fringe along;
But ah! the sweetest songs, the most impassion'd,
Could not describe her beauty or her song.

Her lovely voice—although its language hidden
Might speak no meaning to the reasoning brain—
Its music summon'd in the soul, unbidden,
Thoughts beyond might of speechcraft to make plain.

At first methought her song was filled with sadness;
A strain of shadowy fear, like that which rolls
Like muttering thunders thro' the brain, to madness
Driving the minds of aimless shipwreck'd souls;

Meseem'd I felt a heartless Power, pursuing
The stars through space—a cruel unseen hand,
Sweeping the planets to some fate, unruing,
As a strong torrent sweeps small grains of sand;

The hunger of the soul—the helpless longing
For something unattain'd it cannot reach,
I felt, and swift words to my lips came thronging,
But that unpitying Power held fast my speech;

Then as the music in the windharp changes,
Fall'n like a fountain to its deepest slope,
Mounts, and thro' rising modulations ranges
Up to a melody which whispers hope:

Her strain changed—ah, what peace! that fear was lifted
From off my heart, as when the morning dawns,
The mists that wrapped the hills are slowly drifted
Away by winds that woo the dewy lawns;

The peaceful sheep are seen on distant meadows,
And the first nibblers sound the tinkling bells;
The waking birds chirp in the cedars' shadows,
As the grey dawn walks o'er the distant fells:—

E'en so the fear that fill'd my soul first falter'd,
Then fled; in place of heartless Power, I saw
How the dark picture of the world was altered
Beneath the dawn of Love, yet still nam'd Law;

Its beauty thrill'd me like the enchanting vision
Seen when the voyager waken'd from his sleep,
Sees the high mountains of a land Elysian
Brood, in calm beauty, o'er a windless deep;

E'en Hope was not; all doubts and fears uncertain
Fled, and Faith shining like a fixéd star,
Whisper'd, the Faeries' song will draw the curtain
'Twixt things which seem, and those which really are

Alas! the sweet strain ceased, the vision ended;
O'er eastern moors the first faint daylight broke;
The clear voice faded far; with Silence blended;
A new day dawned, and with it I awoke.

I heard the water to the deep pool falling;
And deep peace filled my soul; e'en Death seemed dear;
Because I felt that till I heard him calling,
I ne'er should see the sight which was so near;

Not as a child, who having lost his father,
Weeps when a stranger's voice would call him home,
Shall I then hear his voice, but gladly rather,
I'll quickly follow, when he bids me come;

Till then, as thro' the faithless world I wander,
Oft rapt above the noises of the throng,
The memory of that elfin strain I ponder,
The marvellous music of the Faerie song.

A SHORT LIST OF LOCAL WORDS.

MANY OF WHICH HAVE BECOME OBSOLETE DURING THE PRESENT CENTURY.

Ark, a large wooden chest.

Barkum, a horse-collar. (East Riding, "barfan.")

Beel, the handle of a pot.

Bew, the underlip. "Th'art hinging thi bew;" *i.e.* thou art looking sad.

Brau'ies, pieces of oatcake fried in fat and water, *e.g.* "weet and warm like weavers' brau'ies."

Bullyon, a moving bog, a soft place.

Cam-trash, lit., "crook'd shoe." Celt., "cam," crooked; "trash," a low shoe. An "old camtrash," a term of opprobrium for a person who wore his shoes down at the heel.

Cater Corner, the two opposite corners of a square.

Chauving dish, a small firepan, with three feet, placed before the fire, filled with hot embers, on which our forefathers baked their cakes and pies. Fr., "chauffer," to warm.

Cluther, to heap together. (Welsh, "cluder," a heap or pile.)

Crapps, the refuse from melting hogs' fat.

Cruddle, to faint, or sit down involuntarily. (?) From curdle.

Ettercrop, a spider. "Atter-coppa" (A.-S.), *i.e.* poison-head.

Ezzed, a name given to the letter "z."

Flacht (A.-S.), dried peat, the upper layer nearest the grass, generally used to light a fire.

Fratch, west of the Pennine Chain, to speak well of a person, "He's fratching on him!" On the Yorkshire side, this word is generally used in the contrary sense, to differ or disagree, to upbraid.

Frigg, to kick with the feet when laid on the back.

Fullock, to go with a bang. A sudden push with the hand when playing marbles. Hence, "Knuckle down, no fullocking!" Used also in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

Girn, a variation from "grin."

Golook! a term of derision or defiance.

Graut, a weak infusion of malt, or of the dregs after brewing.

Gryn (A.-S. "gyrn"), a snare made of fine wire, used for catching hares.

Guytrash, a boggart, a death-token.

Gynnel, a narrow passage between two walls. In the East Riding "gimmel" has a similar meaning.

Jum, a deep pool in a watercourse, *e.g.* Gert Jum, near Brownside.

Kaw waw, crooked, out of twist.

Kevil-yed, lit., "horse-head," a stupid fellow, an ignorant person. Welsh, "ceffyl," horse. Lat., "cavallus."

La'uck, moor silk, a fine kind of heathery moss, used as a boss for the spindle of the spinning-wheel.

Laik, to play at games, to idle. Probably the modern "lark."

Lennock, supple, limp, unstrung.

Lite, a few. From the same root as "little."

Lither, lazy.

Longe, a scramble for marbles. "A longe! a longe!" a signal for plunder.

Manchette, a small loaf of bread.

Mouldwarp, a mole.

Mullock, a mess. "To make a mullock," to arrange badly.

Naghandal, a weight or measure. (A.-S.) 8½ lbs. of meal.

Padfoot, a common term for a ghost or boggart.

Pax-wax, the tough tendons of a beast.

Peyl, to strike or assault. "He's peyl'd me black and blue!"

Salt Cat, a name given in the days of hand-loom weaving to a piece of dried oatcake dipped in water and sprinkled with salt. A common meal when hand-loom weaving was depressed.

Sam, to gather up, collect. Sanscrit, "sam," to collect. "Go sam yon sheep!"

Scammer, to climb over a wall.

Slake, to put out the tongue, an act of defiance.

Slidder, to slide or slip away.

Snuddle, to creep close. To huddle together under cover.

Soss, to fall with a bump. The lapping of a dog or cat.

Sowling, thin watery paste, used by hand-loom weavers to size their warps. "To sowl," to rinse (East Riding).

Staddle, the bottom of a corn-stack or hay-mow, composed of large pieces of wood.

Stirabout, a pottage of bacon fat, water, and meal.

Thible, a narrow flat piece of wood, used in making porridge.

Thrutch, to thrust.

Turbary, peat, the débris of vegetation, generally of heath.

Wanta, the girdle used to load a pack-horse. (A.-S.)

Whisht, contraband beer.

XI.

LEGENDS AND TALES OF THE PAST.

"From the grey cairn, the ruined tower,
The sullen stream, the antique bower;
From the poor hind's deserted bield,
From yonder proud historic field,
From hill, from plain, from rocky shore,
From wold and darkling wood they pour;
From silent lake and lonely glen—
Who hath called up those shapes again?"

Traditions of the Civil War.

AT the beginning of the seventeenth century the germs of the Great Revolution which ranged the people of England into two hostile camps were taking deep root in society.

A proud aristocracy, subservient to a weak vacillating monarch who believed in the divine right of kings, on the one hand; and on the other a stern, unbending democracy determined to assert their own rights—from the crown, liberty; of the aristocracy, equal privileges; and from the clergy, liberty of conscience.

The fierce struggle continued with varying success till the battle of Marston Moor, in June, 1644, decided the fate of the royal party in the north of England. In the month of June of that year, East Lancashire, which had till then possessed an immunity from the fierce struggles of the rival combatants, was suddenly thrown into the horrors of civil war by the arrival of a portion of the royal army in the neighbourhood. Prince Rupert, with an army of some twenty

thousand men fresh from the storming and pillage of Bolton, came pouring across the moors into the Burnley valley on their way to raise the siege of York.

Breaking up into small detachments for the purpose of foraging on the line of route, they commenced to plunder indiscriminately both friends and foes. A party of two hundred made its appearance in Worsthorn one afternoon, where the soldiers blackmailed the farmers' larders of all the eatables and drinkables they could lay their hands on, while the officers took free quarters at an old public-house, which was demolished during the early part of the present century It was called "Cross House;" hence the name of the locality "Cross House Green." The common soldiers, after plundering the farmers, took possession of their barns and shippens, where they slept or caroused during the night. The following morning they seized and drove the cattle out of the fields along the line of march. Passing the farm-house at Bottin, one of them entered the place, took possession of a panful of potatoes, which were boiling on the fire, and carrying them to the door he poured them on the flags to cool, and divided them among his comrades. At High Halsted two horses were unyoked, and a herd of cattle was taken.

The plundered farmers, incensed at the cruel treatment they had received, collected together, and arming themselves with all kinds of rude weapons, they hung on the rear of the invaders bent upon recovering some of their cattle. On arriving at Cockden Water, a few soldiers remained straggling behind, and the farmers taking a short cut by Ormroyd bridge, overtook them in the hollow near Cockden Farm. Here a fierce struggle took place, in which the soldiers had the advantage, for they left two of the farmers dead; their names, which are recorded in the Burnley Parish Register as "slaine at Haggate," were Peter Hitchon, and Bernard Smith of Extwistle. After this rencontre, the soldiers met with no more

opposition, but proceeded through Haggate, thence over the White Moor into Yorkshire.

Charles Towneley of Towneley Hall mustered his men and, joined by several neighbouring gentlemen and yeomen, he set out towards Yorkshire to join the Royalist forces. Near Worsthorn is a field called Wild Bill Moor, where formerly stood a small cottage. Tradition relates that at this time there lived at this cot an eccentric character called "Wild Bill." This man, accompanied by his wife and two children, followed the party under Towneley's leadership with a small cart laden with provisions. Shortly before the battle at Marston Moor it is said that "Wild Bill" placed his wife and children for safety in an old barn, at a short distance from the rear of the Royalist line of battle. During a fierce charge made by the Roundheads this barn became the centre of a sanguinary struggle, which was seen by Wild Bill's wife from her hiding-place in the barn, and many a year after, it is said, did the old woman relate the terrible scenes which had taken place in her presence.

It is not known what part Charles Towneley and his party took in the disastrous defeat of the Royalists at Marston, but their chivalrous unfortunate leader fell upon the field, and his body was never discovered. His wife, who was a daughter of Sir Francis Trappes, of Knaresborough, is said to have been at her father's house at Knaresborough when news arrived that Charles Towneley had been slain at Marston Moor. She immediately set out for the field of battle to find her husband's body, but was unsuccessful in her endeavour. It is said that an officer showed her great courtesy, but persuaded her to give up the unavailing search. He gave her an escort to her home, and she afterwards learnt that the officer was Cromwell himself. The portrait of Charles Towneley may be seen at Towneley Hall, next to the sad face of his unfortunate widow, taken many years after her husband's death, pathetic witnesses of the sorrow caused in many a home by the Civil War, and by that

fierce battle fought on a summer's evening on the moor at Marston :—

"When the banners gay were beaming,
And the steel cuirasses gleaming,
And the martial music streaming
O'er that wide and lonely heath;
And many a heart was beating,
That dreamed not of retreating,
Which, ere the sun was setting,
Lay still and cold in death!

The carnage and pursuit continued long after the victory had been won, and many a gallant cavalier fell under the ruthless swords of Cromwell's horsemen. Richard Tattersall, with a few other fugitives, after hard riding and many narrow escapes, owing to the main roads being held by the enemy, managed to escape to Skipton Castle, badly wounded and worn out with the fatigues of the day. Skipton Castle, the ancient home of the De Cliffords, was then held by Sir John Mallory for the king, and had been besieged since December 1642. The news of the victory had preceded the arrival of the fugitives, who, taking advantage of the rejoicings in the besiegers' camp, were able to pass through their ranks and find refuge in the ancient castle.

A Tale of the Civil War.—A Plunderer Killed in Alcumdean.

During the days when the royal troops under Prince Rupert were advancing across the country from Bolton to York, a soldier, for the sake of plunder, wandered away from his comrades to the neighbourhood of Alcumdean. After visiting several of the farm-houses and taking such valuables as he could lay his hands on, he entered one whose inmates had been made aware of the robberies he had committed at neighbouring homesteads. Having moved the most valuable of his effects into an upper room, the owner stood on guard on

the top of the stairs armed with an axe. The soldier, seeing how matters stood, resolved not to be baulked of his plunder, and advanced up the stairs with a large iron pan on his head by way of protection. On arriving at the top of the stairs, the farmer aimed a double-handed blow at the soldier's head, so strongly and truly, that the pan was severed and the plunderer fell a corpse to the foot of the stairs. He was buried without ceremony in an adjoining garden, and although two centuries and a half have elapsed since the event took place, its memory remains as fresh as ever in the traditions of this lonely spot.

A Tradition of "1715."

During the summer of 1715 a rumour ran through East Lancashire of "many worthy fellows that were out." The old Catholic gentry looked forward with eagerness and hope to the time when "the king should have his own again." Among these was Towneley of Towneley Hall, who is said to have been with the rebels at Preston, when they surrendered to the king's forces. During the negotiations he escaped, but was afterwards arrested, and put on his trial for high-treason, but was acquitted by the jury. The line of his defence was that so earnestly recommended by the late Mr. Weller, sen., in a less serious case, an "alibi," and the result fully justified that gentleman's faith in its efficacy.

The witnesses for the prosecution swore positively to seeing Towneley with the rebels, with a bright red waistcoat on his person; while the witnesses for the defence, among whom were many of the servants at Towneley, swore no less positively that he never absented himself from home; and one of them averred that his master had but one waistcoat of the colour described, and that that one was never out of his keeping during the time that the prosecution alleged that Towneley was at Preston.

This is a local tradition, handed down by the Sharples family. One of the Sharples is said to have been with Mr. Towneley at Preston. A different account of the acquittal is usually related: that the prisoner was acquitted on the plea that he was forced to join the rebels against his will. Perhaps a reference to the State Trials might give the origin of the Hurstwood tradition.

An Undetected Crime.

About sixty years ago there dwelt at the "Greave," a lonely farm-house on the edge of the moor, not far from Cloughfoot bridge, a yeoman of the name of James Shackleton. A few days before the crime here related, he had sold a cow at Colne Fair, about six miles distant from his home. About midday a gang of ruffians with blackened faces entered his door, demanding the money obtained for the cow. Under a threat of violence it was given up, and after securing other plunder, the robbers left the house. One of their number lingering behind and listening at the window, heard the farmer say that he had recognised several of the party, although disguised. The robber immediately told his comrades, and after a short deliberation they all returned to the house. Taking the yeoman's own gun from the wall they charged it with slugs, made by cutting up a leaden spoon found on the table, and fired point-blank at their unfortunate victim, who fell dead on his own hearth. The murderers then decamped, and from that day to this it has never been discovered who committed this cruel crime.

The Freebooters of Widdop Vale.

". . . . Who did live
Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours' borders; ne did give
Them selves to any trade, (as for to drive

The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by adventrous marchandize to thrive),
But on the labours of poore men to feed,
And serve their owne necessities with others' need."

Faërie Queene, Book vi. Canto 8.

Hemmed in on all sides by sterile wastes of high moor-lands, the Vale of Widdop consists of a deep oval basin surrounded by precipitous hills, crowned with huge piles of coarse grit rocks. In some places vast masses have been split from the parent rock by atmospheric agency, and have rolled down the slopes, in some instances as far as the bottom of the valley, their heath-covered crowns forming a scene of wild and romantic grandeur.

The homesteads in the valley consist of some half-a-dozen scattered farm-houses, of which only three are at present inhabited.

The first house across the Lancashire border was inhabited about sixty years ago by a reckless freebooter called Harry o' Yems, whose real name was Henry Wadsworth. He is said to have been a descendant of the De Wadsworths, an ancient family whose seat was in the neighbouring township of Wadsworth. Harry o' Yems, after the fashion of the reckless robbers of the good old days of yore, collected around him a band of desperate men, whose depredations were carried on at a distance from their native valley, even as far away as Halifax and the neighbourhood of Wakefield. Occasionally, for a change, or, perhaps, when a recent raid had made the Yorkshire side too hot for them for a time, they crossed the borders into Lancashire and visited Colne and Burnley. In the days of the old parish constables, robberies in thinly peopled country districts could be carried on for a long time with immunity.

The slow arm of the law at last overtook the robber band. Harry o' Yems, as the ringleader, was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude, and his companions to lesser periods, and not one of them ever returned to the Vale of Widdop; but even to this day the deeds of these daring men are often related to the rising genera-

tion by the bright fireside on the long winter's evening. The days of the freebooter are over, and life and property are safer than sixty years ago, thanks to the efficient policemen, aided by the electric wire, who have supplanted the dull-witted Dogberries of our fathers' days.

The Maiden Cross.

In the ancient Roman road which passed over Cliviger Moor used to stand a cross, now known as "Maiden Cross," with which a pathetic legend of the days of the Civil War is connected. The remains of the cross, a plain block of millstone grit about five feet high, now stands built into the wall a little beyond Maiden Cross colliery. The tale, as related by the late Robert Halsted (born in 1766, died 1849), is as follows: During the time of the Civil War this spot used to be the trysting place of a young maiden and her lover, the son of a tenant of the Towneleys. The young man joined Charles Towneley's forces, and at this spot the evening before his departure the lovers met to bid farewell, and his last words were "I'll come again." He was at Marston Moor, and was doubtless slain there, as he was never afterwards heard of; but for many a long year after it is said the maiden would go to the hallowed spot in all weathers, refusing to believe that her lover was dead, and with sorrowful voice and hand pointing in the direction she last saw him, would say—"He said he'd come again, I'm sure he will!" As years passed on the poor woman became insane, but still visited the cross through summer and winter, the last words of her dead lover being the only ones that ever escaped her lips.

THE MAIDEN CROSS.

A.D. 1644.

Two centuries since and more, when our forefathers bore
Arms, some for London's Parliament and some for Charles and throne,
A maid, one summertide, stood this grey stone beside,
Now known for far and wide as the ancient Maiden-stone.

A youthful figure strode down the long winding road,
And oft he turned and waved his hand to the maiden tall and fair:
There she stood and held her breath as she saw him drop beneath
The far ridge of dreary heath, in the summer evening's air.

The shades of evening fell o'er the valleys and the swell
Of the lonely shadowy moorland far-stretching from the west:
And in the east afar above a cloudy bar
Rose star slow after star, above the mountains' crest.

In the soft June air around reigned silence: not a sound
But the note of a lone night-bird upon the distant hill:
Or the querulous low cry of the batmouse flitting nigh
For the moth which loves to fly when the air is warm and still.

The moon rose crescent, bright in the holy air of night,
Like a spirit freed and rising from the land of Death and Pain:
Still the maid stood there: at last she turned and hurried fast
To where the old house cast its shadow o'er the plain.

The summer days passed sad to one who erewhile had
Been the happiest, merriest maiden within the yeoman's door;
And oft she'd steal away at dawn or close of day,
To the old stone, worn and grey, upon the wind-swept moor.

Soon the swift rumour came flying o'er the hills like flame,
Searing the moorland heather with dark destroying wing,
Of a fierce and fatal fight, fought through a summer's night,
And the disastrous flight of the soldiers of the King.

Tired fugitives came post who cried that all was lost
For cause of king and country on Marston's fatal field:
And the maiden's cheek grew pale as she heard the soldier's tale,
But no news of joy or bale of her lover could they yield.

More often would she go when the sun was sinking low,
Or ere he rose at morning, to the stone upon the hill:
And on her lips and brain was aye the sad refrain—
"He said he'd come again, and I know, I know he will!"

Sad Autumn left the land: dark Winter's icy hand
Flung o'er the wastes of moor and vale deep drifts of dazzling snow:
Yet still she kept her tryst in early morning's mist,
And when the dayfall kiss'd the hills with ruddy glow.

Dark Winter passed: sweet Spring came with all birds that sing
Their happy songs in heather and moorland grass and fern ;
And Summer came again with all glad sights in his train—
To the maiden all in vain—for he did not return.

And a village rumour rose, when the land was deep in snows,
That he had not died on Marston, but for Charles was fighting still.
Men's vows, men said, were vain! but she answered with disdain,
" He said he'd come again, and I know, I know he will! "

But a deep despair awoke in her heart: she seldom spoke,
She knew her love was lying 'neath some green battle-plain ;
Yet still her true heart drove her out to meet her love,
At the trysting place above, in the sunshine or the rain.

The slow years passed away ; she grew old and bent and grey :
She dwelt the last of all her name within her fathers' door ;
And the neighbours whispered low, as they saw her come and go,
That her brain was turned with woe—the mad woman of the moor!

One Christmas eve, when all were feasting high in hall,
She stole away, as was her wont, to the trysting-place alone ;
When the morn broke slow and red, a traveller found her dead
Upon the road which led up to the Maiden-stone.

And it was Christmas day! The bells rang far away,
Proclaiming peace to all the earth—and surely peace was given
To a faithful soul which rose from this world's dreary snows
To the sure and deep repose of the many halls of Heaven.

The Legend of the Black Clough.

A.D. 1689.

A few miles east of Hurstwood, beyond Cant Clough, is a narrow solitary valley in the moors, on the western side of which crops out a fine section of gannister rock, known as the Black Clough. In the year 1689 two women of Trawden, whose names (as recorded in Carr's Annals of Colne) were Isabella Shaw and Margaret Shuttle-

worth, were lost on the moors on returning home from Heptonstall. During their journey a severe snowstorm set in, which obliterated their path, and wandering from their way across the moors, they fell over the steep precipice at the top of Black Clough, and were found dead at its foot. It is said that one of these unfortunate women grasped in her fall a bough of a wicken, or mountain ash, which grew out of a cleft in the rock. The bough gave way, and she was found grasping it in her hand when her dead body was discovered.

Tradition says that a curse was laid on the treacherous tree, and that during the two centuries that have elapsed since this tragical event, but one wicken tree has grown from the fatal precipice. Certain it is, that this year (1888) but one stunted wicken is to be seen growing on the rocks of the Black Clough.

THE LEGEND OF THE BLACK CLOUGH.

Deep in the bosom of the moors, far from the haunts of men,
The rains of countless ages have scooped a lonely glen:
A torrent in the winter sweeps from the mountain's crown,
A little burn in summer-time comes gently murmuring down.

A Black Clough rises from the glen upon its western side,
Where the wild hawk that haunts the moors its eyrie loves to hide;
Its sombre face for ages has felt the sun's first beam,
And flung at eves its shadow across the moorland stream.

The summer suns and winter storms have scarred its aged face
That scarce the fern that loves its shade can find a holding-place;
Yet, half-way up its ledges, where footing none may be,
Has sprung, since memory of man, a single wicken-tree!

Its dwarfed and twisted branches in spring are white with flower,
They dance upon the breezes and glisten in the shower:
When the sun-monarch o'er the hills his purple garment flings,
Its berries gleam like ruddy gems cut for the crowns of kings.

And when the winter tempests sweep o'er the lofty moors,
When snow-drifts blown from off the hills are heaped round farmers' doors,
When in the leafless trees sad winds are sighing like the sea,
Folk tell the tale of the Black Clough, and its one wicken tree.

On a cold winter morning, two hundred years ago,
Ere the wild winds had shaken o'er earth the earliest snow,
Two maidens set across the moors in the fresh morning air
From Trawden Vale to Heptonstall, to see the distant Fair.

Across the moors that afternoon, as they returning came—
The red sun setting in the west like a great globe of flame
Falling behind dark banks of cloud o'er Pendle's distant brow—
The north wind in their faces blew a few flakes of snow!

Then blacker grew the heavens, and louder blew the blast,
From the dark clouds the flakes of snow fell thicker and more fast;
The oldest shepherd on the hills that night had lost his way—
What wonder that two maidens went from the path astray?

How many friends in Trawden homes watched for them thro' the night,
Till slowly o'er the snow-clad moors stole the grey morning's light!
Sat watching all the weary hours, and when they did not come,
"Pray God," they said, in anxious dread, "they have not started home!"

Early that morn the shepherds went out to seek their sheep,
To look if any had been lost, o'erwhelmed in snowdrifts deep;
And two went up the lonely glen, who little thought to see
The sorry sight that met their eyes beneath the wicken tree!

For there, upon the hard black rocks, half hid by snows, they spied
Two maidens dead beneath the tree, and lying side by side;
And one, 'tis said, tho' cold and dead, still in her hand did clasp
A black branch of the faithless tree, fast in her icy grasp!

At Colne they lie together. How many a cheek grew pale
In after years, with pitying tears, whene'er folk told the tale!
Prayed God would keep all wanderers from these poor maidens' woes,
Lost in the dark tempestuous night, among the blinding snows!

'Tis told a witch pronounced a curse upon the wicken tree,
"That lonely in the lonely clough it evermore should be,
"Until the selfish hearts of men their brother men should hold
"Dear as themselves, and love them better than lands or gold!"

But since the maidens perished how many a year has run!
Two hundred times the ancient earth has circled round the sun!
Still many men would liefer hold broad lands than hearts in fee;
Still from the lonely clough there springs a single wicken tree.

I met one June a shepherd lad who lives among the hills,
Who knows the moors for many a mile, with all their glens and rills;
He told me on the moorland slopes the grass and ferns grew green,
But in the clefts of the Black Clough no wicken could be seen.

That afternoon I left the homes and haunts of men in glee,
To see if the young lad spoke true, about the wicken-tree;
So friendly looked men's faces as thro' the streets I passed,
I dreamed that the wise woman's tongue had spoken truth at last.

The lark was singing o'er the fields, high in the cloudless blue,
"Sing, lark!" I said; "the legend and shepherd lad speak true!"
The lark dropped songless as I reached the solitary glen;
"Alas!" I thought, "what have the birds or trees to do with men?"

I looked upon the Dark Clough's face and there I could discern
No wicken-tree, but many a weed, wild-flower, and fronded fern;
I looked again—the winter gales the old tree far had flung,
But from the black clefts of the rock a little seedling sprung!

Faithful is the old legend, but if the woman's rede
Had truth hid in its darkness, as flowers hide in the seed;—
I cannot tell, but charge you, you let the wicken grow,
No hand of man may touch the tree that did not plant or sow.

For the wise woman, it is said, with spells unholy banned
Whoever 'gainst the wicken-tree should raise his thoughtless hand;
"For whosoe'er the deed shall dare," she said, "the grass shall wave
Before the wickens flower again, above his nameless grave!"

And still when storms of winter roar on the lofty moors,
When snows are heaped on the hill-sides and round the farmers' doors,
When on the lofty moorlands winds are sighing like the sea,
Folk tell the tale of the Black Clough, and its one wicken-tree.

Barcroft Hall and the Idiot's Curse.

The family of Barcroft occupied a high position among the local gentry during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. Dr. Whitaker records that Barcroft was, from the earliest times to

which records extend down to the middle of the seventeenth century, the property and residence of a family of the same name.

The present Barcroft Hall was built in the early part of the seventeenth century, though there are traces of an older edifice of much earlier date. Over the door is the inscription—William Barcroft, 1614—and entering the house is a fine hall, or banqueting chamber, at one end of which is a gallery for musicians. William Barcroft, who built the present hall, appears, from a contemporary pedigree, to have died in 1620, leaving one daughter and three sons, the second of whom is described as a lunatic. With regard to this unfortunate man, tradition says that he was imprisoned here by a younger brother, who, by spreading a report that he was insane, endeavoured to obtain possession of the property. He confined his brother in a chamber or cellar beneath the hall, where the unfortunate youth became demented. It is said that his inhuman brother was one night entertaining a party of friends in the banqueting room, when the lunatic burst in upon the revellers, and pronounced a withering curse on the estate and family—locally known as the "Idiot's Curse," prophesying that the hall should pass into strangers' hands, and the race of Barcroft become extinct; which curse, in this neighbourhood at least, was soon fulfilled. On the walls of the cellar below the house still remain fragments of the old plaster, on which are scratched many disjointed words and sentences, said to have been written by the lunatic, among which may be deciphered the following:—

"Rise pottage—venison—cod—lobster—plumpudinge, whey pottage—Easter 1638—a lambe py—fresh hearings—a sacke possit—Doncaster—Hapton—Rufforth—Doctor of Hereforde—Banke Tope—The Lady Redman supped here a night with a leg of mutton—Thou hast nothing to doe with Ann Coollars—A man kild his wife—John Whittaker," &c.

If, as tradition asserts, these words are the writing of the lunatic,

they prove that when imprisoned he was a grown-up man, able to write and spell as well as most gentlemen of his time.

The following lines are founded upon the local tradition, which relates that it was the eldest son who was imprisoned and became a lunatic; the local histories do not make any mention of the tradition, but the pedigree in Whitaker's "Whalley" gives Robert (n. 1598, ob. 1647) as the eldest son, William, a lunatic (ob. 1641), as the second son, and Thomas (ob. 1668) a third son. Robert died childless; Thomas Barcroft had one son, who died in childhood, and three daughters, to whose children the Hall descended; so that the ancient name of Barcroft became extinguished in this neighbourhood within thirty years of the "Idiot's Curse."

Although the Barcrofts no longer flourish in the ancient house of their race, the family is still represented in Ireland in the person of Henry Barcroft, Esq., of the Glen, Newry, co. Armagh, descended from Henry Barcroft, third son of William de Barcroft, who died in February, 1581. The particulars on the following page are given from a pedigree furnished us by the present representative of the Barcrofts.

It is a tradition in the Barcroft family that their ancestor, William Barcroft, who was a Major in Oliver Cromwell's army, was offered by Cromwell, as a reward for his services, an estate near Athlone; but he, having become a Friend, or Quaker, while the matter was pending, refused the offer on conscientious grounds, as he could not accept what had been acquired by the sword. The estate was then, it is said, given to the next in command, the ancestor of the present Lord Castlemaine.

John Barcroft, youngest son of Major William Barcroft, became a well-known Quaker, as we learn from a rare little book, published in Dublin in 1730, to perpetuate his memory, entitled, "A Brief Narrative of the Life, Convincement, and Labours of Love in the Gospel Ministry of that worthy Servant of Jesus Christ, John Barcroft, who

For eleven generations ante *see Whitaker's "Whalley."*

HENRY BARCROFT.
(Third son of William de Barcroft, of Barcroft, *ob.* 1581.)
Settled at Foulridge and Noyna, Colne, Lancashire.

THOMAS BARCROFT.
Died seized of a fifth part of the Manor of Foulridge.

AMBROSE BARCROFT.
m. Mary Hartley, of Welland, near Colne.

WILLIAM BARCROFT.
(Third son.) A Major in Oliver Cromwell's army; went to Ireland, 1648, settled at Ballylaking, in King's County.
m. (1) Grace Rycroft, of Moss House, Foulridge; she and her five children were drowned when crossing to Ireland to join her husband;
(2) Margaret, daughter of Daniel Bernard, of Allincot, Colne, Lancashire.

AMBROSE BARCROFT.
(Eldest son.) *ob.* 4 May, 1687.

JOHN BARCROFT.
b. 1664; Quaker minister. (Fourth child.)

WILLIAM BARCROFT.
m. Ellen, daughter of Joseph Inman; died at Ballybritton, King's Co., 1709, *æt.* 23.

AMBROSE BARCROFT.
(Second son.) *m.* Abigail Wilcocks.

WILLIAM BARCROFT.
(Eldest son.) *ob.* in Dublin, 1745.
m. Mary Pim, daughter of Moses Pim, Esq., of Lackey.

JOHN BARCROFT.
(Second son.) *ob.* in Lisburn, 30 July, 1815.
m. Sarah Hogg, daughter of James Hogg, Esq.

MARY BARCROFT.
b. 1798.
(Still living.)

JOSEPH BARCROFT.
(Eldest son.) *ob.* 1856.
m. Mary Wright, daughter of John Wandesford Wright, of New York.

HENRY BARCROFT, Esq., of The Glen, Newry.
b. 1839. *m.* 1867, Anna Richardson, daughter of David Malcomson, of Clonmel, co. Tipperary,
and has issue two sons and three daughters.

ELIZABETH,
m. Sir Samuel Lee Anderson.

departed this Life at his House at Arkhill, in the Kingdom of Ireland, the 24th of the Eleventh Month, 1723."

A brief journal of John Barcroft is printed with the book, from which the following extracts are taken:—

"I was born at Skralegh, near Rosenallies, in the Queen's County, in Ireland, in the year 1664; about which time (or soon after) my parents were convinced of the Blessed Truth. They were born at *Couln*, in Lancashire, in England (descended from a Family of considerable Account in the World), and came to settle in Ireland in, or near, 1658: I was the youngest Child they had, and when about five years old, I went with my Mother to a Meeting of the People called Quakers, held at William Edmundson's house; where, through the effectual preaching of a servant of the LORD, (viz.) Samuel Thornton, I was greatly *reached*, and *tendered* by the LORD'S Power, insomuch that I wondered at it, and as I was going Home after the Meeting, I told my dear Mother how I had been therein, at which she was greatly broken into tears (to my Admiration), being a worthy, religious Woman."

In subsequent years, John Barcroft made many visits to London and various parts of England, and appears twice to have visited the birthplace of his father.

"In 1700" (he writes) "I went into Lancashire and had several good satisfactory Meetings about *Couln*, where my parents were born; from thence I went to John Haydock's, and thence to the monthly Meeting at Hartshaw."

"In 1705 we went from York to the monthly Meeting at Skipton, visiting Meetings on our Way thither, and had several comfortable Meetings there-away; as also about *Couln*, to many of which Meetings we had the company of divers worthy friends, as William Ellis and his *Wife*, John Ecrid, Lawrence King, and several others."

In 1720, he published—"A Faithful Warning to the Inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland, to dread the LORD, and turn from

their evil Doings, before his Fury break forth upon them, as an Overflowing Scourge."

He was buried near Edenderry, on the 27th November, 1723.

The Barcrofts intermarried several times with the Tattersalls in the sixteenth century. Isabella Barcroft, probably a sister of the William Barcroft who died in 1581, married Richard Tattersall, who died in 1587. Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Tattersall, married a William Barcroft in April, 1582. And Ann Barcroft, who seems to have been a daughter of William Barcroft, who died in 1581, married an Edward Tattersall on the 25th October, 1596, as appears from the Registers of Burnley Church.

The name of Barcroft, originally often spelt Berecroft, Brerecroft, or Bercroft, is derived from the A.-S. "bear," a "crop" or "rick," and therefore means a "rick-meadow." The sheltered pastures where the old hall is situated, favourable for the growth of hay and other crops, and adjacent to Towneley Park, were probably the origin of the name in Saxon times.

THE IDIOT'S CURSE,

OR THE LAST HEIR OF BARCROFT HALL.

"*Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;*
Imputed madness, prison'd solitude,
And the mind's canker in its savage mood,
When the impatient thirst of light and air
Parches the heart."

BYRON, *Lament of Tasso.*

As, when we look upon a stranger's face
We give the fancy scope to guess what griefs—
Which life, by change existing, brings to all—
Have drawn the lines of care about his face,
And furrow'd, like a field in autumn plough'd,
The darken'd brow above the sadden'd eyes,
So, when we gaze upon an ancient house,
The home of generations long since gone,

Looking upon its weatherbeaten walls
We ponder on its old inhabitants,
And try to summon up their history.

And as the furrows on an old man's face
Are oft no more than the recurring dint
Of common passions, and of common cares,
Yet sometimes, undiscovered hieroglyphs
Are the deep writing of a memory
The shade of whose dark horror haunts the soul,—
Even so the history of an ancient house
Forsaken by the race that built it, oft
Is not more tragic than the common tale
Of daily human life's vicissitudes:
Yet sometimes, all forgotten by the world,
But half remember'd by the folk who live
Beneath its ancient rafters, an old house
Holds the dark legend of an evil deed
Of tragic passion or injustice done,
Which haunts it like a shadow. Such a tale
Tradition tells concerning Barcroft Hall.

There, nearly three long centuries ago,
There lived a worthy yeoman of the race
Once England's strength and stay, who till'd the fields
Their fathers held from immemorial time,
Contented with their simple homely life,
Honour'd, and honouring their God and king;
High in the place of honour o'er his hearth
There hung the musket and the morion
His father furnish'd at the musters called
In Lancashire, by great Elizabeth:
And oft the fine old yeoman loved to tell
On winter evenings, by the roaring hearth,
When on the house, may be, there fiercely broke
The baffled fury of a northern storm,
How in his youth he'd seen the beacons flash
From Bouldsworth unto Pendle, all along
The Pennine summits, till from every top
From south to north, there shot up tongues of flame
To call the men of England to their arms
To meet the hosts the haughty Spaniard launch'd

Against our little Britain : as he told
The tale of how the great Armada bore,
Like a vast city floating on the wave,
Up into English waters—how the ships
Of Britain broke them, and the storms of God
Driving their huge sea-castles from our shores
Northwards, to founder on the rocky coasts
Of Orkney and the utmost Hebrides—
From the grey eyes of the old man there flash'd
Again the fires of youth, and strangers thought
That the old yeoman was a soldier born ;
A hater he of the mad game of War,
A lover of the quiet ways of Peace,
So Peace might be enjoy'd with Liberty.

Late married, he had wedded in his prime
The heiress of an ancient family,
Who bore him children ; first two sons, and then,
Later in life, a daughter. All his love
When, not long after, his wife left the world,
Seem'd given to her: and sure there was no heart,
The hardest on the moors or in the town,
But loved the little blue-eyed Golden-hair,
Ellen, the Sunshine of old Barcroft Hall,—
For so her father, when he heard her voice
And laughter, light as linnets' songs in spring,
Making glad music in the ancient house
Or in the garden, call'd her. His two sons
William and Robert the good father loved,
Tho', as must often be when men wed late,
There lack'd 'twixt him and them the sympathy
That lives with younger fathers and their sons
Grown up to manhood : William, as the heir
Of his old name and acres, as the mark
Of all his dearest wishes, the old man
Loved first and best, tho' Robert too he loved
But little after ; tho' his nature, dark
As the black scog the lonely shepherd sees
Come sweeping down the clough, foreboded storm.

Nature, by some deep law the wise man marks,
Which makes the simple marvel, often makes

Between the offspring of a single seed
In flower and beast and man, a variance
Fine in the lowest, broadest in the best:
And had a stranger seen the brothers, sure
He would have said no father own'd them both;
For William, like his father tall, was fair
Like Ellen, with his sister's azure eyes:
While Robert, of a shorter stature, dark,
Had brows as black as is the thunder-cloud
'Neath whose dark edge the jagged lightning plays.
He loved the coarse sports of the country-side,
Bull-baitings, mains of cocks, and drinking-bouts
Prolong'd till morning after the long hunt,
In noisy taverns, or the echoing hall:
While William, of a finer nature, rare
In those rough times when few could guide the pen,
And learning seem'd but from the parson due,
Cared not for the rough sports his brother loved:
Nature, who ne'er deceives who loves her well,
And books, the better part of the best men,
Were his most dear companions: so he earn'd
From the rude people of the country round,
Upon whose fix'd horizon something strange,
Beyond their little world's experience,
Was ever held for marvel, the report
Of strange, crook-witted: the wise women said
(Gaining the faith of all the credulous)
That, as a babe, the lad had been bewitch'd:
For who, they sagely asked, without an aim
Would wander lonely on the barren hills—
Lie stretch'd for half a day beside a stream
In summer, listening to its babbling fall—
Wander by moonlight on the ghostly moors,
Still as the shadow of a floating cloud,
Unless some charm had touch'd him? William reck'd
Little this chatter of the gossipers:
The only fairy, he would sometimes say,
He e'er had found with power to charm his life,
The only witch to help him from dark thoughts,
With spells to make the world burst into bloom,
Was little Ellen; she would tell him then
She was no fairy: fairies had gems and gold,

Long days, and all the hearts of men desire,
But she had only love: he would reply
That she had that no fairy could bestow,
A richer gift than all their treasury.

So passed the years, until the girl had grown
Almost to womanhood: the yeoman, hale
And strong, like all true natives of the moors,
Seem'd one whose years the Psalmist's estimate
Would far outnumber: yet had trouble blanch'd
His hair, and bow'd his back before its time:
The loss of his dear wife had aged him much:
Robert, the scandal of whose riots ran
For miles among the moors, had given him,
From the lad's boyhood, many an anxious hour:
Yet when the neighbours aye on Sundays saw
The old man sitting in his seat at church,
(The first below the Chancel) with his heir
Beside him, and the Sunshine of the hall,
A worthy type of England's yeomanry,
They thought that God would keep the good man theirs,
To bless the parish with his liberal hand
And honest counsel, many a year to come.

Alas for hopes that hang upon the force
That drives the human heart! on life that ends
In dusty ashes! soon a Sunday came,
A misty one in early autumn time—
The Barcroft pew was empty: few men knew,
All guess'd the cause: but when the minister,
Solemn beyond his wont of Sabbath speech,
Gravely gave out his text—"The spirit shall
"Return to God, who gave it,"—then with words
More solemn in the solemn stillness, spoke
Of the inscrutable decrees of God,
Who takes the good man in his crown of days,
Perchance from ill to come—of sudden death,
With all familiar warnings to prepare
To young and old alike—his hearers knew
That Barcroft of the Hall was lying dead:
And when they clustered in the churchyard paths
After the service, it was whisper'd round:

Robert, returning to the Hall that morn,
Had found his father sitting in his hall
Dead, with his Bible on the table laid,
And open at the text the preacher chose.

Sadly that winter pass'd at Barcroft Hall:
The old man's friends, who in his life had made
The old Hall cheerful with their visits, came
But rarely now, scant calls of courtesy:
And when they came their presence like a gleam
Of cheerless sun in winter, seemed to make
Darker the shade 'twixt the old days and these:
Robert for weeks was absent from the Hall,
Rioting with his friends in those rough sports
With which he fain had made the old Hall ring:
And Ellen, as the long drear winter crept
Slowly towards the spring-time, never strong,
Grew pale with the first snowdrops of the year:
She, tempted out one treacherous morn of March
For a loved ramble on the sodden moors,
Caught a quick chill, and ere the violets
Bloom'd—for they flower late in these high vales,
The bearers bore her to the chancel-vault
Beside her parents: so the sunshine fled
For ever from the roof of Barcroft Hall.

For William, with no outlet from himself,
With none to brighten his habitual mood
Of melancholy, then grew sadder still,
More silent; to the superstitious folk
More strange than ever; now he seldom spoke:
More oft his restless spirit drove him out
From the lone chambers of the darken'd Hall
Before the morning, when the night had fall'n
On to the waste heights of the windy moors
Whose grassy ridges stretch for many a mile
Of utter solitude, behind the Hall:
There oft the early shepherd, or the late
Returning traveller, saw his shadow move
In the dim light, and knew it was a sprite,
A ghost, or the young heir of Barcroft Hall.

'Twas then, or earlier even, as no man knows
When first the lurking poison in the blood,
That kills the man, begins to work, to brood—
Doubtless, a dark thought woke in Robert's soul:
What! must he ever hold the second place
To this poor dreamer in his father's Hall?
His brother's name, which but before in jest
Or scornful laughter seldom crossed his lips,
He sometimes now would name compassionately:
"Poor William! but he had been sorely tried!
He had been ever strange, and now, he fear'd—
He greatly fear'd, his grief might turn his brain.
One could but hope!"—and so, by subtle hint,
Which in the ignorant fancy quickly grows
To more than affirmation, the bruit spread
Young Barcroft trembled on the awful verge
Of lunacy: so few men marvell'd much,
Or greatly cared (for they who little walk
In the world's ways, the world will soon forget)—
When, as the second spring came round again
After the father's death, the silent form
Of the young heir was seen no more in church,
In town, or wandering on the lonely hills;
Or when the news buzz'd round the alehouse bench
In Burnley, thence to all the hamlets round,
The strangeness of the heir of Barcroft Hall
Had grown to madness, hopeless lunacy;
With such fierce fits of fury in its hours
Of raving maniac passion, that perforce,
For fear of harm to others or himself,
He had been shut up safely underground,
In a dark room with one small window in it,
Below the banquet-chamber of the Hall.

Alas! that so much sorrow in the world
Remains unheal'd, that so much cruel wrong
Dies unredress'd, because men do not know!
Or do not know until the grief or wrong
Is past all help or healing in the world!
For had forgotten dead men known the crime
Whose horror, after these long centuries

Haunts the old Hall, upon the plaster'd walls
Of whose dark dungeon chamber yet there cling
The sad proofs of a noble mind o'erthrown,
Disjointed scrawls, and idiot maunderings—
Had they but known the brother's cruel crime—
Which shall not be forgotten when the Hall
Is fall'n, with those fast-mould'ring witnesses,—
They would have burst thro' walls and bolts of brass
To free the wrong'd last heir of Barcroft Hall!

How long that prisoner of a brother's hate
Lived in that darksome chamber of the Hall
Tradition tells not: pain and hopeless grief
Count not their hours by any calendar.
What measure of the time remained to him
From whom the ministers of days to men—
Dawn, and clear noon, and peaceful close of day,
Still midnight, with the moon above the moors—
And all the sights and sounds of the glad earth
Were quite shut out? Alas! to one who loved
Nature in all her moods of calm and storm,
To know, at spring-tide, prison'd in his own,
The larks were singing o'er his grassy fields,
The plovers crying o'er the sunlit moors,
The free brooks dancing downward from the hills,
And not to hear them! That the violet
And primrose bloom'd in all the sunny nooks,
And not to see them! Crueller than all
To know his burden not the hand of God,
But his own brother's hate! It was not long,
Doubtless, before his brother's hand fulfill'd
His cruel slander: ere the balances
Of matter with the prisoned soul, which men
Call sanity, were shattered and o'erthrown:
And where a rough man, like an animal
With food sufficient, would have linger'd long,
Until the lack of light and exercise
Dissolv'd the frame a little ere its time,
Barcroft, whose nature was more finely pois'd,
Became, in a few courses of the moon,
A broken man, a hopeless lunatic.

One night in winter, so tradition tells,
The roar of the wild wind without the house
Drown'd by the banquet revellings within,
The fratricide was feasting with his friends,
Holding their noisy revels in the Hall:
When the poor idiot, in a lucid hour,
Found his strong dungeon-door unlock'd, unbarr'd;
So creeping softly up the stony steps,
Burst on a sudden in the lighted hall.

There for a minute, dazed by the lights, he stood
At the hall door, and wildly gazed around:
The fiddlers, playing in the gallery
High on the left, beheld him first, and ceas'd:
The guilty brother—like that murderer
Made king, who once at such a midnight hour
Feasting in Forres, saw his victim's ghost
And trembled—saw him next, and trembled too,
As he beheld the haggard face of him
He had so deeply wrong'd: the matted hair
Grown long and grey about the brows, the eyes
Bright with the light of madness, the thin form
Broken and bent by long imprisonment,—
He saw, and guilty terror made him stone.

'Twas then, when the poor, fallen, darken'd mind
Perceiv'd the walls which it had known so well
In happy childhood and the days of youth—
The painted faces of his forefathers
Gazing upon him, and his brother's face—
The broken waves of Memory, rushing back
Like shatter'd breakers sweeping down a shore
At midnight, 'neath dark clouds, against a storm,
Gather'd in one full flood, and hurried on
By the fierce winds of fury, flung themselves
In one sharp outburst of disjointed speech
Against the cruel rocks that wreck'd his life:
Then, as tradition handed down by men
Whose sons still live upon the land, relates,
He cursed his cruel brother, praying Heaven
Might never send him children, that the Hall
And lands might pass into a stranger's hands:

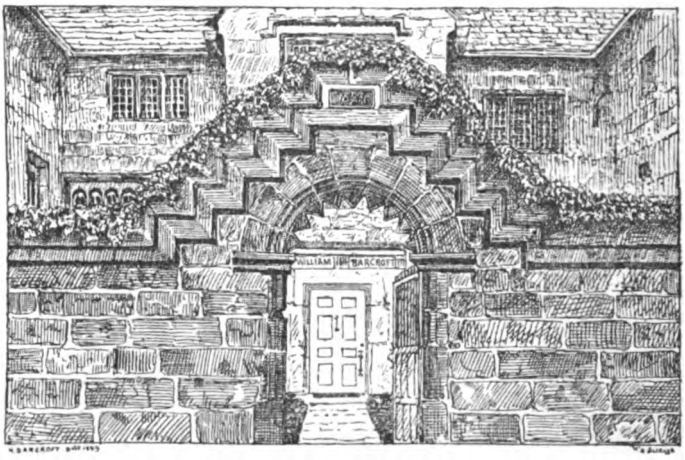
So rushing from the broken banquet, burst
From the old Hall, into the winter storm!

O Nature! kinder in thy hardest mood
Than are the cruel hearts of cruel men,
Did the poor witless lover feel once more
On that wild winter's midnight, in the storm,
The ancient love he bore thee? Did thy winds
With dark clouds sweeping o'er the lofty moors,
Speak to him in thy once familiar tongue
If not of rest, at least of liberty?
Or was thy once-lov'd voice to him no more
Than his own idiot ravings to sane men,
But vacant sound? Alas! for who can tell?
For nevermore was Barcroft seen alive.
It seem'd, some link of broken memory
With the old days when thou hadst all his heart
He had retain'd: for when the searchers search'd
For many days to find him on the moors,
And found him not on moor, in vale or glen,
An aged servant, who had serv'd the Hall
In happier days, and knew his master's haunts,
Went out to seek him: stretch'd beside the Brun,
In the Rock Glen, hard by the Poet's Seat,
The faithful servant found his master, dead.

Do words of men a little ere their deaths
Partake of prophecy, as some suppose,
And does the parting soul, whenso it hears
Its needfare to the spirit's unknown shore,
See clearer into dim futurity
Than hale men blinded by the mists of earth?
Or does the malediction of the man
Who has been deeply wrong'd, as some believe,
Bring, of itself, its own dread consequence?
Say rather, Wrong and Evil ever work
And ever must work till their final doom,
Their own destruction, their sure torment born
Of their own action; that the Power which rules
This seeming riddle of a tangled world,
This changing Earth by never-changing law,
At which we purblind men, who see but part,

In our perplexities so madly rail,
Deals not like human justice, long delay'd
Or long delaying, but makes every deed
Bear, as each seed contains its fitting fruit,
Its right reward or certain punishment.

Thus was it that the Idiot's curse soon found
Its dark fulfilment: six years afterwards,
Shunn'd by his friends, in lonely misery
The murderer died unmourn'd, and nevermore
Voices of children of the ancient blood
Were heard in the old chambers of the Hall:
Thus, after many prosperous centuries,
The Barcrofts' ancient race was blotted out
For ever from the fields which bear their name,
But now are held by others, strangers' hands.



ENTRANCE TO COURTYARD, BARCROFT HALL.

RICHARD TATTERSALL.

(From the mezzotint of the Portrait by Thomas Beach.)

[*Face p.* 121.

XII.

MEMORIE OF THE TATTERSALLS.

"That which prevailled most with me to follow this designe in collecting the memories of my predecessors, was the apprehensione and hopes I have, that nothing prevaills more with generous soules to perswad them to glory and virtue. then to know that they aither represent ancient families themselves, or are descended from worthie parents."

JAMES, ELEVENTH LORD SOMERVILLE, A.D. 1679. *Memorie of the Somervilles.*

BEFORE the Conquest, the Saxon Earl Edwin owned many manors or lordships in Lincolnshire, especially in the neighbourhood of Boston. His Kentish wife Ethelburga was familiarly called "Tate," a favourite Saxon feminine name; and Tateshal, now spelt Tattershall, near Boston, derives in all probability its name from the wife of Earl Edwin, meaning the "hall" or residence of "Tate."

After the Conquest, the manor of Tatesal or Tateshal was conferred by King William on Eudo, a Breton, who had sailed with him from Normandy.

Eudo took up his residence at Tateshal, and built a castle there, which was afterwards superseded by the present castle, now in ruins, built by Cromwell, the powerful Lord Treasurer of Henry VI.

In the first year of King John, a descendant of Eudo, Robert de Tateshal, was sheriff of Lancashire (Harl. MSS., 259).

It seems probable that it was to this connection of the De Tateshal family with Lancashire, that the name of Tattersall in the latter county owes its origin, although there is no record that Robertus de Tateshal left any descendants in Lancashire. His own title

became extinct in the male line in 1305, when the last De Tateshal died under age, and the vast possessions of the family were divided among his three aunts. The first record of the name of Tattersall in Blackburnshire is in the year 1380, in which year it appears from an acquittance by a receiver of the honour of Clitheroe, that he had received the sum of £1 2s. 5d. from the heir of Peter Tattersall, of the Holme (Whitaker's "Whalley," vol. ii. p. 203).

Eight years later (A.D. 1388) occurs an inquisition of the Duchy Escheator, taken at Lancaster, upon the oaths of Roger de Ethelston, Thomas Banastre of Osbaldestone, Henry Banastre, John Parker de Folrigge, William de Marsden of Swinden, Robert de Holden of Symondeston, Geoffres de Blacay, and other jurors, which show that Peter Tattersall, who lately held certain lands and tenements in the vill: of Brereclive and Extwisell, with appurtances, of John, Duke of Lancaster, King of Castille, by knight's service, had given the said lands and tenements to one Robert del Stokke, his heir in fee simple, subject to the condition that the said Robert, and his heirs in perpetuity, should furnish a chaplain to say prayers for the souls of the King of England, and of the heirs of the said Peter Tattersall, for ever.

At the dissolution of the Chantries in the reign of Edward VI. no trace could be found of this pious benefaction of Peter Tattersall. (See note, page 123).

The following is a translation of the inquisition, from the Towneley MSS. (Chetham Society, Vol. 95).

PETER TATTERSALL.

12 Ric. II. (8th August 1388).

Inquisition taken at Lancaster on Saturday in the vigil of St. Lawrence in the 12th year of Ric. II. before Robert de Ursewyke Escheator of John King of Castille and Leon, Duke of Lancaster, by the oath of Roger de Etheleston, Thomas Banastr' of Osbaldeston, Henry Banastre, John Parker of Folrigge, William de Marsden of Swinden, Robert de Holden of Symondeston, Geoffrey de Blacay, William de Lynals, Adam del Fere, Henry de . . . shagh, Lawrence de Helme and William de Ribilchestre. Who

say upon their oath that Peter Tattersall lately held certain lands and tenements called Extwisell in the town of Brerecliffe with the appurtenances of John King of Castille and Leon, &c. by military service and doing suit in the Wappentage of Blakeburnshire, to himself and his heirs for ever. Which said Peter gave the aforesaid lands and tenements to a certain Robert del Stokke, to him and his heirs in fee simple for ever, with this condition, that the said Robert del Stokke and his heirs should find for ever to celebrate divine service every day throughout the year in the Chapel of Brunlay, for the souls of the King of England and of the heirs of the said Peter for ever.

And the jurors say that the aforesaid Robert del Stokke gave all the aforesaid lands and tenements in form aforesaid to one Thomas del Stokke parson, in fee simple, &c. under the condition aforesaid.

They also say that the Chantry of one Chapel was subtracted by the aforesaid Thomas del Stokke parson, from the feast of St. Michael the Archangel 11 Ric. II. until the feast of Holy Trinity in the 11th year of the said King.

The aforesaid lands and tenements called Extwisell with their appurtenances are worth per annum in all issues beyond reprises 100s.

Six ecclesiastical books worth 10s. were stolen and taken away by a certain thief who is unknown, which books came into the hands of the Abbot of Whalley and Nicholas del Yorke, a monk of the same place, who have to answer to the Lord for the same.

In witness whereof the Jurors aforesaid have set their seals.

Given the day, place and year aforesaid.

The feast of St. Lawrence, 10th August, falling this year on a Monday, the vigil was kept on Saturday.

In the year 1402, that is, about twenty-two years after the death of Peter Tattersall of the Holme, Extwistle and Briercliff, we find the names of Richard and Edmund Tattersall as signatories to a

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"The fourteenth century was not an age of serious and true devotion. . . . But this incredulity was not definitive, and did not hinder superstitious practices. Men did not understand how to go straight forward; instead of opening the gates of heaven with their own hands, they imagined they could get it done by those of others; they had Paradise gained for them by the neighbouring monastery as they had their lands worked for them by their tenants. . . Men lived at their ease, and quieted themselves by writing pious donations in their wills, as if they could, according to the words of a French writer of a later date, 'corrupt and win over by gifts God and the Saints, whom we ought to appease by good works and by the amendment of our sins.' Very instructive reading is that of the last acts and wills of the rich lords of the fourteenth century."—Jusserand ("English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages").

Costumale, which has been called the Magna Charta of Blackburnshire. This Costumale appears to have been drawn up in order to codify the customs, and perhaps previously unwritten usages, of the district, and its preamble runs as follows (Whitaker's "Whalley," vol. i., p. 265) :—

"Hec indentura facta apud Brunlay die martis proximo ante festum Purificationis B. Marie Virginis anno regni Regis Henrici Quarti post Conquestum Anglie tercio coram Thoma Radclyf de Wimmerlegh tunc Senescallo de Blakburnshire testatur quod ad requisitionem omnium tenentium . . . . consuetudin' infra Wapentachium predictum, Inquisicio de consuetudinibus fuit dicto die Mart' et capta fuit certis de causis inter ipsos tenentes motis per sacramentum. Witti Mersden, Gilberti del Legh, Joh'is Parker de Ightynyll, Uchtredi Schotilworth, Rob'ti de Blakey, Witti Foldes, sen., Witti de Birtwissel, Joh: Tatt'sall, sen., Ric: Tatt'sall, sen., Nic. Both . . . ., del Riley de Hawkyshogh, Joh'is Ellot, et Joh: del Legh, qui dicunt super Sacramentum suum quod hec sunt jura et consuetudines sua : Qui tenent aliquas terras et tenementa secundum consuetudinem manerii ut de Honore Lincoln quibus antecessores sui a tempore quo non exstat memoria usi fuerint; videlicit . . . . [fifteen items]. In quibus omnium consuetudinum testamonium juratores prædicti, ... necnon Thomas de Radcliff, senescallus . . . . die anno et loco huic . . . . sigilla sua apposuimus."

After Richard and John Tattersall, who we find from this Charter held an important position in the district in the year 1402, holding their lands "according to the custom of the manor and honour of Lincoln, according to immemorial usage," no record is found of the family till the reign of Henry VIII.

In the year 1522 (14 Hen. VIII.) a royal subsidy was levied in the township of Burnley. The king, who had inherited a well-filled exchequer from his father, had dissipated all his ready money by all

sorts of extravagance, among which was the celebrated "Field of the Cloth of Gold," the cost of which his loyal subjects had to bear. The following official record of the assessment is from the original parchment roll, now at the Record Office, and is a list of all persons of substance in the township of Burnley at the time.

List of all persons assessed to the Royal Subsidy in the Township of Burnley, in 1522.

Rychard Townley, in landes		40s.	2s.
Symon Haydock,	„	40s.	2s.
Hugh Abryngham,	„	40s.	2s.
Lawrence Shotylworth,	„	40s.	2s.
James Barcroft, in goodes		80s.	2s.
Gilbert Hewood,	„	80s.	2s.
John Woodroff, in landes		40s.	2s.
Rychard Tattersall,	„	20s.	12d.
Rychard Towne,	„	20s.	12d.
William ffoldes,	„	20s.	12d.
John Woodroff Jr. in goodes		80s.	2s.
George Byrche,	„	80s.	2s.

p" me John Townley, Knyght.
p" me Alexander Osbaldeston, Knyght.
p" me Thom. Southworth, Knyght.
p" me Thom. Langton, Knyght.

The Richard Tattersall above mentioned died in the year 1524, as appears from the following "Inquisition post mortem," now at the Record Office.

Duchy of Lancaster. Inquisition post mortem. 21 *Henry VIII.* (1530). *Vol. VI., No.* 38. (Translated from the original Latin.)

"Ricūs Tattersall.

"Memorandum that on the 1st day of February in the 21st year of the reign of Henry VIII., at Lancaster, this was delivered into the office in the Chancery of the Duchy of Lancaster.

"Inquisition indented taken at Wigan in the county of Lancashire, on the 29th day of January, 21 Henry VIII., before James Worseldy,

Knight, Escheator of the said lord the King, in his County Palatine of Lancashire, by virtue of a Writ de Mandamus of the said lord the King directed to the said Escheator after the death of Richard Tattersall, and attached to this inquisition, by the oath of Arthur Ince, William Bradshawe of Aspull, Richard Molyneux of Wigan Wodehouses, Alexander Caterall, John Orell, Thomas Hyton, Robert Wilde, John Hilton, Ralph Asheton of Banfirlong, Gilbert Bradshawe, William Ashehurst, William Forde, Robert Colley, and Hugh Wodeward, Jurors, who say upon their oath that the aforesaid Richard Tattersall, named in the said writ, was seised in his demesne as of fee of and in 4 messuages, 80 acres of land, 16 acres of meadow, 40 acres of pasture, 10 acres of wood, 20 acres of moor and turbary, with their appurtenances in the towns of Brereclif and Burnley in Co. Lanc. And he died so thereof seised.

"And the said jurors likewise say that 3 messuages, 50 acres of land, 10 acres of meadow, 36 acres of pastures, 6 acres of wood, 18 acres of moor and turbary, with their appurtenances in Brereclif aforesaid, parcels of the premises, are held of the King, as of his duchy of Lancaster, by knight's service, but by what part of a knight's fee or by what rent the jurors know not, and they are worth per annum in all issues beyond reprises 4 marks. And that 1 messuage, 30 acres of land, 6 acres of meadow, 4 acres of pasture, 4 acres of wood, and 2 acres of moor and turbary, with their appurtenances, in Burnley aforesaid, parcel of the premises, are held by whom they know not, neither do they know by what rent or by what service they are held, and they are worth per annum in all issues beyond reprises 40s.

"And the jurors further say that the said Richard Tattersall died on the 20th December, 15 Henry VIII., and that one Richard Tattersall is the kinsman and next heir of the same Richard Tattersall named in the writ, to wit, the son of Christopher Tattersall, son of

Richard Tattersall, senior, and was aged on the day of the taking of this inquisition thirty-six years and more.

"The jurors also say that Richard Tattersall, the son, after the death of Richard Tattersall named in the writ, entered into all and singular the aforesaid messuages, lands, meadow, and other the premises, with their appurtenances, and took the issues, rents, and profits of the same from the day of the death of the said Richard Tattersall up to the day of taking this inquisition, to his own proper use. In witness whereof as well the said Escheator, as the said jurors to this present inquisition have set their seals. Given the day, year, and place aforesaid."

Richard Tattersall, the grandson of the Richard who died in 1524, and who appears to have been aged thirty at his grandfather's death, died a very old man in the year 1587. He married a Barcroft of Barcroft Hall, and had three sons, Edmund, Richard, and John, and several daughters.

In the muster of soldiers in the county of Lancaster, August 16, 1574 (Harl. MSS. 1926), Richard Tattersall, along with other local yeomen, R. Smithe, Nicholas Halsted, John and Peter Ormerode, Henrie Barcrofte, and others, had each to furnish one longbowe, one sheffe of arrowes, one skull (or steel cap), and one bill for the use of Her Majesty.

From the "Spending of the Money of Roger Nowell"—the MSS. of which was found at Towneley Hall—we find that his youngest son John was a "poore Scholler of Brasnose in Oxforde" in 1571, and received sundry monies from the Nowell fund in the same year that the poet, Edmund Spenser, received a gratuity from the same benefaction while at Pembroke College, Cambridge. From the records of Brasenose College it appears that he supplicated for his B.A. on 13 February, 1575/6, but does not seem to have taken his degree. From an entry in the Nowell book we learn that his father,

Richard Tattersall, visited his son at Oxford in July 1572, and took with him xiij^{s}. iiij^{d}, from the Nowell fund for a certain "William Massie, a poore scholler of brod gattes in Oxforde."

A copy of Richard Tattersall's will is preserved in the Probate Court of Chester, dated 6th December, 1587, in which he is described as "Richard Tattersall of Brearcliffe." Barnard Townley of Hyrstwood, gentleman, is fined and "seased by copie of courte rolle" according to the custom of the Manor of Ightenhill of his messuages in Burnley wood, and is to pay eight pounds for eight yeares from the day of Richard Tattersall's "naturall decease" for the "helpe and preferment" of Richard Tattersall his younger son.

Edmund Tattersall, his eldest son, is indebted to him twenty pounds for the rents of his lands in Burnley wood, which he bequeaths to Alis Hargreaves, wife of John Hargreaves, and daughter of "me the said Richard Tattersall," and Anne Hallsted, wife of Hughe Hallsted, also his daughter, "equallie to be devyded betweene them." To Alys he leaves "one arke standing in the barne and one great spyte."

To Anne, "one meale arke and three shifte boardes."

To Richard Tattersall, one "arke standing in the barne and three shifte boardes."

To "John Tatersall, my son," one grey mare. To "John Tattersall" son of Edmund Tattersall vi^{s} viii^{d}. To Alys Barcrofte, daughter of Thomas Barcrofte of Moseley, iiii^{s}.

The "rest and residue of all my goods and chatalles whatsoever moveable and unmoveable," to "John Tattersall and Richard Tattersall my sonnes equallie."

"Edmunde Tattersall, my sonne, my true and lawfull executor, the same to accomplishe as my speciall truste is in him and as he will answeare at the most dredefull day of Judgment."

Barnard Townley of Hurstwood, John Parker, John Hallsted, and others are witnesses to the will, and the following particulars of the

Inventory of his goods are interesting as showing the "goodes and chatalles" of a Lancashire yeoman of the times of Queen Elizabeth, and the value of property at the time.

Among debts owing to the Testator:—

George Smith of Burnley for six fat sheepe . . .	xi^{s}. x^{d}.
John Houghton for a mare	xlv^{s}. viii^{d}.

INVENTORY OF GOODS.

It^{m}. iiij kyne and one heifer	ix^{li}.
„ ii steares	v^{li}. iii^{s}. iv^{d}.
„ iiij stirkes (yearling cows)	v^{li}. iii^{s}. iv^{d}.
„ iiij calves	l^{s}.
„ lxi sheepe	x^{li}.
„ one grey mare	xl^{s}.
„ one nagge	liii^{s}. iv^{d}.
„ one swyne	xxv^{s}.
„ in corne and hay	xiiij^{li}.
„ one chymney wth. other iron things belonging to y^{t}. .	xx^{s}.
„ in beddinge	liii^{s}. iiij^{d}.
„ ii table clothes, one towell, ii litle course towels and i napkin	iiij^{s}. vi^{d}.
„ in brasse and peuter	iii^{li}. xii^{d}.
„ i wooden vessell	xvi^{s}. iiij^{d}.
„ i saltinge fat	x^{s}.
„ in stoffe	xx^{s}.
„ in meale and groates	xxxiii^{s}. iiij^{d}.
„ in wheat	xx^{d}.
„ in butter	vi^{s}.
„ a gavilocke, a hacke, a spade, ii axes, iii wymbles .	vi^{s}.
„ vii sackes, a window cloth	vii^{s}.
„ xxviii lofte boardes	x^{s}.
„ waynes, wheeles, plowes, harrowes, yokes and hames .	xxviij^{s}.
„ sythes, forkes, and a pare of sheares	v^{s}.
„ turves and coales	vi^{s}. viii^{d}.
„ in swyne meat	iii^{s}. iiij^{d}.
„ iii ladders	xii^{d}.
„ iii pulland	iiij^{s}.
„ ames and ii hookes	xx^{d}.
„ chaires, stooles, formes and quyssons . . .	iii^{s}.
„ in salt	xx^{d}.

It^{m}. his apparell	xx^{s}.
„ in Lymestones	iiij^{s}.
„ viii flagge-stones	x^{s}. iiij^{d}.
„ iii stone troughes	iii^{s} iiij^{d}.
„ lether tanned and untanned	xii^{s}.
„ one backstone	vi^{d}.
Sm̃ total . .	lxx^{ti} iiij^{s}.

Edmund, the eldest son of this Richard Tattersall, who died in 1587, survived his father only ten years. He married on the 4th of June, 1573, Jenet Halstede, daughter of Oliver Halstede of Rowley Hall, and his will, a copy of which is at the Probate Court at Chester, is dated the second day of November, 1597. The preamble of the will is as follows:—

"In the name of God Amen. the seconde day of November in the yeare of our Lord God 1597, and in the XXXIX yeare of the raigne of o^{r} moste gracious soveraigne Ladie Elizabeth by the grace of God of England and ffraunce . . . I, Edmunde Tattersall yeoman, being sicke in bodie but of goode and p/fecte remembrance praysed be God . . . comende my soule into the hands of Almyghtie God through whose merit and the merits of our Savior Jesus Christ his passion I trust to be saved, and my bodie to Xian buriall wth in the p/ishe churche of Burnley."

He leaves his "copieholde in Burnley, Burneley wood Habreghameves, little Ightenhill and Brearcliffe within her Ma^{ties} manor of Ightenhill to the use of John Halsted of Rowley," intendinge not onlie the establishment of the said messuage, land, and ten/te in my name and bloude but allso the helpe and p/ferment of my wiffe and yonge children."

He also leaves to the use (in trust) of John Halsted "25 acres of land at Ridge ende and his moytie or halfe of two messuages and one tofte in Burnley in occupation of George Smith, Roger Birche and Issabell Mitchell, 21 acres of land in Burneley wood called Moysley in his occupation, and that of Thomas Barcrofte, and Richard Wyndle,

with the "moore comons and wastes in Burnley, &c. thereunto appertaining" to the "use and behoufe of Jenett Tattersall in the name of her joynture or dower," and after her decease to John Hallsted to the "use and behoufe of Edmunde Tattersall and Ellen Tattersall, until the sum of "one hundrethe and 3 score pounde of lawfull English money apeece" shall have been paid them. After the decease of Jenett his wife "ffower pounde a yeare to Ann" (his daughter) to be paid half-yearly "at the feaste of Pentecoste and St Martin the Bishoppe in Winter."

John Hallsted to be seised of one other messuage 14 acres of lande, 1 rood and ½ rood, in Haberghameves, in "occupation of Henry ffoulds and Marie his wiffe, to the use and behoufe of Henry ffoulds, paying to E. T.'s heires or assignes the yearlie rent of £5 13s. 4d., and also paying all rentes, duties, and service which shall be due to the churche or the Queene's Ma^tie^ thereon."

If after the decease of the said Henry ffoulds, Marie ffoulds marry again without the lycence of E. T. or his heires, then John Hallsted is to stand seised of it for the use of the eldest son of Henrie ffoulds, during the life of the said Marie ffoulds, at the same rent.

John Hallsted and his heires to stand seised of 21 acres of land 1 rood, called Cockden, now in occupation of Richard Ingham and Ann Gryme, and allso of 16 acres of land 1 rood in occ^n^ of Henrie ffoulds and Laurance ffletcher; to the use and behoufe of Richard Tattersall, seconde sonne of the said Edmund; the said lands after Richard's decease and his wife Jenett's decease, as well as the lands bequeathed to her, to John Tattersall, sonne and heire apparent of the said Edmund, and after to his heires; in default of such issue, to Richard and his heires; in defaulte to Edmunde and his heires; and in defaulte to his righte heires.

"Whereas he is seased of an estate in ffee symple one capitall messuage, other buildings, lands, and t/ments, medowes, feedinge and pastures, in Brearcliffe, now in his occupation and that of

Thomas Smith, he bequeaths it to the use and behoufe of his sonne, John Tatt: and his heires; in default to Richard; in default to Edmund; in default to his right heires . . . . my goodes after my decease to be equallie divided into three partes, the firste p^te^ to Richard, Edmunde, Anne, and Ellen, my sons and daughters, equallie to be divided; the other two parts, my funerall expenses thereof discharged, I give and bequeath to Jenett, my wiffe . . the said John Hallsted my true and lawfull executor as my speciall trust is in hym."

Witnesses :—

John Parker
Hughe Hallsted
Thomas Barcrofte
John Ormeroide
Richard Inghaṁ and others.

The Inventory of the goods was taken by John Parker, Hugh Hallsted, Laurance Ormeroide, and Robert Toune, on the 25th November, 1597.

In the ten years since the death of his father the price of cattle appears to have risen, as may be seen from the following items from the inventory.

Imprimis	iiij oxen	xix^ti^
it^m^	viiij kyne	xxiii^s^
,,	iij stirke	vi^li^
,,	a horse	vi^li^
,,	ij swyne	liii^s^ iiij^d^
,,	arkes and chistes	vi^li^ xvi^s^ iv^d^
,,	silver spones	xlvi^s^ viii^d^
,,	a muskett w^th^ the morion and the boxes	xx^s^
,,	his apparell	xl^s^
,,	furniture for an archer (probably for the Musters in 1574)	xiii^s^ iiii^d^
,,	Lyme-Stones	xx^s^
,,	in golde	xx^s^

Shortly after Edmund Tattersall's death in 1597, his widow presented a petition to the County Palatine Court, for the purpose of restraining her eldest son John from carrying out certain measures contrary to the spirit of his father's will. From this petition it appears that Edmund Tattersall had intended to disinherit his eldest son for his misconduct, but had been persuaded on his death-bed by some of his friends not to do so entirely on his eldest son expressing sorrow for his faults, with promises that his father's will should be strictly carried out. These promises were, it seems, only made to be broken, for only a few months after Edmund Tattersall's death, his widow complains in the petition to the Duchy Court that her eldest son had not only broken his promise, but conspired with others to obtain possession of property which had been left for the use of his mother and her younger children.

The following are a few extracts from the lengthy "complaint" of Jenet Tattersall.

Duchy Pleadings. Vol. 150.

x°. Maii, 1598. To the righte honorable S^r^ Robte Cecyll Knight principall Secretarie unto the Queenes most excellent Ma^ty^ and Chauncellor of her Graces Duchie of Lanc̄.

"In most humble wise complayning sheweth unto yo^r^ hono^r^ yo^r^ supp^t^ and Daylie Oratrix Jenet Tattersall Widdowe late wife of Edmonde Tattersall late of the Rydge Ende in Brunlye in the County of Lanc. yoman deceased as well for and on the p^te^ and behalfe of her selfe as also of Edmonde Tattersall Ellen Tattersall and Anne Tattersall Three of the younger children of him the said Edmonde Tattersall deceased and of her the said Jenet That whereas he the said Edmonde Tattersall late husbande of yo^r^ said Oratrix and late sonn and heire of Richarde Tattersall late of Brearcliffe in the County aforesaid yoman deceased was in his life time amongst other things lawfully seased in his Demesne as of Fee by Coppie of Court Rolle according to the Custome of her M^t^ Mann^or^ of Ightenhill in her

highnes County of Lanc̄ of and in one Messuag and other Edifice and Fyve and Twenty acres and halfe an acre of Lande wth thapp^{e}-tenance in Brunley Comonly called the Rydge ende, w^{ch} he the said Edmonde Tattersall the Father deceased heretofore hadd and obteyned amongst other things of and by the S^{r}render of him the said Richarde Tattersall deceased his said late father w^{ch} was pcell of the auncient copiholde Inheritance of him the said Richarde Tatersall and of his Auncest^{rs}" . . . The document goes on to recite that Edmonde Tatersall had also been possessed of an estate in Brunleye Woode through his father Richarde and his mother Isabell, which had been the coppyhold Inheritance of the said Isabell (Barcroft) and that he had surrendered both to John Halsted, son and heir of Oliver Halsted, of Rowley Hall, for "th' only use proffitte and behoufe of yo^{r} saide Oratrix."

After recording at great length particulars of other arrangements with regard to other properties, Jenet Tattersall goes on to say that her husband having a "purpose and intent to Settle and Assure the said Coppiholde lande and his use therein to such uses that the same might be a p'ferm^{t} unto y^{or} said Oratrix and also unto them the saide Edmond Tatersall Ellen Tatersall and Anne Tatersall younger children of him the said Edmond, the rather in regarde that he did receave and knowe that John Tatersall then sonne and heire Apparante of him the said Edmonde the father was groune to great disobedience, and that he had mispente great somes of money and thereby impovished him the saide Edmonde and greatlie disabled him from p'ferring his wife and children and had married himselfe contrarie to his father's expresse comanndem^{t}, and had comitted di͠s offence contrarie to the good lyking of his said father and therefore hee the said Edmonde, doubting the misgo͠m^{t} of his said sonne" had transferred in trust the lands as before recited to John Halsted, Roberte Barcrofte, James Woode, Barnarde Townley (of Hurstwood) and Roberte Hodgson; that her son John Tatersall, shortly before his

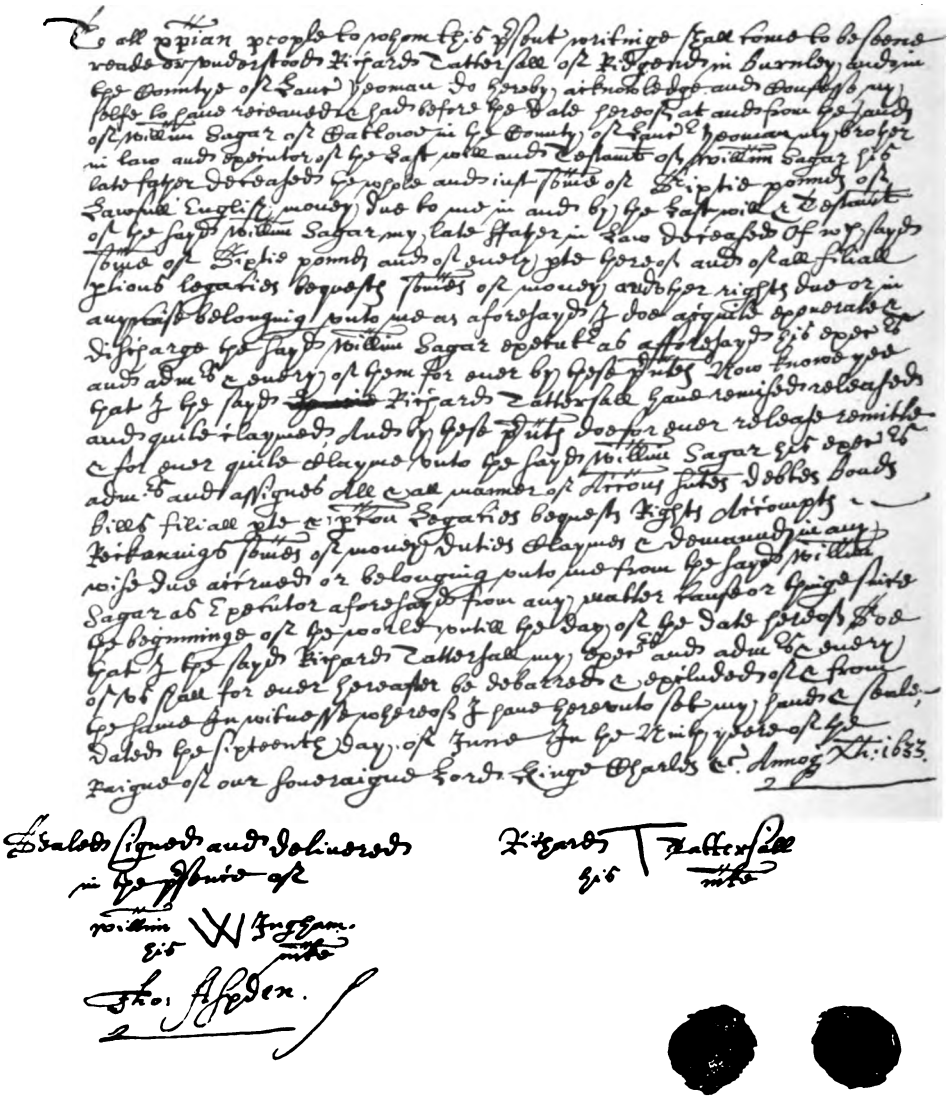
father's death and the making of his will, had been reconciled to his father, and had given "such persons as were then present at the making of the said will great thancke for that by theire meanes his father had been overtreated not to disinherit him as hee was mynded to have done for the former faulte by him coñitted," but that notwithstanding after his father's death John Tatersall with Barnarde Townley, Rob^te^ Hodgson, and Rob^te^ Barcrofte, had "most wickedly conspired compacted and confederated themselves together" to defeate the intent of his father's will, whereby the said will was in "greate dainger utterly to be avoyded and abrogated" altho' "y^or^ said Oratrix hath many times in moste gentle and friendly manner required and desired them . . . . to desist and leauve of their said Injuries and wronge doing" . . . . and also "to Joyne w^th^ the said John Halsted in one" in order to fulfil the will of Edmonde Tattersall, which "they yett still doe refuse and denye to do contrarie to all Lawe right equitie and good conscience," therefore the said Oratrix demands "forasmuch as the same p'misses are p'cells of the possessions of her Graces said Duchie of Lanc̄, and therefore the tytle thereof and all matters questions and greeffes arrysing and growing touching the same are determynable and ought to be determined before y^or^ honor and not ellswhere" . . . it may therefore please the Court to grant the said Oratrix her Majesty's most gracious process of Privy Seal to be directed to John Tattersall and the rest, commanding them on a "certen daie and under a certen paine therein by y^or^ ho^r^ to be limitted and appoynted to be and p'sonally to appeare before y^or^ ho^r^ in her highnes cor^te^ of the Duchie of Lanc̄ in the Duchie Chamber at her Ma^te^ Pallace of Westm^r^ then and there to aunswere the p'misses and further to abide such order and direc̄c̄on therein as to y^or^ ho^r^ shall be thought expedient. And y^or^ said Oratrix shall daylie praie to Almighty God for the preservation of y^or^ ho^r^ in health and prosperitie long to continue."

Jenet Tattersall was successful in her petition to the Court to

restrain her disobedient son, for Richard and Edmund, her younger sons, retained the lands bequeathed them by their father. Richard Tattersall married a Miss Sagar, of Catlow Hall, and the following receipt given to his brother-in-law, William Sagar, for a sum of £60 bequeathed to him by his father-in-law, was found in 1884 in an old oak cist at Burwains Hall, among other important documents which throw a flood of light upon the history of the ancient families of the district. These papers are now in the possession of Dr. Dean, of Burnley, with the exception of the above receipt, which is in the hands of Mr. Edmund Tattersall.

RECEIPT OF RICHARD TATTERSALL TO WILLIAM SAGAR, 1633.

To all Xp̃ian people to whom this p/sent writinge shall come to be seen reade or understood Richard Tattersall of Ridgend in Burnley and in the Countye of Lanc. yeoman do hereby acknowledge and confesse my selfe to have receaved and had before the date hereof at and from the hands of Willm̃ Sagar of Catlowe in the County of Lanc[e] yeoman my brother in law and executor of the last will and Testam̃t of Willm̃ Sagar his late father deceased the whole and just sum of Sixtie pounds of lawfull English money due to me in and by the last will and Testam̃t of the sayd Willm̃ Sagar my late ffather in law deceased of w/ch sayd som̃e of Sixtie pounds and of every pte thereof and of all filiall p/tions legacies bequests som̃es of money and other rights due or in any wise belonging unto me as aforesayd I doe acquite exonerate and discharge the sayd Willm̃ Sagar exec[tr] as afforesayd his exec[es] and adm[es] and every of them for ever by these p/entes Now knowe yee that I the sayd Richard Tattersall have remised released and quite claymed And by these p/ents doe for ever release remitte and for ever quite clayme unto the sayd Willm̃ Sagar his exect[es] adm[es] and assignes all and all manner of Ac̃cons sutes debtes bonds bills filiall pte and p/tion Legacies bequests Rights Accompts



REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF RECEIPT

Given by Richard Tattersall, of Ridgend, to his brother-in-law, William Sagar, of Catlow Hall, 1633. Endorsed "Richard Tattersall, his acquitance." He was at Marston Moor in 1644. See p. 96.

[*Face p.* 136.

Reckonings somes of money duties claymes and demaunds in any wise due accrued or belonging unto me from the sayd Willm Sagar as Executor aforesayd from any matter cause or thing since the beginninge of the world until the day of the date hereof Soe that I the sayd Richard Tattersall my execrs and admrs and every one of us shall for ever hereafter be debarred and excluded of and from the same In witnesse whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seale dated the sixteenth day of June in the ninth yeere of the Raigne of our soveraigne Lord Kinge Charles. Anno Xti 1633.

RICHARD T TATTERSALL,
his mke.

Sealed, signed, and delivered
in the p/ence of

WILLM W INGHAM,
his mke.

THO: ASPDEN.

This Thomas Aspden was probably a relative of John Aspdene, the first Protestant incumbent of St. Peter's, Burnley (1567—1583), who we find from the history of the Church, by the late T. T. Wilkinson, was allowed "for his wages, yearly, the sum of £4 8s. 11d." a sum probably equal to about £40 in our days.

Another old document found at Burwains was an agreement between the above William Sagar and Gyles Hamond, a neighbouring yeoman, dated 13th February, 1634, to the effect that Gyles Hamond and his heirs for ever would, at their own charges, keep in repair, "one full moietie or halfe p/te" of a gate at the east end of a highwaie leading from Catlow westward through a close called "Intacke" or "Three Acres" held by William Sagar, and the property of Gyles Hamond, according to an agreement made with the previous occupiers of the land; in further confirmation of the agreement the document goes on to say, "as allsoe for continuance

of unitie, love and peace." William Sagar gives Gyles Hamond thirty-five "loades of lime." This agreement is signed by both parties and witnessed by a James Willsonn.

The Sagars are descended from an old Flemish family who emigrated from Flanders in the year 1337, with other Flemish cloth-makers, who settled in this district, and were the first introducers of the art of cloth-weaving in Lancashire. The word probably means a "sawyer," A.-S. "saga," German "säger."

Catlow Hall was built by William Sagar in 1666, as appears from an inscription near the entrance, "William Sagar and Margret his wife. 24 July, 1666;" but an older portion of the house is of much more ancient date.

THE DIVISION OF SEATES IN BURNLEY CHURCH.

18 JULY, 1634.

An allotment of Seats was made in this year at the old parish church of Burnley, by Richard Towneley, Esq., Nicholas Towneley, Esq., Richard Shuttleworth, Esq., John Parker, gent., Evan Haidocke, gent., Richard Halsted, gent., Robert Ingham, Edward Gabbott, Laurence Smith, Laurence Ingham, churchwardens; Roger Kenion, gent., and William Horrocks, clerk, "Commissioners apoynted for that purpose." The following copy of the document,* taken from the old register of the church, is interesting as showing the chief inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood at the time, with, in many instances, the names of the lands they held.

On examining the names of the seat-holders at the old parish church of Burnley more than two hundred and fifty years ago, it is perhaps remarkable, considering the long lapse of time and the great changes that have taken place, that so many are represented by their descendants, living in the neighbourhood at the present day. The names of Barcroft, Habergham, Towne, Haydock, have become

* See Appendix.

extinct, or are no longer found in the vicinity; but the time-honoured names of Towneley, Parker, Whitaker, Halsted, Ormerod, Shuttleworth, Sagar, and others, are yet represented by their descendants in the neighbourhood.

The Barcrofts, as previously mentioned, are represented by direct descendants living both in England and Ireland.

Of the Townes we find no trace. A member of the family built what is now known as the "Old Vicarage House," at Worsthorn, where the name is spelt TWONE in the inscription over the doorway.*

The Haydocks, once a well-to-do family of Burnley in Elizabethan times, became extinct in the early years of the eighteenth century.

The last of the Haberghams ruined the family estate by his disgraceful improvidence, and died early in the eighteenth century. His wife, Fleetwood Townley, daughter of Nicholas Townley, Esq., of Royle, was the author of the mournful ballad entitled "Love's Evil Choice," which attained a remarkable popularity.

In this pathetic ballad, the unfortunate lady imagines herself standing in a garden, and refusing the different flowers, emblems of her lovers, which the "gardener standing by" proffers to her. Unfortunately, the texts of the ballad vary considerably, and Dr. Whitaker has only preserved four verses in his History. The best

* Of the Townes there are no descendants bearing the name, and the existence of the family would have been forgotten but for Mr. W. Waddington, Market Superintendent of Burnley, who has noted a number of very interesting particulars of the family, which we are permitted to quote. A member of the family built "Wallstreams" in Worsthorn. Over the door of the old mansion, the following inscription, fast moulder-ing away, occurs—JOHN TWONE: AND ALYS HIS WYFE. Such was the orthography of the time, and which has led astray many of our local antiquaries into the error of reading the name as Towneley. Even in the "*Division of Seates*" in the Burnley Register some one, in a later hand, has altered the name to Towneley by adding the last syllable. John Towne paid the composition of £10 as composition for refusing knighthood at the coronation of Charles I. In the twelfth volume of the Record Society will be found a list of the names of all those gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Burnley who were fined in 1631 for declining knighthood.

version may perhaps be found in Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time," and, if we may venture to interpret the sad story of Mrs. Habergham's life from this version, it would seem that she married against her parents' wish, when she chose the "red rose," under which her father warned her that "a sharp thorn grew," probably an allusion to his knowledge of Habergham's character.

Edmund Tattersall, the third son of Edmund Tattersall and Jenet Halsted his wife, lived at Ridge End, and married Elizabeth Holden.

Edmund Tattersall died at a good old age in July, 1669, and his will was proved before the Surrogate in September of the same year, and the following are a few items from the inventory of his goods:—

It^m^.	purse and apparell	£10	00	00
„	6 kine	19	00	00
„	2 stirks	03	00	00
„	3 calves	02	00	00
„	Horses and Meires	12	10	00
„	1 payer of Virginals	01	00	00

During the latter end of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it appears, from an inspection of the decrees and orders of the Court of Chancery, that the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Burnley were very fond of litigation. The disputes which at an earlier time were settled in a rougher but more expeditious and less costly way, were now fought out in the law-courts; and ended, as law-suits generally do, in the impoverishment of the parties concerned, and the enrichment of the legal profession.

Since the sad law-suit of Jenet Tattersall in 1598 up to the end of the next century, the Tattersalls appear to have had their full share of this litigation, and it seems to have considerably impoverished them. John Tattersall, son of Edmund Tattersall who died in 1669, married in 1684 Mary Nutter, of the ancient family of Nutter, of Pendle Forest.

John Tattersall died in 1696, and his son Edmund, born about 1686, married Ann Varley, of the family of Varley, of Laund, about the year 1714. Edmund Tattersall lived at Ridge End till about the year 1719, when he sold the old home of his forefathers to the Claytons, of Carr Hall, near Colne. It is now in the possession of Sir John H. Thursby, Bart., of Ormerod Hall, who recently (1888) presented part of it to the town of Burnley, as a public park.

After selling Ridge End, Edmund Tattersall lived at his house at Hurstwood. There is a tradition that the family lost part of their land through running their dogs in Scotch plaid ribbons, and if so, they may have taken some part in the disastrous rebellion of 1715. The fact that Edmund Tattersall had to sell the old home shortly after 1715, together with the above tradition, render it probable that he suffered in some way for his Jacobite opinions.

The old house at Ridge has long since disappeared, but the stable behind the modern house still bears the letters $\frac{\text{E. T.}}{1715.}$

The original building at Ridge was an unpretending but substantial structure of a similar character to those generally found in East Lancashire, which were in a great measure demolished during the close of the sixteenth century, to make way for a more imposing style of architecture better adapted to the advancing spirit of the times, examples of which we find in the Elizabethan styles of Worsthorn, Hurstwood, and Barcroft Halls. It is a remarkable fact that Barnard Townley, a scion of the Towneleys, of Towneley, was an architect and builder, and is supposed to have been the designer and builder of many of the halls in the neighbourhood of Burnley, for we find from the Duchy Pleadings an injunction to compel the fulfilment of a contract entered into by him with Sir Richard Hoghton, of Hoghton Tower, in connection with certain alterations at the latter place.

The view from the old yeoman house at Ridge, now in the occupation of G. Haslam, Esq., must have been very fine before the

introduction of long chimneys, and more especially before the construction of the embankment of the Canal, which effectually obstructs the view across the valley of the Calder. Burnley was in those days a straggling village consisting of a tortuous street or lane extending from the market cross in front of the venerable pile of Saint Peter's, to Halsteads and Peels at "Brigg End," near what is now called the bottom of Sandy Gate. The landscape westwards from the Ridge sweeps away with a gentle slope to the foot of Pendle Water, while venerable "Old Pendle" rears up its lofty head along the horizon, closing up the view to the north-west. Turning east, the heath-clad hills and deep ravines that form so prominent a feature of the Pennine chain, present a glorious view—

> "As if the ocean, in its wildest mood,
> Stood still and motionless for ever."

Musing over a scene like this, what a host of recollections crowd upon the mind! The homes of many of the fine old yeoman families are thickly dotted over the slopes of these grand old hills. Some of the races have become extinct, and their halls are fast decaying, while others, driven by the force of circumstances, have gone into other lands, their interests have passed into other hands, the inevitable fate of so many of our ancient families.

The name Ridgend is very appropriate to the situation of the house.

In early times the estate used to be called Ridge, sometimes spelt "rigge," from the A.-S. *ryg*, having the same meaning as our modern word.

Edmund Tattersall, of Ridge and Hurstwood, had three sons: John (n. 1723, ob. 1779, s.p.), Richard (n. 1724, ob. 1795), and Edmund (n. 1727, ob. 1810). He had also three daughters: Ann, born at Ridge in 1716, who died an infant; Lucy, born at Hurstwood in 1720, who married (17th Feb., 1750) Richard Addison, of

Preston, and died and was buried in 1802 at New Church, in Pendle; and Mary, who married John Lonsdale. John Addison, the son of Lucy Tattersall and Richard Addison, married Agnes Batty, and had two sons, John Addison, County Court Judge at Preston, and the late Thomas Batty Addison, Recorder of Preston. In the possession of Mrs. Crofton, widow of the late General Crofton, and only daughter of John Addison the younger, is a silver tankard on which is inscribed, "THE GIFT OF MRS. TOWNLEYE TO LUCY ADDISON;" a marriage present on the marriage of Lucy Tattersall to Richard Addison, from Mrs. Mary Towneley, of Towneley Hall.

In 1764 Edmund Tattersall, of Hurstwood, died, and the old house and farm at the "bottom o' th' fold" became the property of his eldest son John, who died in 1779 without issue, when it fell to Richard Tattersall as the next heir. In 1781 he sold it to John Smith, of Hurstwood, and part of it is still the property of the latter's descendants, with the following agreement signed by Richard Tattersall dated 1st May, 1781. It appears that an enclosure of part of the moors belonging to the farm had not been transferred with the estate, and old Richard, with his usual straightforward dealing, transfers it as follows:—

"May 1, 1781. Whereas John Smith of Hurstwood-within-Worsthorn, in the county of Lancaster, yeoman, has purchased from me an estate in Hurstwood-within-Worsthorn aforesaid, containing twenty-nine acres of land, more or less, and the same premises have, by indenture bearing even date herewith, in consideration of the purchase money been granted and conveyed to him and his heirs or unto some other person or persons in trust for him and his heirs. And whereas a large and extensive piece or parcel of land lying contiguous to the said estate hath formerly been taken in, enclosed, and improved from the Commons of Worsthorn aforesaid, and always occupied and enjoyed with the said estate and premises sold by me to the said John Smith as part thereof, and I always meant and intended that the purchaser of my said estate and his heirs should have the sole benefit and advantage of the said enclosure and improvement. Now, therefore, I do consent and give for myself and my heirs to and with the said John Smith and his heirs that I and my heirs shall and will at any time hereafter when thereunto required, at the cost and expense of the said John Smith and his heirs, release and convey to him and them all my estate right, title and interest of and to the said new

and improved lands and every part thereof. Witness my hand RD. TATTERSALL. Witnesses, Jno. Addison, Edmd. Tattersall."

Edmund Tattersall, the third son of Edmund Tattersall and Ann Varley, witness to the above document, was born in 1727, and died at Worsthorn in 1810, at the house of his son-in-law, Robert Halsted. He was the last Tattersall buried at Burnley Parish Church. His daughter, Nelly Halsted, remembered six gravestones lying side by side in the chancel of St. Peter's belonging to the family, near the steps leading to the communion table. These, with many others, the only memorials of many old families of the neighbourhood, have long since disappeared, to make room for "modern improvements." They are said to have been used, by the Vandals who removed them from the sacred edifice, as paving-stones in the churchyard! When the ambassadors of the conqueror of Asia met the chiefs of the flying hosts of the Scythians, and taunted them with their cowardice, the latter replied: "When we come to the graves of our fathers then we will show you how we fight." Have we with our "boasted civilisation" so far fallen from the noble feelings of these early nomad races, that we do not even care to remember where our fathers' graves lie, and even treat their memorials with contumely? Surely, to those who have ears to hear, the very stones of the graves of the pre-historic races, which, ages old, still look down from the quiet moors on the noisy city beneath, cry out against our irreverence!

Robert Halsted, who married Edmund Tattersall's daughter, was a very tall athletic man, and full of the legendary lore of the district. He was born in 1766 and died in 1849, and late in life he walked from Burnley to Hyde Park Corner and back, on a visit to his kinsmen.

Edmund Tattersall, the eldest son of Edmund, had a commission in the Navy bought him by his uncle Richard, and entered the *Rattler* as midshipman, 14th May, 1795, at the age of twenty. He died at Liverpool, 26th February, 1826.

When visiting Burnley, his favourite house was the well-known "Thorn Inn," and it is said that during his visits there, the old hostelry was much frequented by his friends from far and near, who took pleasure in the society of the travelled and jovial lieutenant.

For John, the younger brother of Lieutenant Edmund, a commission in the army was purchased by his uncle Richard. He was lost sight of by his family, and was probably one of the unnumbered victims of the Peninsular War.

Richard Tattersall, the second son of Edmund Tattersall, of Ridge and Hurstwood, and Ann Varley, his wife, was born in June, 1724. He was educated at the Burnley Grammar School, then under the mastership of Ellis Nutter, who was master of the school for thirty-three years (1728-1761). At the beginning of the year 1745, when Richard was twenty-one years old, the hopes of the Stuart family were again in the ascendant, after the disastrous rising of 1715, which had been so fatal to their cause. Prince Charles Edward, known by the Hanoverians as the Young Pretender, born in December, 1720, embarked at the mouth of the Loire on June 20, 1745. On the 8th of the following November he crossed the border, and towards the end of the month was at Lancaster and Preston.

Francis Towneley, a brave and chivalrous gentleman, a nephew of Towneley, of Towneley Hall, had for a long time been a resident in France and a frequent visitor at St. Germain's, where the head of the House of Stuart resided. Strongly attached to the religion of his ancestors and the old *régime* of the Stuarts, for whom his ancestor had shed his blood at Marston Moor a century before, he entered into the enterprise of his young Prince with great enthusiasm, and secretly collecting a number of men from the Townley and other neighbouring estates, he frequently mustered them at a lonely spot on the moors not far from Hurstwood, overlooking the valley of Swindean, for the purpose of drilling and preparing for the coming struggle.

There formerly stood at this spot, on the eastern verge of the farm of High Halsted, a little cot called Halsted's Cote, and the place still goes by the name of Halsted's Cote Nook. Some of the stones of the old cot may still be observed in the wall which surrounds the farm at this place.

Firm and stern must have been the minds of these brave men, who looked upon the House of Hanover as interlopers. It was no child's play; confiscation and death stared them in the face in case of failure. At length the hour arrived. The news that the Prince had landed spread like wildfire among his friends in Lancashire. Truly and bravely did Francis Towneley draw the sword and cross the Rubicon, and his loyalty appears the more admirable when we know that he was almost the only gentleman in the North of England who dared to hold true to the pledges so often given to the exiled family, but which few ventured to fulfil when, in reliance on their promises, the Prince invaded England.

The Prince was much disappointed at the coldness of his reception in England; he shared all the privations of the march with his soldiers, and marched on foot by their side. There is a tradition that his shoes having been worn through by the long marches on rough roads, he stopped at a roadside blacksmith's in Lancashire to have a plate of iron nailed on them. When paying the man, he said, "My lad, you are the first blacksmith that ever shod the son of a king!"* How rejoiced must have been the royal wayfarer to meet the brave Towneley and his little regiment! and what a ray of hope their arrival must have shed over his prospects, already dark with the clouds of coming disaster!

The result of the expedition and the tragical execution of Towneley is a matter of history. It is said that Richard Tattersall was one of those who attended these secret meetings on the moor at Halsted Cote Nook, and that he was prevented by his father from going to

* Chambers' History of the '45.

the rendezvous of Colonel Francis Towneley's regiment on the morning that it set out to join Prince Charles's forces, and that this was the reason of his leaving his home at Hurstwood—a very fortunate circumstance for himself, for he would probably have been one of those who were so barbarously executed with their brave leader, Francis Towneley, on the 30th July, 1746. The Chevalier de Johnstone, a companion of the Prince's in his ill-fated expedition, had also a very narrow escape from sharing the unfortunate fate of the captured Jacobites. When the Prince's men were in retreat towards Scotland, de Johnstone was ordered by his superior officer to remain behind in garrison at Carlisle, but being a man of impetuous and choleric temper, he refused to obey the order, saying that he had sworn only to obey his Prince, but that he would not leave him and remain behind to meet a certain death. He at last escaped to London and remained in hiding there in great danger of detection for some months. While in London he fell in love with a very beautiful girl, and became her accepted lover. One day, when they were alone at her father's house, she asked him to come to the window to see a crowd passing by. He looked out and saw his former comrade, Francis Towneley, being led to execution at Kennington Common. His feelings can be imagined when he reflected that it would have been his own fate that day had he remained at Carlisle. This tale is taken from de Johnstone's own memoirs, which are well worth reading as the account of an eye-witness of the ill-starred expedition of Prince Charles Edward.

Some time after leaving Lancashire and the paternal roof at Hurstwood, Richard Tattersall entered the service of the Duke of Kingston. From a boy he had been passionately fond of horses, and it is recorded that when fourteen years old, he saved up his money and purchased an old thorough-bred horse, that had struck his fancy, out of a besom-cart, and concealed it from his father's knowledge at a lonely outbuilding on the moor, till one day the old

gentleman discovered the animal, from unmistakable traces in the neighbourhood.

It is not known in what year Richard Tattersall commenced the business of an auctioneer, but in 1766 he took a ninety-nine years' lease of premises at Hyde Park Corner from the Earl Grosvenor. There in 1774 he sold the stud of his former patron, the Duke of Kingston, and in December of the same year an injunction was applied for to restrain payment of the proceeds to the Duchess of Kingston, who was then under indictment. In 1779 he bought the famous horse Highflyer of Lord Bolingbroke for £2,500. This horse stood for many years at New Barns, near Ely, the residence at which was called "Highflyer Hall." George the IV. when Prince of Wales often invited himself over to Highflyer Hall when stopping at Newmarket, bringing with him a party of friends, when Mr. Tattersall used to give them what he called "simple country fare," and after dinner some of the best port wine in England.

The host could drink his port wine without feeling very much effects therefrom, but his guests were not always equal to the occasion, the result being that on one festive occasion, owing to the post-boy having supped too well in the kitchen, the Prince and one of the party were put inside the post-chaise, whilst the celebrated William Windham rode the leaders to Newmarket, where he was met by his astonished trainer early in the morning walking up the High-street in the boots of the inebriated post-boy, Charles Fox, whose weight was a steadier, having ridden the wheelers on the same occasion. Fox was one of Richard Tattersall's staunchest supporters from the time the business was started, and "Old Tatt" never forgot his kindness, but was his heartiest canvasser and one of his chief supporters when he stood for Westminster, whilst William Windham died in the Jockey Club rooms at Hyde Park Corner, Mr. Richard Tattersall, grandson of the founder of the firm, being with him in his last moments. And it may be mentioned that Mr. Tatter-

sall, soon after entering on the premises, fitted up two of the best rooms in London at that date for the use of members of the Jockey Club, who held their meetings there for some years, and lived on the same principle that members of the Coffee Room do now at Newmarket. There was also a room set apart for settling Turf accounts, for paying and receiving the money lost and won at all country meetings, as every race gathering, save Newmarket, was termed in those days.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was also a joint owner with "Old Tatt" in the *Morning Post*, and when the paper was disposed of, a balance of something like £10,000 was due for losses on that paper from the Prince, but never applied for. At the death of his son Edmund, in 1810, this claim was treated as a bad debt by the family solicitor in valuing the property for probate, but the then head of the firm did not view the matter in the same light, but told his brother that he would see his Royal Highness, which he did at Carlton House, and the Prince immediately ordered the amount to be paid, and was to the day of his death a firm friend of the brothers, as he had been of their father and grandfather; and if any one in after years, when the King was dead, ventured to utter a word against his memory, Richard Tattersall would get up instanter, saying he would not listen to a word against His Majesty, who was a most honourable man.

Richard Tattersall had married about the year 1756, Catharine Somerville, a granddaughter of the 12th Lord Somerville. The family of Somerville derived its name from a Norman knight, who lived at Somerville, near Evreux, in Normandy, and came over with the Conqueror. In course of time the family became divided into two branches, one of which settled in Scotland and gained great honour and large possessions there, while the seat of the English branch was at Somerville Aston, in Gloucestershire. In the eighteenth century the head of the English Somervilles was William

Somerville, the poet, author of "The Chase" and numerous other poetical works. He was introduced by Allan Ramsay to James, 13th Lord Somerville, born in 1698, and having no children, and being anxious to retain the ancient estate in the same family, he made in 1730 an agreement with Lord Somerville, by which, "in consideration of certain sums applied to the relief of burdens," he settled upon his lordship the reversion of his estates at his death. This event took place in 1742, when the English estates passed to the baronial house of Somerville in Scotland, with whom they still remain. "By his arrangement the representation and the remaining property of both the English and the Scottish branches of this ancient family became united with the Scottish title, after a separation of more than six hundred years."—(Sir Walter Scott's preface to the "Memorie of the Somervilles.")

Richard Tattersall died on Saturday, February 21st, 1795, and was buried at the cemetery of St. George's, Hanover Square, a little west of the Marble Arch. The following notice of his death appeared in the *Morning Post* of Monday, February 23rd:—

"On Saturday last, at Hyde Park Corner, this worthy and venerable character paid the debt of nature. He died as he lived, as tranquil in his mind as benevolent and humane in his disposition. His loss all must regret who had a knowledge of his worth, and all must severely lament who required his aid and assistance. His greatest delight was in administering to the happiness of mankind; and none who knew his merits there are who will not bear testimony of his friendship as a man, and his feelings as a philanthropist. From his indefatigable industry, and the justice of his dealings, he acquired a degree of affluence which was exercised to the general good, unaccompanied by ostentation, and in his departure from life, he left a lesson to others, that wealth well applied, while it renders existence enviable, affords a consolation in the hour of trial, that every good man must be anxious to emulate and experience."

The chief characteristics of "Old Tatt" were honesty and generosity of heart. It is related that he failed shortly after commencing business, but was afterwards so successful that in less than two years' time he was able to invite all his creditors to dinner, when

each man found the amount of his claim under his plate, with the interest added—an example of commercial integrity but seldom followed now, or then.

The following is another testimony to Richard Tattersall's generosity, taken from an eccentric book, "The Life, Adventures, and Opinions of Colonel George Hanger, written by Himself," 1801 (Vol. II., p. 144):—

"I am at length arrived at a period in the history of my life when I am able to testify my gratitude to a very old and intimate friend, Mr. Richard Tattersall, for his unbounded friendship toward me; a liberality and generosity of conduct that stands unrivalled.

"When he heard that Colonel M'Mahon was deputed by me to arrange my shattered and plundered circumstances, so as to enable me to live in my native country, my dear and worthy friend, old Richard, waited on Colonel M'Mahon, and joined his exertions; in fact, he took the whole burden of my distresses on his own shoulders, and employed his own lawyer to examine and investigate my affairs. I will not trouble the reader with minute particulars, which could not be very amusing to him; but, after about two months' correspondence with me at Calais, my friend Colonel Tarleton was so kind as to come over to Calais to visit me, by Tattersall's desire, as he could, in a few hours, make me more fully master of my affairs than by writing fifty letters by the post. Tarleton staid four or five days with me; nor shall I forget the letter he brought me from Mr. Tattersall, to the last hour of my life. It was as follows, and ought to be written in letters of gold:—

"'My dear Major, I do insist that you will come home directly to England, to my house, where you shall be made happy. You have been robbed and plundered. I will bail you from everybody who may arrest you: and if you cannot pay, I will.

'I am, dear Major, &c.,

'RICHARD TATTERSALL.'

"This letter, though very short, the reader must allow to be sweet. It is necessary I should state, that, for some years before I quitted England, I had lived, when in affluence, in the strictest terms of intimacy and friendship with this worthy old man, and had constantly kept up a correspondence with him during the whole of the American war. He proved himself one of those few men in this world who do not desert an old friend in distress. . . . . In about ten days I received letters, and took my passage in the next packet for Dover, and arrived at my old friend Tattersall's house, Hyde Park Corner, where I was received with the truest friendship, and remained under his hospitable roof for near a twelve month afterwards. . . . . From Tattersall's house I sallied into the world, and in a short time was arrested

for between seven and eight hundred pounds. This was all that was against me. Old Mr. Richard, and his son Edmund, the present Mr. Tattersall, were my constant bail."

The following rather grandiloquent epitaph of Richard Tattersall, after the manner of the time, also appeared in one of the papers as a tribute to his memory:—

Sacred to the Ashes of
Richard Tattersall,
Late of Hyde Park Corner, in the County
of Middlesex, Esq.
who,
By his indefatigable industry,
Irreproachable character,
And unassuming manners,
Raised himself
(From an humble, tho' respectable origin)
To Independence and Affluence;
To the Rare Excellence of bearing
Prosperity with Moderation,
HE
By his inflexible Integrity,
united
(as he justly acquired)
The exalted appellation of
Honest Man.
And continued uncorrupted even by
Riches;—Thus
Universally respected and beloved by all
who knew him
He lived: and died
As universally regretted
On the 21st day of February,
in the year of our Lord
1795,
And in the 71st year of his age,
But though
this perishable part together with this
frail tribute to his ashes
Shall decay

Yet
As long as the recollection of
Honest Worth,
Sociable manners,
And
Hospitality unbounded,
Shall be dear to the Memory of Man,
The Remembrance of him
Shall live:
Surviving the slender aid of the proud pyramid,
The boasted durability of Brass,
and
The Wreck of Ages!

The following ballad, written probably about the year 1789, is remarkable for nothing more than the evidence it gives of Richard Tattersall's general popularity. Its origin is not known, but it may have been written by a Lancashire admirer, as Tattersall Wilkinson remembers it being sung at Worsthorn in his youth.

BLESSED BE THE MEMORY OF GOOD OLD TATT.

I sing of a man not easy to describe, sir,
As worthy a soul as any of the tribe, sir;
Who lives like a prince, and behaves to a friend, sir,
In that noble way, all the world must commend, sir;
O! the happy days that Tattersall has seen!
Blessed be the memory of good old Tatt.

Dame Fortune was kind, and led him to the place, sir,
Where much oftentimes depends upon the face, sir;
He mounted the rostrum without any fear, sir,
And quickly rose up, an able auctioneer, sir.
O! the happy days, &c.

Success crowned the whole, to a very great degree, sir,
As I shall make appear, and you will easy see, sir;
For he purchased a seat, an excellent stall, sir,
Now known by the name of Highflyer Hall, sir.
O! the happy days, &c.

This place took its name from that noble creature,
The flower of the Turf, an ornament to Nature,
Whose powers as a racer, we all must admire,
And glory in the name of wonderful Highflyer.
O! the happy days, &c.

No man in the world has more liberality,
And few, very few, can boast his hospitality;
All this you will see, whenever you call, sir,
In the Island of Ely, at Highflyer Hall, sir.
O! the happy days, &c.

Two portraits of Richard Tattersall exist, both by Thomas Beach. One of them, now in the possession of his great-grand-daughter, Mrs. Philpott, was No. 101 in the 19th Exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1787, in which there were only 666 pictures exhibited.

From the other, now in the possession of Mr. Edmund Tattersall, an excellent mezzotint by John Jones was taken in the year 1787.

Richard Tattersall had an only son, Edmund, who succeeded him in the business he had founded, and died in 1810, aged fifty-two. He was buried at Northolt, near Harrow. By his wife, Elizabeth Wilshin, who survived him for thirty-three years, he had three sons—Richard, Edmund, and George. Richard, born in the year 1785, who, for some time had assisted his father in the business, assumed the command, assisted later on by his brother Edmund, who lived with his mother till her death, and died a bachelor; whilst the third brother, George, father of the present representative of the family, managed the stud farm at Dawley.

The kindliness of disposition so conspicuous in the founder of the firm was inherited by his son Edmund, who had lived some years in France before the French Revolution, having business to transact for his father with the French nobility, who about that time had commenced purchasing English blood stock. After the Revolution he met one day in Hyde Park a French *emigré* whom he had known

well in more prosperous days; after upbraiding him for not calling upon an old friend, Edmund Tattersall took him to his house, where he lived till his death, when he bequeathed some few pictures and family relics to the wife of his benefactor. On succeeding to the business, he sold off the stud, and, although he still continued the sales of blood stock, devoted himself to hunting, and Mr. Tattersall has now at Coleherne Court a small portrait of his grandfather in hunting costume—scarlet, with a large velvet cap—as he was accustomed to wear as one of the hardest riders of that day with the Royal Buckhounds of His Majesty George III.

This love of hunting was fully shared by his sons, as Richard, although always lame—it was said, owing to a groom giving him somewhat roughly a leg-up on his pony when a child—was always devoted to hunting and horse exercise, being well known as a hard rider, especially in Surrey, with Lord Derby's hounds, of which he was a staunch supporter. His brother Edmund was also very keen on hunting, a first-rate man to hounds, but met with several bad accidents, being near-sighted, and compelled to follow a pilot rather than take a line of his own. He hunted with the Royal Buckhounds and went with them regularly into the Vale of Aylesbury, where for many years he gave a cup to be contested by hunters the property of the farmers of the hunt.

The feeling of hospitality conspicuous in the founder of the firm was also inherited by his grandsons, and the old house in the yard at Hyde Park Corner was the resort of the most popular men of the day, and the pipe of port laid down annually by the brothers was heavily taxed as the guests drank "John Warde and the Noble Science" in a silver cup shaped like a fox's head, holding nearly a pint, and admitting of no heel-taps. The Doncaster Cup, won by Cruickshanks in 1781, held the punch, and at the annual Derby dinner in the week before Epsom, the venison came from Goodwood, and the Duke of Richmond, with the Earl of Stradbroke, were at

his last dinner, at which John Warde, Kit Wilson (the Father of the Turf), Ormsby Gore, Captain Meynell (who brought out Peter Price, and won the Derby Club Cup on a cocktail for Mr. Tattersall in 1816), Val Kingston (the cheery old vintner in York Street, his confederate in Ruby and Ratcatcher, and very popular at all country houses), with Berkeley Craven, Sam Ougley, Charles Matthews, and the Hon. Fitzroy Stanhope were welcome guests.

On the death of his brother Edmund in 1851, Mr. Richard Tattersall was assisted by his son Richard and his nephew Edmund, but for three years before his death, in July, 1858, he never mounted the rostrum, and the business was conducted by the younger generation, until the illness of the younger Richard caused the entire weight of the undertaking to devolve upon Mr. Edmund Tattersall, who, being pressed by his cousin to obtain some assistance in conducting the extensive business, secured the valuable services of the late Mr. Thomas Pain, formerly Master of the South Wilts, the only one unconnected with the family that has been a member of the firm, and before his death in 1885, Mr. Tattersall took as partner in the business his eldest son, Edmund Somerville, who fairly made his mark at the Newmarket July Meeting in that year, when, owing to his father's hoarseness, he sold the blood stock, and performed a feat never before equalled, and never likely to be excelled, that of selling a dozen yearlings for Mr. Chaplin at an average of 1,630 guineas, or a total of 19,560 guineas.

Mr. Edmund Tattersall, the present head of the firm, was born in Norfolk, on the estate of Lord Hastings, then Sir Jacob Astley. His father, Mr. George Tattersall, who was never in the Hyde Park Corner firm, took a large farm there in the very high times, and left it when things were very low, leaving also a small fortune in the land, when he removed to the stud farm at Dawley. He had married a daughter of Mr. Reeve, of Wighton, Norfolk, who was one of the best farmers on the Holkham estate, then Mr. Coke's, of

Norfolk, now the property of his son, Lord Leicester. Mr. Tattersall, when a child, was a great deal at Wighton, and learnt to ride, farming with his grandfather at seven years old, hunting with Mr. Dewing's Harriers at eight, and he has hunted with the Suffolk, East Essex, the Queen's Hounds, and latterly with the H.H. almost continually from that time till the present, and is one of the oldest members of the Royal Buckhounds.

Mr. Tattersall saw many a good run with the Royal pack when Charles Davis was huntsman, and the hounds used to meet at his father's stud farm at Dawley, before the Great Western was made, when gentlemen rode and drove down from London, and there were often three hundred at the meets, most of them in scarlet, and many good runs had he over the grass in the home country, finishing at the end of a twenty mile run at Ripley, in Surrey, with the deer called Ripley, as he always made for that place, turn him out where you would.

In earlier days, before he joined the firm at Hyde Park Corner, he was in business for several years in Suffolk and Essex, and in the Newmarket districts, and was one of the first to hold large agricultural sales, in one day, on one occasion, selling for the late Mr. Godfrey of Kennett, all the agricultural implements, upwards of fifty Suffolk horses, and a large flock of sheep, the horses averaging over fifty guineas.

What the popular head of the firm has done for the blood stock sales is known to every one conversant with field sports, seeing that seven well-filled catalogues, each of nearly or quite eighty lots, are required for the sales in the Doncaster Paddocks each September, a marvellous change from the limited business transacted a quarter of a century ago, when the firm conducted their sales in the Horse Fair. Within a shorter period than that above referred to, when Messrs. Tattersall's Newmarket sales were held in the street opposite the Rooms, Lord Falmouth and other authorities declared that

Lot.		Gs.
6.	A Bay Mare, foaled in 1777. Got by Herod. A Bay Colt by her side by Eclipse, and covered by Saltram ... ... (Mr. Wastell)	110
7.	Vestal, got by Boreas. A Bay Colt at her foot by Highflyer, and covered by Whipcord ... ... (Kept by the Prince)	
8.	Angelina, got by Prophet. Covered by Saltram ... (Mr. Thornton)	27
9.	Luna, got by Eclipse. Covered by Imperator ... ... (Mr. Thornton)	37
10.	A Bay Mare, got by Squirrell. A Bay Colt at her foot by Whipcord, and covered by Saltram ... ... (Mr. Davis)	150
11.	A Brown Mare, got by Old England. A Bay Filly by Whipcord at her foot, and covered by Saltram ... ... (Fozard)	21
12.	Wriggle, a Chestnut Mare. A Bay Colt at her foot by Javelin, and covered by Whipcord ... ... (Mr. Franco)	30
13.	Speranza, a Grey Mare, got by Eclipse, covered by Bourdeaux ... ... (Lord Derby)	65
14.	A Dun Mare, got by Brilliant. Covered by Saltram ... (Mr. Singleton)	17
15.	A Grey Mare, got by Prophet. Covered by Bourdeaux (Kept by the Prince)	
16.	Cinderwench, got by Ancient Pistol. A Bay Colt at her foot by Whipcord, and covered by Whipcord ... ... (Lord Spencer)	36
17.	Virago, got by Snap. Covered by Eclipse. ... (Kept by the Prince)	
18.	A Bay Mare, got by Herod. Covered by Saltram ... ... (Ditto)	
19.	Calash, got by Herod. Covered by Pistol ... ... (Ditto)	
20.	Purity, got by Match'em. Covered by Highflyer ... ... (Ditto)	
21.	Georgiana, got by Match'em. Covered by Whipcord ... (Duke of Grafton)	50
22.	A Bay Mare, got by Herod ... ... (Mr. Williams)	31
23.	Rosaletta, got by Nabob. Covered by Imperator ... (Mr. Broadhurst)	50
24.	A Bay Mare, got by Herod. A Brown Filly by Saltram, at her foot, and covered by Saltram ... ... (Mr. Butt)	66
25.	Miss Timms, a Chestnut Mare, own sister to Pumpkin and Purity. A Bay Colt at her foot, by Ruler, and covered by Highflyer ... ... (Kept by the Prince)	
26.	Brim, got by Squirrel. A Bay Colt at her foot, by Highflyer, and covered by Saltram ... ... (Mr. Broadhurst)	140
27.	Sultana, got by Young Cade. A Bay Filly at her foot by Diomede, and covered by Saltram ... ... (Mr. Fullarton)	34
28.	A Bay Mare, got by Spectator. A Chestnut Filly at her foot by Diomede, and covered by Saltram ... ... (Mr. Bullock)	41
29.	Reptile, a Grey Mare, got by Pistol. Covered by Whipcord ... ... (Lord Melbourne)	41
30.	A Brown Hunting Mare, got by Atlas. Covered by Rhumbold's Arabian ... ... (Lord Spencer)	43
31.	A Brown Hunting Mare. Covered by Rhumbold's Arabian (Lord Spencer)	21

HORSES IN TRAINING.

Lot.		Gs.
32.	Anvil, a Brown Horse, aged, got by Herod, his dam by Feather ... ... (Kept by the Prince)	
33.	Ulysses, a Chestnut Horse, aged, got by Florizel ... (C. Wyndham)	110
34.	Rockingham, a Bay Horse, five years old, got by Highflyer, out of Purity ... ... (Mr. Bullock)	800
35.	Hardwick, a Bay Horse, five years old, got by Pistol, his dam by Herod. Lot 18 ... ... (Mr. Butt)	250
36.	Maria, a Grey Filly, three years old, own sister to Saltram, got by Eclipse, out of Lot 17 ... ... (Mr. Church)	75
37.	Braganza, a Brown Colt, three years old, got by Justice, out of Firetail, got by Eclipse, with Engagements ... ... (Mr. Hull)	170
38.	Captain Plume, A Bay Colt, three years old, got by Sweetwilliam, out of Madcap ... ... (Mr. Sykes)	65
39.	Mufti, a Bay Colt, three years old, got by Fitzherod, his dam by Infant, with Engagements ... ... (Mr. Vernon)	230
40.	Little Henry, a Bay Colt, three years old, own brother to Javelin ... ... (Mr. Church)	75
41.	Rosina, a Chestnut Filly, three years old, got by Woodpecker, her dam by Herod ... ... (Mr. Clark)	91
42.	Duc de Chartres, a Bay Colt, two years old, own brother to Ballon, with Engagements ... ... (Lord Grosvenor)	80
43.	Ganemede, a Chestnut Colt, two years old, got by Jupiter, out of an own sister to Bourdeaux ... ... (Lord Berkeley)	37
44.	A Bay Colt, two years old, got by Highflyer, dam by Squirrel, out of an own sister to Sir James Lowther's Babraham ... (Lord Grosvenor)	45
45.	Charles, a Chestnut Colt, two years old, got by Eclipse, out of Lot 10, with Engagements ... ... (Col. O'Kelly)	120
46.	A Grey Colt, two years old, got by Highflyer, out of Lady Jane, with Engagements ... ... (Mr. Hull)	140
47.	A Bay Filly, two years old, got by Shark, out of Luna's dam ... (Mr. Collin)	28
48.	A Bay Filly, two years old, got by Whipcord, his dam by Pistol (Mr. Golding)	25
49.	Concubine, a Bay Filly, two years old, got by Javelin, out of Madcap ... ... (Mr. Bott)	26
50.	Augusta, a Chestnut Filly, two years old, got by Eclipse, out of Hardwick's dam, with Engagements ... ... (Mr. O'Kelly)	280
51.	A Bay Filly, two years old, own sister to Noble ... (Mr. Edmonson)	40
52.	Annette, a Bay Filly, two years old, own sister to Saltram, with Engagements ... ... (Mr. Vernon)	85
53.	Nelly, a Bay Filly, two years old, got by Postmaster, out of Rosebud, with Engagements ... ... (Lord Grosvenor)	270

SECOND DAY'S SALE.

Lot.		Gs.
1.	Whipcord, own brother to Woodpecker ... ... (Mr. Hale)	475
2.	Pistol, got by Snap, out of Eloisa ... ... (Mr. Dorian)	18
3.	The Boringdon Arabian ... ... (Mr. Edwards)	12
4.	A Chestnut Filly, four years old, got by Pagan, dam by Atlas ... ... (Col. Fullerton)	40
5.	A Bay Filly, two years old, got by Highflyer, dam by ditto (Mr. Ricard)	20
6.	A Bay Filly, two years old, got by Whipcord, dam by Old England ... ... (Mr. Dash)	8
7.	A Bay Colt, Marcellus, two years old, got by Highflyer, out of Miss Timms, with Engagements ... ... (Captain Taylor)	55

YEARLING COLTS.

8.	A Bay Colt, by Highflyer, dam by Squirrel, he is own brother to Miss Kitty ... ... (Mr. Franco)	95
9.	A Bay Colt, by Paymaster out of Purity ... ... (Mr. Bott)	80
10.	A Bay Colt, by Conductor, out of Miss Betsy, with Engagements ... ... (Lord Grosvenor)	120
11.	A Chestnut Colt, by Woodpecker, out of the grand dam of Crop, with Engagements ... ... (Mr. Lade)	85
12.	A Chestnut Colt, by Jupiter, out of Dennis O ... ... (Mr. Hull)	50
13.	A Chestnut Colt, by Whipcord, out of a Squirrel Mare, with Engagements ... ... (Lord Grosvenor)	55
14.	A Chestnut Colt, by Whipcord, out of Angelina .. (Mr. Bullock)	14
15.	A Grey Colt, by Shark, out of the Grey Prophet Mare ... (Mr. Baldock)	32
16.	A Brown Colt, by Goldfinder, out of a Herod Mare, bought of Mr. Bond... ... ... (Mr. South)	55

YEARLING FILLIES.

17.	A Bay Filly, by Whipcord, out of Vestal ... ... (Mr. Thornton)	16
18.	A Bay Filly, by Whipcord, out of Luna ... ... (Lord Grosvenor)	25
19.	A Bay Filly, by Whipcord, out of the Old England Mare (Mr. South)	40
20.	A Chestnut Filly, by Whipcord, out of Bagatelle ... ... (Mr. Hale)	52
21.	A Chestnut Filly, by Whipcord, out of Riggle... ... (General Ainsley)	25
22.	A Chestnut Filly, by Leviathan, out of Calash ... ... (Sir John Kay)	25
23.	A Chestnut Filly, by Ruler, out of Miss Timms ... (Mr. Vernon)	40
24.	A Grey Filly, by Whipcord, out of Teresa ... ... (Mr. Paddy)	19
25.	A Bay Filly, by Highflyer, out of Brim ... ... (Lord A. Hamilton)	36
26.	A Bay Filly, by Shark, out of Sultana ... ... (Mr. Welling)	28

HUNTERS AND HACKS.

Lot.		Gs.
27.	A Black Gelding, five years old ... ... (Mr. C. Wyndham)	81
28.	A Grey Horse, aged ... ... (Mr. Robinson)	61
29.	Highover, a Bay Gelding, eight years old, bought at Lord Thanet's sale ... ... (Lord R. Spencer)	230
30.	A Bay Mare, six ditto, bought at ditto, ditto ... ... (Mr. H. Ashton)	115
31.	Prophet, a Bay Gelding, got by Prophet, nine years old ... (Lord Spencer)	190
32.	Cumberland, a Brown Horse, by Phlegon, six years old ... (M. de Conflans)	110
33.	George, a Chestnut Gelding, by Eclipse, aged ... (Mr. C. Wyndham)	121
34.	Angelo, a Bay Horse, got by Sweetbriar, out of Merliton, five years old ... ... (Mr. Peyton)	71
35.	A Bay Gelding, four years old, got by Jalap ... ... (Mr. Carter)	105
36.	A Bay Gelding, four years old ... ... (Lord Spencer)	50
—	Figaro, a Bay Horse, four years old ... ... (Mr. Butt)	66

SEASONED COACH-HORSES.

37.	A Bay Nag-tailed cropped Coach Gelding, six years old, (Mr. Beardmore)	61
38.	A Bay ditto, ditto, six ditto ... ... (Mr. Cunningham)	56
39.	A Bay ditto, ditto, six ditto ... ... (Mr. Beardmore)	66
40.	A Bay ditto, ditto, aged ... ... (Mr. Cunningham)	42
41.	A Bay ditto, ditto, seven years old ... ... (Mr. Curtis)	51
42.	A Bay ditto, ditto, seven ditto ... ... (Ditto)	50
43.	A Bay ditto, ditto, seven ditto ... ... (Mr. Witham)	52

A list of the STALLIONS, BROOD MARES, COLTS, and FILLIES, late the property of Mr. TATTERSALL, deceased, which are to be seen at Highflyer Hall, near Ely, till the 20th of May, and will be sold by auction at Hyde Park Corner, on Monday, June 1, 1795.

Lot

1. A Bay Mare, got by Syphon, and is sister to Tandem. Covered by Escape.
2. Toho, a Bay Mare, nine years old, got by Mark Anthony, out of a sister to Alfred, and is the dam of Witch. In foal to Escape, and will be covered by him again.
3. A Bay Mare (a star), got by Highflyer, and is sister to Escape. Covered by Creeper.
4. A Brown Bay Mare, got by Highflyer, her dam by Eclipse, grand dam by Young Cade, the dam of Vauxhall. Covered by Creeper.
5. Miss Brim, got by Highflyer, dam by Squirrel, grand dam by Blank, great grand dam by Old Crab, out of an own sister to Old Partner. Covered by Creeper.
6. A Chestnut Mare, got by Young Marsk, her dam (Gentle Kitty) by Silvio, grand dam by old Dorimand, Regulus, Spot, Fox, Cub, &c. Covered by Trumpator.
7. A Grey Mare, got by Highflyer, her dam (Tiffany) by Eclipse. Covered by Creeper.

Lot.

8. A Bay Mare, got by Highflyer, her dam by Boreas, which is Balloon's dam. Covered by Creeper.
9. A Brown Mare, got by Highflyer, out of Spadille's dam. Covered by Creeper.
10. A Chestnut mare, got by Eclipse, dam by Blank.—This Mare is the dam of Tidy; the best mare in Ireland. Covered by Escape.
11. A Chestnut Mare, got by Eclipse, out of Chalkstone's dam. In foal to Escape, and will be covered by him again.
12. A Chestnut Mare, got by Match'em, out of Perdita. In foal to Escape, and will be covered by him again.
13. A Chestnut Mare, called Potose, got by Eclipse, Blank, Snip, Partner, &c. In foal to Escape, and to be covered by him again.
14. A Chestnut Mare, got by Eclipse, her dam was the dam of Vauxhall, which was got by Young Cade. With a filly by Escape, and covered by him again.
15. A Chestnut Mare, got by Eclipse, her dam by Herod, which was sister to Calash. In foal to Escape, and will be covered by him again.
16. Miss Cheesecake, a Bay Mare, got by Phlegon, Old Merlin, Regulus, &c. With a filly by Escape, and covered by him again.

— A Chestnut Mare, got by Eclipse, and is sister to King Fergus. In foal by Escape, and will be covered by him again.

17. A Bay Mare, got by Eclipse, her dam by Highflyer, Mother Bunch's dam. In foal to Escape, and will be covered again by Creeper.
18. A Bay Mare, got by Le Sang, Omar, Wilson's Chestnut Arabian, Hutton's Spot, Mogul, Crab, Curwen's Spot, Whitelegged Lowther Barb. In foal to Escape, and will be covered by him again.
19. A Bay Mare, got by Boudrow, her dam by Squirrel, which was Escape's dam. In foal by a son of Young Marsk, and will be covered again by Creeper.
20. A Bay Mare, got by Alfred, Herod, Engineer, out of Bay Malton's dam. With a filly by Escape, and covered by him again.
21. A Bay Mare, got by Mr. Vernon's Arabian, her dam by Snap, out of Chalkstone's dam. With a filly by Escape, and covered by him again.
22. A Bay Mare, got by Tandem, Herod, Marsk, Regulus, &c. With a filly by Escape, and covered by him again.
23. A Bay Mare, got by Match'em, her dam (called Jocasta) by Young Forester, out of Young Cade's sister. In foal to Escape, and will be covered by him again.
24. Sweet Marjoram, got by Sweetbriar, out of Dizzy. In foal to Escape, and will be covered by him again.
25. Shift, a Chestnut Mare, got by Sweetbriar, out of Susan, which was got by Snap, Old Cade, &c. In foal to Escape, and to be covered by him again.
26. Rantipole, a Piebald Mare, got by Herod, her dam by Blank, which is Mr. Vernon's Rantipole, the dam of Nimble, &c. In foal to Escape, and will be covered again by Creeper.

Lot.

27. A Bay Mare, got by Sweetbriar, out of Buzzard's dam; she was got by Dux, out of Curiosity. In foal to Escape, and will be covered by him again.
28. Donduca, got by Justice, out of Bonduca, which was got by Bandy, out of a Crab Mare, sister to Blossom. In foal to Escape, and will be covered by him again.
29. A Bay Mare (a star, and near foreleg white) got by Highflyer, dam by Snap, out of the grand dam of Mexico.—This Mare is the dam of Mother Bunch, with a filly by Trumpator, and will be covered again by Creeper.
30. A Bay Mare, got by Highflyer, her dam by Eclipse, sister to Fergus. In foal by a son of Young Marsk, and will be covered again by Creeper.
31. A Bay Mare, got by Highflyer, her dam (Fair Barbara) by Eclipse, her grand dam (Mopsqueezer) by Match'em. In foal to the Fitzroy Arabian, and will be covered again by Creeper.
32. A Brown Bay Mare, cropt, got by Highflyer, her dam (Plaything) by Match'em. In foal by a son of Young Marsk, and will be covered by Creeper.
33. Hope, a Light Bay Mare (a star), got by Florizel, dam by Pantaloon, grand dam by Captain, out of the Old Cade Mare. With a filly by Escape, and covered again by Creeper.
34. Mrs. Candour, a Bay Mare (a small star), got by Woodpecker, out of Sir Peter's dam. Covered by Trumpator.

STALLIONS.

35. ESCAPE, got by Highflyer, dam by Squirrel, grand dam sister to Sir James Lowther's Babraham, &c.
36. DRONE, got by Herod, dam Lilly by Blank, grand dam Peggy by Cade, &c.
37. CREEPER, got by Tandem, dam Harriot by Match'em, grand dam Flora by Regulus, Bartlet's Childers, Bay Bolton, Belgrade Turk.
38. FAVOURITE, got by Mercury, out of a sister to Old Tat.

TWO-YEAR OLDS.

39. A Brown Colt, got by Highflyer, out of lot 15.
40. A Brown Filly, got by Highflyer, out of lot 22.

YEARLING COLTS.

41. A Bay Colt, got by Drone, out of lot 5.
42. A Bay Colt, got by Escape, out of lot 21.
43. A Grey Colt, got by Sweetbriar, dam Tiffany by Highflyer, lot 7.
44. A Bay Colt, got by Escape, out of lot 24.
45. A Bay Colt, got by Escape, out of lot 13.

YEARLING FILLIES.

Lot.

46. A Bay Filly, got by Escape, out of lot 20.
47. A Bay Filly, got by Escape, dam by Alfred, her dam Brim by Squirrel.
48. A Bay Filly, got by Highflyer, out of lot 22.
49. A Bay Filly, got by Highflyer, out of lot 15.
50. A Bay Filly, got by Highflyer, out of lot 11.
51. A Bay Filly, got by Highflyer, out of lot 19.
52. A Bay Filly, got by Highflyer, out of lot 6.
    N.B. This Filly is sister to Bangtail.
53. A Brown Filly, got by Sweetbriar, out of lot 30.
54. A Bay Filly, got by Phenomenon, out of lot 32.
55. A Bay Filly, got by Drone, out of lot 2.
56. A Bay Filly, got by Drone, out of lot 9.
57. A Bay Filly, got by Escape, dam by Volunteer, grandam Rosetta.

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"A DIVISION OF THE SEATES wthin the Chappell of Burneley assigned and allotted unto the severall Inhabitants wthin the sayde

Wood.		Crabow, one seate.			
17. John Smith, John Hindle, Hen. and Abraham Wilkinson.	Stephenhey, Willm. Watmough, and Smith, for house of Lee Greene.	16. Chr/ofer Smith, Hanson, and Pollard.	16. Whitlefield, John Pollard house, and Wm. Akersall.	16. George Halsted, for Pollards.	17. Theeveley, Robte. Whitaker de Chappell, and John Buckley, John Law.
18. Nobleworth at Nutshaw.	Blackdyke, Spenser, Stoidley, and rest of ye Barcrofte tenants there.	17. Thos. Smith, John Stanworth, Nicholas Jackson, James Swaine.	17. Nich. Whitaker for Gatefield, John Lowe in Burnley.	17. John Ingham de Goune, Nich. Jackson, Jas. Swain.	18. Geo. Whitaker, Raphe tenement, Geo. Whittaker de Greens.