CHURCH, FARM HOUSES, ETC., PERIVALE. [*Frontispiece.*

The Chronicles of Greenford Parva;

OR,

PERIVALE, PAST AND PRESENT.

WITH

DIVERS HISTORICAL, ARCHÆOLOGICAL, AND OTHER NOTES, TRADITIONS, ETC.
RELATING TO THE CHURCH AND MANOR, AND THE BRENT VALLEY.

BY

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INSTITUTOR OF THE EALING FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY, AND FIRST CHAIRMAN OF ITS COMMITTEES.

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(BACON *on the Advancement of Learning.*)

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TO

MY WIFE.

THIS LITTLE BOOK

Is Dedicated

TO YOU AS A MEMENTO OF THE HAPPY ASSOCIATIONS
PERIVALE HAS HAD FOR US,
AND OF THE PLEASURE WHICH YOU HAVE SAID THESE PAGES
AFFORDED YOU,
AS THEY ISSUED FROM MY PEN,
ACCOMPANIED BY EXPRESSIONS OF APPROVAL
I MOST VALUE.

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PREFACE.

A CERTAIN philosopher, more sensitive than a philosopher should be, was accustomed when he came in contact with phases and experiences of human life which caused him pain, to take refuge in his library—like the wise snail which, when rudely touched, retreats into its shell; and from his books, his silent friends, he learnt to appreciate the better part of humanity, and became more disposed to regard with indifference, if not with satisfaction, the parts sometimes played by the poor player—

> "That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more."

In following his example, after a similar experience, I have enjoyed the same advantages, and at intervals of harder study have found time to write, not unmixed with pleasure withal, this little book, chiefly, though not exclusively, for the information of my friends at Ealing and in the neighbouring towns.

This account of the church and hamlet of Perivale affords an example of what may be done, though by abler hands than mine, in the case of many old villages, in Middlesex and elsewhere, which have an interesting history buried beneath piles of old books and records.

If I have rescued Perivale from comparative oblivion, and if this little book should prove interesting to the general reader, my object will have been achieved.

I have to acknowledge, and I do so most thankfully, my obligations to the Rector of Perivale, the Rev. Dr. C. J. Hughes, for allowing me to examine the records of his church, and for much information relating thereto.

I have to thank also Mrs. Farthing for kindly placing in my hands her late husband's MSS. notes and sketches, entitled, "Pictures of Perivale." I have availed myself of this source of valuable information, and largely quoted from them in some of the last chapters of this book.

An acknowledgment is due to my friend, Mr. Peter Crooke, of Brentford, for furnishing me with some interesting notes on the birds which frequent the Brent valley; in connection with which I may also mention the use I have made of the list of birds published in the "Proceedings of the Ealing Natural History and Microscopical Society," compiled by Mr. Anthony Belt, its honorary secretary. And now—

"Go, little book, from this my solitude:
I cast thee on the waters—go thy ways;
And if thou art, as some may deem thee, good,
The world shall find thee after many days."

JNO. ALLEN BROWN.

7, KENT GARDENS, EALING.
1890.

THE

CHRONICLES OF GREENFORD PARVA;

OR, PERIVALE, PAST AND PRESENT.

INTRODUCTION.

"The stream, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along its sinuous course
Delighted."—*Cowper.*

THE geology of a country determines its physical geography, and its physical geography has often been the most important factor in settling the character and influence, and even the very existence, of a nation; the possession of a rugged seaboard and of rivers, the environment of mountains, have not only powerfully affected the progress of peoples, but have actually preserved to us the past history of races.

Would the Greeks have so strongly infused their heroic history into the modern thought of the world if Attica and Sparta had formed part of a great inland plain? would they have had a heroic history at all, in which Art and Scientific culture are so singularly embedded, for but the physiography of the Peloponessus?

Sparta boasted that she needed no walls, for the chain of eminences which surrounded her were then impregnable; the Swiss preserved their independence, and, to a large extent, the peace of their valleys, by the aid of the mountains which environ them; the Basques, a race more ancient than the Aryan conqueror who drove their ancestors from other parts of Europe many thousand years ago, have preserved their racial characteristics, their language and folk-lore, in the valleys of the Pyrenees, protected and isolated by the rugged mountains which encompass them, while their congeners became absorbed by the

Kelt, Roman, and Teuton: a survival which, with others of the like kind, is of great interest and importance to the student of Prehistoric Archæology.

Let us recognise, too, when we contemplate the supremacy of the mixed Anglo-Saxon and Keltic races, which have been long welded together in Britain, that the energy and enterprise on which we justifiably pride ourselves, is in no small degree due to the later geological effects, which have, conjointly with still older changes, produced the present mountains, valleys, and rivers, and let us be grateful for "the last period of partial submergence" in Western Europe, by which we "were encompassed by the inviolable sea."

The same causes which have operated in producing great results are also potent in producing lesser ones. It is a great leap in thought from a sun to an asteroid, from an elephant to a grasshopper, yet it is to the like interweaving of causes and effects that the existence of both is due.

We owe the preservation of Perivale, an old almost forgotten hamlet, to its geographical position. Situated just outside the valley of the Thames proper, it is cut off, and in a measure isolated, by the River Brent and the ridge of low hills which divide it from its ambitious neighbour, Ealing; and it is largely due to these natural barriers that it still remains a rustic, deeply-secluded hamlet, with a quaint old church, an old rectory, and a few red-tiled farmhouses, toned down into unison with the hedgerows and trees, the survival of a mediæval village but eleven miles from St. Paul's.

Districts within the same distance of London have yielded in succession to the great army of the builder; he has conquered and annexed that which was open country in the boyhood of the man of fifty summers. Where are the country roads he knew, the smiling expanses of green interspersed with trees? the hedgerows redolent with the perfume of the wild honeysuckle, and decked with primroses, violets, and wild roses? What has become of the brooks,

> . . . . "The complaining brooks,
> That make the meadows green"?

They have been converted into sewers. The beautiful old trees, that took so long to grow their outstretched leafy arms and wide trunks, have been cut down and uprooted to subserve his fell purpose; all that is

rural has disappeared before the ubiquitous builder of the trowel, hammer, and saw, and the great city, or congeries of cities, now stretches itself forth in new local board districts with bewildering lines of houses and rows of "eligible villas," and other examples of "original" suburban architecture.

In almost every direction in which he may wander in his desire to revisit the scenes of his youthful walks and rambles, he will find all changed; even the haunts of his early manhood in the neighbourhood of London, in spring and summer, are so altered that he knows them no more; they bring, like the memory of dear vanished faces, but the saddened thought that "such things were but are not."

It is the Brent valley which has preserved Perivale to us, and long may it guard the northern environs of Ealing from the ruthless destroyer of the rural aspect of the environs of London.

The River Brent, like a long, thin, shining snake, flows in many bends and curves through the rich flowery pastures of the wide flat valley. Such a little stream, gliding generally so smoothly among the trees, flowers, and grass, seems at first sight, even with the hills it has helped to form, hardly sufficient to make a barrier between the hamlet and the latest acquisition of the land speculator, Ealing. But those who see the little Brent peacefully meandering through the meadows from Kingsbury to Greenford, would never dream of what it becomes when in a state of flood. A few days' steady rain is often enough to rouse the potential energy of "our river," and to transform it from a rivulet with a murmuring ripple to a wide roaring river, flowing with a torrent sufficient to carry down trees and occasionally sweep away the smaller bridges, besides inundating the fields and rendering them quite impassable for a long distance on each side of the old banks; then men and horses have been drowned in it, and the waters are expanded for miles along the valley.

The church and hamlet have a most picturesque old-world appearance, whether they be approached from the Greenford Road or as seen across the fields from Ealing.

Embosomed in trees, the former, with its wooden tower, tiny porch, and red-tiled roof, probably presents much the same rustic mediæval aspect it has exhibited during the past three hundred years, while a

roof or gable of one or two of the farm houses and the old rectory may be seen peeping out from the trees and seem quite in harmony with it.

The whole landscape, with Horsington, or more correctly Horsendon, in the background, and Harrow Hill with its spire still further in the distance, reminds one of some out-of-the-way hamlet in one of the more distant counties, which, for lack of a means of communication, has remained as it was in the old days until it is well-nigh forgotten.

As the church with "God's acre" attached to it is more nearly approached, it seems the very ideal and embodiment of peace and tranquillity. In summer the sound of the wind among the old yews and other trees in the churchyard and around the church and rectory reaches the ear subdued and softened, as if in unison with the peace of the landscape and the calm rest of those who lie within the church's shade.

In summer the yellowhammer repeats his plaintive cry, the tits and others of the feathered tribe their tiny notes, the thrushes are in full song, the swallows are flying about the eaves of the roof, and the general chorus of songsters and warblers, accompanied by the murmurous melody of the river hard by, is borne on the ear mingled with the busy hum of insect life—telling, it is true, of activity, but it is an activity in repose, if the expression be allowed, like the healthful balmy repose of the wearied after labour, in which happy thoughts unwittingly find expression in pleasing dreams, *not* the "cold abstraction" which is not sleep, though for a short while it is its counterfeit.

A sense of calm content and reliance on the mysterious future steals over us amid such surroundings as these, like a beam of light from behind the dark curtain, comforting and reassuring, and stirring an inner sense within ourselves—for "all of us have an inner sense of some existence apart from the one that wears away our days."

Byron says—

> "Between two worlds life hovers like a star
> Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge;
> How little do we know, that which we are!
> How less what we may be! the eternal surge
> Of Time and Tide rolls on, and bears afar
> Our bubbles."

CHAPTER I.

"Norman saw on English oak,
On English neck a Norman yoke;
Norman spoon in English dish,
And England ruled as Normans wish."—*Scott.*

THE hamlet of Perivale is mentioned in the Domesday Survey under the name of "Greneforde," and there is sufficient in the old record to distinguish it from the greater Greenford; it is also called "Greneforde" in Edward the Confessor's Charter of Confirmation, and from these early times it has been known as Greneforde Parva, to distinguish it from the adjoining parish of "Greneford Magna."

The names of "Grenefeld," "Gernford," "Cornhull," or "Cornhill," have also been applied to it in old records, but in later times it has been known as Peryvale or Purevale.

Norden, who wrote in the reign of Elizabeth, calls it "Peryvale," but is of opinion that it is more correctly written "Purevale" on account of the fertility of the valley, for he says the whole district, including "Northold," "Southhold," "Norcote," "Gerneford," &c., "yieldeth not only an abundance but most excellente good wheate." He quaintly says, "It may be noted also how nature hath exalted Harrow on the Hill, which seemeth to make ostentation of its situation in the Purevale, from whence, towards the time of harvest, a man may beholde the fields round about, so sweetely to address themselves to the sicle and sith, with such comfortable aboundaunce of all kinde of graine that the husbandman who waiteth for the fruits of his labours cannot but clap his hands for joy to see this vale so to Laugh and Sing." *

Newcourt says,† "I am apt to believe that this parish has not gone

* "Speculum Britanniæ" (John Norden), a historical, &c., description of Middlesex and other counties, illustrated with maps and the arms of persons. This work, which is of small extent, contains much curious matter. It was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and reprinted in 1637, and again in 1723.

† "Repertorium Ecclesiasticum Parochiale Londinense," Richard Newcourt, 2 vols., fol., 1708.

by the name of Perivale for many *ages* past, for the first time I find it so written in the London Registry, is December, 1540."

Drayton in his "Polyolbion" (see p. 107), calls it Peryvale, and Lysons considers that this name has arisen from the gradual corruption of Parva.*

It is worthy of observation that a road called Perryfield Lane is shown in Rocque's Map (1741): it led in a direct line to Perivale from "Castle Bear Hill," through "Castle Bear Common," on part of which Kent Gardens now stands, and was a continuation of the old road from Ealing's or Eling's Haven. It is very difficult to believe that the name arose from either the corruption of "Pure" or "Parva."

The parish is also distinguished in old records, which will be referred to later, as Cornhull or Cornhill; this was probably the name applied to a part of the parish, as will be noticed subsequently.

Greenford Parva, or Perivale, is in the Hundred of Elthorne; it is bounded by Greenford (Magna), Ealing and Harrow, and is now intersected by the Grand Junction Canal. The hamlet is about a mile and a half from the Uxbridge Road and barely eight miles from the Marble Arch.

It is probable that the stone which now marks the boundary between Perivale and Ealing near the churchyard of the former, was not always necessary to define the limits of the parishes in that direction and that the river itself here formed the boundary. Subsequently, as shown by Rocque's Survey in 1741-5, the bend of the river was to the south more than 500 feet away. The boundaries of most of the parishes near London are so old that the curve of the stream may have been again in the same direction as at present, but rather further to the north, when the limits were fixed. Camden says England was first divided into parishes by Honorius, Archbishop of Canterbury in the year 636.

According to the Domesday Survey,† which was made about twenty

* "The Environs of London," Rev. Daniel Lysons, 1796; supplement 1811. Parishes not described in the Environs, 1800.

† Plantagenet Harrison says that the Norman Conqueror, "knowing that there were many lands in the country subject to special tax, which constituted an important part of the revenue of the Anglo-Saxon king, and in order that he might not be defrauded by the collectors of this tax, caused a survey to be made of these lands, then known as 'the Lands of the King's Geld,' by commission appointed to each county, and the result was the Domesday Book, which is simply a schedule of those lands of 'the King's Geld,' and

years after the Battle of Hastings, Ernulf held of Geoffrey de Mauneville or Mandeville, and sometimes written Magnaville, three hides of land, "which land is one carucate and half in Greneforde" Parva; "there is one plough there and another half a plough might be made" —meaning that land for one plough only was under cultivation, but there was sufficient arable land for half as much again or the half of what a plough could do.

At this time, also, two villeins held half a hide of the said Geoffrey de Mandeville, and there were also two cottars and a slave, as well as wood or pannage for forty hogs—pannage being money paid to the King's "Agisters" for the mast of the King's forests, *i.e.*, acorns and beech mast eaten by the swine, or profit arising to the landowner from a grant of liberty to pasture hogs; the time of pannage began on Holyrood day, and ended forty days after Michaelmas. * We have here an indication that oaks and beeches were then fairly abundant in the woods about Greenford Parva.

The land is described in the record as having been worth twenty shillings, though it was then only considered of the value of ten shillings. In the time of Edward the Confessor its value was forty shillings.

This estate had been held by two Sokemen; one of them being a canon of St. Paul's,† who had two hides, and who had the power of parting with them at his pleasure; the other was a vassal of Ansgar,

does not mention any of the freeholders in their own right."—(Facsimile of the original Domesday Book and Translation, 1876.)

* Nelson's "Laws of England."

† Several canons of St. Paul's held land in like manner in Middlesex at this time. Among others, Gueri had two hides at Twyford. "From their foundation the members of the Chapter of St. Paul's were secular priests, and constantly bore the name of canons, or improperly, prebendaries, from the prebends or portions attached to each stall." As Dean Milman says, St. Paul's was never a monastery like that of St. Peter's (Westminster Abbey) although it was surrounded with great monastic establishments. "To the Dean and Canons belonged in theory and in form the election of the Bishop. As the Pope or the King were in the ascendant, came the irresistible nomination which it would have been perilous for the Chapter to refuse—impossible to elude."—(Milman, "Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral.") The site of St. Paul's appears to have been occupied by the Romans as the great Prætorian camp, and a small temple to Diana once existed at or near it as shown by the small altar with a figure of Diana in bas relief, with bow and quiver and hound at her feet, discovered in Foster Lane. It is now preserved in Goldsmith's Hall. Probably "a Saxon fortress afterwards occupied the site of the Roman camp and a rude Saxon temple may have frowned down from the height above the Thames." . . "Ethelbert himself, King of Kent, with the sanction of Sebert, King of the East Angles, founded and endowed a magnificent cathedral, dedicated to St. Paul."—*Circa*, A.D. 597.

the Master of the Horse to the Saxon King, Edward, who could not alienate it without the licence of his liege lord.

It is also stated in Domesday that Ælveve, who is described as the wife of Wateman of London, held half a hide of the King, being a portion of the lands set apart by him to be given in alms (see list of the principal landowners in Middlesex after the Conquest). This land is described as for half a plough, "but it is not there now."* This land, which had belonged to Leuric, a vassal of Earl Lewin, who had power to sell it to whomsoever he pleased, was then of the value of ten shillings, but had been worth twenty shillings in the reign of the Confessor.

(Earl Lewin was a powerful Saxon lord in the reign of Edward the Confessor; he held at that time among his possessions the manor of Harrow.)

At this time Ansgot held at Greenford Parva, of Geoffrey de Mandeville, half a hide, which is further described as "two oxgangs," or land for two oxen; it is said to have been worth three shillings, which was its value in King Edward's time. This land had been in the tenure of Azor, a vassal of Ansgar, the Master of the Horse before mentioned, and the former could not sell it without his consent. Azor appears to have held as much as eight and a half hides of land at Bedfont Manor, the Manor of Stanwell, &c., and though a vassal himself, had others under him at West Bedfont, Hatton, Enfield, &c., who could not dispose of their holdings without his leave, and among them were Sokemen. Azor is described in another place as house servant to King Edward the Confessor.

Ælveve appears in the record as holding other land in Middlesex direct from the Norman king, as above mentioned.

Ansgar, the Haller, or Master of the Horse of the Saxon Edward, must have espoused the cause of Harold, and suffered accordingly after his defeat. He was a Saxon thane, or noble, whose name frequently occurs in Domesday. Besides his possessions at Greenford

* The principal landowners in Middlesex at the making of the Domesday Survey were the King, the Bishop and Canons of London, the Abbeys of Westminster and Holy Trinity at Caen, the Nunnery of Berking, Earls Roger and Morton, Geofrey de Mannerville (Geoffrey de Mandeville), Ernulf de Hesding, Walter Fitz Other, Walter de St. Walery, Richard Fitz Gilbert, Robert Gernon, Robert Fasiton, Robert Fitz Roselin, Robert Blund, Roger de Rames, William Fitz Anseulf, Edmund de Salisbury, Aubrey de Vere, Ranulf Fitz Ilger, Derman, Countess Judith, and the King's Almoner.

Parva, he held land at Ichenham, and the Manors of Northolt, Enfield, &c., all of which appear to have fallen into the hands of the Norman noble, Geoffrey de Mandeville.

The domains of the Saxon thanes who opposed the Conqueror rapidly changed hands after the battle of Hastings, and a little later there were many of whom it might be said in the words of an old ballad—

> "His sire was a Saxon and lord of the vale;
> But the Normans came down with their proud chivalry,
> And they robbed him and slew him, and burnt his roof tree."

It has been said that the Conqueror "only confiscated the great fiefs of the most rebellious of the Saxon nobility, and did not touch the land belonging to the tenants of the soil." Much of the land in Middlesex must have belonged to Harold's adherents however, looking at the changes which occurred in this county after the Conquest, as shown in Domesday. On the other hand, Scott has presented us probably with a true picture of the thanes who retained their possessions in Cedric of Rotherwood and Athelstane of Coningsburgh. The Saxon account of the compilation of Domesday Book is written in "The Saxon Chronicle," a work compiled by a series of authors from the registers made in the monasteries, and recording events from the date of Alfred to Henry II. The disgust of the Saxon monks at the new order of things is very discernible in it. The "Chronicle" is written in Anglo Saxon, and the reference to Domesday has been thus translated :—

"Then in the winter was the King in Gloucester with his council, and held there his court for five days, and afterwards the Archbishop and Clergy had a synod three days. Then was Mauricius chosen Bishop of London, William of Norfolk, and Robert of Chester; these were all the King's clerks. After this had the King a large meeting, and very deep speech held he with his witan (council) about this land, how it was occupied, and by what sort of men. Then he sent his men over all England, commissioning them to find out 'how many hundreds of hides were in the shires, what land the King himself had, and what stock upon the land, or what dues he ought to have by the year from the shires'; also he commissioned them to record in writing 'how much land his Archbishops had, and his diocesan Bishops, and his

Abbots, and his Earls,' and though I may be prolix and tedious (says the Monk who writes) what or how much each man had, who was an occupier of land in England either in land or in stock, and how much money it was worth; so very narrowly, indeed, did he commission them to trace it out, that there was not one single hide nor a yard of land (a quarter of an acre), nay, moreover (it is shameful to tell, though he thought it no shame to do it, says the Saxon writer), not even an ox, nor a cow, nor a swine, was there left that was not set down in his writ. And all the recorded particulars were afterwards brought to him. Afterwards he moved about and came by Lammas to Sarum, where he was met by his councillors, and all the landsmen that were of any account over all England became this man's vassals, as they were, and they all bowed before him and became his men, and swore him oaths of allegiance that they would against all other men be faithful to him." * Thus was the feudal system formally established.

Geoffrey de Mandeville is one of the great historical figures at this period, and with him as Lord of the Manor of Greenford Parva the destinies of our little hamlet are associated.

This powerful Norman baron, sometimes styled the Sire de Magnaville, accompanied the Conqueror to England and rendered him great aid at the famous battle which decided the fate of the Saxon supremacy. He was one of the chief grantees after the Conquest, and the king rewarded him with a large number of knights' fees,† castles, and manors; it is said he held land in ten different counties. He held many manors in Middlesex; among them were those of Ebury, which constitutes now a large part of the west of London, besides such manors as Northolt, Greenford Parva, Edmonton, Stanwell, Enfield, &c., and lands at Islington (written Isendon and Isledon, &c.), Ichen-

* See the translation of "The Saxon Chronicle," by the Rev. J. Ingram, 1823.

† Much of the land of the country was divided into portions called knights' fees under the feudal system, the portion being considered sufficient to maintain an armed knight when engaged in war. The feudal Barons, who were directly amenable to the King, held, as in this case, a large number of knights' fees, and thus could bring into the field, at his pleasure, the armed knights over whom they were chief tenants or liege lords, while the knights could gather together to their aid the retainers or vassals who held land under them. A knight's fee, or *feodum militare*, was twelve plough-lands, or *carucata terræ*, each of which was as much as one plough could plough in a year. The value of a knight's fee is stated, in the first year of Edward II., to be £20 per annum.—(Blackstone).

ham, &c., in fact, most of the land in the hundreds of Elthorne and Spelthorne.

It is interesting to note that the Manor of Greenford Magna, containing twelve hides, had before this time, *i.e.*, in the reign of King Ethelred, probably the second, surnamed the Unready (A.D. 979), been given by that king to Westminster Abbey. Domesday says it is held by the Abbot of St. Peter for eleven and a half hides.* But there is evidence in the vicinity of Greenford Parva of the Saxon occupation of the country at an earlier period, when the Saxons of this part of Middlesex then formed a part of East Seaxe, and were always more or less at war with their powerful southern neighbours, the tribes of West Seaxe, until they were crushed under Egbert, who, under the title of Bretwalda, became supreme ruler (A.D. 827). A few years ago when some labourers were digging gravel at the neighbouring district of Hanwell, they discovered the remains of skeletons, evidently those of three or more warriors, as their iron spears were found with them; they had been buried "with their martial cloaks around them," *i.e.*, with coarsely-woven hemp garments, fastened over the breast with round bronze fibulæ or brooches. These fibulæ were of the saucer pattern *peculiar* to the *West Saxons.*† They were thickly plated with gold, carved into very pretty characteristic designs. The richness of these ornaments indicates that the wearers had been persons of some note, probably leaders of a number of West Saxons who fell in some battle or skirmish while invading the country of East Seaxe, which then included not only Middlesex but part of Hertfordshire, as well as Essex. Before leaving the historical references to the Saxons, as associated with Greenford Parva, it would be well to digress slightly in order to explain the nature and origin of the ancient measures of land which have been mentioned, and the curious tenures with which the terms are connected.

First as to hide. This is the oldest term applied to the measurement of land in England, if we except the Roman "ager" (field) from which is probably derived our word "acre," but which does not appear to have denoted any particular dimensions. At a later period, *i.e.*, in

* Dart's "History of Westminster Abbey," vol. i., p. 12.

† The interesting relics are now in the collection of Mr. Peter Crooke, of Brentford.

Edward I.'s reign, the word acre began to be used to describe an oblong piece of ground, forty perches long, with a width of four perches.

Hide is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "higid," otherwise "hiwisc," and became abbreviated into "hid." It still survives as the name of villages, as "The Hyde," North Hyde, &c., in Middlesex. The word is used in the laws of Ina, one of the early kings of Wessex (about A.D. 620). According to the "Venerable Bede," a hide represented the amount of land which would support a family or household, and Alfred is said to have adopted "Hydeland" as associated with the Latin "familia" (a whole company of slaves in one house, &c.), but the connection is not very apparent, though there may be something in the definition he appears to have attached to it, *i.e.*, as a measure of the quantity of land which one plough, which was used in common by a group of tenants, could accomplish in a year.

Then there is the oft-told tale, about the town or towns, for it has been applied to several places, having been granted as much land only as could be enclosed in a bull's hide; the hide being extended into a considerable area by the crafty hero of the story cutting it into long thin strips and using them as cords. The Tyrian Queen Dido is credited with having resorted to this very questionable artifice to obtain land for the founding of Carthage. There seems, however, little doubt that a hide in Saxon times meant as much land as could be ploughed by a large team of oxen with one plough in a year, and would therefore support a family or group of families. It varied from 100 (though some say from 60) to 120 acres; it probably included meadow and pasture for the teams and houses for the men. Kelham, in his Domesday Book, says, "The hide was the measure of land in Edward the Confessor's reign, and the carucate that to which it was reduced by the Conqueror's new standard.* Twelve carucates then made one hide, but as a carucate indicated as much land as could be ploughed with a single team in a year, it necessarily varied according to the nature of the soil, and the custom of husbandry in the particular locality.

* Bovate, virgate, borders, are also terms used in Domesday, and as they occur either in the body or notes to this book, it may be useful to the reader to here explain their meaning. Bovate, as the word implies, described the amount of land one ox could till in a year. Virgate was a small parcel of land from eight to sixteen acres. Borders were "boors" who held a small house, but bigger than a cottage, with a little land for husbandry.

The designation Socman or Sokeman is equally ancient. It appertained to persons who held land in the Soc, or by Socage,* *i.e.*, by a tenure granted for a certain and determinate service as distinguished from knight service, where the rendering was precarious and uncertain, and also as opposed to villeinage, where the service was of the very meanest kind; in fact, a villein was but a serf attached to the soil and sold with it. There were, however, two kinds of socage, distinguished as Free and Villein. Free socage was consequent on fealty and the payment of a small sum yearly. In villein socage, though the service was certain and defined, it was of a baser nature. From these tenures originated our copyhold tenure, and, as Hallam says, "The free socage tenants were the root of a noble plant, our English yeomanry, whose independence stamped with peculiar features our constitution and our national character." † These tenures are generally considered to be relics of Saxon liberty retained by such persons as had neither forfeited their estate to the Crown nor been obliged to exchange their tenure for the more honourable but more burthensome one of knight service.

Amidst the confusion which must have arisen at the time of the Conquest, when the Saxon landowners were in great part, though not in all cases, deprived of their possessions, it is not surprising that the value of the soil should have decreased. As already stated, land in Greenford Parva which was only considered to be worth ten shillings when granted to Geoffrey de Mandeville, had been of the value of twenty shillings, and in the peaceful days of the Confessor of double the latter value. In fact, there had been so great a falling off of the land under tillage since the days of the Saxon Edward, that some lands were unoccupied and had become desolate at the time of taking the Survey (about 1086).

There can hardly be a doubt that in the fields now called "The Common," on the northern boundary of Perivale, we have the last traces of the Common or Folkland of the Saxon period and afterwards.

* This tenure is alluded to in Magna Carta (1215). "Si aliquis teneat de nobis per feodifirman vel per *sokagium* vel per burgagium et de alio terram teneat per servicium militare," &c.

† "Middle Ages." This historian says also: "I presume the soc men were ceorls more fortunate than the rest, who by purchase had acquired freehold, or by prescription or the indulgence of their lords had obtained such a property in the outland allotted to them, that they could not be removed, and in many instances might dispose of it at pleasure."

Such land was the property of the village or community, whereon the poorer folk could graze their cattle, or if tilled it was cultivated in strips for their common wants. Common or people's land also existed at that time in Greenford Magna, and in all the neighbouring villages. The equivalent of our rent was often paid in kind, or in feorm, as well as in services rendered ; sometimes in Schar or Scat Pennies—the farmer or "feormer" supplying "feorm" to those above him, and the scat penny was paid by small tenants in lieu of the right of their immediate superiors to have the cattle driven at night into their enclosures or pens for the sake of the manure, and is said to have varied from one penny to fourpence an acre.

It should be mentioned that during the Saxon occupation of the country, and for a very considerable period after the Norman invasion, a great weald or forest extended across Middlesex north of London. To the ordinary reader this is now hard to realize, but we have it, among others, on the authority of the monkish chronicler William Stephanides, or Fitzstephen, who wrote in the time of Henry II. In speaking of the City of London, much of which was then meadow-land, he says :—"Close by lies an immense forest, in which are densely-wooded thickets, with coverts of game, stags, fallow deer, boars, and wild bulls."

CHAPTER II.

" The bay-trees in our country are all withered,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven :
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean look'd prophets whisper fearful change ;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap."—*Richard II.*

To return to the history of Greenford Parva, otherwise Cornhull or Cornhill, and to Geoffrey de Mandeville, the first Lord of the Manor.

This "famous souldier" was one of the great potentates of the day : some of his possessions have already been noticed ; to add to his honours and titles the Conqueror appointed him Constable of the Tower of London, and he held the shrievalties of London, Middlesex, and Hertford. He founded a Benedictine monastery at Hurley, in Berkshire, as a cell of Westminster Abbey, and desired to be laid in the Abbey, giving (as Dean Stanley tells us) "in return for his burial the Manor of Eye, then a waste morass, which gave its name to the Eye Brook, and under the names of Hyde, Eyebury (Ebury), and Neate contained Hyde Park, Belgravia, and Chelsea." Geoffrey de Magnaville (Mandeville) signed as a witness in conjunction with Archbishop Lanfranc and other prelates and nobles, the memorable charter of William the Conqueror, confirming the grant of Stortford Castle, lands, &c., to the church "St. Paule," and to Mauricus, then Bishop of London, and his successors, which ends with the following pious words, Anglicised :—"For I would that the church in all things be as free as I would my soul to be in the day of judgment" (Stow).

William de Mandeville, who succeeded to the estates and titles of his father, Geoffrey, appears also to have inherited the Manor of Greenford Parva : "he married Margaret de Rie, heiress of the great Eudo Dapifer, and their son Geoffrey was in her right Hereditary Steward of Normandy." This second Geoffrey was Lord of the Manor

of Greenford Parva in the reign of Stephen. Although, as will be seen, he became an outlaw, and it is probable his lands were for a while confiscated to the Crown, it would appear that this little manor, with his other great possessions, were restored to his family after his death, and remained in the hands of his descendants. This is shown by the fact that the Manor of Greenford Parva came into the possession of the De Bohuns, who in default of male issue succeeded to the estates of the De Mandevilles.

The remarkable career of the second Geoffrey de Mandeville is so singularly eventful, and moreover it so far illustrates the condition of society in England at that time, that it should be given here; in fact, a history of Greenford Parva would hardly be complete without a full reference to it. Geoffrey de Mandeville the Second was at first a strong adherent of the King (Stephen), who created him Earl of Essex, and committed the custody of the Tower of London to him, which he kept for the King after the submission of the citizens of London to the Empress Maude. He even made a raid on the Empress's Bishop of London, Robert de Sigillo, and seized him at his palace at Fulham.* The Bishop was carried off to the Tower, and was only able to obtain his release on payment of a heavy fine.

Geoffrey II. afterwards seceded from the party of the King for that of the Empress, and was besieged in the Tower, but without success, by the citizens of London, who were true to Stephen. It is said "he was bribed to desert his service by two other more ample charters from the Empress Maude, of which the second dated from Westminster, and reconferring the Earldom, is (says Dugdale) 'the most antient creation charter which hath ever been known.'" Both are remarkable for the privileges and concessions they contain. She granted him all the land, forts, and castles that his father and grandfather held; "the Tower of London, with the little castle under it, to strengthen and fortify at his pleasure;" † also the hereditary shrievalties of London, Middlesex, and Hertfordshire, with the trial of all causes in those counties; all the lands granted to him by Stephen, with twenty additional knights' fees; the whole of Eudo Dapifer's Norman estates, with his office of Steward;

* "Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral." Dean Milman.
† Matthew Paris. "His. Angl."

and covenanted that "neither the Earl of Anjou (her husband), nor herself, nor her children would ever make peace with *the burgesses* of London, but with the consent of the said Geoffry, because they *were his mortal enemies.*" She constituted him Earl of Essex, with the third penny of the pleas of the shrievalty, "as an Earl ought to enjoy in his earldom;" gave him the hereditary shrievalty of the county, and made him and his heirs Chief Justices of Essex for ever. His adherence had been valued at no contemptible price; but, great as were the powers and dignities conferred upon him, he did not long enjoy them. No sooner was Stephen firmly established on the throne than he had his recreant liegeman seized at the Court of St. Alban's. The Earl, a violent and headstrong man, did not submit without a sharp struggle: "they had a bloody fight, in which the Earl of Arundel (though a stout soldier) being thrown into the Water with his Horse, escaped drowning very narrowly." He was securely lodged in prison, and only set free after surrendering the Tower of London, with his own castles of Walden and Pleshy (in Essex). Thus bereft of his strongholds, and maddened by rage and disappointment, he betook himself to the savage life of an outlaw.

> "He was to weete a stoute and sturdie thiefe,
> Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments."

"He collected a band of determined followers, and foraged the country in every direction for spoil, first invading the King's own demesne lands and wasting them miserably."

Likewise, having married his sister Beatrix to Hugh Talbot, of Normandy, he caused her to be divorced and wedded to William de Say, "a stoute and warlike man." "With his aid he went on in plunder and rapine everywhere without mercy; making use of divers cunning spies, whom he sent from door to door as beggars, to discover where any rich men dwelt, to the end he might surprise them in their beds, and then keep them in hold till they had, with large sums of money, purchased their liberty."

"Being highly transported with wrath, he at length grew so savage that by the help of William de Say and one Daniel a counterfeit monk, he got by Water to Ramsey (in 1143). and entering the Abbey very early in the morning, surprised the monks (then asleep

after their nocturnal offices), and expelling them thence made a Fort of the Church."

He took away their plate, copes, and other ornaments, "selling them for money to reward his soldiers."

For this last outrage he was publicly excommunicated in 1144, and not long after, while besieging the Castle of Burwell, he put off his helmet (it being summer) on account of the heat, and going bare-headed, with a shield and lance, he was shot in the head by one of the *meanest soldiers*, and thus mortally wounded.*

"Whereupon, lying at the point of death and ready to give up his last gasp," he showed "great contrition for his sins, and making what satisfaction he could, there came at last some of the Knights Templars to him," who put "on him the habit of their Order, signed with a Red Cross." "Afterwards, when he was full dead, they carried his Dead Corps into their Orchard at the Old Temple in London; and coffining it in Lead hanged it on a Crooked Tree;" "for in reverend Awe of the Church they durst not bury him because he died excommunicated, so fearful in those days was the sentence of excommunication."

Matthew Paris,† who records the facts relating to the excommunicated Geoffrey de Mandeville, says that "the Earl was the only person who fell, and that a manifest proof of the Divine wrath was displayed by the walls of the church streaming plenteously with blood whilst it was held as a castle."

"Likewise that after some time, by the industry and expenses of the Prior of Walden, his absolution was obtained from the Pope Alexander the Third, so that his Body was received among Christians, and Divine Offices celebrated for him. But when the Prior endeavoured to take down the Coffin and carry it to Walden, the Templars, being aware of the design, buried it privately in the Porch before the West door of the New Temple." This, as the noble authoress of the "Battle Abbey Roll" says, "is a striking story," all the more striking perhaps because it reminds us that this spoliator and outcast had been in his younger days a benefactor of the Church. The Prior who interceded for his absolution was the Superior of the Abbey that he had

* "Register Book of Walden," quoted by Camden and Weever, and the "Battle Abbey Roll," the Duchess of Cleveland.

† Matt. Paris, "His. Angl." p. 80. See also Henry of Huntingdon, "Script Post. Bedam," Ed. 1596, and Dugdale's "Monasticon Anglicanum."

founded near his Essex castle, "placing it upon a meeting of four roadways, and in an angle of two waters, that the Monks should of necessity be charitable to poor people and hospitable to passengers." It had been consecrated in 1136, but apparently not over richly endowed, for his successor, Geoffrey III., evidently unwilling to increase its income, "advised the Prior to be content with a small Church and little buildings."

Such is an outline of the remarkable career of Geoffrey de Mandeville II., the third lord of the manor of Greenford Parva. The effigy of Geoffrey de Mandeville, Earl of Essex, with his arms upon his shield, may be seen in the Temple Church.

How the little manor of Greenford Parva fared under these remarkable and untoward circumstances it is impossible to say with certainty; the probability is that with many of the other possessions of the outlawed Geoffrey it was confiscated and fell into the hands of King Stephen, but was afterwards returned to his successor Geoffrey de Mandeville, the third of that name, who, the records say, "received back his father's forfeited lands." As the manor is known, too, to have been in the possession of the succeeding De Mandevilles, there can hardly be a doubt that the third Geoffrey became lord of the manor of Greenford Parva. He was the second of the three sons of the outlaw, and was again created Earl of Essex by Henry II.—the King who did penance and allowed himself to be scourged by the clergy of Westminster Abbey for his rash words which had brought about the assassination of Thomas à Becket. The father's forfeited lands restored to him were certified to one hundred and three knights' fees. "He was an elegant man of speech, much noted for his abilities in secular affairs," and "was sent with the Justiciary against the Welch in 1167"; but falling sick at Chester, "it *hapned* that, his servants being all gone to dinner and nobody left with him, he died." "He left no children, having been early divorced from his wife, Eustachia, a kinswoman of the King"; and his brother William, who succeeded him, proved the last of his race. William de Mandeville, the third Earl, is described as "of sharp wit, prudent in council and a stoute soldier, did not much verse himself amongst his own relations, but spent his youthful time for the most part with Philip Earl of Flanders," and was much employed in military service. On his return he was ap-

pointed with Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, as Justiciary of England during the absence of Richard Cœur de Lion in the Holy Land.

He died in 1190 at Rouen, and it is stated of him that when "drawing near his end he called together his Kindred and Servants, and gave them charge (with his hands lifted on high) to convey his Body to Walden, in England, there to be buried. But Henry de Vere, his Kinsman, standing by, told him That the difficulty of the passage was such, that it could not be done. To whom he replied, 'If you cannot, it is because you have no mind to effect what I, a dying man, desire. Then take my Heart and carry it thither.'" According to Camden his heart and also that of the second son of the founder of the Abbey, were buried with the body of Beatrix de Say, the founder's sister, in the Chapter House at Walden.

This curious and interesting history of the De Mandevilles* has been given at much length, not only because they were in succession lords of the manor of Greenford Parva, but because we obtain from it an insight into the conditions of social life which then prevailed, and the manners and influence of the higher Norman barons, over whom the power of the Church appears to have been generally more effective than that of the sovereign.

It is highly probable, too, that during the period when one of these great feudal barons possessed the manor of Greenford Parva the little church there was built and consecrated. This suggestion is supported by the fact mentioned later, that the edifice is in the Early Pointed or Early English style as shown by the pointed arch still preserved in the vestry—a style which is generally believed to have originated in Stephen's reign (A.D. 1135), and remained in vogue until it was perfected in that of Henry III. (1216 to 1272).†

In default of male descent the great Mandeville inheritance reverted on the death of William de Mandeville to his father's sister, Beatrix, the wife of the William de Say who had helped the outlawed Earl to surprise Ramsey Abbey, one of whose daughters married Geoffrey Fitz Piers, a "man rich in money and everything else," and he insisted that it belonged to his wife. Although the King had promised the barony to the elder Beatrix, whose right seemed beyond

* Camden's "Brit." (Gough's), vol. ii., p. 62, &c.
† "Dictionary of Architecture of the Middle Ages."—John Britton.

dispute; and her son, Geoffrey de Say, had actually obtained an instrument under the King's seal for the whole barony on promising to pay 7,000 marks into the Treasury, it happened that he neglected to pay the money at the time appointed. Fitz Piers seized the opportunity, and offered the sum demanded by the King in his stead, and thus procured the royal confirmation of his title. He was a man "skillful in Laws." "At the coronation of John he was girt by the King with the sword of the Earl of Essex. His father had been appointed by Cœur de Lion Justiciary of England in 1197, and "ruled the reins of government (says Matthew Paris) so that upon his death the Realm was like a Ship in a Tempest without a Pilot."

"His children by Beatrix de Say all took the name of Mandeville, which ended with them, two of whom became in succession Earls of Essex and men of mark amongst the Barons who wrested Magna Charta from King John." "In the 17th of King John, the barons of the realm being in arms against the King, entered the city (London) and spoiled the Jews' houses; which being done, Robert Fitzwater and Geoffrey de Magnaville (Mandeville), Earl of Essex, and the Earl of Gloucester, chief leaders of the army, applied all diligence to repair the gates and walls of this city with stones of the Jews' broken houses." This passage, quoted by Stow from Roger Wendover and Matthew Paris, throws light upon the state of the country in the concluding year of King John's reign, in which a lord of the manor of Greenford Parva figures conspicuously, though not altogether to advantage.*

Both Earls of Essex descended from Beatrix de Say died without issue, and the earldom and probably most of the estate, but at any rate the manor of Greenford Parva, devolved on the daughter Maud, wife of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford,† in whose family it appears to have remained for a considerable time.

We come now to the reign of Edward II., when the powerful head of the De Bohuns had succeeded as heirs to the possessions of the De Mandevilles, and in them as superior lords of the Fee were included,

* In 1214, Matthew Paris says, King John wrote to Geoffrey de Mandeville to deliver the Tower of London, with the prisoners, armour, &c., to William, Archdeacon of Huntingdon.

† For much of the information regarding the De Mandevilles and the De Bohuns, the author is largely indebted to the Duchess of Cleveland's elaborate work, the "Battle Abbey Roll," recently published.

as shown by existing records, lands in Greenford Parva as well as in greater Greenford.

Lysons says that estates called the Manor of Stickleton Greenford in Greater Greenford and in this parish, were given by Nicholas de Farnham to the Priory of Ankerwyke, previous to Henry III.'s charter of confirmation to that monastery.* He says, "Some of these estates, but what part cannot be easily ascertained, lay in the parish of Great Greenford, were afterwards granted to the Priory of Ankerwyke, and formed the Manor of Stickleton, which was held under the Bohuns, heirs of the Mandevilles, as superior lords of the Fee. The manor of Greenford Parva or Cornhull, was held in like manner by the Beaumonts."† The estates of the Priory here alluded to were probably situated at Greenford, near Staines, and Greenford Common, between Ashford and Lalam, Middlesex, in the vicinity of which this ancient Priory existed. The learned author of the "Environs" has probably overlooked the fact that there was another Greenford in Middlesex.

There would appear to be no doubt that the manor of Greenford Parva, *alias* Cornhull, was at this period possessed by the De Bohun who succeeded to the other estates of the De Mandevilles, and probably the De Beaumonts or Bellomonts who afterwards acquired the manor in their own right, at this time held it under De Bohun as liege lord.

Thus the lands and honours of the De Mandevilles passed to Humphrey de Bohun, son of Henry de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, and as among his estates he held the manor of Greenford Parva, some notes relating to him and his descendants are of interest.

Humphrey de Bohun was descended from "de Bohun le Viel Onfrei," known as "Humphry with the Beard," who, according to Wace, fought among the foremost at Hastings, but, unlike De Mandeville, was but scantily rewarded for his prowess by the Conqueror, as he received only the Norfolk manor of Talesford. As the authoress of

* The gift, as recited in Dugdale's "Monasticon," is very curious. "De dono magistri Nicholai de Farnham unum mesuagium octies viginti acres terræ, unam acram prati et dimidiam, vigniti solidos redditus et servitium sextæ partis feodi unus militis cum pertinentiis Grenefeud (carta Regis Henry III. donationes quamplurimas recitans et confirmans). In the "Valor Ecclesiasticus," temp. Henry VIII., the lands of the Priory are described as in Hunsloo, Greneford, Stanwell, Staines, &c. The lands of this religious establishment were granted by Henry VIII. to Bisham Abbey, and on the suppression of the monasteries to Lord Windsor. Dugdale, "Monasticon," vol iii., p. 27.

† Escheat, 16 Edward III , No. 35.

the "Battle Roll" says, "It was the extraordinary succession of great alliances made by his descendants that gave the name its lustre and wealth of accumulated dignities."

Henry de Bohun, the father of Humphrey, was created an Earl by "King John's charter of 1199, and as Earl of Hereford was one of the twenty-five great Barons appointed at Runnimede to be the guardians of Magna Charta," and "the next ensueing year the barons (according to Dugdale) raising fresh troubles, was, by the procurement of the King, excommunicated by the Pope"; "he was one of the leaders of the rebellion against Henry III., and fell into the King's hands at Lincoln." He died in 1220, on his voyage to the Holy Land, having, as we have mentioned, married Maud, only daughter of Geoffrey Fitz Piers, Earl of Essex, with whom came not only the manifold possessions of the Mandevilles but the famous badge of the "White Swan," betokening her descent from the mystic Knight of the Swan, and ever after borne by her posterity.

The legend of the White Swan is such a picturesque piece of mediæval romance that the reader will peruse it with interest. This version is from "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages." "When Otho, Emperor of Germany, held court at Neumagen to decide between Clarissa, Duchess of Bouillon, and the Count of Frankfort, who claimed her duchy, the Count was to appear in person in the lists, whilst the Duchess was to provide some doughty warrior who would do battle for her." But the poor lady, "as all abashed" looked round in vain for a champion, no one present would meddle in her quarrel; "whereupon she committed her (self) to God, praying him humbly to succour her." The council broke up, and lords and ladies were scattered along the banks of the Meuse, when lo! a stately swan with a silver chain round its neck came sailing down the river, drawing a small skiff in which lay a knight in resplendent armour, resting on an argent shield blazoned with a double cross of gold. He leaped ashore, offered his sword to the forlorn princess, carried her colours in the lists, and triumphantly overthrew her adversary.

She rewarded him with the hand of her fair daughter, and thus Helias, the Knight of the Swan, became Duke of Bouillon, and in due time the father of a little girl, who received at the font the name of Ydain, married Eustace Count of Boulogne, and was the mother

of Godfrey de Bouillon, King of Jerusalem, and of his brothers Baldwin and Eustace.

Before his marriage, Helias had solemnly warned his bride that if she ever inquired who he was, he would have to leave her for ever. "One night the wife forgot the injunction of her husband, and began to ask him his name and kindred. Then he rebuked her sorrowfully, and leaving his bed bade her farewell. Instantly the swan reappeared on the river, drawing the little shallop after it, and uttering loud cries to call its brother. So Helias stepped into the boat and the swan swam with it from the sight of the sorrowing lady." *

* See "The Battle Abbey Roll." The Duchess of Cleveland says that the "White Swan" was a favourite emblem in the days of chivalry. When the eldest son of Edward I. and a whole bevy of young nobles were knighted with great ceremony in Westminster Abbey, two swans, covered with gold net-work and trappings, were brought to the altar, and the King, fixing his eyes upon them, solemnly swore "by the God of Heaven and the Swans" that he would revenge himself on the Scots. Then turning to his sons and barons, he abjured them, should he die before he had fulfilled his vow, to carry his dead bones before them to Scotland, and never let them rest in the grave till his enemies were humbled in the dust. At the Canterbury Tournament, in 1349, Edward III. bore a white swan embroidered on his surcoat, and displayed on his shield with the legend—

"Hay, hay, the Whyte Swan,
By Gode's soul I am thy man."

CHAPTER III.

"Then mounte! then mounte, brave gallants all,
And don your helmes amaine;
Death's couriers, Fame and Honour, call
Us to the field againe."—*Motherwell.*

It is probable that the manor of Greenford Parva remained in the possession of Humphrey de Bohun, the son of Henry, who became Earl of Essex, and of his descendants, until the reign of Edward II. (A.D. 1307-27), when the manor of Greenford Parva, then called also Cornhull, or Cornhill, *with the advowson to the rectory*, appears to have fallen into the hands of the King, who granted it to Walter de Langton, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.*

This Walter de Langton was appointed by the King, Edward I., Lord High Treasurer of England in 1295, and elected Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry in 1295-6. He was a great favourite of Edward I., for whose cause he suffered excommunication, and whose corpse he had the honour of bringing from the borders of Scotland to Westminster. Immediately, however, on his arrival in London, he was arrested and imprisoned in the Tower, and though the clergy repeatedly petitioned Edward II. to grant his release, yet he was shifted from the Tower to Wallingford, then to York, and detained for two years before he obtained his freedom; "he then retired to his see at Lichfield, which was but mean when he came but he left it magnificent." He continued in it twenty-five years, until he died in 1321. He built not only a new palace at Litchfield but repaired his castle at Eccleshall and his palace by the Strand in London, besides his manor house at Shutborough in Staffordshire.†

In lowering the ground around the church, which had become considerably raised since it was built, a silver penny of Edward I. was

* Bishop Langton had a charter of Free Warren in Greenford in the preceding reign (35 Edward I., Cart. Rot. No. 48).

† "Beauties of England and Wales, 1818."

found, in excellent preservation, with other coins; the original pavement was discovered two feet below the surface.

Walter de Langton subsequently surrendered the manor and advowson of Greenford Parva to the King (Edward II.) in exchange for the church of Cestreton and Worsfold, in Warwickshire.*

In the grant by the King to Bishop Langton we find the first mention of the advowson attached to the manor, though, for the reasons previously cited, it is highly probable that the church had been built some time before the date of that grant.

It would appear that either the manor of Greenford Parva changed its lord rather frequently at this time, or else that there is some confusion in the dates mentioned in the records, as the grant of Edward II. to the Bishop bears date Anno Reg. 7, whereas, as cited by Lysons (from the "Nomina Villearum," No. 2195, Harl. MSS.), Petrus le Botteler is said to have been lord of the manor of Greenford Parva in the first year of Edward II.†

Although, as already mentioned, the advowson and manor of Greenford Parva were held by Walter de Langton very early in the reign of Edward II., who ascended the throne in 1307, which shows that the little church was then existing, there is every probability that it had been erected at a much earlier date. The Normans introduced a higher civilisation into Britain; their love of war and chivalry was associated with art, learning, and a rude form of piety. Edward the Confessor was religious if not very monkish, and the people were no doubt, to some extent, prepared for the very many churches which the Norman nobles and bishops erected as soon as they took possession of their manors. The church at Perivale may not improbably have been

* See Pat. II., Edward II., Pt. 2, m. 14.

† In 1339 a Peter (or Petrus) le Botiller got himself into trouble in regard to two manors which he administered as bailiff. "The Abbot of Westminster brought his writ of debt against John Atte Watere, and demanded against him twenty-five pounds, and said that Peter le Botiller was his bailiff in respect of two manors from such a time to such a time, having the care and administration of all the goods that were in the said manors, and he said that certain auditors were assigned to the bailiff, before which the bailiff rendered his account, and that all things had been reckoned which should be reckoned, and all things allowed which should be allowed. The said Peter remained in arrear £25 when the said Peter was, on testimony of the auditors, sent to the gaol at Westminster, which was the nearest gaol—the said John Atte Watere was keeper—there to remain until he made satisfaction to the said Abbot for same debt. The said John receiving the said Peter in custody. The said John Atte Watere afterwards let him go at large, wherefore the Abbot brings this action against him." ("Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain, &c., in the Middle Ages—Year Book, 13 and 14 Edward III.").

erected in the time of Stephen or his successor—an opinion which appears to be confirmed by the style of architecture of the building, alluded to later.

Walter de Langton seems to have surrendered the manor and benefice to the King in the same year as he received it, as in the seventh year of Edward II. Sir Henry de Beaumont, or Bellomont, "obtained a grant in fee of the manors of *Cornhull*, Harrewe, and *Little Grenestede*, with the advowson of the *church of Grenefourd*, in the county of Middlesex" (A.D. 1314).* He was called also Lord Henry de Beaumont.

Although Dugdale mentions that "he was described as consanguineus Regis," he says his descent is involved in doubt, some tracing it from Lewes, son of Charles, Earl of Anjou, a younger son of Lewes VIII., king of France; others "from Lewes de Brenne, second son of John de Brenne, the last king of Jerusalem."† However this may be, he seems to have been another very "stoute souldier," and to have been of great service to the king in the early part of his reign, and he was enriched with many manors in Lincolnshire, as well as in Liecestershire, Northumberland, &c., besides the little Middlesex manor of Greenford Parva. The story of his life as given by Dugdale reads almost like a romance.‡

Being soon appointed Constable of Roxburgh Castle in Scotland, he was sent by Edward II. with Humphrey de Bohun and Robert de Clifford to "guard the marches." Upon the death of the Bishop of Lincoln the custody of the Castle of Somerton in that county was bestowed upon him for life, he being at the same time Constable of the Castle of Dumfries. "In the same year he had a grant of the Isle of Man to hold for life by the services which the Lords thereof had usually performed to the Kings of Scotland."

* Cart., 7 Edward II., No. 30.

† It is probable that the De Beaumonts here mentioned are of the same family as old Roger de Beaumont, "whose young son Robert was sent by him to win his spurs at Senlac," and who, "though a novice in arms," greatly distinguished himself in the battle, and was one of the first to break through the English stockade. He became a great noble, and was rewarded by many manors. He was enormously powerful, and it is said of him "that if he was displeased with any man he forced him to submissive humiliation; if pleased, he advanced him as he chose, by which means he got an incredible proportion of money and jewels," says Henry of Huntingdon. Being urged by his confessor to make restitution of whatsoever he had got by force or fraud from any man, he answered, "If I do so, what shall I leave my sons." (For more detail see "The Battle Abbey Roll," the Duchess of Cleveland.)

‡ Dugdale's "Baronetage."

"About this time he took to wife Alice, one of the cosins, and heires to John, Earl of Boghan, Constable of Scotland (whose title he afterwards assumed), and in the sixth year of Edward's reign "doing his homage had livery of the lands of her inheritance." A little later and he is again employed in Scotland where war was raging, and he was "at that fatal Battel of Bannocksbourne, where the English army suffered great loss."

In the 10th Edward II., says Dugdale, he was the King's lieutenant for the north country between the rivers "Tine and Tese," at which time a remarkable mishap occurred to him. He was then "accompanying two Cardinals sent from Rome; partly with the purpose to reconcile the King to the Earl of Lancaster, and partly to inthronize Lewes de Beaumont, his brother, in the Bishoprick of Durham; he was set upon near Derlington by divers stoute robbers, whereof Gilbert de Middleton was the chief (in revenge of his kinsman Edmund de Swinburne, whom the King had caused to be arrested for his clamor against the Marches), and despoiled of all his treasure (as were also those Cardinals and the Bishop), and not only so, but carried to the Castle of Mitford (as his brother the Bishop was to Morpeth), there to be secured until they had ransomed themselves."

In the fourteenth year of Edward II. he procured a licence to make a Castle of his manor house of Whytwyck (Leicestershire). The next year we find "this Henry," as Dugdale calls him, joined in commission "with Andrew de Harcla for restraining the incursions of the Scots, for which people he had so little kindness that (though he was a Baron of the realm and sworn both of the great and privy council as the record expresseth) being required to yield his advice concerning a truce with them; he unreverently answered 'that he would give none therein;' whereat the King being much moved and commanding him to depart the council, he went out and said 'he had rather be gone than stay,' which expression gave such 'distast' that by the consent of the lords there he was committed to prison." "Whereupon Henry de Perci and Ralph de Nevill became his sureties, body for body, that he would appear upon summons." "But this heat lasted not long," for two years later "he was constituted one of the ambasadors to treat of peace with Charles, King of France."

We come now to his action at that critical time when the barons,

dissatisfied with the weak fickle King who, after the execution of Gaveston by the Earl of Lancaster (who afterwards met with the same fate at the hands of the King), had chosen Hugh le Spenser as his favourite, and he and his father were accused of usurping the royal authority. "The defection of the nobles in adhering to the Prince and Queen Isabell against the King increasing, as a partaker with them, Henry de Beaumont was laid hold on and sent prisoner, first to Warwick Castle and afterwards to that of Wallingford." Whereupon the scene shortly after changing, one of the articles against Hugh le Spenser in the Parliament "was his causing this Henry de Beaumont" (our lord of the manor) to be imprisoned.

"Being therefore obsequious to the Queen and Prince," he followed them to the continent. "And after her return," with Roger Mortimer, "when the King being deserted endeavoured to reach Ireland" had got away "betimes in the morning," "but was driven back by contrary winds and brought to this Henry; he delivered him as prisoner to the Queen, who soon after sent him to Berkley Castle." The horrible fate of the King and the execution of the Le Spencers is well-known history.

As remuneration for these services, he obtained a grant of the Manor of Loughborough, part of the possessions of Hugh le Spencer. Afterwards under Edward III., as chief of the English lords who had been disinherited of their lands in Scotland, he led an expedition made *by ship* to that country (the king having forbidden them entering that realm by land) and gained a victory over the Scots near Gledismore. The authority of the King was not to be thus dealt with; he caused all the castles, manors, and lands belonging to "this Henry" de Beaumont to be seized on. "Nevertheless, soon afterwards upon further examination of what was laid to his charge" in the Parliament then sitting at Westminster, an Act was passed by which they were again restored to him.

Later he is found engaged again in the Scotch war, and besides other grants he is acquitted of debts due by him to the Exchequer, and especially 400 marks lent to him at York towards the payment of his ransom when he was imprisoned in Scotland. Afterwards he obtained one hundred and forty pounds nine shillings, "for wages of himself and his men-at-arms, and a precept to the Sheriff of Yorkshire to permit his wife and children to reside in the Tower of York," during his absence in

Flanders. He died in the fourteenth year of Edward III.'s reign (1341), possessed of "the Castle and Manor of Folkyngham, and many other manors, sixty-three knights' fees, &c., leaving a son John, twenty-two years old." Why he should have been so anxious, having his own castle and manor houses, to place his wife and children in the Tower of York, we have no record. It was no doubt this Henry de Beaumont, lord of the manor of Greenford Parva, who presented John de Gravale in 1336. The patron at that time is not mentioned by Newcourt, but Dugdale helps to supply the blank, according to whom he had a younger son, Thomas,* and Stow says there was formerly a monument in Our Lady's Chapel in the old church at Greyfriars, Farringdon Within, to the memory of Thomas Beaumont, son and heir of Henry, Lord Beaumont (A.D. 1417).† It would appear that the manor of Greenford with the advowson were inherited by his son John, as his grandson is found to be in possession of land, &c., there.

Of this John de Beaumont we have little information, but in the fifteenth year of the reign of Edward III. "he was reteined to serve the King at sea with 61 men at armes, whereof one (was) Baneret, 24 knights, 40 men at arms, and 40 archers for 40 days;" in which year he was also in the war with Scotland, when he died, leaving Henry, his son, two years of age. The following curious passage occurs in Dugdale:—"Whereupon, in order to his funeral, the King sent his precept to William Shirebourne, a burgess of York, to make payment of two hundred pounds of those moneys which he did then owe for 130 sacks and twenty clays of wooll by him received out of the North and East Riding of that county, unto Sir William de Burton, Knight, to the use of Aliamore, the widow of the defunct, towards the charge of that great solemnity."

He was succeeded in his honours and property, at any rate as to land, &c., in Greenford Parva, by his son, Henry de Beaumont the second, and according to Newcourt, Lord Arundel acted as his guardian (in minori ætate existent), who presented to the benefice Ric Hauberks (no date given), and Will. Alborowes in 1363. About this time Radulphus de Baldock, or Baudake, and Simon de Sudbury were in succession Bishops of London. The latter as Chancellor incurred the odium of an insurgent rabble, who beheaded him on

* Dugdale's "Baronetage."

† Stow (Thoms, 1876) p. 210.

Tower Hill: the execution or murder of a Bishop in this manner is significant of the times The germs of the Reformation had already been sown, and "it is said that in the midst of a vast multitude of pilgrims wending their way, in profound devotion, to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Bishop Sudbury reproved them for their superstitious folly, and said that their hopes of a promised plenary indulgence were vain and idle." Dugdale says the second Henry de Beaumont, becoming of "full age," in the thirty-fourth year of King Edward the Third's reign, "did his homage and had livery of his lands," and obtained "a precept to the Lord Treasurer and Baron of the Exchequer for the acquiting him of 100 pounds due for the ferm of his lands whilst he was in his minority, towards the charges he had been at in attending the King in his last expedition beyond the sea." He died in 1370, leaving John de Beaumont, his son and heir, a minor, the wardship of whom was committed to Lord Latimer, "who had custody of his lands during his minority" (Dugdale). In the tenth year of Richard II. he made proof of his age, and "doing homage he had livery of his lands," amongst which we know was the property in Greenford Parva. Like his ancestors he seems to have been of a warlike, adventurous disposition. We find him "accompanying John of Gaunt into Spain, but afterwards expelled the Court as an evil councellor to the King; but this discontent somewhat abating, he obtained licence to pass into Calais, there to exercise himself with feats of arms with the French; four knights of that country having challenged as many English to just (joust) with them there: at which time he tilted with the Lord Chamberlain to the King of France, and in the 12 year of Richard II.'s reign he was made Admiral of the King's Fleet to the northwards, also one of the Wardens of the Marches unto Scotland, whereupon he entered into that country 40 miles—spoyled the Market of Fowyke and brought many prisoners back." In fact, he appears to have been so valiant that it was necessary to curb him, as in the thirteenth year of the King's reign "he received special prohibition that he should not exercise any feats of arms with the French without the licence of Henry de Perci, Earl of Northumberland."

After having been made Constable of Dover Castle and Warden of the Cinque Ports, he subsequently became one of the "King's Com-

missioners to contract marriage for him with the Lady Isabel, eldest daughter of the King of France." He died in 1397, having presented to the benefice at Greenford Parva, first Edmundus, and subsequently John Mussendon in 1384, who resigned in 1388. Besides his Manor of Greenford Parva, he possessed also that of Edmonton, Middlesex, and many others in Lincolnshire. This John de Beaumont is described as being "seized of 100 acres of land; the Church of Greenford Parva, taxed at 100 shillings; a ruinous messuage, 15 acres of meadow land held under the priory of St. Helen's; the reversion to a carucate of land; 5 acres of meadow; 6 of pasture, and 25s. rents held for life by Lawrence de Avres under the Earl of Hereford" (De Bohun).*

The above reference to the Priory of St. Helen's may suggest to the reader that the Church of Greenford Parva may have originated from a monastery which once existed there, but there is no evidence whatever upon which such a supposition can be based. The church and benefice are always alluded to as "an advowson" in the gift of the Lord of the Manor.

It is pleasant to turn for a moment to the reign of Edward III., during which lived Chaucer, "the father of English poetry," and John Wickliffe, the pioneer of the Reformation. The former has left us a pleasing picture in the "Canterbury Tales" of a good "Parsone" in his day, which may have been applicable to the worthiest of the rectors of Greenford Parva at that time—

"A gode man was there of religion,
And he was a poor parsone of a toun,
But riche he was of holy thought and werke,
He was also a lernid man—a clerke
That Cristis' Gospel trowely wolde preche;
His Parischens devoutly wolde he teche,
Benygne he was and wondyr dely-gent,
And in adversitie full patient.
. . . . .
He waytede after no pomp ne reverence
Ne makyd hym no spisede (spiced) concience,
But Crysty's lore and his Apostels twelve
He taught, but ferst he folwede it hymselve.

We had at least five rectors at Greenford Parva during the time Wickliffe lived (1324 to 1384): did either of them have the courage

* See Esch. No. 35. Henry de Bohun died seized of the Fee of Southall in 1372. (Esch. 46, Edward III., No. 10.)

he had to challenge some of the doctrines and practices of the Romish Church? For such a *rôle* mental capacity and vigour, as well as great courage, were absolutely necessary, and neither of the Rectors of Perivale have left enough of their imprint "on the sands of time" to say. It is sufficient here to record that the little church, the name of whose patron saint the same cause has obliterated, was then existing and apparently flourishing, judging by the regularity with which the rectors were appointed, and had been established many years previously.

There is an interesting note that the rectory was rated in 1327 at six marks.* The reign of Edward III. is much associated with the the battles of Crecy and Poictiers and other like contests, which have redounded to the military glory of this country, and these successful battles have been attributed so much to the skill of the English archers, conjoined to the strategy and courage of the Black Prince, that in this retrospect in the history of an old country village, it is well to remember how important an ingredient in the every-day life of the countryside at this time must have been the English bowman. Archery was constantly practised, and the use of the longbow, and, to a more limited extent, that of the crossbow, as a means of training for warfare, was greatly encouraged by the sovereign. "The warrior King Edward III. in 1365 enjoined on the sheriffs of London the general proclamation of his will that every citizen of robust strength, laying aside all idle and profitless games, should in his leisure hours and on all holidays learn and practise the art of shooting with bows and arrows." † Afterwards, in the reign of Richard II., an Act was passed commanding all servants to exercise themselves at all times, and on all holidays, with the same weapons.

Even in Henry VI.'s reign, so important was skill in archery considered, that Sir John Fortescue, an eminent lawyer at that time, declared "that the mighte of the realme of Englande standyth upon archers."

The butts or practising-ground was not far away from Greenford Parva. At Brentford Butts there were, no doubt, frequent contests between the skilled archers of the day. The butts in various places,

* Harl. MSS., No. 60.

† Rot. Claus., 39 Edward III. For a full article on this subject see Pinks' "History of Clerkenwell."

such as those at Newington, Brentford, &c., still retain their names, and recall the keen interest which was then taken in such exercises, though their glories have passed away, and the ground over which sped many an arrow in peaceful rivalry is now covered with "genteel villas."

Over the fields and woods about Greenford Parva was also shot many an arrow and bolt which, no doubt, furnished the bowman with a substantial result of his skill; and though the laws enacted both by the Saxon and Norman enabled the thanes and Norman nobles to keep a tight hold of their game, still as the country about Greenford Parva then abounded in woodland, and was but sparsely populated in the old days, we may be sure that many a bird, as well as larger game, has fallen to the grey goose shaft of the bowman, unknown to the Lord of the Manor or his vassals, in the woods and meadows where the rifleman now practises at the Butts in the Brent Valley.

The names of the neighbouring villages still testify to the woods which once flourished in this part of Middlesex. We have Southall (a corruption of South holt) and Northolt, the holt being Anglo-Saxon for wood; as well as Harrow Weald, the last syllable of which is the Anglo-Saxon for a wooded region, and is cognate with the German "wald." Houndslow, in old records spelt Huneslawe, Hundeslawe, and Hunsloo, is another name which indicates the existence in Saxon times of large forests north of the Thames. It is highly probable that a forest ranger dwelt there whose duty it was to put in force the oppressive Norman laws made for the preservation of the game in the King's forests, whereby it was enacted that all dogs used for collecting herds of oxen, swine, &c., should be *lawed—i.e*, disabled from hunting deer by cutting off the balls and claws of the forefeet. Periodically an inquisition was held for this purpose, and "he whose dogge is not lawed and so founde shall be amerced, and shall pay for the same three shillings for mercy." The Saxon laws were less severe. In the opening chapter of "Ivanhoe," Gurth, the swineherd, says to Wamba, "A devil draw the teeth of him and the mother of mischief confound the ranger of the forest that cuts the foreclaws of our dogs and makes them unfit for their trade."

Acton was no doubt Oak-town, and derived from the Anglo-Saxon *ac*, an oak, and *ton*, an enclosure or settlement.

CHAPTER IV.

"Its lords have been great in the olden day,
But the pride of their strength has been taken away;
They moulder unknown in their native land,
And their home has long past to a stranger hand."—*Ernest Jones.*

RESUMING the history of the Manor and Rectorate of Greenford Parva, otherwise Perivale: hitherto, and dating from the Norman Conquest, the entire control of the parish would appear to have been in the hands of the feudal barons—great lords of the soil, who sometimes occupied high positions about the person of the sovereign in whose reign they lived—attending the king in his wars or employed by him in other ways, but occasionally engaged in rebellion against him. Whether Greenford Parva served the purpose of a knight's fee or fees there is no actual evidence, but the probability is that the land thereabouts was, for two or three hundred years after the defeat of Harold, divided into portions and held by knights and retainers on condition of their accompanying their feudal chief in whatever military service he was engaged in. In many old manor houses and castles in England, the breast-plates and other parts of the simple armour of the men-at-arms is still preserved. There is a tradition that the manor place of Perivale formerly contained two such sets of warlike equipment.

To the feudal lords seem to have succeeded, as owners of the manor, some important persons, but of another kind altogether.

Sir John de Beaumont or Bellomont alienated the manor and benefice to Thomas Charlton in 1387.* A curious confirmation of the conveyance of the property of the former in Parva Greenford, Harrow and Ealing to the respective purchasers or grantees (among whom is Charlton) is contained in the Close Roll referred to. The deed runs (translated) as follows:—"I, William Wyslepp of Northall in Middlesex have released and quit claimed for ever to Thomas Charlton, John

* Cl. R., 10 Richard II., M. 21, d.

Hervy, John Newman (vicar of the church, Hillyndon), John At Boure, John Baddcok, and John Lass (chaplains), all his right and claim to the manor of Parva Grenford, otherwise called Cornhull, and the advowson of the same *vill* with the appurtenances and also all lands and tenements called Esthalle with the appurtenances and in all lands and tenements which the aforesaid Thomas Charlton, John Hervy, John Newman, &c., &c., hold in the *Vills* of Harwe, Yillynge and Parva Greneford which the said Thomas (Charlton) acquired from John Bell-Monte (Beaumont), Lord of Folkyngham. Dated 4 February 10th year Richard II.—acknowledged in the court of Chancery 7 February of the same year."

Thomas Charlton owned the manor and benefice for many years, and presented John Chinchgate to the living in 1388, on the resignation of Mussendon; afterwards the former also resigned, and Richard Lambard was appointed, 1395. On the death of the latter, John Segrave was presented, and Pet. Ward and W. Hind succeeded him on his decease, but the record does not state whether this last change was the result of death or the resignation of the previous rector.

About this time (1367—1399) the clergy generally were so fond of hunting and hawking—sports which, with the tournament, were the favourite amusements of the nobility and gentry, and in which ladies played a prominent part—that an enactment came into operation that every parson who had not a benefice of the yearly value of ten pounds was forbidden to keep a dog for hunting. There is a tradition still in the hamlet, that one of the rectors in the early part of this century had the same partiality for the hunting field.

Religious persecution began to show itself also about this period—the leaven of the Reformation was commencing to operate in the minds of men; to the clergy generally, particularly to those who were most conscientious and earnest, the signs of the times were fraught with anxiety. They were momentous to the rectors of Greenford Parva as to others. The Lollards were persecuted, and many of them were executed. In 1401 Henry IV. enacted that persons accused of heretical opinions could be tried by the Bishop and burned by the Sheriff; yet Lollardism increased in proportion as it was persecuted. John Sawtre, a London clergyman, was the first who died for his religious opinions; he was burned in Smithfield in 1401.

In 1435 the manor and advowson, described as late the property of Sir Thomas Charlton, seem to have been held by Thomas Hall or Halle, but he conveyed them the same year to William Eastfield, citizen and alderman of London* when Henry VI. was reigning: he presented Hugo Nobull to the rectory in 1435, and afterwards William Come, without any cause being assigned as far as Newcourt's record is concerned.

William Eastfield here mentioned was, no doubt, the worthy citizen mentioned by Stow as one of the sheriffs in 1422, a year in which the old chronicler says "the West Gate of London was begun to be built by Sir Richard Whittington's executors." William Eastfield became Lord Mayor of London in 1429 (the title of Lord Mayor was adopted in 1381) and was created a Knight of the Bath. As Sir William Eastfield, mercer, he became again Mayor in 1437. He was, to use Stow's words, "a great benefactor of conduits," and followed close on the steps of Sir Richard Whittington, "the thrice Lord Mayor of London," in his efforts with others to get a supply of "sweet water" for London. Thus, A.D. 1423, Sir Richard Whittington built a reservoir at Billingsgate for the use of the market people,† and in the same year, that worthy knight made "a Boss of clear water in the walls of St. Giles' Churchyard, called Cripplegate Conduit." In 1438 Sir William Eastfield brought water here from "High Berie." In the same year Sir William Eastfield, then Mayor, built the Fleet Street Conduit, opposite Shoe Lane. This conduit was supplied from Paddington, and Stow says that this had a fair tower of stone, and was garnished with images of St. Christopher, &c., "with sweet sounding bells before them, whereupon by an engine placed in the tower, they divers hours of the day chimed such a hymn as was appointed."

"Aldermanbury Conduit, opposite the south side of St. Mary's Church," subsequently destroyed by the Great Fire, and afterwards rebuilt, was erected under the will of Sir William Eastfield, the worthy

* Close R., 13 Henry VI., m. 14. An abstract from this roll is interesting:—"Dec. 4. Thomas Hale of Yillynge (Ealing), Middlesex, husbandman (probably his name is only used as a form of law), conveys to William Eastfield, Henry Frowyk (citizens and aldermen of London), John Carpenter, Robert Burton, Alexander Aune, John Wylton, Thomas Dale (clerk), John Leget (clerk), Roger Byrkes, property in Greenford and Yillynge, which were of Thomas Charlton (Knight), Henry Frowyk, William Brag, Thomas Warner, and others."

† "History of Clerkenwell," by W. J. Pinks, with additions by E. J. Wood, 1881.

Lord of the Manor of Greenford Parva, the successor of the fortunate apprentice, Sir Richard Whittington, who, whether he owed his great fortune to his "cat," in the form of our domestic pussy, or to a ship of that name, laden with a particularly suitable cargo for the port to which it was destined, must have been a man of great enterprise and energy; and whether he ever rested on Highgate Hill on leaving the city as a boy in despair at his prospects, to be recalled by the distant sound of Bow bells to fame and fortune, and ultimately to marriage with his rich master's daughter (as the story is told), or not, it is evident he was a citizen of whom even this generation may feel proud; and that our Lord of the Manor and owner of the advowson of Perivale was a man imbued with the same spirit of doing good to the people who lived with him and after him.

Stow, who wrote in Elizabeth's reign, says he had a dwelling-house at Aldermanbury in the City:—"In this Aldermanburie Street be divers fair houses on both sides, meet for merchants or men of worship, and in the midst thereof is a fair conduit, made at the charges of William Eastfield, some time Mayor, who took order as well as water to be conveyed from Teyborne and for the building of this conduit not far distant from his dwelling-house, as also for a standard of sweet water to be erected in Fleet Street, all of which was done by his executors." *

Sir William Eastfield died in 1438, and was buried in St. Mary's, Aldermanbury, "under a fair monument," "having been a great benefactor to that church; he also built its steeple, changed their bells into five tuneable bells, and gave one hundred pounds to other works of the church."

From William Eastfield the manor and advowson passed (they appear always to have been held together) to John Middleton and others in 1453. It may be that they presented John Ely in 1453 as trustees, but in 1464 Jac. Gyfford appears to have been appointed by the Bishop of London seemingly in default of the owner of the advowson exercising his right. Stow says, a J. Middleton was Sheriff in 1450. The next owner of the manor and benefice was John Bohun, Armiger (a title now very nearly extinct, which was then equivalent to Esquire in the days of chivalry). He presented

* "Stow's Survey," W. J. Thoms, 1876.

Robert Hooper in 1472 and Henry Bartelot in 1473, both of whom resigned.

It helps the reader to realize the condition of the country during which these changes were taking place if it is remembered that during thirty years included in these dates (1455 to 1485) occurred the Wars of the Roses, in which twelve pitched battles were fought and eighty princes of the blood slain, not to mention the large portion of the old nobility who were destroyed. Though severe battles were fought at St. Alban's and Barnet, not so very distant from Greenford Parva, it does not appear that its fortunes were directly affected by the struggle.

Henry Collet, who succeeded John Bohun as lord of the manor, and who presented John Taylor to the benefice in 1490, was in all probability the Henry Collet, mercer, who was twice Lord Mayor of London and knighted, as mentioned by Stow, and the father of Dr. John Collet, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's, the founder of St. Paul's School in 1512.*

It is said "that he chose John Percival (Merchant Taylor), his carver, as Sheriff by drinking to him in a cup of wine, according to custom," when he became Lord Mayor in 1495. "Percival forthwith sat down at the mayor's table" and his Sheriff, so chosen, became mayor in 1498.† Henry Collet was a benefactor to the Church of St. Anthony in Budge Row, where, according to Stow, there were formerly representations of him, his wife, her sons and her daughters, in a painted glass window on the north side of the church.

The worthy mercer resided for many years at Stebunhith (Stepney), then quite in the country, and a place where the Aldermen, Sheriffs, and citizens of London used to go maying in the Bishop of London's woods there.‡ Henry Collet had twenty-two children, of whom Dean Collet was the sole survivor. The premature death of so large a family—in many cases caused by the great scourge of this period, the sweating sickness—must have had a deeply saddening effect on him, as well as on the character of his son, who, after several attacks of the malady, fell a victim to it at the age of fifty-three.

* "Stow's Survey," Thom's ed. Newcourt spells it Collet. Lysons appears to have copied the name incorrectly as Colet.

† "Old and New London," Thornbury (Cassell's). ‡ Stow.

Henry Collet was buried at Stebunhith, of which parish his son held the living until he was made Dean of St. Paul's, and it was not long after that the revenue therefrom became augmented by his succession to the great wealth of his father, which, Dean Milman says, he entirely devoted to public advantage and charity.

Henry Collet presented John Taylor to the living in 1490, on the resignation of Henry Bartelot, after the latter had held the rectorate for seventeen years.

The son of the Lord of the Manor of Greenford Parva, the founder of St. Paul's School, was the friend of Erasmus, and a man of great learning and high character, and a reformer when it was dangerous to show sympathy for reform. Stow tells us he committed the oversight of the school "to the mercers in London, because himself was son to Henry Collet, mercer, Mayor of London, and endowed the mercers with lands to the yearly value of £120 or better," which has now happily grown into a large revenue. Being asked why he had left his foundation in trust to laymen, as tenants of his father, rather than to an ecclesiastical foundation, he replied, "that there was no absolute certainty in human affairs, but for his part he found less corruption in such a body of citizens, than in any other order or degree of mankind."

Latimer tells us the Dean narrowly escaped burning for his opposition to image worship. Foxe says, in his "Acts and Monuments," "that William Tyndale in his book, answering Master Moore, added moreover that the Bishop of London would have made the said Collet, Dean of St. Paul's, a heretic for translating the 'Pater Noster' into English, had not the Bishop of Canterbury holpen the Dean." It is not easy to realize now that a man should run the risk of an ecclesiastical prosecution and the probability of being burnt for translating "the Lord's Prayer" into English. The Dean must, however, have been in considerable danger when preaching a sermon before the king (Henry VIII.) in 1521, on the victory of Christ, which it was considered might have the effect of turning the hearts of the soldiers and they might be withdrawn from his wars then in hand. "The king took him aside and talked with him in secret confidence, walking in his garden." The Bishops then about the person of the king fully expected (some would have rejoiced) that he would be sent

to the Tower. Foxe says the king, however, dismissed Collet in these words: "Let every man have his doctor as him liketh; this shall be my doctor."*

The eighth Henry had faults enough: it is well to record his protection of Dr. Collet, the son of the Lord of the Manor of Perivale, at this crisis, as on the other side of the account, although it was not conveyed in the best king's English.

Henry VIII.'s assumption of the supreme authority of the English Church, and his severance from the Pope, whose champion he had previously been, is the most memorable event in the reform movement. With no real love for Lutheranism, he commenced by persecuting the reformers; he ended by supporting them with the full power of the State. The circulation of the Scriptures which he permitted produced a great sensation, and was the cause of great bitterness and strife. People frequented the churches to hear the Bible read and explained, but it was also the subject of angry discussion. It caused unseemly wrangles in ale-houses and common tap-rooms; around the church porches, and even within the sacred edifices, it is said, noisy crowds gathered, and contended for their several opinions.

It may be supposed that the little church at Perivale escaped these scandals from its position, being comparatively distant from London, but this is hardly likely to have been the case. It was in the country districts especially that the religious disputes were most rife, and as Perivale was a more important village at that time than it has been during the past hundred years, it probably suffered from the effects of such strifes, and the loss of its oldest records and many of its ancient monuments was the result. The following is among the contents of a Book of Articles devised by the king, to establish Christian quietness and amity among the people,† dated 1538:—"That ye provide—one book of the whole Bible of the largest volume in English, and the same set up in some convenient place within the said church, that ye have the cure of, where your parishoners may most commodiously resort to the same and read it. The charges of which book shall be rateably borne between you, the parson and parishoners aforesaid, that is to say, the one half by you, the other

* Foxe's "Acts and Monuments." † *Ibid.*

half by them." The articles contain directions that "the Lord's Prayer is to be learned in English—Sermons to be read quarterly—Priests not to haunt ale-houses—Pilgrimages forbidden—Prayers to be in the mother tongue—Images abolished." These extracts enable us to realise the state of religious thought and practice at this time.

The manor and benefice, according to Lysons, next became vested in Sir Robert Southwell; * but Newcourt says the proprietor at that time was Ric. Southwell, and that he presented Jac. Aynsworth to the rectory in 1494, who subsequently resigned like his predecessor, and the same lord of the manor appointed William Maneyard in 1503.

The frequent resignation of the rectors about this time is a noticeable fact. Lysons says, Sir Robert Southwell died seized of the manor and advowson of Greenford Parva in 1516, and on referring to the authority for this statement, he appears to be right, though the proprietor could hardly have been the Master of the Rolls and Privy Councillor of that name in the reign of Henry VIII. The latter had a brother, Sir Richard Southwell, also a man of considerable importance, and the brothers were much at Court and in favour with the King. They are both mentioned, as hereafter quoted, in Machyn's remarkable book, recording the burning of persons for their religious opinions, the funeral ceremonies of persons of distinction, and other curious information set forth with much zeal and detail, and in words very remarkably spelt.† In the interleaved and embellished copy of Lysons' "Environs," now in the Guildhall Library, which is said to have been thus further illustrated by Mr. Douce, the author and antiquary (to whom it is believed formerly to have belonged), there is an engraved portrait of Sir Robert Southwell, the Master of the Rolls, and presumably a son of the Sir Robert Southwell, owner of the manor, &c., of Greenford Parva. The late owner appears to have adopted this suggestion by inserting the portrait where the name is mentioned, and he is probably correct.

* Cole's "Escheats." Harl. MSS., 756. This deed refers to Robert Southwell and his connection with Greenford Parva. It also mentions his wife Elizabeth and his sister Francis (sixth year of Henry VIII.).

† "The Diary of Henry Machyn, Citizen and Merchant Taylor of London, A.D. 1550 to 1663." (Camden Soc. Pub.)

Machyn refers to the death of Sir Robert Southwell thus :—"1559 the VIII day of November was buried in Kent Ser Robartt Sowthwell Knight, sum time Master of the Rolls with a harold of armes, a target, a elmett and viij dosen skochyons of armes."

Whatever Sir Robert Southwell, the brother, may have been afterwards, it is evident that, in 1555, he was a supporter of the Roman Catholic Queen. In this year it was expected by a large number of people that Mary would in a few months give birth to a child, as Foxe says :—"Of this child there was great talk in every man's mouth, especially among such as seemed in England to carry Spanish hearts in English bodies. In number of whom is not here to be forgotten, nor defrauded of his condyn commendation for his worthy affection towards his *prince* and her issue. One Sir Richard Southwell, who being the same time in the parliament, when the Lords were occupied with other affairs and matters of importance, suddenly started up from fulness of joy burst out in these words, 'Tush, my masters,' quoth he, 'what talk ye of these matters. I would have you take some order for our young master that is now coming into the world apace lest he find us unprovided," &c.

Speaking of Sir Richard Southwell, presumably a son of the lord of the manor, Machyn informs us that, "Master Sowthwell and divers mo(re) received the Kyng and Quen on the 26 April 1555 at Grenwyche," how he attended as a "Mornar" with other notables at the obsequies of the King of Denmark; how he went to Lady W.'s funeral, "where her husband and *she* had a harold and mony mornars as Ser Recherd Sowthwell and dyvers odurs and at to that of Ser Thomas Pope at Clarkenwell" with the Clarence and York "harolds" and then to a "grett" dinner afterwards.

It is significant of the times to find on the same page that he "whent" (on the 1st of July in that year) "to Smythfield to borne (burn) Master Bradford a grett (great) precher in Kyng Edward's dayes, and a talow chandlers prentes (apprentice) dwelling by Nugatt by viij of the cloke in the mornyng with a grett compane of pepull."

Newcourt's record shows that from 1521 to 1559,* Humphrey Brown and Sir Humphrey Brown and his wife presented to the rec-

* "Newcourt Repertorium." See copy of his record, later.

tory, as owners of the manor and advowson: Thomas Marshall in 1521, Thomas Veysey in 1523, John Rysdale in 1540, and Patricius Calyn in 1559, during which period Wareham, Tunstall, and Bonner were in succession Bishops of London. With the return of the latter to his see and the ascent of the throne by the cruel, bigoted Mary, came the dreadful persecutions of the reformers. Heresy was to be exterminated with the horrors of the stake.

The historian tells us that these persecutions and burnings began in the early part of 1555, the first victims being Rogers, Prebendary of St. Paul's; Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester; Saunders, Rector of Allhallows, and Taylor, Rector of Hadleigh, in Suffolk; and that they lasted for more than three years, when the Queen died. Such atrocities were committed not far from the rectory of Greenford Parva, in 1558, as in that year six persons were burnt at Brentford for advocating the new opinions. They were not connected in any way with Brentford; these poor martyrs who, it is said, went "joyfully to the stake whereunto they were bound," were "of that company that were apprehended in a close by Islington," and it is probable, as suggested by Foxe, that they were sent to the county town to strike terror into the neighbourhood.

Would that John Rysdale, who, according to Newcourt's record, enjoyed the benefice for nineteen years, until he resigned in 1559, had left us a journal or some record of the state of religious feeling at Greenford Parva and the neighbouring towns, and of how he felt when such terrible events were taking place. Rysdale resigned the year following Elizabeth's accession, and the new parson under the Protestant Queen was Patricius Calyn, who was rector for fourteen years until he died.

Sir Humfrey Browne, Lord of the Manor, &c., of Greenford Parva, and described as of Rooding Abbots, in Essex, was a judge of the Court of Common Pleas in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, and altogether a very distinguished man; he was knighted between 1533 and 1537.* His daughter and coheiress,

* Son of Thomas Browne, of Longhouse, in Abbotts Rooding, Essex, &c. Arms, Gules a chevron between 3 lions gambs, erased and erect, within a bordure argent; over a chief of the 2nd thereon an eagle displayed sable armed and ducally crowned or. Crest, a lion's gamb erased and erect argent holding a wing, sable. See Walter C. Metcalf's "Book of the Knights Banneret, Knights of the Bath, &c." (London, 1885), and Foss's "Tabulæ Curiales" (London, 1865), &c.

Christiana, married Sir John Tufton, Baronet, of Rainham, Kent, and Hothfield. His brother, Sir Wyston Browne, was dubbed knight at Bruges in 1511-12.

Machyn (*op. cit.*) records his death in 1562, and gives the following curious account of his funeral :—

"The XV day of Desember 1562 was cared (carried) by the Clarkes of London from Seypulkurs unto Sant Martens orgaynes (Orgars) in Kanwykstrett (Candlewick Street, now Cannon Street) to be bered be (by) on(e) of ys wyffes the lord justes Browne Knyght with ij haroldes of armes, master Clarenshux and master Somersett ; furst whent a-for xxiiij pore men in mantyll fryse gownes, and after a xx clarkes carehyng ther surples on ther armes, and next the standard borne by a mornar, and then cam the ij chaplens and dyvers mornars and then cam a harold beyryng the helme and crest, and next cam master Clarenshux beyrying the cott of armes, and then cam the pennone of armes, and then cam the corse with a palle of blake velvett with armes on yt, and then the cheyff mornars and my lord Mordantt with odur, and then cam the juges and sergant(s) of the coyffe, and next all the ynes of the court in a-ray, a gret nombur and thruge (through) Chepesyd (Cheapside) ; and master Renakur mad the sermon, and after home to a grett dener."

Stow records that he bequeathed "divers houses" to the parish of St. Martins Orgars, but mentions no other memorial of him. This must have been another critical time in the history of the little church of Greenford Parva, as of other churches in this country. The short reign of Edward VI. is remarkable for the vigorous strides made by the Reformation. Even before the appearance of the Commissioners in 1547, charged with the edict of the Council which commanded the destruction of images, pictures of the saints, forbade processions and the continuance of all customs and practices deemed to be superstitious, the people had in many places taken the matter into their own hands and despoiled the churches of all objects which were considered objectionable.* Images and even stained glass were

* Froude says, in the autumn and winter of 1552 no less than four commissions were appointed with this one object, all of which were to go over the oft-trodden ground, and glean the last spoils which could be gathered from the churches. In the business of plunder the rapacity of the Crown officials had been far distanced by private peculation. The halls of country-houses were hung with altar-cloths ; the knights and squires drank their claret out of chalices, and watered their horses in marble coffins. Pious clergy, gentlemen or

removed, and in many cases the walls were whitewashed in order to hide the painted illustrations of the lives and legends of saints. The "Grey Friars Chronicle" says, briefly but bitterly:—"And so alle imagys pullyd down throw all Ynglande at that tyme and alle Churches new whytelimed, with the commandements wrytten on the walls." *

Heylyn says:—"Many private men's parlours were hung with altar cloths, their tables and beds covered with copes, instead of carpets and overlids; and many carousing cups made of the sacred chalices, as once Belshazzar celebrated his drunken feast in the sanctified vessels of the Temple. It was a sorry house, and not worth naming, which had not somewhat of this furniture in it, though it was only a fair large cushion made of a cope or altar cloth, to adorn their windows or to make their chairs appear to have somewhat in them of a chair of state."

Tombs were stripped of their monumental brasses. Nor was this all, for those sources of revenue to the priests, both secular and monastic, the obits and chantries, were abolished, and property left to purchase the prayers of the priests for the repose of the souls of the dead was diverted to the Royal Treasury.

It had been enacted, as already mentioned, that a large Bible in English should be placed in every church; it was generally secured by a chain to the lectern, and with it was often placed a copy of "Erasmus' Paraphrase of the Gospel." The first Book of Common Prayer was published in 1549. It is certain that although these changes were generally favourably received in the towns, they were stoutly objected to in many country places. Insurrections broke out, led by men who demanded the restoration of the old faith and the destruction of Protestantism, even by fire and sword. Bishops Bonner and Gardiner were imprisoned for resisting the commissioners, and although they were soon liberated, they still opposed the Reformation and were deprived of their sees. They were restored to them, we know, in the succeeding reign of Mary. With the full

churchwardens had in many places secreted plate, images, or candlesticks, which force might bring to light. Bells, rich in silver, still hung silent in remote church towers, or were buried in the vaults, &c.

* See Dean Milman's "Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral," page 73, quoted by Wharton, from William Chartham, a monk of Canterbury.

force of their minds they henceforth endeavoured to exterminate Protestantism, punishing heresy by the stake, as the history of this country records.

The little church at Greenford Parva and its rectors had to pass through the trying ordeal of these times.

In 1573 Henry Millet is found to be in possession of the right of presentation to the benefice, and Lord of the Manor of Greenford Parva, which about this time began to be known as Perivale. It is probably his father's or grandfather's tomb which is still preserved—with the brasses representing his wives, Alice and Joan, and fifteen children, referred to later—among the monuments in the church, and with the year of his death, 1500, and the one now reproduced from Mr. Farthing's MSS. (see Plates) is probably the brass effigy of his son and successor, George Millet, who, as owner of the manor and advowson, presented to the living in 1587. Lysons says there was a brass on the floor of the chancel to the memory of George Millet, with the date 1600, and no doubt the drawing made by Mr. Farthing is of the one referred to by him.

There is an interesting monument in the chancel recording the death of his wife, afterwards Mrs. Shelbury, and describing her late husband as "Lord of this Towne," &c., which will be noticed among the other memorials in the church.

It is evident that Perivale or Greenford Parva was a more important place at that time than it has ever been since. The Millets appear to have held much land in this neighbourhood about this time. Among the records of Greenford Magna is one which states that William Millet, of that parish, left, in 1663, £5 per annum to buy gowns of frieze for two poor men and two poor women (his monument is on the floor of the church of Greater Greenford). * A John Millet held the Manor of Hayes, Middlesex, and died in possession of it in 1628, and another member of the family, William Millet, gave in 1631, a close of land for the good of the poor of Norwood, Norcott, Heston, and Southall (Lysons).

Nicholas Osmund, who was appointed rector by George Millet in 1587, and enjoyed the living until he died in 1621, *i.e.*, during the

* Robert Millet, yeoman, and Margaret Thornton, spinster, of Greenforde, Middlesex, daughter of Jerome Thornton, late of the same, yeoman, deceased, were married by licence in 1585(6).—(Colonel Chester's "Marriage Licences.")

later part of Elizabeth's reign, and in that of James I., must have witnessed the agitation of the people, who were divided, on the accession of James I., into the three great parties—the Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, and Puritans—each of which was striving for ascendency and cherishing hopes of favour from the King.

The people got hold of a saying of the then reigning Pope—"The preaching of the Gospel is the destruction of the Church" *—and no doubt repeated it in a sense not intended by the Pontiff. How interesting would be Nicholas Osmond's sermons during the thirty-four years of his ministry, if he held decided opinions! Probably, however, like his King's, they were expressed in the words, "No bishop, no king."

From the Millets, the manor and advowson descended by female heirs to the families of Lane and Harrison, and perhaps Thomas Hobman and E. Maplesdon, mentioned in the following record as presenting to the living, belonged to these families.

The period when Thomas Hobman, citizen of London, presented Francis Hobman and Edward Read, and John Lane made Henry Wyatt rectors of Perivale—*i.e.*, between 1621 and 1661—must have been another very trying period for the little church of Perivale and its rectors. The obscurity of the hamlet could hardly have saved the latter from the observation of the "Committee of Tryers," who were appointed in 1653 to examine the qualification, character, and fitness of ministers.

The committee is thus satirized in "Hudibras":—

> "Whose business is, by cunning sleight,
> To cast a figure for men's light,
> To find in lines of beard and face
> The physiognomy of Grace;
> And by the sound and twang of nose,
> If all be sound within disclose;
> Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
> As men try pipkins by the ringing."

It is said "these tryers pretended to great skill in this respect; and if they disliked the beard and face of a man, they would for that reason alone refuse to admit him, when presented to a living, unless he had some friend to support him." This is, no doubt, an exaggerated statement, though the committee exercised very fully the power

* "Calendar of State Papers," 1613.

they had of ejecting from the church livings such of the clergy as they deemed unfit, by reason of their conduct, practice, or preaching, and those who held Episcopalian opinions were of course most frequently the sufferers. Among the most ardent of the "Tryers" was the famous Philip Nye, a strong adherent of Cromwell, although a powerful advocate for Independency in Church government as opposed to Presbyterianism. He was very zealous for the "cause," the acceptance of the Solemn League and Covenant, and sat as a member of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster. He was appointed to officiate, and when the resolution for taking the Covenant passed that body, he read the document from the pulpit with a very audible voice, article by article, each person standing with his right hand up to affirm the solemn declaration.

For his services generally he was appointed Rector of Acton, and drew up, in conjunction with others, the preface to "the Directory" which was ordered to be substituted for the Book of Common Prayer in 1654, and he was nominated one of the assistants to the Commission for ejecting "insufficient ministers and schoolmasters." He is alluded to in "Hudibras" in the following sarcastic lines :—

> "With greater art and cunning rear'd
> Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard."

From these observations we are able to understand the character of the sturdy, "independent" rector of Acton, and appreciate the effect of the close proximity of Nye's watchful eye and "thanksgiving beard" on the rector or rectors of Perivale at that time. Francis Hobman and Edward Reed either had to conform to the times or resign. It is noticeable that there is a break in Newcourt's record at this period. The reason for Reed's vacating the living is not stated, nor are the dates between which Hobman held it mentioned; in fact, there appears to have been a lapse in the appointment of the rectors of Perivale, and the church may have been closed, as there is no entry in the list of rectors until the Restoration, when Henry Wyatt is collated in 1661 by the new Lord of the Manor, John Lane, who had married the eldest daughter of George Millet, "sometime patron of the church."

These facts seem to point at any rate to some confusion in regard to the church at Perivale between 1621 and 1661.

The Parliamentary soldiers were located on several occasions not many miles away, when the battles were fought at Brentford; and Cromwell's army was entrenched at one time on Hillingdon Hill. The earthworks they erected may still be seen.

The learned author of "Greater London" (Edward Walford) says that "on a survey taken about the time of the Restoration, Ealing is described as 'ruinated and lying open since the plundering thereof in the last troubles,' but the precise date and extent of this ruination is not stated."

This is, however, certain, whatever occurred to the Rectors of Perivale: there were theological troubles in the adjoining parish of Ealing. Robert Cooper, an Episcopalian, was Vicar of Ealing in the reign of Charles I. and during the Civil War; but he was ejected by the Puritans when they obtained the upper hand, and Daniel Cawarthen appointed in his place. The latter dying in 1652, was succeeded by Gilbert, a Scotch divine, who was compelled to leave at the Restoration, when Robert Cooper was reinstated. Gilbert went to America and died at Charleston, Massachusetts; and on his tomb were inscribed these words:—"He was sometime pastor of the Church of Christ at Ealing, Old England, and was the proto-martyr, *i.e.*, the first of the ministers that suffered deprivation in the cause of Nonconformity in England."*

In 1662 the Act of Uniformity was passed, and when the Feast of St. Bartholomew came round, the last day fixed for clergymen to take the oath, it is a great historical fact that more than 2,000 resigned their benefices rather than do so.

There appears to have been no difficulty in the mind of Henry Wyatt in regard to the Act, as he was for twenty-two years Rector of Perivale, as recorded on his tomb, which may now be seen in the churchyard. Two years later, and the "Conventicle Acts" made it punishable for persons to be present at any religious meeting other than the Church of England, as poor Richard Baxter, the eminent Nonconformist, then living at Acton, found to his cost in 1669, when he was sent to gaol, his offence being that of preaching in his own house at Acton, in the intervals between Divine service on Sundays. Baxter relates that in 1665, when he was preaching in a private house, a

* Lysons.

bullet was fired in at the window, and that the same year a lady came in a coach to hear him, of whom he says, "her heart was full of malice, and she resolved, if possible, to do me a mischief." It is evident that bigotry and intolerance were in the ascendant, and that the clergy who subscribed to the Acts of Uniformity, as it seems likely the Rector of Perivale did, could make the lives of those of their parishioners who openly showed a disposition towards Nonconformity, to say the least, very uncomfortable.

In 1665 Simon Coston, of Great Greenford, gave the cover to the font. A tradition connected with him is referred to later.

Newcourt mentions the tenths or first-fruits* chargeable on the Rectory of Perivale as follows (*onera hujus ecclesiæ*) : —

	£	s.	d.
Primitiæ	6	13	4
Decimæ	0	13	4
Proc. Episc.	0	0	0
Proc. Archid.	0	6	10
Synodalia	0	3	5

The following table contains the names of the rectors from A.D. 1336 to 1700, with the names of the Lords of the Manor who presented (or patrons), with other information given by Newcourt, who wrote in 1707. It is of greater interest quoted almost verbatim from the "Repertorium."

Bishops of London (Nom. Reg. Libb.).		Rectors.	Patrons.
Baudake, alias Radulphus de Baldock	100	Joh. de Gravale, 5 Non. Mar. 1336	The patron not named.
Simon de Sudbury	25	Ric. Hauberks	
		Will. Alborowes, pr. 5 Kal. Maii 1363 per mort. Hauberks	Com. Arundel, ratione custodiæ, Hen. Beaumont, Mil. in minori ætate existent.
Robert de Braybroke		Edmundus	
	28	Joh. Mussendon, 29 Aug. 1384, per mort. Edmundus	Joh. de Bellomont (Beaumont), Miles.
	65	Joh. Chinchgate, pr. 6 Mar. 1388, per resig. Mussendon	Tho. Charleton.
	139	Ric. Lambard, pr. 16 Feb. 1395, per resig. Chinchgate	Tho. Charleton et alii.
	159	Joh. Segrave, pr. Maii 1398, per mort. Lambard	
	1	Pet Ward, cap. 7 Aug. 1405, per mort. Segrave	
Roger de Walden		Will Hind	

* "First-fruits" was an annual charge on the revenues of rectories and some other benefices. The payment ceased to be obligatory on the abolition of church rates.

Bishop of London (Nom. Reg. Libb.).		Rectors.	Patrons.
Robt. Fitzhugh	37	Hugo Nobull, 20 Jul. 1435, per mort. Hind	Will Eastfield, Cives et Aldermanus Lond.
		Will. Come	
	29	Joh. Ely, 29 Nov. 1453, per resig. Come	Joh. Middleton et alii.
	88	Jac. Gyfford, pr. 25 Apr. 1464	Episc. Lond. per Laps.
Thos. Kemp	137	Rob. Hooper, pr. 14 Nov. 1472, per resig. Gyfford	Joh. Bohun, Arm.
	142	Hen. Bartelot, pr. 29 Nov. 1473, per resig. Hooper	
		Joh. Taylor, cap. 7 Ap. 1490, per resig. Bartelot	Henry Collet.
Richard Hill		Jac. Aynsworth, pr. 27 Jun. 1494, per resig. Taylor	Ric. Southwell.
(sic.)		Will. Maneyard, cap. 15 Feb. 1503, per resig. Aynsworth	
R. C. Wareham	299	Tho. Marshall, cap. 19 Feb. 1521, per mort. Maynard	Humfr. Brown, Gent.
Cuthbert Tunstall	4	Tho. Veysey, cap. 23 Oct. 1523, per resig. Marshall	
Edmund Bonner	132	Joh. Rysdale, 2 Dec. 1540, per mort. Veysey	Humfr. Brown, Mil. et Eliz. ejus uxor.
	483	Patricius Calyn, 17 Nov. 1559, per resig. Rysdale	
Edmund Grindall	172	Joh. Pyerson, cl. 8 Oct. 1573, per mort. Calyn	Henry Millet.
	233	Nic. Osmond, cl. 22 Aug. 1587, per mort. Pierson	George Millet.
R. C. Abbot, Pars	254	Fra. Hobman, A.M., 4 April 1621, per mort. Osmond	Tho. Hobman, Cives Lond.
		Edw. Read	
J. Henchman		Hen. Wyatt, A.M., 27 Jun. 1661, per mort. ult. Rectoris (Wyatt died in 1638)	John Lane, Arm.
Henry Compton		Ric. Ward, A.M., 18 April 1684, per mort. ult. Rectoris	E. Maplesden, Gent.
		Ric. Ward is the present Rector (1700).	

NOTE.—Beard was Rector in 1705. For those presented subsequently, see Chap. VII.

Little is known of the history of any of these old rectors; but Newcourt says that a Pet. Ward was Vicar of Broxbourne, Herts, between 1400 and 1436, and John Ely, Vicar of St. Mary Aldermary, London, 29th November, 1404, and Thomas Marshall became Vicar of St. Bride's, London, 30th January, 1554.

Mary Harrison, widow, seems to have presented to the living in 1720, and the Rev. Philip Fletcher and his wife in 1752, and John Schrieber in 1783, as the following entry appears in the "Liber Regis" of 1786,* giving "the value of all ecclesiastical Benefices which are now charged with the payment of First Fruits and Tenths, or were lately so charged": "Perrivale, alias Little Greenford, R. Prox.

* "Liber Regis," 1786. By John Bacon, Receiver of First-fruits.

Archidiac. 6s. 10d., Synods 3s. 5d., clear annual value 50 pounds. Patrons—Mary Harrison, widow, 1720; Philip Fletcher, clerk, and his wife, 1752; John Schrieber, Esquire, 1783." The manor and advowson were sold in 1767 to Richard Lateward, to whose memory there is a cenotaph in the church recording his death in 1777, and his wife Ann in 1779; and one to Temperance, wife of John Lateward, patron of the church, 1790. Richard Lateward bequeathed the property to John Schrieber above mentioned, who exercised his right of presentation in 1783, and, having afterwards assumed the name of Lateward, was the proprietor and Lord of the Manor in 1795.*

Richard, son of John (Schrieber) Lateward, succeeded as Lord of the Manor and owner of the rectorate, who presented his brother, the Rev. James Frederick Lateward. Madame Delpierre, the present Lady of the Manor, is the only child of the said Richard.

In the advertisement previous to the sale to Richard Lateward, the property sold is described as a manorial estate, consisting of farms valued at £485 per annum, being the whole parish except a farm of £40 per annum. As hereafter mentioned, a farm, called Manor Farm, is still not included in the manorial estate, the latter being now the property of Lady Delpierre, the descendant and heiress of Richard Lateward, as already mentioned. Probably this farm may be identified with the house called Besse Place, which, with certain lands belonging thereto, formed part of the possessions of Henry Morgan, in the reign of James I. The said Henry Morgan was, in 1613, attainted for high treason, and Besse Place, with its appurtenances, were granted to John Levingston, subject to a fee farm rent of forty shillings.† This grant was for sixty years, and is further described in

* John (Schrieber) Lateward had three sons—Richard, his heir, Major John Lateward, who died unmarried about fourteen years ago, and the Rev. J. F. Lateward, already mentioned. Madame Delpierre was thrice married, *i.e.*, to Sir Thomas Croft, by whom she had one daughter, now Mrs. Murray; secondly, to Colonel Lester (no issue), and thirdly, to M. Delpierre, by whom she had also a daughter, now Madame de Cormont. Mrs. Richard Lateward, who survived her husband, married Colonel Marsack, of Caversham Park, near Reading. The Rev. J. F. Lateward left three sons and three daughters surviving him, *i.e.*, Thomas Lateward (who married, in 1849, Miss C. J. Daniel, and had issue, the Rev. Henry Edward Lateward, and one daughter, now Mrs. Edward Lockwood, of Kingham, Oxford), the Rev. Henry Douglass Lateward, and Major E. Wildman Lateward. The Latewards also held at this time a part of the demesne lands of the Manor of Greenford Magna, amounting to 447 acres. This property was leased in 1640 to Sir Charles Gerrart, Bart. The lease passed afterwards, in succession, to Rupert Browne and John Bridger. The latter disposed of it to a Mr. Way, who conveyed it to Richard Lateward. John Lateward was the lessee in 1795.

† Fee Farm Roll in the Augmentation Office.

another Roll,* as a messuage called Besse Place, and lands belonging to the same in *Perryvales*, otherwise Parva Grenforde, also lands in Harrowe, late the property of Henry Morgan. In November, 1618, there is a re-grant of "Besse Place, with other lands and tenements in *Perrival*, alias Parva Grenford, alias Cornhill, and in Harrowe to John Levingston," described as "Groom of the Bedchamber," with discharge of all arrears of rent due on the former.†

It is highly probable that John Levingston, Groom of the Bedchamber to James I., ultimately obtained a grant of the property in perpetuity, and it may have been sold in the Commonwealth, as it does not appear to be noticed among the "Particulars of Fee Farm Rents" sold in the reign of Charles II. Whatever act of treason Henry Morgan was guilty of, and whatever his fate, which the writer has been unable to ascertain, it is evident the Groom of the Bedchamber took advantage of circumstances and of his position about the person of "Learned Jamie," whose pedantry and favouritism is well known, to get hold of Morgan's property; perhaps he paid the king for it, who, often sadly wanting money, sold baronetcies for £1,000 each.

As to Henry Morgan's attainder, the simplest conjecture is that he was a "Papist," who might have been mixed up with Robert Catesby, Digby and Fawkes in their plot, though it was all exploded years before—that plot which the Irishman graphically referred to in the verse—

> "This is the day, that was the night,
> That papists did conspire,
> To blow up King and Parliament,
> With G. U. N. pow-dire."

The church at Perivale has suffered more than many others from the destruction of its records. The register of baptisms does not extend further back than 1707, and that of burials commences in 1720. Mr. Beard, who was rector in 1705, stated‡ in answer to questions relating to the church, that it had all the tithes and two acres of glebe, but was dissatisfied with having had the rating raised from £36, the highest amount it had ever paid, up to £50. He also mentioned a Polyglot Bible and a Castell's lexicon, as then belonging

* Pat. Roll 9, James I., part 24, No. 14. † "Calendar of State Papers."
‡ "Notitia Parochialis," Lambeth MSS., fol. 546.

to the church, to which they had been presented by an unknown donor.

Another benefactor mentioned is Robert Cromwell, whose tomb may now be seen in the churchyard, and is referred to later. He died in 1722, and bequeathed £6 annually (see abstract from his will, page 114) for an afternoon sermon to be preached on the first Sunday in every month, but the Rev. James Mardman, who was rector about Lysons' time (1789), said that sum had been several years in arrear, and the pious wishes of the donor have been ever since disregarded. Robert Cromwell, as the present rector, the Rev. Dr. Charles Hughes, informed the writer, also left £5 to be distributed annually in providing poor widows with scarlet cloaks—but this bequest has not been carried out either during his time or for years before he became rector. This seems in our days to be a very remarkable bequest, but in the later part of the last century the scarlet cloak was considered a fitting, as it was a favorite part of the dress of the peasant women.

John Gurnell, to whose memory there is a cenotaph in the church, recording his death in 1748, left £5 per annum to repair his tomb and the parsonage—John Gurnell, who is described on the inscription as "An Honest Worthy Man," was married to Ann, daughter of the John Harrison already mentioned, and appears to have been contemporary with the John Gurnell who employed the known architect Dance to build him a good house on "the Green," Ealing, which has since been taken down.*

* A Jonathan Gurnell, sen., probably a near relative of John Gurnell, left by will, in 1753, £700 3 per cent. annuities, two-sevenths of the interest thereon being for the use of the Ealing boys' school, and the remainder to be laid out in coal or firing for poor people of the upper side of the parish of Ealing.

In 1752 Jonathan Gurnell, jun., left by will £500 in Government security in trust for the benefit of the same school, as well as £1,000, the interest of which was to be devoted to the use of the poor of Ealing.

In 1756, Mrs. Sarah Gurnell gave £100 to the boys' school, Ealing.—(Falconer's "Ealing.")

A Jonathan Gurnell appears to have been the proprietor of Pits-hanger, near Perivale, about 1740.—(Lysons.)

CHAPTER V.

"The place, how well I knew it! I had passed
Many a Sabbath morning in its midst,
And loved the sweet voice of its only bell
Better than noisy clang and constant change
Of twenty cathedral chimes."
H. J. Skinner ("The Lily of the Lyn").

THE church is now situated close to the bridge over the Brent, but little more than a hundred years ago the little river flowed more than five hundred feet away from it in a southerly direction, In Roque's Survey Map, published 1741-5, the old course of the Brent is shown bending to the south, instead of to the north. The former channel is still noticeable by the pollard-trees which grew on the old banks, as well as by an arm of the river, which extends for a very short distance in the same direction, a little south of the rifle range. The church was then approached in two ways; the one, from Apperton to Greenford, as at present; and the other, by a bridge near the "Forty Oaks," from which a road led to it across the field.

The church is the most important relic which remains of the ancient hamlet of Greenford Parva, since called Perivale; it is so old that its proper name has passed into oblivion. It is called St. James in the last ordnance survey map, published a few years ago, but this name has been applied to it without any authority whatever. It is not known under that designation by the rector or any one else in the parish. The remains of the old stained glass in the chancel, according to Lysons, represented St. Matthew and St. John, and not St. James. He does not mention the apostle or saint to whom it was dedicated, and he is hardly likely to have overlooked it. Newcourt, who wrote in 1708, does not give it, nor does it appear in the ecclesiastical or church records ("Liber Regis," &c.) that the writer is aware of.

It rarely occurs that the patron saint of a church is forgotten, even though it may date back to early Roman Catholic times, but the

From a photograph by the Woodbury P. P. P. Company.] PERIVALE CHURCH AND RECTORY. [To face p. 56.

fact may be here chronicled, as showing the unique character of this secluded hamlet—a hamlet which must have been of greater importance in ancient times than it is at present, or the church would not be there at all.

The small portions of the oldest part of the structure now visible, as well as what is known of the Manor, with which the living has always been associated, lead to the suggestion that it was dedicated about the end of the twelfth century, or early in the thirteenth. It is therefore of high antiquarian interest. It is, perhaps, the smallest church in Middlesex, except the church or chapel attached to the house called Twyford Abbey, near Ealing, which appears to have been extra-parochial, and probably was originally intended for the service of two or three Benedictine monks and the very few people who lived on* the land of the demesne.

The church at Perivale has a short nave and narrow chancel, with red-tiled roof, porch, and very primitive-looking square wooden tower surmounted by a low roof-like pyramidal spire. If it is not the smallest church in the county, it is certainly one of the most picturesque.

The church was restored in 1875, under the superintendence of Mr. R. Willey, architect, Ealing, and very little of the oldest portion

* Twyford—anciently, Tveverde—had formerly an old manor house which was moated. The "Abbey," which is now a small mansion, is commonly said to occupy the site of an ancient abbey, but there is no record of any such religious establishment having existed there. Still, as the Manor was held under the Canons of St. Paul's, and there was from very early times a chapel which in 1251 had two altars *outside* the choir, it is possible there may have been a cell or house for the priest who served at the altar. There was a stipulation when Twyford Abbey was let recently, that the owner is bound to supply a clergyman of the Church of England for at least six Sundays in the year. Twyford is the smallest parish near London. In 1861 it contained two houses and eighteen inhabitants; in 1871 the houses had increased to eight and it had forty-seven inhabitants.—("Handbook to the Environs of London," James Thorne.) It is said that there is mention of a resident priest at Twyford in the early part of the fifteenth century among the records of St. Paul's. The following notice of Twyford occurs in Domesday Book:—"In Tveverde (in Ossulton Hundred) Durand a canon of St. Pauls holds of the King two hides of land—the land is 1 carucahe and half—there are three villans with half a hide and half a virgate—Pasture for the cattle of the town—wood (or pannage) for 100 swine. The land was considered worth thirty shillings and is now worth the same. In the time of Edward it was of the value of twenty shillings. In the same town Gueri a Canon of St. Pauls holds two hides of land, the land is 1 carucahe and half.—In demesne there is a plough [enough land for a plough] and another half could be made [half as much more could be so cultivated]. There are 2 villans with 1 virgate and 1 border with 6 acres and 3 cottagers. Wood (or pannage) for 50 swine. This land has been valued at and is now worth thirty shillings, in the time of King Edward it was worth twenty shillings. This Manor *lay and lies* in the Church of St. Pauls in the Demesne of the Canons."

is now visible. Lysons says it is built of flint and stones. Much of the old structure is now hidden beneath stucco and mortar. Portions of the original building, however, may still be seen.

The Early Pointed arch doorway in the vestry, formerly the entrance to the church; the recess for the holy-water vessel or stoup, which is still preserved, though covered with the wainscot; the leper's window, to be referred to later, alike point to the probability of the church having been erected about the date assigned, if there was not an older edifice on this site. The documentary evidence, as we have seen, confirms this opinion. The earliest transfer of the advowson which has yet been discovered, is from Edward II. to Walter de Langton, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, in the seventh year of his reign, *i.e.*, 1312, but it is not probable that it was built by that king. It is far more likely that it was reared by the De Bohuns, whose connection with the Manor has already been shown, and ultimately forfeited to the king before that time. One of their predecessors, the de Mandevilles, may even have been its founder, for the Norman lords soon after the Conquest were very liberal in their gifts to the Church and in the erection of churches on their manors.

In digging round the foundations some years since a silver penny of Edward I. was found, which would carry the evidence into the thirteenth century.

Many churches in England originated in monastic institutions, but there is no likelihood of this being the case at Perivale. From the first the living is alluded to as an advowson, which confirms the probability of its having been erected by a lord of the manor. Was it built in fulfilment of some vow in time of special danger? or in atonement for some crime committed by one of the old Norman lords? Either suggestion may offer an explanation for the foundation of a church with a leper's window so near London.

The church appears to have been restored or altered in the fifteenth century, as shown by the ornamentation of some of the old windows on the north side, which is of that period.

A remarkable fact connected with the church of Greenford Parva, and which is not generally known, is that the chancel is not in a right line with the nave; the former is not due east and west like the latter. The deviation from the straight line between the two is

small, and it was only discovered when the inner roof of the chancel was renewed in 1875. It was sufficient, however, to cause some difficulty to the contractor. It is generally believed that this irregularity is not the result of accident, as it occurs in some other churches; and it seems improbable that it can have arisen from inaccuracy in making the foundation. Among other churches where the same deviation has been noticed is the church at Farnham Royal, Bucks.

That some churches are not truly oriented is very well known, the reason of which has been conjectured in the following extract from Hone's "Table Book" (vol. i., p. 393):—"Captain Silas Taylor says that in days of yore when a church was to be built, they watched and prayed on the vigil of the dedication, and took that point of the horizon where the sun arose for the east, which makes that variation, so that few stand true, except those built between the two equinoxes. I have experimented some churches, and have found the line to point to that part of the horizon where the sun rises on the day of that saint to whom the church was dedicated," &c. Others have believed that the deviation indicated the side to which the face of the dying Jesus turned at the Crucifixion.

If the first suggestion is right, and there is an association between the saint's day, the festival of the apostle, &c., and the line on which the chancel of Perivale Church is built, and if we knew fully the symbolism attached to it, we might obtain a clue to the unknown patron saint or apostle to whom the little church at Greenford Parva was dedicated.

When we consider the changes in the religion and manners of the people which this church has survived, and that its registers before 1707 have entirely disappeared, we may be not much surprised that even its name should have been forgotten. It is highly probable that it may have fallen into neglect and disuse more than once in the course of its history; and it is, perhaps, remarkable that any part of the old structure is still left.

Two periods of English history at least, as we have seen in course of this chronicle, were adverse to the preservation of church relics, records, and even the churches themselves. The one in the middle of the sixteenth century, when the reformed religion was gaining the

ascendency and the older faith losing ground, the struggle between religious parties was bitter and prolonged, and when the Bible was first read and explained in the churches, historians tell us that not only was the Book wrangled over in alehouses and other places of common resort, but noisy, turbulent people gathered round the church porches, and scandalous brawls were frequently the consequence. The wholesale seizure and frequent destruction of Church property at this time has been already alluded to.

Then taking the second critical period of Church history, when the profligacy or indifference of a large section of the Anglican clergy, and other causes, brought the reformed ritual and the Church itself into discredit; and by the aid of other circumstances, such as the ignorance and the loose manners of the time, rendered the Reformed Church the victim of puritanical fanaticism, and the subject of violent action and reaction of the contending parties.

Truly in all this there is sufficient almost to account for the church of an isolated hamlet like Greenford Parva, or Perivale, having lost its oldest records, and even the name of its patron saint, though no doubt there were intervals in which earnest men, whether as lords of the manor or as rectors, sustained and repaired the building, and did what they could to preserve whatever belonged to it.

It is almost needless to say that under the fostering care of the present Rector, the Rev. Dr. C. Hughes, the church has for nearly thirty years been kept in excellent order and repair.

The square wooden tower contains two bells, whose monotonous tones remind us of the days before the Reformation. If one of them is the bell drawn by Mr. Farthing, which is probably the case, it bears the following legend: W.E. FECIT. 1699, and is two feet in diameter at the mouth. On the south side of the tower is a sun-dial, reminding us of Charles Lamb's curious paradox:—"What a dead thing is a clock, with its ponderous embowelments of lead and brass, its pert or solemn dullness of communication, compared with the simple, altar-like structure and silent heart-language of the old dial."

The Rev. W. Lisle Bowles, the sonnet-writer whom even Byron, in the acrimonious pages of his "English Bards, &c.," described as "harmonious Bowles," has written the following on a sun-dial, which

THE OLD CHANCEL WINDOW, ETC., PERIVALE CHURCH, A.D. 1803.

[To face p. 60.

may well have had much the same surroundings as the one affixed to the church with an unknown patron saint at Perivale :—

> "So passes silent o'er the dead thy shade,
> Brief time and hour by hour, and day by day
> The pleasing pictures of the present fade,
> And like a summer's vapour steal away.
> And have not they who here forgotten lie
> (Say hoary chronicler of ages past)
> Once marked thy shadow with delighted eye?
> Nor thought it fled—how certain and how fast."

According to tradition the present tower has been erected about one hundred and fifty years ; but upon examining the timber at the western entrance of the church, and in the loft above, the rough heavy beams of an older structure are seen, against which the wood of the present tower appears to be fixed. An older belfry tower, with a porch or vestibule, perhaps in part used as a sacristy, will account for the position of the stoup as alluded to below.

The roof is covered externally with red tiles ; in the interior it is what is called waggon-shaped, the beams being of chestnut rudely fashioned by the adze. In altering and restoring the nave some years since the workmen were obliged to cut some of the old timber of the roof, when the wood was found to be of great hardness, although not oak, as previously supposed ; it appeared to have become indurated by age. The timber door which now leads into the vestry is old ; but the best-preserved relic of the original Norman church is the arched doorway now in the vestry, and the leper's window, which have before been alluded to. The former is in the Early English or early Pointed style, which was introduced in the reign of Stephen, A.D. 1135, and lasted until that of Henry III., 1216 to 1272, a period of about one hundred and forty years, when it was supplanted in increased grace and elegance by the true "Pointed style," or, as it has been called, "pure Gothic."

The breadth of the Pointed arch, in proportion to its height, indicates, it has been suggested, an early departure from the circular arch of the Anglo-Norman, while its simplicity also points to the probability that the church of which it forms a part was erected in the later part of the twelfth century or the beginning of the thirteenth, a supposition which, as already mentioned, seems to be confirmed by the history of the manor and advowson. This arched

doorway formerly formed the entrance to the church. The entrance on the south is comparatively recent.

In the little vestry, and on the right of the old arch entering the church from it, is the recess in the wall, in which was placed the stone vessel or stoup which contained the holy water. It is now hidden by the wainscot, as, no doubt, are some other portions of the old structure (see p. 65).

There must have been originally a sacristy or vestibule to the church before the Reformation, where the more modern tower is now situated, or, as seems more probable, a more ancient belfry turret preceded the erection of the present one. If so, there would have been an outer door to the church, and the arched doorway in question would have formed the inner one, after passing the vestibule, perhaps with a sacristy attached.

It always has been and is usual to place holy water in the sacristy or robing-room for the use of the priests, and perhaps the stoup or "benitier" may have been so placed in the wall as to have served both the people on entering or leaving the church itself as well as the priests in the sacristy; but it could not have been placed outside the church, which would be the case if there were no tower or vestibule.

In the old church at Lustleigh, Devon, the stoup is placed exactly in the same position as in Perivale Church, and the vestibule or sacristy is still preserved there. Above the arching timbers at the west end of the church is a carved wooden screen on the wall, divided into panels; on the centre one is a carved crucifix, with a painting on each side representing apostles, while half-figures of saints are depicted upon the four smaller divisions beneath. The font is octagonal and of uncertain age; but the wooden cover is a very interesting relic. It is handsomely designed, and carved with bold scrolls and other ornaments; around the lower part is the following legend in curiously cut letters in relief:—

"This was the Gift of Simon Coston, Gent, March 26, 1665." *

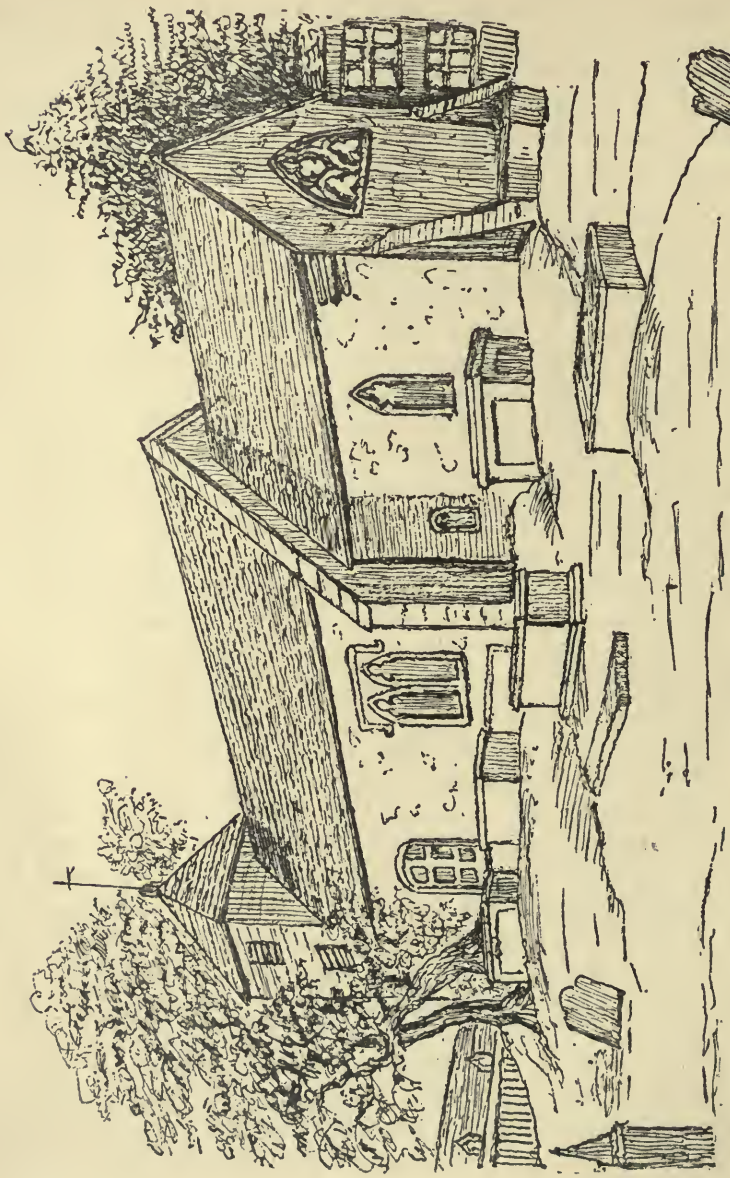
* There is a monument to the memory of 'Bridget, wife of Simon Coston, in the church of Greenford Magna, with date 1637. "She is represented kneeling at a fald-stool and her husband is in the dress and attitude of a mourner." A Latin inscription is beneath; the arms are exhibited. "Arg. a Saltier vert on a chief Gules a lion passant Arg. for Coston—impaling Gules on a chevron Arg. 3 etoiles Sab. a canton Ermine for Carr."—(Lysons.)

It will be observed from the extracts from the vestry minute-book, quoted at p. 129, that this font and cover must have been removed and completely lost sight of in 1836 ; most probably they had been put aside as useless with other lumber under the wooden tower. There was a receptacle there for rubbish before that part of the building was cleared out and the place converted into a vestry-room.

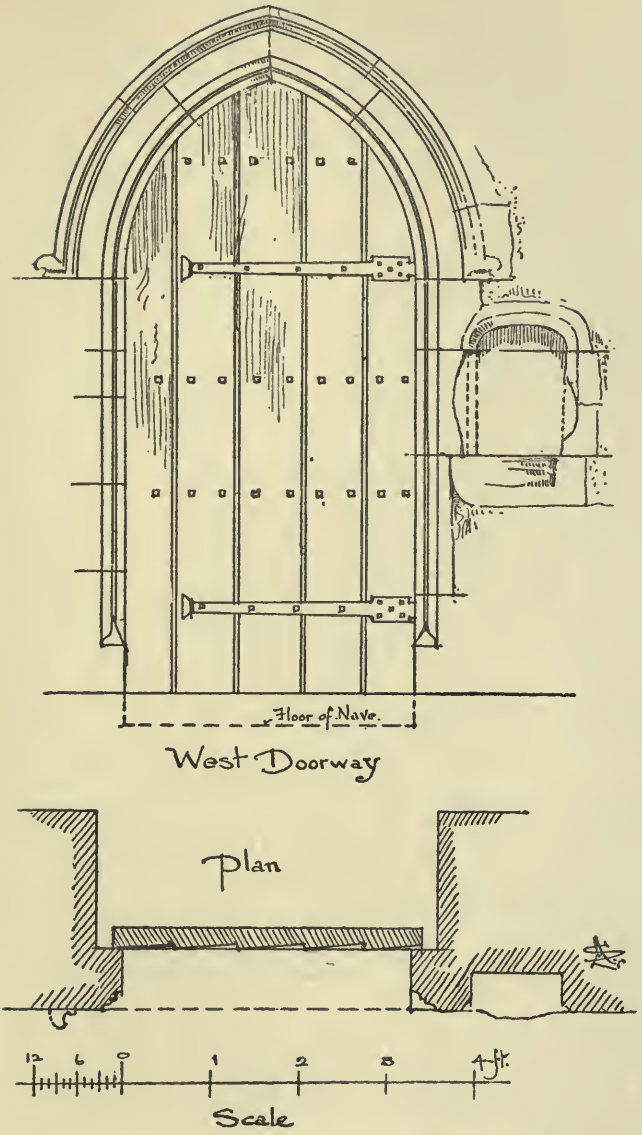
It is curious, and it shows how the church had been neglected, to find the then rector pleading to the vestry of Perivale for a new font and cover, and his motion negatived, "because there are no christenings for parishioners of Perivale, nor likely to be any."

The chancel, which is very highly decorated, is separated from the nave by an ornamental screen, but the latter, like many of the decorations, is modern ; it is designed in the style of the seventeenth century. All the stained glass is also modern, except a few remnants of the old glass, principally the heads of the Apostles, which have been carefully worked into the windows of the chancel. Lysons says there were in his time remains of the old painted glass in the windows, and among the figures those of St. Matthew and St. John. Although the windows of the chancel had evidently suffered injury when Lysons wrote in 1800 to 1810, a carefully executed drawing in watercolours, showing the various tints of the curious old stained glass, and bearing the date 1803, has been preserved (see Plate). The drawing has been inserted, with several views of Perivale Church also in colours, and inscribed with the date 1794, in a copy of Lysons' "Environs," which is said to have formerly belonged to Mr. Douce, and which can now be seen in the Guildhall Library, London. The arms of some of the lords of the manor, and others whose monuments and memorials are in the church, which will be referred to later, are beautifully emblazoned in this copy, and there is also interleaved in it an engraved portrait of Sir Robert Southwell, Master of the Rolls in the reign of Henry VIII., who was probably a son of the Lord of the Manor, and presented to the living in 1494 and 1503.

The drawings of the church in 1794 do not show many alterations in the exterior except the chancel window and that end of the building. It is interesting to find that parts of the old manor house and rectory may be seen in one of them, but this bears no date, though



PERIVALE CHURCH AND PART OF THE OLD MANOR HOUSE ABOUT A.D. 1790.
(*From an old drawing*).



EARLY ENGLISH DOORWAY AND STOUP IN PERIVALE CHURCH.

it must be older than when Lysons wrote, as he says it was then pulled down (see Plate). The old chancel window was a broad pointed arch with trefoil tracery on the outside, without long lights and mullions beneath it. The most interesting relic of mediæval antiquity is the stained glass of this window, as shown in the coloured drawing; it represents St. John holding the book upon which rests the Lamb—the Agnus Dei—carrying the cross; St. John also bears a long Calvary cross, and a small shield with a cross hangs from it. By his side and forming with him the two principal figures, is St. Matthew, supporting the book with the left hand and writing in it with the other; at his feet is an ox's head, which is generally considered by mediæval writers to represent St. Luke. Durandus says*: "He is compared to the ox as being an animal fitted for sacrifice," and because of the two horns, as containing the two testaments; and the four hoofs as having the sentences of the four Evangelists. Of this symbol the same writer says: "By this also Christ is figured, who was the sacrifice for us; and therefore the ox is painted on the left side," &c., as in this window. There is a disc between the figures of the Evangelists containing the sacred monogram, and above them is a small winged lion, which the same writer says is the symbol of St. Mark. There are also two discs and an ornamental ribbon or scroll on their extreme right and left, the former having in them representations of the human face on the one hand and the old English rose ornament in the others. The accessories to the two central figures are probably taken either from the Apocalypse or from Ezekiel. Beneath the window in the drawing are the usual tablets inscribed with the Commandments, the wall upon which they are placed being painted green. The communion-table below them is of the simplest form and uncovered; the three boards of which the top is composed are apparently very roughly put together. In the present stained-glass window of the chancel are representations of Christ in the centre, with St. Matthew and St. John on either side. Formerly there was painted glass in the windows of the nave, which, it is said, depicted St. Mary and St. Joseph, &c., but as already mentioned, their place has been filled with modern subjects.

* See Durandus, "De Evangelistis," and "Rationale."

Mr. Farthing says in his MSS., written in 1845—1850, that there were then fragments of old stained glass in the side windows, "which still remain to attest" the "former glory" of the church; one figure was drawn by him and is now reproduced. It represents a female with book, and may be intended either for St. Mary or some Roman Catholic saint; it is evident it had then been injured and imperfectly repaired.

STAINED GLASS WINDOW, LATELY IN PERIVALE CHURCH.

The oak reredos is well carved; the carving, except the mediæval group, was gratuitously executed by Mrs. Marianne Powles, assisted by Miss Minnie Hughes, one of the rector's daughters, from the designs of Mr. G. A. Rogers, of Maddox Street, London. The side panels are of floreated design, with fruits; and both the design and execution show considerable skill. The group of figures carved in oak, fixed to the centre panel, is old; it is said to have originally belonged to a pre-Reformation church in Essex, and was probably carved four hundred years ago. It represents "The Entombment." There are seven figures in it besides that of Christ. It bears the impress of age, and is very well executed. The costumes of the mourners around the central figure appear to be those of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. The mediæval group and the whole cost of the reredos and re-table were presented to the church by Harry Adrian, "in loving memory of his mother, Sarah Dudley Adrian, who

died October 16, 1887," as recorded on a small plate of brass. The carved group is surmounted by an ornate brass cross, and on the altar is a row of high wax tapers.

There is a beautiful tesselated pavement in the chancel, also presented, and dedicated to the memory of Cyril Arthur Reginald Willey. The interior of the nave is elaborately embellished with consolatory and admonitory texts from the scriptures, and with pictures between the stained glass windows. Both the paintings on the walls and the windows are memorials to members of the congregation who have in recent years passed into the silent land.

Near the end of the northern side of the nave is a picture of "Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane," to the memory of Commander Ducat, R.N. Others represent "The Ascension," and "Christ removed from the Cross," the latter recording the death of Mrs. Hughes, the rector's mother, in 1881. One of the handsome stained glass windows on this side with Virgin and Child, is to the memory of Henry Condell and his wife; the former was first and second mayor and first member of the Legislative Council of Melbourne. Another, depicting the Good Shepherd, and Christ at the door, is dedicated to the memory of John Farthing, who had been a strong supporter of the church. The third is of ornamental design only.

Here, also, is the most striking monument in the church. It is in marble, and by Westmacott, an angel bearing the mortal to the throne of God. It bears the following inscription:—

"To the cherished memory of Ellen Frances Nicholas, daughter of the Rev. George Nicholas, of Ealing, Middlesex, and Elizabeth, his wife. Lovely, accomplished, most affectionate, and affectionately beloved; after a severe struggle of twelve weeks with a painful illness, she was released from suffering on the 22 October, 1818, in the 21st year of her age, leaving to her sorrowing relatives no consolation but the hope of meeting with her in a better world, never to part again."

The figures of the dying girl and the angel are very artistically grouped and skilfully executed.

On the north side of the nave is a well-executed marble cenotaph, with urn, to the memory of John Gurnell, and inscribed—

"An honest and a worthy man, who departed this life the 1st of August, 1748, aged 36 years. He married Ann, one of the daughters of John Harrison, Esquire. Here lyeth also the body of the said Ann, who departed this life 8th April, 1750, aged 38 years."

In the richly coloured glass windows on the south side are memorials to the Rev. Frederick Hughes, 1867, and A. A. and H. W. Hughes, 1871. Here, also, is one of the most touching monuments in the church; it is in marble, and above it is a weeping child or angel. It is inscribed to the memory of—

"Lane Harrison, Esquire; a young gentleman whose many good qualities of heart and mind rendered him an honour to his family and the delight of his friends, and promised to make him an ornament to his country, but, seized by the smallpox, he died on the 15 August, 1740, in the 26th year of his age—loved, honoured, and mourned by all who knew him. In pious gratitude to his memory, this monument is erected by his sisters, Mary, the wife of John Clerke, Esq., Susanna, Ann, and Sarah."

He was the son of the lord of the manor whose name has been mentioned. The sculptor of this beautiful memorial was Thomas Day.

On this side there are also several pictures depicting episodes in the Gospel narrative, among which is one of the "Virgin and Child," which is dedicated to the memory of the present rector's late daughter Florence, the wife of Captain Alfred Blaine, of South Africa; she died under particularly sad circumstances, and was greatly esteemed and loved by those who knew her.

On the west wall is a curious little tablet to Elizabeth Bolas, 1793, and a plain Gothic niche surmounted by columns, and enclosing a brass scroll to the memory of Charlotte Farthing, who died in November, 1847. It is inscribed as erected—"By a sister and brother —the last of their race." In connection with this there is on the floor of the church a stone to the memory of Agnes, wife of John Farthing, of this parish, 1845. The monuments in the chancel will be noticed later.

The frescoes are singularly in unison with the general effect of the interior of the church; at first sight they recall the pictorial episodes in the lives of the Romish saints, and still more so "the Stations of the Cross," the last sad scenes in the life of the Master. Both the former and the latter are characteristic of Roman Catholic churches.

The visitor may still see the window near which it is said "the chaunting monk of old used to sit"; it is on the south side of the chancel. He is more likely to have been a secular priest in pre-Reformation times, when the hamlet was of more importance than it is at present, as we have no evidence that a monastic institution existed here at any time.

In the dim religious light which pervades the interior he may, in fact, almost believe that he has entered a church of the older faith and fancy that the stillness and hush of the nave will presently be broken by the monotonous tones of the priest repeating the Latin Mass. His muttered "Pater nosters" and the solemn "Ora pro nobis" of the choir had the same accompaniment outside the church as the simpler ritual of the newer faith, the introduction of which this old church has seen, *i.e.*, the subdued rippling of the river, the wind sighing among the old yews in the churchyard, the sound of the trembling leaves and the sweet warbling of the birds, for, as Thomson wrote—

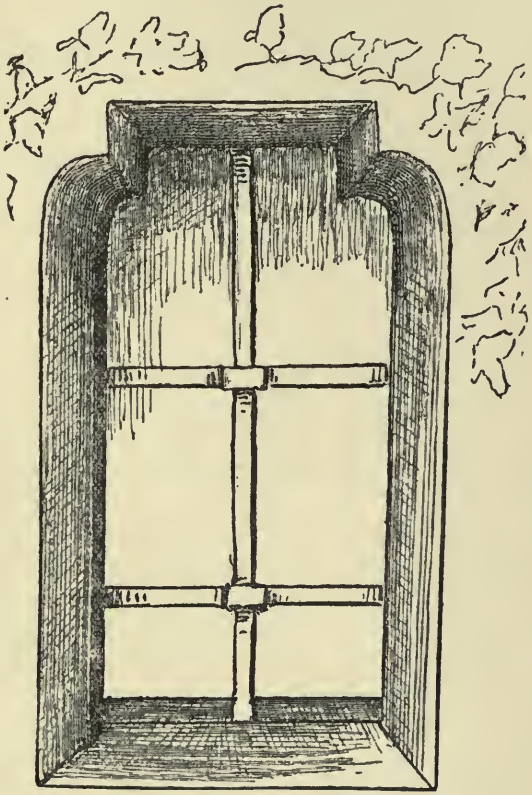
> "To Him they sing when spring renews the plain;
> To Him they cry in winter's pinching rain;
> Nor is their music or their plaint in vain."

Sometimes in the past the birds have ventured inside the building, for the Poet of Perivale whose MSS. will be referred to later, has recorded that when he first entered the church in 1845—"It was summer-time and the silence of the interior was undisturbed save by the singing of a redbreast which, perched on the head of a marble cherub in the chancel, poured forth with all the earnestness of a genuine worshipper its tribute of grateful praise and adoration to that Almighty and Beneficent Being who watches over the lives and provides for the necessities of all his creatures."

But there is a survival in the church at Perivale which certainly carries us back to the days before the Reformation. It is the low window in the chancel on the south side. This is believed to have been a lepers' window. It is an aperture now covered with modern stained glass, with slanting sides, and is at a lower level than the other windows. It is, in fact, so placed that it looks on the spot where the altar stood before the chancel was recently altered. These unfortunate creatures, forbidden to enter the churches, were thus able to obtain a view from the outside of the priest officiating at the altar, and could so join in that supreme act of worship to the Roman Catholic—the Elevation of the Host.

This window has been called a hagioscope, and in its literal sense the word is not misapplied. A hagioscope is, however, usually understood to be an oblique opening in the wall for the purpose of

enabling persons *in* the *transept* or aisles to witness the Elevation of the Host at the high altar. There is simply a nave or chancel in this small church. The lepers' window at Perivale is perhaps one of the best pieces of thirteenth-century work in the building.



THE LEPERS' WINDOW, PERIVALE CHURCH.

Leprosy, which most writers say was introduced into England at the time of the Crusade, must have been much more common when this church was built than afterwards, as it is said almost to have disappeared at the end of the fifteenth century.

In the year 1200, the second of King John, it was decreed at a provincial synod held by Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, "that when so many leprous people were assembled that might be able to build a church with a churchyard for themselves, and to have one especial priest of their own, that they should be permitted to have the same without contradiction, so that they be not injurious to the old churches," and "that they be not compelled to give any tithes of their gardens or increase of cattle." "Edward III., gave commandment to the mayer and sheriffs of London to make proclamation in every ward of the city and suburbs, that all leprous persons should

avoid [quit] within fifteen days, and that no man suffer any such leprous person to abide within his house, upon pain to forfeit his said house and to incur the King's further displeasure; and that they should cause the said lepers to be removed into some out places of the fields from the haunt or company of sound people." Whereupon certain "lazar houses were built without the city some good distance." Some of the places mentioned were at the East-end or north-east of London, but one such house was at "Knightesbridge, west from Charing Cross." There may have been a small settlement of these afflicted people in the vicinity of Greenford Parva.

Perivale is true to its traditions: the services of its little church at present approach as closely to the older form of the Christian faith as the Rubric permits. Whether those limits are sometimes exceeded in order to revive and perpetuate an ancient symbolism, some parts of which may be traced back to an origin far older than Christianity itself, it is not for the writer of this record to say; it is better that these mysteries should be dealt with by those more qualified to express an opinion upon them. Some idea of the services, however, may be gathered from the following extracts from a local paper:—

"On Good Friday, 'the ornaments' of the church were absent, except the altar cross, and Eucharistic candlesticks and processional cross, which were veiled in black crape, as was also the very handsome carved-oak illuminated altar. On Easter Day all signs of mourning had been removed, and the altar was most elaborately decorated with flowers and tapers; the chancel screen was also covered with flowers and an immense floral cross hung over the chancel gate, as also banners. . . . The services were of the full Ritualistic character, the whole of the six points, viz., Eucharistic vestments, incense, wafer bread, mixed chalice, eastward position, and altar lights, being (as for many years they have) observed. The Sanctus bell was also rung at the proper place, and the GREAT bell tolled at the consecration." *

The sacramental plate is modern; the old church plate, which appears to have been of simple design, but very handsome, was disposed of in 1875, and the present chalice and paten were made in lieu of it.

* *Middlesex County Times*, April 12, 1890.

The former is richly ornamented, with enamelled ornaments in the Renaissance style. The paten is, as usual, simple. Happily the dedication and armorial bearings of the donor have been preserved, as the paten bears the following quaint inscription, with a coat-of-arms in a shield, in the upper part of which is a lion passant above a cross like that of St. Andrew, which are the arms of Millet :—

The Willing Donor  doth this gift intayle
To the Great God and Little Peryvale.

Leo Crucis Dux Salutis. A.D. 1625.

beneath which is the modern inscription :—

> " The accompanying Arms and Inscription
> *was* engraved on the old Communion Plate
> of this Church, which A.M.D G. [Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam]
> was exchanged for new, A.D. 1875."

Mr. Farthing says in his MSS.—"that in lowering the ground around the church several coins were dug up, one of which was the silver penny of Edward I. in excellent preservation, and some few coins of Charles I. The ground had been considerably raised since the building of the church, as the original pavement was found full two feet below the surface."

The attendance at the services at Perivale seems to have been at the lowest ebb in 1844, when about six or seven persons are said to have composed the whole congregation. Afterwards, mainly due to Mr. Farthing's alteration in many things beside the music, in all of which the rector was his coadjutor, there was a great improvement in that respect. The following extracts from the former's notes show that the little church had attracted to its services "all sorts and conditions of men." He says :—" In a congregation of less than forty persons he has seen a lieutenant-general, a post captain, an eminent authoress, a barrister, a clever pamphleteer, the widow of a celebrated theatrical manager, herself once a skilful equestrian performer, a

proctor of the Ecclesiastical Court, a gentleman connected with the *Times*, a gentleman farmer, a gamekeeper, a policeman, a servant in livery, several ladies and agricultural folk, a convicted burglar who had been transported to Botany Bay and had returned from there a rich man and reformed character, and the family of a man who was executed. It would be difficult to find a parallel for such a small and so varied an assemblage."

Churchwardens are rarely found now among the parishioners of Perivale, and they are generally elected from the adjoining parish of Ealing. Some idea of the unique character of a vestry meeting in Greenford Parva is shown in the following extract from the *Middlesex County Times* of recent date. It is unnecessary to give the names of the churchwardens :—"Perivale Parish Church. Vestry Meeting.—On Thursday a vestry was held for the election of churchwardens, when A. B. C. and D. F. G. (both of Ealing) were *unanimously* elected! The only person present was the Rev. Dr. Hughes (in the chair), so all the business had to be transacted by himself; the *four* ratepayers were unable to be present."

Truly the peace and harmony of the scenery about the church of Greenford Parva is reflected in its vestry, whatever religious discord may have occurred in the parish in the days which ushered in the Reformation, and afterwards when Cromwell spared neither the "churches nor their ornaments." There is nothing to disturb it now; no polemical strife; no religious controversies as to High or Low Church doctrine or practice which, in other less favoured parishes, have set the "people's warden" against the "rector's warden," so often ending in unseemly disturbance and bitterness. Here the rector pursues the even tenor of his way, leaves his church open on weekdays, like the churches of the older faith, and it is filled on Sundays with a congregation from Ealing, at least, in spring and summer. But the reader must not imagine this is always the case; there have been many occasions when it has been impossible to reach Perivale Church except in a punt, with powerful rowers, which are not at hand; for the innocent-looking Brent rises in times of flood to the dimensions of a wide, roaring river, extending over the fields for miles, and even inundating the Greenford Road, thus cutting off all communication between the church and Ealing, and leaving the

From a photograph by the Woodbury P. P. P. Company.]

A FLOOD AT PERIVALE.

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only approach to it on the north side. When such an incident happens on Sunday, which occasionally occurs, the Rector of Perivale has been placed in the same position as Dean Swift at his church at Laracor, who, Lord Orrery says, once found himself with no congregation save Roger Cox, the parish clerk. The Dean, undismayed, commenced the service with much gravity, saying, "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and I in sundry places," &c.

An amusing incident is related in reference to the difficulties entailed in former times by the flooding of the Brent.

In the early part of this century the rector at that period undertook the duty at Twyford Church in addition to that of Perivale, attending the latter in the morning, and the former in the afternoon, on alternate Sundays, when Twyford had his ministrations in the morning and Perivale in the afternoon. One Sunday afternoon the rector started from Twyford to Perivale, accompanied by the parish clerk. It had been raining hard, and the waters were out. Arriving at the "Fox and Goose," Apperton, to partake of some refreshment, they waited, hoping to find some means of getting across the flooded valley. At length, the time was getting short, and something must be done; there were the waters spread out before them, and no ferry or other means of getting across. At length, the clerk, having found a spot where the current did not appear so rapid, suggested to the rector that he should mount on his back while he forded the stream as well as he could. Reluctantly the rector, who was not a light weight, consented to the proposal, and the clerk entered the water. They had proceeded in this manner about midway across, when either the waters were too strong, the clerk too weak, or the ale they had partaken of "stouter" than they had reckoned on; at any rate, the result was the same, the parson was precipitated into the stream which, after a little floundering, he subsequently traversed by wading, remarking pathetically that he might as well have done so at first.

The living is a rectorate of the yearly value of £315, and is now, as previously mentioned, in the gift of Madame Delpierre. The parish is said to contain 666 acres, and to have a rateable value of £1,741.

Perivale affords a remarkable instance of the increased value of

agricultural land. The rents arising from the manorial estate in 1767 were £485, being the whole parish but a farm valued at £40 per annum. In 1836 the gross rental of the parish for assessment was £755, in 1849, £1,152, and in 1882, £1,741. The Rev. Charles Hughes, LL.D., St. John's College, Cambridge, is the present rector.

Was the Norman church of Greenford Parva raised on the site of an older temple? There are numerous examples in England of churches having been built on the ruins of the altars of the Latin divinities, and on those of the successive worshippers of Woden and Freya. The cathedral at Winchester is said to have been reared on both, each built on the relics of the older faith as they followed in succession.

The only evidence of a still more ancient cult which, as far as the writer knows, has been met with in the vicinity of Perivale is of remote date, and is presented by the six or seven Roman cineraria, or urns for containing the ashes of the dead, and some other objects discovered recently on "the Mount" overlooking the Brent Valley.* Looking to the probability of Greenford Parva having been peopled by Saxons and having been of more importance in mediæval times than it is at present, as indicated by the church having been built certainly as early as the thirteenth century, and probably earlier, it is not unlikely there may have been an older structure still, erected of more perishable materials, even in the Saxon period.

The church at Perivale is like the earliest churches in England which, as Britton says, consisted of one pace or room with the eastern part divided off by rails, and often by an arch, forming the *bema*, or chancel, the latter term being derived from *chancelli*, the "curiously and artificially-wrought" rails in the form of network, which formed the line of separation.

The primitive Saxon churches are commonly said to have been small and badly constructed; "some of them unquestionably were of wood, and were so imperfect, even in the days of Alfred, that the

* This discovery of a mortuary site of the period of the Roman supremacy is not surprising as there is no doubt that the Brent Valley and much of the country of north-west Middlesex became completely subdued and settled at an early period of the Roman occupation. The camp of the Trinobantes was on Kingsbury Hill until it was taken and held for a long time, by the Romans, of whom many relics have been found. Afterwards it became a Saxon town. Subsequently the old church was built on the site and some Roman bricks used in the structure.

candles used in them were often blown out by the wind." * There can be no doubt, however, that some of the early churches "were both costly and extensive."

Churches had become numerous in England at the time Domesday Book was completed, A.D. 1086, and there are grounds "for believing that the number existing at or soon after the Conquest amounted to considerably more" than the 1,700 mentioned in that record (Britton). It is very remarkable that among the 1,700 churches so mentioned, "222 were returned for Lincolnshire, 243 from Norfolk, and 364 from Suffolk; whilst only 1 is noted from Cambridgeshire, and *none* in Lancashire, Cornwall, or *even Middlesex*, the seat of the metropolis." †

The parish churches were mostly built by lords of manors.‡

* Britton's "Dictionary of Architecture and Archæology of the Middle Ages." "The first stone church is stated by Bede to have been built on the borders of England and Scotland by Bishop Nynias in the sixth century, and he says it was not usual among the Britons. They call the place 'Candida Casa,' 'the White House.'"—(Bede, "Eccles. His.," edition, 1723, p. 185, quoted by Britton.)

† Append. to 2nd Report, Com. Pub. Rec., p. 456.

‡ "Arch. Antiq." vol. v., p. 125.

CHAPTER VI.

"Dust are our frames, and gilded dust our pride—
Looks for a moment whole and sound,
Like that long-buried body of the king
Found lying with his urns and ornaments,
Which, at the touch of light, an air from heaven,
Slipt into ashes and were found no more."—*Tennyson.*

SOME of the monuments in the church have already been referred to, the most ancient of these being the brasses to the memory of Henry Mylett, his two wives and fifteen children ; it bears the date A.D. 1500. There are in all five small brasses in good preservation. The centre one is the figure of Mylett, with that of his wife, Alice, on one side, and Joan on the other ; beneath which are the presentments, on separate brasses, of the three sons and six daughters of the former, and the three sons and three daughters of the latter. The engraved detail of all the figures is well preserved, and the costumes of the period (Henry VII.) are so well shown as to render the monument of great interest. A brass plate is inserted between the two groups of figures, which contains the following partly obliterated inscription :—

"Orate pro anĭbus Henrici Mylett ac Aliciæ et Johannæ Uxŏr suā ; qui quidem Henricus obiit V die Februar. Anno dōm millia VC. quorum anĭbus [(?)] p.pĭcietur Deus—amĕ."

The brasses are on the floor near the altar railing.

On the south side of the chancel is a plain but handsome monument, surmounted by armorial bearings, and inscribed as follows :—

"SACRUM MEMORIÆ CONJUGIS CHARISSIMÆ.

"Here lyes interred ye body of Elizabeth Lane, the late wife of John Lane the elder Esquire ; * she was the eldest daughter of George Millet Esquire, deceased, some-time Patron of this church, and of Joane his wife, who lye interred in this place. She let her last breath at Agmondesham in Buckinghamsheire, where she dwelt with her said Husband, ye 20 April 1655 and of her age 62 and aboute six weekes.

* Arms : Lane impaling Arg. on a fesse Gul. between three dragons' heads, erased Vert, for Millet.—(Lysons.)

BRASSES OF HENRY MYLLET AND HIS FAMILY, A.D. 1500.

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"She lived a most religious, godly, virtuous life,
She was a most faithful, loving and chaste wife.
She was to the poore charitable
To her neighbours helpfulle
Friendly and courteous to all.
Just in all her affayres
Honestly and commendably prudent and provident,
Many daughters have done virtuously
But she excelled them all.

"It pleased God to exercise her with much affliction of Body and then through many tribulations and patient suffering to bring her to his Kingdome.

"Hanc obiisse putem minime quo tam bene vixit,
Non obiit nec obire potest sed vivit in Ævum
Cum Christo Cælis in Terris, ore Bonorum."

Beneath this is the unpretentious monument to the memory of Richard Lateward,* Lord of the Manor, &c., who died December, 1777, and his wife, Anne, obit February, 1779.

A similar memorial records the death of Mrs. Temperance, wife of John Lateward, "Patron of this Church," who died in October, 1790; with the epitaph—"She lived beloved and died regretted."

On the same side in the chancel is a slab which records the death, in 1823, of Frederick Gray Kirby Lateward, and of the Rev. John Douglas Lateward, who died in 1846, the sons of the Rev. James Frederick (Rector of Perivale) and Mary Lateward.

On the south side of the chancel is the oldest memorial in the church, with the exception of the Mylett brasses. It is a handsome marble monument, with a small shield-of-arms at the top and a very curious figure, robed for the grave, in bas-relief, beneath it, and this remarkable inscription:—

"Here lyeth the body of Joane Shelbury late ye wife of John Shelbury of Peryvale, Gent. who deceased the 21 Novr. 1623 at the age of 57 yeares; after she had lived with him 23 yeares in faithfull Wedlock and had borne to him 5 children, viz., 2 sons and 3 daughters; having been formerly married to George Millet, Gent., *Lord of this Toune* and Patron of this Church, by whom she had likewise 5 children, viz., 3 sons and 2 daughters. She was to them both a loyall and Lovinge Wife. To her Children a kinde and tender mother; to her Friends true and faithful; in the Government of her house and Family wise and provident. To the World just and upright. To God, both in Life and Death, an humble and

* Arms: Arg. on a fesse, Gul. between three cinque foils Az., a goat between two pheons or, quartering or three martlets, Sab. on a chief Az. a lion passant Arg. on an escutcheon of pretence, or a lion rampant ducally crowned Gules.—(Lysons.)

devoute servant, yielding her Soule into his mercifull Hands most willingly and cheerefully as to her only Redeemer and Saviour.

"She was descended, by her Father, from the antient Family of Pites of Hartinge, in the County of Sussex, and by her mother from the Worshipfull Family of Saunders of Flanchford, in the County of Surrey."

"Her virtues live and shall doe Still,
Though Death on Her hath wrought his will."

This lady, whose monument presents us with an example of mixed feminine virtue and family pride, had been the wife of George Millet, lord of this "towne," to whose memory, Lysons says, "there was lately a brass plate on the floor of the chancel recording his death in 1600." It is evident the brass had been hidden on Lysons' visit, or else it had been since replaced, as Mr. Farthing says, in 1845 :—"The different slabs in the chancel show there were formerly many brasses in the church but only two now remain ; the one consists of a bearded figure in the costume of the period, with hands uplifted in the attitude of prayer," which he has carefully drawn, and is now reproduced (see next page), and the other the group of figures (Henry Mylett and his family). A brass representing a "civilian" is also described by Haines,* as being in this church.

Near Mrs. Shelbery's monument is the handsome memorial in marble to Thomas Lane, Lord of the Manor and Patron of the Church of Perivale. Three shields containing arms are carved in relief on each side of it, and an oval one at the top.† The inscription runs as follows :—

"M.S.—Within this place lye buried the Bodye of Thomas Lane Esquire, late Patron of this Church, an Ancient Bencher of the Inner Temple London and Jane, his second wife, eldest daughter of John Duncombe, of East Cleydon, in ye the County of Bucks Esquire, and Ursula, a younger daughter of ye said John Duncombe, first wife of John Lane of this parish Esquire, and Katherine, daughter of Thomas Gates Esquire, deceased, late one of ye Barones of ye Exchequer, second wife of the said John Lane. Thomas Lane died the 31st Decr., 1652, aged 70 years; Jane, the 23 August 1652, aged 42; Ursula, the 31st August 1647, aged 31 ; and Katherine, the 28th of August 1652, aged 22."

* "Manual of Monumental Brasses," Rev. Herbert Haines.

† Arms: I.—Per. pale Az. and Gules, three saltiers Arg. impaling per. chevron invected Gul., and Arg., 3talbots' heads erased and counter charged for Duncombe; Thos. Lane having married Jane, daughter of Duncombe, of Berks. II.—Lane impaling Duncombe as before. John Lane married Ursula Duncombe, &c. Arms: III.—Lane, impaling per. pale Gul. and Az., three lions rampant Or, for Gates.—(Lysons.)

The annexed *carmen lugubre* is beneath it :—

" Horrida lethiferæ deportant tela sorores
Cum nulli parcant sit licet ipse bonus
Est nihil in vita firmum, monumenta peribunt
Mors etiam saxis nominibus que venit
Forma bonum fallax nocet empta dolore voluptas
Gloria vana, Decus mobile, vita brevis,
Eu ! manet ex toto nihilum de pulvere pulvis,
Factus, et ex vivo corpore truncus iners
Tellus, prima Parens, servat deforme cadaver;
Inque suum recipit, quod deditante suum
Ad licet in mæsto tumulentur membra sepulcro
Mens tamen intravit gaudia summa Dei."

BRASS OF GEORGE MILLET, A.D. 1600.

The author of the MSS. already alluded to has rendered the above into English blank verse, as follows :—

" On all sides the Fates cast their envenom'd darts,
Dealing Death around and sparing none,
Not even the Deserving. Life has no certainty—
The monumental records of the Past crumble away ;
The names of the buried Great, and the very marble
On which they are graven, by their decay
Bears witness to the awful and continued presence
Of Destruction ! the appearance of Good itself
Is too oft deceitful ; and the pleasures of Time
Are purchased dearly by an age of misery—
Mark, too, the hollowness of Pomp and Glory !
The vanity of Rank ! the transitoriness of existence
Behold ! from all these there remains to us
Absolutely nothing ! Dust to its kindred Dust
Doth return. The Body, which but now
Bounded with life and animation,

Is now devoid of Motion — a senseless corse!
Earth! the first Parent of our Race,
Once more accepts the guardianship,
And to her own cold breast, from whence it came,
Enfolds the foul and loathsome body!
But tho' in the dark and mournful sepulchre
The corruptible remains and earthly forms
Of the past races of Mankind are collected,
Yet hath the Soul taken its own lofty flight
And participates in the unutterable joys
Of the Eternal!"

On the north side of the chancel there is a marble monument with shield-of-arms, with the following inscription:—

"M.S.—Near this place lies the Body of John Harrison Esquire* who departed this life the viii day of June A.D. 1722 aged 48 years, leaving behind him 1 son and 7 daughters, a mournful widow, a sorrowful mother, and a good name; for he was a good husband, a kind father, a dutiful son, a good Christian and an honest gentleman; zealous for ye interest of ye Church of England and respectful to her orthodox clergy.—To the pious memory of her loving husband this monument is erected by Elizabeth Harrison.

"Here lyeth also the Body of the above-said Elizabeth Harrison, in whom the register of her husband's virtues was preserved, adorned with such sweetness of disposition and gentleness of manners as rendered lovely every action of her life; and in death did not forsake her.—She departed hence in expectation of a better Life the 29th of October, 1756, aged 70 years."

Beneath this is a small ornamental slab, surmounted by a shield-of-arms, to the memory of Richard Lateward Lateward, eldest son of John Lateward, who was born 28th June, 1782, and departed this life 4th October, 1815. "This monument of affection and regret was erected by his widow." Beneath which is the following verse from the 103rd Psalm:—

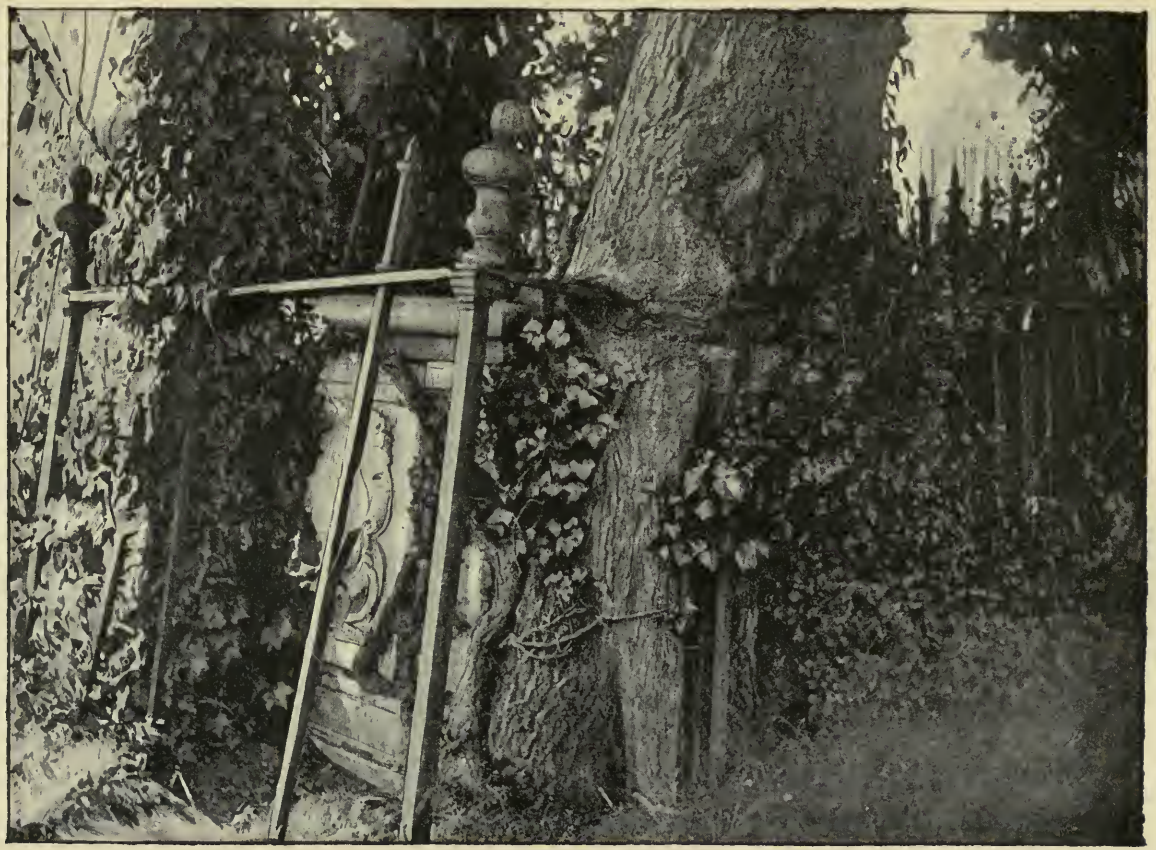
"As for man, his days are as the grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more."

Lysons says there were in the chancel in his time memorials to John Clerke, Esq., 1792,† and Martha, wife of James Wildman, 1789.

In the churchyard there is a yew-tree which is probably nearly as old as the church! Three equally old yews are in the rectory garden; there is a tradition that they were planted in the reign of one of the Edwards! It is not improbable that they may date from the time when it was customary to preserve the yew for making bows; in fact, it is said there was in early times a royal mandate that yew-trees were to be planted in every churchyard, so that every yeoman or

* Arms: Or on a cross Az. 5 pheons of the field, a chief of the second impaling Sab. a fesse, embattled Erm. between 3 crescents Argent.

† Arms: Arg. on a bend Gul. between 3 pellets, as many swans proper impaling Sab. 2 bars and in chief a talbot passant Arg.



"THE MAIDEN'S TOMB," PERIVALE CHURCHYARD. [To face p. 82.

village-man* in the neighbourhood thereof might be able to procure, on emergency, the wood of the yew needed for his weapon. The author of "Rookwood" says :—

> "From it were fashioned brave English bows,
> The boast of our isle and the dread of its foes.
> For our sturdy sires cut their stoutest staves
> From the branch that hung o'er their fathers' graves;
> And though it be dreary and dismal to view,
> Stanch at the heart is the churchyard yew."

Lysons mentions the following as among the tombs in his day ; and most, if not all of them, may be seen now :—Henry Wyatt, twenty-two years rector, 1683 ; Elizabeth Greenhill, 1696 ; George, son of William Greenhill, Esquire, of Abbots Langley, 1706 ; William Brownbill, thirteen years rector, 1719 ; Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Peter Colleton, Bart., "who died at her house at Eling," 1721. This old, curiously-carved monument now presents a very remarkable appearance ; an ash, an elm, and a hawthorn—trees of a considerable size—besides parasitic plants, are growing within the railings which encompass the tomb, disturbing and rending the stonework ; the ash completely envelops a part of the iron railing, bending the metal as it has grown as though it had been a piece of wire ; the tree has also twisted another part of the ironwork in a very curious manner ; the hawthorn seems likely to do the same. The ironwork thus contorted, and the tomb itself, seemingly in process of being destroyed by the trees, present a singularly picturesque appearance. The silent trees have triumphed over man ; and taught him how vain are his efforts to make a monument that shall long endure. (See Plate.)

The figures, &c., sculptured on the sides of this table tomb are well executed, and the design they embody is remarkable. The stone is now nearly covered with an almost impenetrable mass of vegetation on two sides, but about forty-five years ago the bas-reliefs were visible. On the southern and northern tablets there are angels in each corner lifting the curtain of death, at the base of which are skulls. On the western side is a curious combination of symbolic objects. Resting on, and supported by, some other books with book-markers, is a large one, evidently intended for the Bible, with an inkstand and a large pen in it. Surmounting the centre volume is a pair of large wings, above

* Yeoman is derived from *ga*, a village (Gothic, *gawi* ; German, *gau*), and "man."

which is an hour-glass—no doubt, emblematic of the flight of Time—and a crown is placed upon the hour-glass. On the eastern side, as well as upon the large slab or table of the tomb, is the arms of the Colletons, *i.e.*, three stags' heads * with scrolls.

Even in 1845, says Mr. Farthing in his notes, the funeral of this lady was the subject of remark, and aged persons in the parish said their grandparents spoke of the funeral procession as being more than a mile long, so great was the respect shown for the deceased. The monument was then called the "Maiden's Tomb," and besides the ash, elm, and whitethorn, an elder and a wild pear-tree, as well as creeping plants were growing, as it were, from the very stone of the tomb. "They have not, it is said, been regularly planted there, but it is conjectured that birds have from time to time dropped the seeds, which have vegetated." A weird tradition was extant about the middle of this century concerning the "Maiden's Tomb." According to the writer of the MSS., it was to the effect that the stones of the monument were in the first instance riven by the ghost of the deceased lady as she rose from it in obedience to the magic arts and incantations of a friend of her brother, a man skilled in necromancy and having, like Manfred, "the power of bringing back the spirits of the dead." The lady appeared, when, it is said, "the solid stones of the tomb began to crack and split with a loud noise"; but, alas! only to reproach the brother, at whose instigation his friend had called her forth, with being the indirect cause of her death, brought on by grief at the infidel opinions he held, and to exhort him to repentance for his crimes, &c.

Nearer the church is the tomb of Robert Cromwell, 1723; here are said to repose the ashes of a nephew or some other relative of the Protector. A reference to the extracts from the register at Perivale shows that others of the Cromwell family are also buried in this churchyard. The geologist will be interested in examining the large uppermost slab of carboniferous limestone of this tomb, as it shows a fine section of Orthoceras twelve or fourteen inches in length; it has been well weathered, and exhibits in a very marked manner the chambers or septa into which the shell is divided, like its kindred, the ammonite, nautilus, and other mollusca of the order Cephalopoda.

* In 1725, an Elizabeth Colleton left a benefaction of £100 to the Boys' School, Ealing.—(Falconer's "Ealing.") She was descended from an old Devonshire family bearing the same arms as those on the tomb, *i.e.*, 3 stags' heads, couped, pper., with a similar stag's head for the crest.

The other memorials mentioned by Lysons are to John Arnold, of Furnival's Inn, Gent., 1730; Matthew Cockett, "Citizen and Goldsmith," 1731; Captain John Johnson, 1767, which may still be seen. Of the older tombs which are also still preserved are those of Samuel Day, Citizen, and Armourer and Brazier, 1756; Isaac Stanton, Citizen of London, 1724; Mary Tuckfield, 1735; Richard Badcock Shury, rector of the parish, 1789; James Maidman, over twenty years rector, 1809; Dorothy, wife of Richard Ems, citizen, 1753; Jane, wife of Edward Bedwell, 1806.

Among the later memorials in the churchyard is the large one to Lucy, wife of John Lateward, 1806; and John Lateward, 1814; and their daughters Lucy, 1817, Frances Mary, 1846, and Julia Elizabeth Lateward, 1822; also James Wildman Charles, son of the Rev. James F. and Mary Lateward, 1823. The Rev. J. F. Lateward was Rector of Perivale for about fifty years, and was the immediate predecessor of the present rector. On account of advanced age and infirmity, the Rev. Dr. Giles was curate in charge for some years previous to 1860. Dr. Giles was the author of several works intended for higher education.

A beautifully carved upright stone, with the inscription, "A kindly tribute to departed worth," marks the grave of Charlotte Alston Pinkerton, 1817. She was the daughter of J. Wilson, Governor of South Carolina, and great-granddaughter of Sir Rowland Alston, Baronet. Close to this monument is the tomb of Maria, widow of Sir John Nisbett, Baronet, of Dean Castle, Edinburgh, 1856. Her father, Colonel Alston, fought in the American War of Independence. Here are also interred the remains of her great-nephew, Mark Pinkerton, son of the above-mentioned Mrs. Pinkerton, 1852, "the stone placed by Captain Newell, R.N."; and near it is the tomb inscribed "Rear-Admiral J. J. Newell, 1862"; Admiral John Carter, R.N., 1863, and his wife, 1868; Bridget Hood, wife of Rev. Richard Hood, 1822; Ebenezer Ball Brown, 1869; Lieut.-Colonel W. G. Sutton, 1884, and his wife, 1882; C. Sneyd Edgeworth, of Edgeworthstown, Ireland, 1864, and his wife, Henrica. C. S. Edgeworth was, it is said, of the same family as Maria Edgeworth, the talented authoress of "Castle Rackrent," "Belinda," "Leonora," "The Modern Griselda," &c., of whom it has been justly said: "In all her novels her pen was devoted not only to make us feel what is good, but to

make us do what is good." She died at Edgeworthstown, county Longford, in 1849. It has also been stated that she occasionally attended Divine service at this church. Near to it is the grave of Mrs. M. Wilson, the wife of W. E. G. Wilson, M.D., 1886; H. Lang, 1879.

A handsome monument in marble, surmounted by a Calvary cross, with anchor and cable intertwined, marks the tomb of Admiral Sir Richard Collinson, K.C.B., Deputy Master of the Trinity House, born 1811, died 1883. Like some others, it demands more than a passing notice. This distinguished officer belonged to that little band of intrepid seamen who sought, 'mid "thick-ribbed ice and snow," to succour and bring back to their sorrowing country the ill-fated Sir John Franklin, Captain Crozier, and the other gallant officers and men composing the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, who perished, after great hardships and sufferings, in their brave attempt to discover a North-West Passage.

In reading this inscription it is impossible to help recalling the share taken by the gallant admiral, whose remains now repose amid far different scenes, in the memorable search, carried out by expeditions organised both by the Government and by Lady Franklin herself, to bring back the missing crews to their friends, who, unhappily, like the Danish dames of old—

> "Sitting sadly by the sea-beat shore,
> Shall look for lords who never will return."

The object of the expedition, composed of the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, commanded by Captain Collinson, was to search for the Franklin expedition *viâ* Behring's Strait along the northern coast of America towards King William Land. It was a most adventurous and arduous voyage, in which the commander's ship, the *Enterprise*, narrowly escaped the fate of those she was sent to succour. Before reaching Behring's Strait the two ships were parted, and the *Enterprise* was absent three and a half years, and her officers and crew were shut up in the ice during the greater part of that time without means of communication with home. They were thus thrown on their own resources, amidst the dangers and severe climatic conditions of the polar regions, longer than either of the other searching expeditions. Great anxiety, in fact, arose in this country as to whether they would ever return.

The Admiral's ship, after many difficulties, reached as far as Cambridge Bay, and its exploring parties were almost within sight of the spot where a boat of the unfortunate Franklin expedition was found three years later by Captain (now Sir Leopold) McClintock. Sir Richard thus missed the honour of that discovery as well as that of the North-West Passage, though he had the satisfaction of knowing that he virtually "made the passage" by overlapping the longitude already traversed by previous explorers from the east.*

With better fortune, in one respect, than Captain Maclure in the *Investigator*, he brought his ship safely home, while the former, though he had the honour of being the discoverer of the North-West Passage, had to leave his ship in the ice, a monument of his discovery.

There is also an inscription recording the death of his sister, Julia Cecilia, wife of Walter de Winton; and secondly, of R. W. Streeton, who died 1878.

Immediately adjoining it is a granite tomb inscribed to the memory of Amelia, widow of the Rev. J. Collinson, Rector of Boldon, Gateshead, who died at Ealing in 1871.

The Arctic explorer's sisters and his brother, Major-General T. B. Collinson, R.E., reside at Ealing, the latter, like the late admiral, taking a warm interest in the progress of the town.

Near it is the plain tomb, surmounted by a simple Calvary cross, of George Frere, 1878, who served the Government with credit in a civil capacity in South Africa, as did his relative, Sir Bartle Frere; and to the west of it is a similar memorial to his grandson, George Frere—son of George Edgar and Adelaide M. Frere—born 1874, died 1887. A handsome monument marks the resting-place of Major-General Fitzmaurice, who served with distinction in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo. He died at Drayton Green in 1865, the same year as his eldest son, Maurice Henry Fitzmaurice, Captain and Adjutant R.A., who is interred in the same tomb.

Near, too, is the grave of Rear-Admiral Frederick Augustus Wetherall, 1856, and his wife, 1848 (the former was a brother of Sir George Wetherall, who lived at Ealing); Alfredo Duprat, 1881, and

* For a full account of the expeditions sent in search of Sir John Franklin, see "The North-West Passage and Search for Sir John Franklin," by John Brown, F.R.G.S., F.S.N.A., &c., second edition with sequel, 1860.

Albert Mainwaring Ducat, Commander R.N., 1884; the latter died from the effects of an accident while in the performance of his duty on board of his ship. The tomb is here of Edward Webster, 1875, a barrister of repute; he was one of the leaders in Parliamentary elections in this county, and he earned the respect of both political parties; also that of George Masters, of Drayton Green, 1866; G. A. F. Saulez, Rector of Exton, 1884; Sophia Anne, wife of George John Haffenden, of Hanwell, 1864; Sophia Anne, widow of Charles Patten, of Uxbridge, 1868; G. C. Selwyn Durant, 1872; Adam, son of Alexander and Alice Forbes, 1881; George Penn, 1884; Sarah Winter, 1864; W. Coomes, 1849; Walter Keyte, 1880; Marianne Porter, 1888; Jane M. Northey, 1887; Mary Bowler, wife of Thomas Chaloner, of Guisborough, 1858; C. Collet, 1882; T. P. Rigby, 1889.

There is also a cross to the memory of W. V. Condell, 1887; it is inscribed with the simple but significant words "Thou knowest," and memorials to R. Sankey Gowlland, 1886; L. H. Edmeston Hodges, 1869; Anthony Todd Thomson, M.D., 1819, an eminent physician and author of medical works; Septimus C. M. Slade, 1886, a nephew of Sir John Slade, Bart., who was for many years in her Majesty's Paymaster-General's office; Middleton Rayne, late chief engineer of the Indus Valley Railway, 1882, and J. R. Randall, 1881; John Eddy, 1875; Elizabeth Alder, 1884; Elizabeth C. Roberts, county Kildare, 1884; T. E. J. Henry, Castleblaney, 1883; and Thomas Street, 1855, and his sister Angelina Sweitzer, 1857. This monument bears the following pretty inscription:—

> "Blessed are ye both, your ashes rest,
> Beside the spot you loved the best,
> And that dear home, which saw your birth,
> O'erlooks you in your bed of earth."

There are also the family graves of John Hopkinson, 1862-4; the Chapmans, of Greenford; Smiths, of Hanwell; of Charles Bartholomew, of Castlebar, Ealing; and monuments to the wife of C. F. Smart, of London, 1858 (he was a brother of Sir George Smart, the eminent music composer); Henry Scott Turner, 1868, inscribed also to his wife, 1875, and son, Major Scott Turner, 1871; Mrs. Butlin,

1868, and children; Caroline, wife of Rev. W. Gambier, Hawtayne, 1867; Mrs. M. F. Josling, 1884, and others of that family. Among many others, there are very costly monuments to G. A. R. Willey, and a very imposing one, to Grace Caroline Hicks, 1886, &c.; the latter is surmounted by a beautiful marble sculptured figure of an angel, &c. There are simpler monuments to the rector's daughter, Florence, wife of Captain Blaine, who died in South Africa; Charles Cracknell, of Ealing, 1880; Charles Edward Collier, 1883; and among the more recent interments is that to the Rev. S. J. Jerram, late Rector of Chobham, 1887, and near it the grave of his daughter, Eva, 1885. A large table tomb marks the place of interment of the Rev. Dr. Nicholas, the learned proprietor of the celebrated Ealing High School, where many eminent persons have been educated; some of whom are alluded to in the concluding chapter. He died in 1829.

There are also examples in this churchyard of the old-fashioned, quaint wooden memorials, which formerly served the purpose when stone was more difficult to procure before the railway system was developed. In most of them the timber is fast decaying, and the inscriptions have become obliterated. One of these old memorials has lately been restored, and is to the memory of Martha Filby, 1826; Thomas Filby, 1833; Mary, his wife, 1840; Fanny Filby, 1868; and Thomas Filby, 1876. There is another to the memory of George Doswell, 1848.

An addition has been made to the churchyard within very recent years, for the peaceful seclusion of Perivale has made it not only a favourite resort of the living, but a spot preferred for the interment of those who have left these earthly scenes. This has been specially the case of late years, and it contains, for its size, an unusual number of rich and costly monuments. Some of the least imposing memorials and those inscribed with the simplest words are often the most touching. Among such is one to an infant, Annie Page, 1866, with the epitaph, "One of these little ones."

There are fewer epitaphs in doggerel in Perivale than in most village churchyards; they are not entirely wanting, however, as shown by the following. On an old headstone, inscribed to the memory of the two infant children of William and Sarah Evans, are these lines:—

"When children die in infancy
Like flowers newly born;
The Lord that sent hath only lent
And takes but *what's* his own."

Sarah Evans died 1779; William Evans, Citizen and Skinner, 1780.

There is a headstone which should also be mentioned; it is near the old elm which spreads its leafy branches over the entrance to the churchyard, and is inscribed to the memory of a certain unfortunate person and his daughter. Tradition says that the former suffered the extreme penalty of the law in the early part of this century for firing a pistol at a man at Apperton, with intent to kill, in a dispute of some kind. The report runs that there is here an exceptional instance of the body of an executed person being taken out of Newgate and here interred; while it is said by others that the remains are represented by broken bricks and stones which now fill the coffin. The story, which is rather a melancholy one, has a foundation in fact, and will be referred to later.

Such traditions dwell long in the memory of the simple rustics of Perivale, some of whom still believe in the statement that there is in this graveyard a tomb without an occupant. It is said the grave was made, but that the person whose death is recorded was never buried in it.

PORTION OF ROCQUE'S MAP, SHOWING PERIVALE, 1741.

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CHAPTER VII.

"'Tis beauty all and grateful song around,
Joined to the low of kine and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale."—*Thomson.*

SOMETHING should now be said about the parish of Perivale as it is, and of what is known of the hamlet during the past century, when it had ceased to be called "a town," as it is designated on Mrs. Shelbury's monument in the church, already described.

The rectory, which adjoins the churchyard, is a half-timbered building in the style of the fifteenth century ; it is very picturesque, and quite in harmony with the church and farmhouses and outbuildings in its vicinity. The most ancient portions of the structure, which are very old, may be seen at the back ; the front was added about the middle of the present century. Before this addition was made, the old rectory was visible as a very unpretentious building, and adjoining it was a smaller house, both of which have been absorbed behind the present façade and converted into one house. Mr. Farthing, who lived there in 1845, and made most of the alterations, has described it :—"It is an irregular old building, standing in its own grounds, isolated on all sides. There are three fronts ; the principal one looks towards the west over a large meadow ornamented with stately trees [probably the grounds of the old manor house] ; it consists of three projections surmounted by pointed gables of ornamental woodwork. The centre one contains the antique entrance porch, with its quaintly-carved columns and twisted balusters leading to the hall and spiral staircase, from whence diverge long passages leading to the living-rooms and offices. The rooms are lighted by projecting bay windows, in which is some stained glass ; the ceilings are very low, and these are crossed by huge beams of timber, giving one the idea of a ship's cabin." The old

houses forming the back are probably at least three hundred years old, yet are "not haunted by either ghost or goblin, but as this is contrary to all rule," he says, "I have converted a laughable occurrence which once happened into the following very tolerable ghost story." It is almost worthy of a place in the "Ingoldsby Legends."

A Legende of the Rectorie at Peri-vale.

Loud roared the wind at Perivale,
The rain fell thick and fast,
The Rectory shook in that fierce gale,
The trees bent to the blast.

* * * *

"Sir Knighte! Sir Knighte," the pastor said,
"Go not to that dread room:
The fiend within will strike thee dead;
Tempt not thy certain doom."

"I fear no fiend," the knight replied;
"But soon I'll crop his ears.
Bring me a light, Sir Priest," he cried;
"And have for me no fears."

"Boast not thy strength," his reverence said,
"For know, my son, this nighte
Thou need'st must goe unto thy bedde
Without a taper's light."

"Then qnickly guide me up the stair,
And give me the *Door*-key.
I'll make this demon quit his lair,
And yield the room to me."

The knight has reached the chamber door,
And entered it so bold!
When from within a dreadful snore
Made his heart's blood run cold!

His head he ran against a post
(The bedpost of the bed),
Which made him think the demon ghost
Had knocked him on the head.

"Ho! ho," thought he, "is this the way
You treat your company?
Such deadly blows, I needs must say,
Prove lack of courtesy!"

Then to the bed he groped his way,
And felt for the bed-clothes,
When from that bed, to his dismay,
A fiendish snort arose.

The knight cried boldly, "Who are you?
Pray, what would you be at?
Speak quickly, fiend, and tell me true,
Or I'll deal thee a pat!"

A thought occurred to this brave knight—
A shrewd idea, d'ye see?—
Both fiends and ghosts do all take fright
At cock-crowing, they say.—

"Cock-a-doodle-doo-o-oo,"
He crew; then cried, "My wig!"
As from the bed with much ado
Up jumpt the Parson's pig.

To the stair-head both pig and knight
Ran, as if you'd shot 'em,
Over each other in their flight,
Rolling from top to bottom!

A score of priests since then, we're told,
The rectory have taken,
To dust has turned that knight so bold,
The phantom pig to—bacon.

Unearthly sounds do still prevail,
But from no ghosts—alas!
They come from the Great Western rail,
When the express trains pass!

In the field west of the church and rectory may be seen the depressions in the land which mark the site of the old Manor House of Greenford Parva.

It was not standing in Lysons' time, and the building has been

taken down about one hundred years ; not a stone or brick now remains of the structure, which was, no doubt, the residence of many of the Lords of the Manor. The ground plan of the building, and of other houses in the hamlet, is shown in the map of John Rocques' Survey of 1741-5 ; the rotting wooden gate-posts showing the entrance to the grounds may, however, still be noticed in .the hedge in the Greenford Road ; and the place may be seen—

> " Where once the garden smiled,
> And still where many a garden flower grows wild "—

for every year at this spot may be noticed daffodils, and occasionally other cultivated flowers, among the grass, striving in vain to overcome the fate to which they must yield sooner or later.

The old Manor Place at Perivale appears to have been protected in ancient times by a moat, the remains of which may still be observed on three sides ; its dry bed on the south, near the Brent, as well as its western side, is clearly discernible.

The writer was informed by an old inhabitant, who had lived in the locality forty-three years, that the northern portion had been partly filled up during his time, and now was diminished to the ditch in that direction.

The probability of the Manor House having been moated is itself evidence of antiquity, and recalls the period when such buildings were subject to the attacks of armed bands and marauders in troublous times.

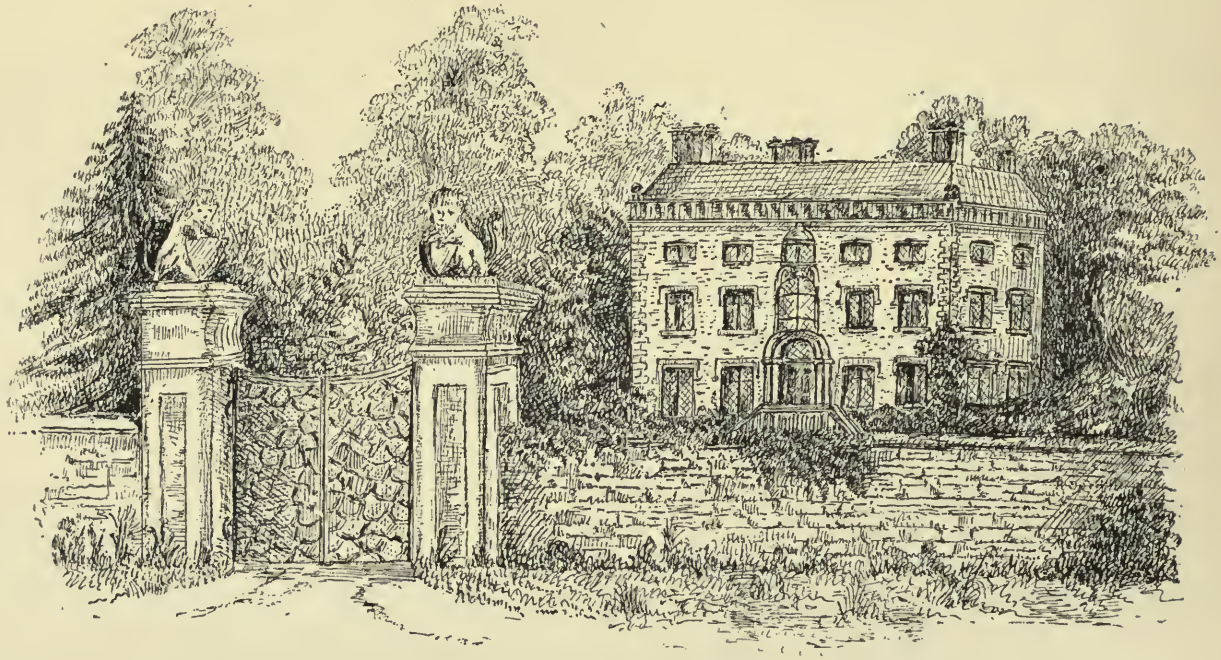
A side view of a part of the Manor House may be seen in a water-colour drawing of the church inserted in the copy of Lysons' " Environs," now in Guildhall Library, to which allusion has been made ; it is evidently of older date than the others, which are inscribed 1794.

In the MS. book, entitled "Pictures of Perivale," by Mr. John Farthing, a gentleman who occupied the old Rectory, and afterwards Perivale Grange (now called the Grange Farm) for some years, there is a pen-and-ink sketch of it, which is here reproduced, his widow having kindly placed these interesting notes in the writer's hands. The description of the Manor House is best given in that writer's own words. It is probable that both the latter and the sketch were

obtained from the Rev. James F. Lateward, Rector when Mr. Farthing resided in the parish, and was on terms of friendship with him (1845).

"Opposite the Rectory is a large meadow ornamented with fine trees, among which is a magnificent walnut and a venerable mulberry; this was formerly the garden of the old Manor House which stood here and reared its aristocratic head, looking down on the humble parsonage beneath, to which it offered both a shelter and protection. The present incumbent (Rev. J. F. Lateward) first saw the light within its walls, soon after which event the building was taken down, it being greatly dilapidated from age and the want of proper reparation.

"When the mansion was first erected, Perivale was in its palmy and prosperous state, and far more populous than it has ever since been. The proud owner and occupier of the house styled himself "Lord of this towne," and is so designated on an old mural monument in the church. The erection was of red brick, and had three principal fronts, the fourth looking only towards the stables and offices. It was separated from the road by a lofty brick wall, and the entrance was through a pair of curiously-wrought iron gates supported by pillars, also of red brick, crowned by lions carved in stone. A broad gravel walk, with a grass plot on each side, led to the door of the mansion. On ascending a double flight of stone steps you entered the large hall, paved with black and white marble in alternate squares; stags' heads with the antlers adorned the walls, with here and there demi-suits of armour and warlike weapons. A broad staircase of oak with carved balusters led to the upper apartments, and there was another story over these containing the dormitories. We will enter this lower room. . . . . It is of goodly proportions, and lighted by a large bay window glazed with small squares of a coarse green glass. The walls are wainscoted with dark oak in small panels. The fireplace is large and roomy, and there are hand-dogs laden with large burning logs of wood. On the keystone of the arch of the fireplace is a shield bearing the arms of Myllett, viz., Argent, a cross gules with a lion passant or in the upper compartment, and the motto on a ribband, 'Diligo Crucis Leonem.' Over the fireplace is suspended in a carved oak frame, a portrait of a gentleman in the prime of life, by a pupil of Vandyke. . . . ."



THE OLD MANOR HOUSE, PERIVALE.

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An old person, aged eighty-four, a daughter of one of the larger farmers in the parish, told the writer she remembers hearing in her girlhood old persons (who lived at the time when "Squire Harrison" and his successor, Richard Lateward, resided in their Manor House) speak of the importance of the old mansion and the establishment its possessors maintained there. Another worthy old dame of about the same age, living at Greenford, had heard similar stories of the grandeur of the old place and its "many windows," and of the decay and neglect which had necessitated its removal. "Time, the destroyer, has now swept away every vestige of that fair mansion, the venerable mulberry and huge walnut trees alone remaining as mute witnesses of its former grandeur."

There can be no doubt that this Manor Place was very old when it was removed. Mr. Farthing appears to suggest that it was at least as old as the period when Henry Myllett lived, a brass to whose memory is still in the church with the date 1500 ; perhaps it may have been even older. What changes in manners, customs, and religion must its inmates successively have witnessed? and then the old Norman lords before!

No doubt many of these old feudal barons, and other Lords of the Manor, the De Mandevilles, De Bohuns, De Beaumonts, and those who followed them, whose lives we have chronicled, were proud of their possessions and titles, and like many existing people, were not very particular how they obtained either the one or the other. Many of them have left us little more than a record of their names—as Sir Walter Scott has said :—"Their escutcheons have long mouldered from the walls of their castles ; their castles themselves are but green mounds and shattered ruins—the place that once knew them knows them no more ; nay, many a race since then has died out and been forgotten in the very land which they occupied with all the authority of feudal proprietors and feudal lords." In Coleridge's words—

> "The knights are dust,
> And their good swords are rust,
> Their souls are with the saints' we trust."

There are now five farm-houses in Perivale, all hay farms. It is said there are no labourers' cottages, which appears to be the fact.

The farms are known as Horsendon, Apperton (sometimes, but improperly, called Alperton), Manor, Church, and Grange farms. Horsendon and Apperton farms became so dilapidated that they have been rebuilt in quite recent years, but the others, particularly Manor and Grange Farms, are in part very old; portions of Church Farm are also old, though a new building was added to it some years since.

Manor Farm, situated on the road from Perivale to Apperton, has about 120 acres attached to it. It is not included in the Manor of Perivale, but is the property of the trustees of Lady Penfold.

There is no evidence to show that it originally formed part of the manorial estate, though it is subject to the same collection of tithe as the rest of the parish. It has already been mentioned that Richard Lateward, who, in 1767, purchased the manorial estate, valued at £485 per annum, bought the whole parish, except a farm of £40 per annum, and no doubt Manor Farm was the exception referred to. Lady Delpierre, who is Lady of the Manor, is a descendant of John Schrieber, who took the name of Lateward, and became possessed of the manorial property under the will of Richard Lateward.

This farm may also, in all probability, be identified with the "Besse Place," a house with certain lands attached to it, which formed part of the possessions of Henry Morgan, who was attainted for high treason in 1613, and which was afterwards granted to John Levingston, to which reference has also been made. There is an old room in this farm-house panelled in oak with carved door.

Manor Farm was, in 1812, let to Thomas Bowler, who suffered the severest penalty of the law for shooting with intent to kill one Borroughes (also a farmer) at Apperton. It would seem from the tradition still believed that the latter, besides showing great ingratitude in money matters to the man who had befriended him, had seduced the daughter of the former. Although the attempt to murder was premeditated, it seems hard to believe that a man who had been probably led into evil by such a wrong culminating in a fruitless attempt to avenge the injury done, to him should have been executed. Great sympathy was shown to him, and even Borroughes joined in the effort to avert the carrying out of the sentence. Bowler was arrested after he had been in hiding twelve months, and when, as Borroughes had

got well, his family thought there was no fear of his being punished severely. He was taken at a farm-house at Apperton, also in his occupation, and executed. It is said his body was obtained from the dissecting-room to which it had been taken and buried in Perivale Churchyard, near the elm at the entrance. It is supposed that the assassination of Percival by Bellingham the same year hardened the heart of the Government and prevented any mercy being shown to Bowler.

The strangest stories are still told about the farm where he was taken, and the unnatural noises and rattling sounds heard there at night for years afterwards are said to be associated with his unquiet spirit; of which uncanny sounds, &c., an old man, who was then a boy, gave the writer a very graphic account, but the ghost has long since been exorcised or has taken his departure "*sans cérémonie.*" It is also averred that Bowler's money, a large part of which was deposited by him in an iron box and buried secretly, has never been discovered.

Grange Farm, called at one time Perivale Grange, though modified somewhat during the last half-century, has much of the old structure still left in it. It is situated on the Greenford Road, near the rotting gate posts, walnut and other trees, which still mark the entrance to the grounds of the old manor-house before it was taken down. Externally it still, like most of the other farm-houses and out-buildings, retains its old world appearance, and adds to the beauty of this secluded hamlet. The oldest portion is internally heavily timbered, and there is some curious old oak carved work, now painted, near the door, but whether it originally belonged to the structure it is impossible to say.

Very primitive-looking is the wooden building, called the Church Farm, with the thatched outbuildings and red-tiled barns connected with it, which are situated near the northern entrance to the churchyard. Time has tinted and mellowed them into harmony with the trees and the general landscape, and even the newer portion of the farm buildings is yielding to the same influence.

It is said some person many years ago attempted to renovate and rebuild some of the farm-houses in Perivale, but the contract or speculation proved unlucky, and, as the old rustic who informed the

writer of the tradition added, he "had to run for it, feathers or no feathers." No doubt the genius of the hamlet pursued him for daring to endeavour to remodel a place so destined by nature to preserve its old character and appearance!

Near the Church Farm, in the early part of this century, was the enclosure where strayed animals were confined until they were taken out at the owner's cost, *i.e.*, "the pound"; but such an institution

GRANGE FARM.

does not exist now. Probably Perivale at one time had its stocks, and other punitive or corrective arrangements, but no record remains of them.

The most remarkable and characteristic fact connected with Perivale is that there is no public-house there! Nor has there ever been one, as far as the writer has been able to learn. No brewer has ever had the courage to establish one. The thirsty traveller must pass through the parish and walk nearly to the top of Horsendon Hill before he can refresh himself with that "stouter English ale," or stronger English beer, for the production of which the barley of

Perivale was so famous in Queen Elizabeth's time, as recorded by Drayton.—(See page 107.)

The history of Perivale would not be complete without an allusion to its rural sports, which have been held there annually for years, in connection with the Dedication Festival of its little church. The Pythian games held near the Temple of Delphi are said to have been instituted in honour of Apollo, and the Olympic games were dedicated to Jupiter, who is supposed to have originated them after his victory over the Titans; but, alas! as we do not know to whom the church was dedicated, it is impossible to associate any name with the Dedication Festival of Greenford Parva.

The sports are celebrated in one of the meadows of the hamlet, and are very popular. The youths, generally from the neighbouring town of Ealing, contend in running and other manly exercises, while the maidens vie with each other in the performance of feats requiring skill and dexterity suitable to their sex. Prizes are awarded to the successful competitors, and they are generally distributed by a lady of more than ordinary importance.

CHAPTER VIII.

"By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:—
* * * * *
Some of all professions that go
The *primrose* way to the eternal bonfire."—*Macbeth.*

THERE was one building of which Perivale once could boast, which must have added to the beauty of its scenery, *i.e.*, a windmill. A tradition of its former existence is still preserved in the mind of an aged woman (*ætat* eighty-four) who "was born and bred in the parish," a daughter of one of the old farmers whose names will be mentioned. She remembered hearing in her childhood very old people say there had been a windmill there, but, except that it was near an old oak, she had not a very clear idea as to where it stood, but had heard that old Squire Harrison, Lord of the Manor before the Latewards possessed it, used to have corn ground there more than a hundred and twenty years ago. Mr. Farthing, in his MSS. written nearly fifty years since, not only mentions the tradition of its former existence, but has given us a sketch of the windmill at Perivale, "from an old drawing in the British Museum of about the year 1470." The MS. also contains the following curious legend connected with it, which it is presumed he obtained from some of the old people to whom he refers, as his source of information; the account is best given in that writer's own words.

THE LEGEND OF PERIVALE MILL.

"Wandering along the banks of the Brent one fine afternoon, accompanied by my two dogs and Master Cain (the old sexton and clerk), the latter in search of large stones for rock-work, we came to a charmingly secluded spot formed by an abrupt curve of the river and a thicket of whitethorn and guelder-rose bushes, matted together by the tendrils of the briony and woodbine. The turf was like velvet

and beautifully verdant, being sheltered from the scorching rays of the sun by the tall trees which grew around; . . . thousands of blue-bells and white violets adorned the banks, and the clear waters of the stream were almost hidden from the eye by the overhanging shrubs and trees, as it meandered over its pebbly bed. . . . The dogs barked with delight as they roused some wood-pigeons from their perch or startled the shy kingfisher from its nest of fish-bones and sent it skimming—

> 'Along the vista of the brook,
> Where antique roots its bustling course o'ertook,
> And tangled shrubs and moss of emerald green
> Cling from the banks, with wildflowers sweet between.'

The melody of the birds alone broke the silence of the place; the blackbird's joyous whistle and the softer song of the thrush, with the heavenly notes of the lark as she hovered over her nest in the adjoining field, riveted me to the spot. . . . I could not help exclaiming, as I threw myself down on the soft turf, 'What a charming spot for a picnic!' 'What's that?' said my companion. I told him, and he then laughed and said, 'Ay, and a nice, pretty name the place has got for gentlefolks to come junketing to.' 'Why, how is it called?' said I. 'Names are of little consequence—

> "The rose
> By any other name would smell as sweet."

'That may be,' quoth he; 'but it wouldn't sound well to ask ladies to visit such a place as this, for, let me tell ye, no one about these parts would come here after dark. 'Tis called, and with good reason, too, "The Devil's Plat."' "

The following "authentic" legend is associated with it, and though the story has probably been embellished by the writer, it is not unlikely that it contains the germs of truth, as far as the tradition is concerned.

"About two hundred and fifty years ago Perivale was not only more populous than it now is, but was a comparatively thriving place, as the legend on an old monument in the church shows, for the husband of the lady to whose memory it was erected (Mrs. Shelbury) is thereon described as 'Lord of this Toune.' A windmill then stood upon the spot where I was lying, at which the inhabitants

had their wheat ground. This mill was owned by an unsociable sort of man, whose name was Abel Reed, who resided alone within its precincts. Near the mill stood the cottage of a poor old widow woman, who was looked upon by her neighbours as a witch, and dreaded accordingly. All the villagers believed in her powers, except the miller, who considered her no better than a cheat and an impostor; he, moreover, took a malicious delight in telling her so whenever she crossed his path; therefore no great love existed between Abel Reed and old Dame Gigs.

"One day she met the miller as he was returning from the alehouse, and being then somewhat quarrelsome, he began abusing the old woman, and threatening her with the stocks, &c. This so roused the old woman's ire, that, raising her withered arms above her grey head, she declared Abel Reed to be a lost man, a child of the devil, and prognosticated that ere twelve months expired he would either be drowned in the Brent or crushed by his own millstones.

"From that hour the miller was looked upon distrustfully by his neighbours, and his business fell off. About a year after this prophecy the miller was missing, and as several days had elapsed without any tidings of him, an inquiry was thought necessary. This was all very well, but who was to make it? No one dared to enter the mill until old Dame Gigs, after sneering at their cowardice, volunteered to go in and see what was the matter.

"Some of the villagers assembled to see the result, and the old woman began to mount the ladder leading to the room in the mill. This being of considerable height, and the dame's agility not having increased with her years, she trembled, made a false step, and then fell to the ground. This added to the excitement of the bystanders, and some of them having conveyed the old woman to her cottage, the others prepared to make another essay, . . . and having done so, a discovery was soon made. Between the mill-stones were found pieces of rag and broadcloth, whilst pulverized bones, hair, and blood told too plainly the end of the unfortunate miller, and Dame Gigs, in spite of her imputed skill, could not save her own life, but died shortly after from the effects of her fall. After these tragical events not one would take the mill, and it became a ruin. No villager would pass the spot at night, unless compelled to so, and when they did they

related to their friends all sorts of stories about it: how they had heard the moaning of Abel's spirit and the shrieks of Dame Gig's ghost amid the howling of the wind, and some even averred that they had seen the forms of Abel Reed and the old dame who had cursed him, pursuing each other round the gallery of the haunted mill, and heard noises as of persons struggling together.

"Matters remained in this state for a long time, when at last an old miser declared his intention of occupying the ruined mill, to the great surprise of the villagers, and, notwithstanding their entreaties and warnings, he eventually did so. Many of the simple folk, however, shook their heads and said no good would come of it.

"Shortly afterwards the old man was missing, and this circumstance revived afresh all the stories about the haunted mill; though many of the villagers believed he had forfeited his life by his temerity, yet a few of the more sensible portion thought the old man might still be living, though too ill to leave his abode in search of assistance. Acting on this conjecture they went in a body to the spot, and called loudly to the old man by his name; no answer was, however, returned, and it was then suggested that some one should enter the building. The constable was called upon *virtute officii;* but he flatly refused, as did all the others. At last a young man who had no friends or relatives (being a foundling) was induced to undertake the task, and Simon Coston, amid the breathless expectation of the rest below, ascended the ladder. Having reached the gallery he pushed open the door, and, after a pause of a few seconds, entered. A few moments of painful silence and anxious suspense ensued, when a groan, followed by a loud shriek, startled the assembly, and Simon Coston rushed out upon the gallery, exclaiming, 'The ghost! the ghost! Fly, fly for your lives!' No further intimation was necessary. Away scampered the villagers, without daring to look behind them or offering to assist poor Simon in his perilous position.

"Some hours afterwards a consultation was held, and it being found that poor Simon Coston was also missing, it was determined that another attempt to discover the dreadful mystery should at once be made. Accordingly several stout men, having fortified their courage by drink and armed themselves with guns, pitchforks, &c., they proceeded towards the place in a body. Having arrived at the

fence which divided the mill from the lane, they once more shouted out the names of the missing men. A pause ensued, and then was heard a hollow sepulchral voice, 'Bury me, bury me, ere you sleep, In Perivale Churchyard ten feet deep.' The men, trembling in every limb, rushed through the opening and discovered the dead body of the old man on the other side of the palings! The mill itself was empty, and Simon Coston was never more heard of."

Some thirty years after these occurrences, and when the recollection of them was becoming obliterated, a gentleman purchased an estate at Greenford (Magna), and built himself a fine house there. There he resided with his lady and family, and curiously enough the name of the new proprietor was Simon Coston. Some few old people thought he bore some resemblance to the poor youth who had been so strangely missing, but this was mere surmise, and no one could suppose for a moment that the wealthy Squire Coston and the poor Greenford foundling could have aught in common. Squire Coston's family died before him, as may be seen by the very handsome and quaint old monument in Greenford Church (Magna). The old gentleman was, however, alive in 1665, for he then gave the cover for the font, which is now in Perivale Church, but he must have died soon after. On looking over his papers his executors found a key to the mystery of the mill, and they discovered also that the deceased and the foundling were one and the same.

It appeared that when Simon entered the mill he saw at a glance how things stood: the old miser had been arrested by the hand of death in the very act of counting his money, and being a quick-witted fellow, Simon hit on the plan of frightening the folks away from the place and then securing the treasure to himself.

As we have seen, this he did most successfully, and having transported the dead body to the place where it was found, he removed the money from the mill and concealed himself until the second search was over, which he knew would very soon be made; accordingly, when the neighbours came again, he uttered the doggrel before quoted, and having seen the persons safe off with the old miser's body, he decamped in the opposite direction with the money. Arrived in London, he soon after took ship for Flanders, and, being a prudent youth, he got employment in a merchant's house, and by his diligence and attention eventually became a partner. "He married,

and, having realised a handsome fortune (no doubt by the aid of the miser's savings), he determined to return and enjoy it in his native place." "The mansion he built no longer exists, as it was destroyed by fire, but the fishpond that adorned the garden and the avenue which led to the house may still be seen, the latter being called 'Coston's Lane' to this day. Thus ends the legend of the haunted mill, which stood on what was ever after called the 'Devil's Plat.'"

How much truth there is in this story it is impossible to say, but probably it may have some foundation in fact, however small may be the base on which this romantic superstructure is reared. This, however, is certain, as shown after inquiries made at Greenford by the writer, that there are among the poorer people of that village, persons who have a strong objection to pass through Coston's Lane on a dark night, for fear of meeting Coston's ghost, which is said to haunt the grounds of the old house which has long since been levelled to the ground, and that the same unearthly visitor is supposed more frequently to hover about the old pond which once was included in the demesne, and which is associated in some mysterious way with the later destinies of Coston and his family.

One old man declared that on going to the field where the pond is situated to collect his horses, he found them all scared and trembling, showing signs of great terror, and while he was getting them together he saw "something white" hovering over the miniature lake, which "something" appears to have been terrified too, for he heard a great splash as it jumped into the water, as Coston is said to have done over two hundred and thirty years ago. The piece of water, now almost covered with aquatic plants, has certainly an uncanny appearance at eventide, when a mist floats above it and bats are flying in its vicinity. There are some large trees about it which cast gloomy shadows, but what adds most to its weird aspect is several very old pollard-trees, which are bent and contorted in different directions; most of them are either so decayed that a half of the interior of the trunks is laid open, and others appear to have been struck by lightning, and now hang in a curiously fantastic way over the pool. Whether it is that the lakelet is in a sequestered spot away from Coston's Lane, or that the dismal-looking trees which threaten to fall into it afford a suitable home for the "moping owl," it would be hard

to say; perhaps both causes may conduce to its being frequented by the bird of the night, and that it often startles the superstitious peasant by its hoot when he—

"Molests his ancient solitary reign."

The place has certainly a weird look at nightfall, and recalls Poe's remarkable verses in "Ulalume":—

"It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid-region of Weir—
It was down by dank tarn of Auber.
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

An old waggoner who had lived in Greenford nearly forty years said he knew many people who "dursen't go near it after nightfall, but for his part he had been by there at night hundreds of times, and never saw anything worse than hisself," which still leaves the character of the ghost shrouded in mystery.

Coston's house appears to have been burnt down, and his box of plate is said to have been thrown into the pond, which one "intelligent" man informed the writer is said to have no bottom. He is said to have lost his wife by the plague, and suffered other misfortunes, though originally so rich that it is now averred his riding horses "were shod with silver."

It is strange that such traditions and superstitions should linger so long in a country village. Simon Coston has been dead about two centuries and a quarter, and yet it is supposed his shade still—

"Revisits the glimpses of the moon."

Among the changes which have taken place in the ground about Perivale Church is the disappearance of an old wood or plantation, which is shown to the south of it in Rocque's Survey of Middlesex, made in 1741-5.

It is said that the best wheat in England was grown in the vale south of Harrow-on-the-Hill, and "that Queen Elizabeth and Henry VIII. had their farm produce from a farm, or farms, at Perivale." Others say that the former "took no composition from the villagers there, but received it in kind"; and that the place is called Purevale from the "clearness" of the corn which was grown there. Perivale was sometimes called Cornhill or Cornhull in the reign of Edward III. and later, and its reputation for producing good corn had apparently then been

established. Cornhill, or Cornhull, was probably the slope of Horsendon Hill. The reputation of Perivale for producing the finest wheat in his day (1563 to 1631) has been preserved in the poetical description of England entitled the "Polyolbion," by Drayton. It is divided into thirty songs, or books, of which the one in which allusion is made to "Perryvale," "Perivale," or "Purevale"—which, he says in a note, "yieldeth the finest meal of England"—is the sixteenth. It is very quaint.

"As Coln come on along, and chanced to cast her eye
Upon that neighbouring hill where Harrow stands so high,*
She *Peryvale* perceived prank'd up with wreaths of wheat
And with exulting terms thus glorying in her seat;
'Why should not I be coy and of my beauties nice,
Since this my goodly grain is held of greatest price?
No manchet can so well the courtly palate please
As that made of the meal fetch'd from my fertile leaze.
Their finest of that kind, compared with my wheat,
For whiteness of the bread, doth look like common cheat,
What barley is there found, whose fair and bearded ear,
Makes stouter English ale or stronger English beer?
The oat, the bean, the pease, with me but pulses are;
The coarser and browner rye, no more than fetch and tare,
What seed doth any soil in England bring, that I
Beyond her most increase, yet cannot multiply?
Besides, my sure abode next goodly London is,
To vend my fruitful store, that we doth never miss
And those poor baser things, they cannot put away,
How'er I set my price, ne'er on my chapmen stay.'
When presently the hill that maketh her a vale
With things he had in hand did interrupt her tale,
With Hampstead being fallen and High-gate at debate;
As one before them both that would advance his state,
From either for his height to bear away the praise,
Besides that he alone rich *Peryvale* surveys.
But Hampstead pleads, himself in simples to have skill,
And therefore by desert to be the noblest hill;
As one that on his worth and knowledge doth rely
In learned physic's use, and skilful surgery;
And challengeth, from them, the worthiest place her own
Since that old Watling once o'er him to pass was known."

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* It is stated that when some divines were disputing before Charles II. about the visible Church, he turned their attention to that of Harrow-on-the-Hill, which has ever since been proverbially called the visible church.—(Lysons' "Environs.") Harrow Hill "was chosen by William Bolton, the last Prior of Great Bartholomew, in Smithfield, on which to build him a house to preserve him from a deluge that was prognosticated from certain eclipses in watery signs and was to happen in the year 1524. With this not only the vulgar but also learned men were so unreasonably infatuated that they victualled themselves (as both Hall and Speed confidently report) and went to high ground in fear of being drowned! Amongst these was the Prior, who not only provided himself with a house there at Harrow, but carried all sorts of provisions which were thither to serve for the space of two months."—(Camden's "Britannia," translated by Edmund Gibson, p. 328.) Stow, however, contradicts this report and Lysons says he was also Rector of Harrow.

Some idea of the population of Perivale in the last century may be gathered from the following table. The earliest baptism recorded is in 1707, and burial in 1720. It is not possible to continue the full list of the former for the next decade from the register, on account of the pages having been abstracted between 1789 and 1807, as already mentioned.

The total baptisms from 1707 to 1786 were as follows :—

From 1707 to 1726 inclusive	28
,, 1727 ,, 1746 ,,	39
,, 1747 ,, 1766 ,,	32
,, 1767 ,, 1786 ,,	22

The total burials from 1720 to 1799 were :—

From 1720 to 1739 inclusive	53
,, 1740 ,, 1759 ,,	63
,, 1760 ,, 1779 ,,	38
,, 1780 ,, 1799 ,,	58

There are no burials registered between 1799 and 1802.

Many of those entered here were not parishioners ; some, as already stated, were of persons who lived in London. The diminished number of baptisms shows the hamlet decreased in population during the last fifty years of the above record. In 1795, however, there were five houses in Perivale, and in 1871 seven habitations with thirty-three inhabitants. In 1881 the total number of houses was seven, also, with a population of thirty-four people. It seems that the population has since been decreased by the migration of a man and his wife and eight children ; such a withdrawal would have caused a serious reduction in the amount of the Poll Tax if such a source of revenue had still existed. Happily there is no fear of any financial difficulty arising in Perivale on that account.

About three-quarters of a mile north-east of the church, in the parish of Perivale, and north of the canal, there is an ancient earthwork and moat, the age of which is not known though it appears to be of considerable antiquity.

The earthwork is of irregular quadrilateral form ; the fosse now only contains water on the south side, about which is a belt of trees ; on the western side there is a depression leading to a circular hollow in the ground, in which at some period some kind of structure was placed. About a foot beneath the turf a bed of sandy concrete occurs,

which is, no doubt, artificial, and suggests that the spot may afterwards have formed the site of a windmill at Perivale, perhaps the one to which allusion has been made, though it is not near the Brent.

It seems too hazardous to claim for this moated earthwork the high antiquity which appears to be indicated by the few flakes of porcelainized flint artificially produced, which have been found among the roots of the trees and in molehills at this spot, though enough has been discovered to make it desirable that a cutting through the mound should be made.

Horsendon Hill, the lower slopes of which are in the parish of Perivale, is a naturally-formed hill of London clay surmounted by a deposit of gravel of glacial, or possibly of pre-glacial, age (Westleton beds). The ascent is gradual until near the summit, where it is steep. A magnificent view may be obtained from the top, extending to a distance of twenty-five miles to the south-south-east and south-west. There are traces still left of the hill having been rudely fortified at a very remote period, probably at a time before written history began : a few pieces of coarse pottery, hand-made and not turned in a lathe, as well as some flint flakes of the neolithic age have been found near the top. The name of the hill, "Horsendon," or "Horsingdon," appears to indicate that it was occupied in very remote times as a hill or tribal fort : most of the higher hills were used as places of retreat in the inter-tribal warfare which was always more or less going on in the newer stone age and long afterwards, as shown by General Pitt-Rivers and others. At such times the families of the tribe were safer on the hills than in the valleys, while the higher ground, made more secure by earthworks, formed good positions from which an advancing hostile tribe could be seen, or from which a successful raid could be made. There are two terraces, one above the other, facing the south, besides the broken ground at the top, which are probably artificially formed. No doubt such "points of vantage" continued in use after the Roman invasion, even into the Saxon period.

It is probable that Horsingdon owes its name to the conjunction of two words, the one much older than the other, the concluding syllable "don," being the Keltic *dun*, "a hill fortress," as in Dunmore, Dunkeld, &c., and Horsing is probably Anglo-Saxon, meaning the tribe (*ing*) of the Hors. In numerous places in England we have evidence of the early Saxon occupation of the country in the names of towns

and villages containing *ing*, signifying clan or tribe, such as Bicklington, Lullington, Henington, Hardington, &c. These places are situated near Cadbury, Somerset, said to be the last stronghold of the British Kelts. It is suggested that the Hardings, Sofings, Babbings, &c., were early Saxon tribes, and that when they settled in a place permanently the suffix "ton," signifying "enclosure or town" (the commonest of our English names), was added; but Horsendon, or Horsingdon, was more probably the hill fort of the Horsings or Horsen. *Ing* is said, however, by Worsaae to be derived from the Danish *enge*, a meadow.* Canute is believed to have encamped his forces near this part of Middlesex previously to his engagement with Edmund Ironside, by whom he was afterwards defeated at Brentford.

A Legend of Horsendon Hill.

Mr. John Farthing's MSS., referred to in other places, contains a tradition about this hill in which the mythical hero Horsa is introduced. He says tradition assigns this mound (perhaps he means the broken ground at the top) as the burial-place of Horsa, a bold Saxon chief, the son of the king of this part of Britain, who, from his residence on the top of the neighbouring hill,† was called "Harro of the Hill." "The wife of Horsa was supposed to be gifted with supernatural powers, and from her performing her magic ceremonies and revels with her elfin companions in the vale below, it took the name of 'Fairy Vale,' or Peri-vale. Horsa and his spouse had but one child, a most beautiful and highly-gifted daughter, who was called Ealine (Yillinge). Her mother taught her so admirably that she was in those days esteemed a prodigy of learning. The fame of her beauty and talents brought many suitors for her hand, but no one was so fortunate in obtaining her love as a neighbouring chief called Bren, who commanded a powerful tribe on the banks of the Thames. He sent ambassadors to demand her in marriage, and after due negotiation he was accepted by her parents. The joining of hands over the holy

* "Danes and Norwegians," T. I. A. Worsaae, 1852.

† "In some old English records Harrow is called 'Harewe atte Hull' (or Hill), but in the most ancient documents it is called Herges, a name probably derived from the Saxon word Hearge, Hergh or Herige, which is sometimes translated, a troop of soldiers and sometimes, a church." Lysons, who is here quoted, thinks the latter derivation the more probable, and that there may have been a church on the hill before the Norman Conquest which would have been a prominent feature in this part of the county. He says Herga super montem was the ancient Latin name of the place.

stone within the magic circle was performed with great pomp and ceremony according to the rites of Odin, the Saxon Deity, and after a festival of many days' duration, Bren carried home his beauteous prize to his own castle.

"This union proved unfortunate, for the lady was too learned for her ignorant husband, who slighted her for those less refined companions whose tastes and sentiments were more in accordance with his own sensual disposition. Ealine (Yillinge), finding herself thus deserted and dishonoured, vowed revenge on her faithless husband, and having a favourite starling which she had herself reared and taught to speak when a child, she completed its tuition and then set the bird at liberty, well knowing it would seek its native vale. The winged messenger flew back as conjectured, and having discovered Horsa, alighted on his shoulder and told the tale taught him by its mistress. The fiery chieftain immediately assembled his warriors and prepared to avenge his child by the signal chastisement of his brutal son-in-law. Bren, however, got intelligence of Horsa's intention, and having summoned his vassals, crossed the river with all his forces. The two armies met and crossed at the ford which has ever since borne his name. Here Bren was slain and Horsa mortally wounded; but notwithstanding his condition, he ordered his men to carry him over the river, and having ravaged Bren's country with fire and sword, he brought away his daughter in triumph, and great spoil besides. Horsa died of his wounds soon afterwards and was buried with great pomp, along with his arms and favourite war-horse, by his people on this spot, who, in commemoration of his valour, raised over his remains the tumulus or mound in question, which has ever since borne his name, although corrupted to the words 'Horsendon' or 'Horsington.'

"Ealine (or Yillinge) and her mother, both being widows, retired to the recesses of the adjoining forest, where they bewailed their sad loss and devoted themselves to study. They lived, it is said, to a great age, and were almost worshipped by the rude people about them for their sanctity and learning. Ealine (or Yillinge) survived her mother, and, at her decease, was buried on the spot where she had so long lived and at length found a final resting-place. This, in remembrance of her virtues, was called 'Ealine's (or Yillinge's) Haven,' by which name it is to this day known. Great cures have been performed by the waters in the vicinity. She was, after the introduction of

Christianity, canonized by the name of Helena, and her portrait may still be seen in stained glass in one of the windows in Perivale Church; she is represented with a book in her hand, in allusion, no doubt, to her wisdom and learning."

"Even now," says the narrator, "the affrighted peasant, as he hastily passes round the brow of the hill at the witching hour of night, fancies he hears the solemn tread of Horsa's giant steed as he paces round the place of his sepulture; and some go so far as to affirm they have seen the shadowy form of the dead warrior when the pale moon illumines the hill, and the white mists curl upwards from the vale at its foot. For the satisfaction of my readers," he says, "I can boldly aver that, although I have been on its summit both late and early, I have never seen aught there worse than myself."

Such is the legend of Horsendon Hill. Whether it is "one of the traditions which" Mr. Farthing says he "gleaned from the memories of aged persons," and whether it was ever extant in the locality to the full extent he has narrated, or drawn more or less from the depths of his powerful imagination, must for ever remain an open question.

It is a fact, however, that there were, early in this century, remains of old painted glass in the side windows of the church, which had suffered even more injury than those in the chancel, and among them, about the period at which the legend was written (1845), was one representing the figure drawn so carefully by Mr. Farthing, and which probably represented a saint of the Romish Church.—(See page 67.) It is true, too, that Haven Green is called Ealing's or Eling's Haven in the old maps. Nothing, as far as the writer knows, has been seen of late years of "the shadowy form of the dead warrior," but he was gravely informed that on Greenford Marsh, on the north of the Greenford Road, a very remarkable phenomenon was noticed a few years ago by several people and commented on: *i.e.*, on a winter's morning, when the ground was covered with hoar frost, the footprints of a large animal, apparently going in the direction of Horsendon Hill, were observed, and though the field was of the usual frosty hue, the grass in the impressions of the hoofs "was scorched of a bluish tint." The question is not yet settled whether the difference of colour was due to the fiery feet of Horsa's steed or to unequal condensation due to causes which may be easily explained.

CHAPTER IX.

"All things must change
To something new, to something strange;
For nothing that is can pause or stay;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane;
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day."—*Longfellow.*

THE registers of the births, deaths, and marriages, and the records of the meetings of vestries are not exciting compilations, though the three first have their attractions to Dryasdust, the genealogist, in filling up pedigrees, and may be even fascinating to the claimant to the traditional "lost estate" when he fancies among the names and dates he may find the connecting links of the chain which is to bring him fortune.

But old parish records are often interesting to the ordinary reader, on account of the incidents which are occasionally alluded to beyond the mention of names of persons who are chronicled in each division in succession as babies ushered into the world, as married, and, finally, as buried "in woollen" according to the Act, or otherwise, and, then, how quickly they are followed in the same course by their children and grandchildren, until the procession of human life and the continuity of its story becomes saddening.

Truly there is much matter for contemplation in a parish register. Who can read the old records of weddings, births, and deaths without for a moment pausing "to cast a look behind"? If we could bring before our mental vision some of the varied groups of people who, in succession, for some hundreds of years have stood before the altar of our little church, how strange would they appear to us now; how pictureque and quaint would be the dress of the bride and bridegroom if we could clothe them in the fashion of the times when some of these entries were made.

The roll is inscribed by people of many degrees of importance. What a varied pageant would that long list give us! Yet it matters not whether the picture we conjure up is of knights, esquires, farmers, or peasants, titled gentlewomen, the lady of the village, or the little village maiden of low degree: my lady or the simple daughter of the soil plighted her troth at the altar with the same love in her heart as that which fills the breast and blushes on the veiled cheeks of the bride of to-day. But a little while and the group is altered, and a new life is added to it, associated with all the pride, tenderness, and maternal self-denial which follows the incoming into this mysterious world of one of the most helpless of beings. The present is but the echo of the past with a very slight difference. Love and sorrow are the contemporaries of all times; they are, in a sense, ever young. A brief period elapses and the chronicle tells us of another event, which affects the little group that filled up the picture, and the same bitter tears as are shed to-day, mark the entrance into the little church of the father, mother, or child. Then there is the blank which is such a mystery! and the green mound of the village burial-place, where—

> "All human love and hate
> Find one sad level; where soon or late
> Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face,
> And cold hands folded over a still heart,
> Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
> Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart."

How much of love, sorrow, joy, hope, virtue, and sin is covertly hidden in the pages of the parish register!

The rector has kindly allowed the writer to examine the two books which contain the earliest records, as already mentioned. The later register has not been examined. The oldest register, an oblong book with vellum leaves, shows the record of deaths to have commenced in 1707, and that of the births and marriages in 1720. Inside the cover is a copy of the words of the bequest of Robert Cromwell, of the parish of Paddington (contained in his will, dated September 10, 1722), as follows:—"And also upon further trust that the said John Cromwell, my Brother, and his heirs shall pay out of the said estate (lands in Heys in Middlesex) yearly and every year, on every Christmas Day, to the Minister or Parson of the said parish of Perivale and his successors, Vicars or Parsons of the said Parish, for ever Six Pounds in consideration that he and they preach a Ser-

mon in the Parish Church of Perivale in the afternoon of the first Sunday in every month, and not otherwise. The first Sermon to begin and to be made as soon as the Vicar or Parson shall have notice or knowledge thereof after the decease of my said Wife, and the first payment to be made him on the first Christmas Day that shall happen next after her decease." How long the payment and the sermon have been in abeyance it is impossible to know, but probably before the commencement of the present century.

It has already been mentioned that the Cromwells here alluded to were probably of the same family as the Protector, and it may be useful to those who should attempt to determine the matter to know that the following are the entries referring to the Cromwells in the register. Between 1720 and 1812 they appear, like the baptisms, to have been transcribed by the rector, Richard Mills, from an older record "taken by Mr. William Brownbill, Rector of the said Parish," in 1719, giving the date of burial.*

"1720, June. Elizabeth Cromwell, of the parish of Micham, Surrey.
1723, Dec. 30. Robert Cromwell, and Margaret, his wife.
1727, Sept. 27. Sarah Cromwell, the wife of John Cromwell, of Micham in Surrey.
1728, May 7. E. Cromwell, the daughter of John Cromwell, of Hayes."

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* With reference to the Cromwells of Perivale, and their possible connection with a family of the same name settled at Ealing, though at an earlier date, a letter appeared in the *West Middlesex Standard*, of February 15, 1890, signed "A Genealogist," which furnishes some interesting information, as follows:—"In the suit Cromwell *v.* Cromwell (see Chancery proceedings, Mitford, 335, 51), the bill recites the will of Walter Cromwell, senior, of Ealing, yeoman, who was father of the parties. By this, which was dated 16th July, 1668, he devises 'Hangers' to his son, John Cromwell; an annuity of £40 to his wife Margaret; and to his son Walter an annuity of £7, and 5s. a week; this Walter, the son, had a daughter, Margaret; the elder Walter had a daughter, Jane, who married William Godwin, and a grandchild, Henry Godwin: he bequeathed to the poor of Ealing £10, to be paid within six months of his death, and gave his residence to his son, John Cromwell. The executors were Edward Millet, of Hanwell, yeoman, and Joseph Wade, of Ealing, scrivener. The legacy to Walter Cromwell was directed to be paid to Edward Millet at his own house, and to be applied by him for the use of Walter Cromwell. Walter, who was the eldest son, disputes his father's will, alleging he was not sane at the date of making it." The result of this Chancery suit, brought in 1680, is not stated. It is well to mention also, for the information of those interested in the Cromwell pedigree, that George Cromwell (signed Crumwell), of Ealing, Middlesex, bachelor, 30, and Elizabeth Bolles, spinster, 21, daughter of Thomas Bolles, of Wallington, Herts, Esquire, "who consents," were married at St. Sepulchre's (St. Bartholomew the Great or Less), London, on 6th Aug., 1663.—*Vide* Colonel Chester's "London Marriage Licences," 1521-1869 (Quaritch).

William Granger, editor of "The Museum and Extraordinary Magazine," published in 1804, a very curious old book, after giving an account of Mrs. Bridget Bendish, granddaughter of the Protector, says Richard Cromwell, the Protector's son, died at Cheshunt, Herts, July 13, 1712, aged 86, and "that the son of his son Oliver, named William Cromwell, the great-grandson of the Protector, died in Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, unmarried, July, 1772, aged 85"; and writing in 1804, he states that "Mr. Oliver

They are, with one exception, described, like others, up to a certain date as buried in woollen. This was in consequence of an Act passed in the reign of Charles II., an enactment which remained in the statute-book for one hundred and twenty years, and by it no body could be buried in "anything made or mingled with flax, hemp, silk, hair, gold or silver, or any stuff or thing other than what is made of sheep's wool only," on pain of £5 fine, and an affidavit had to be made for this purpose either to the magistrate or the officiating minister. Nevertheless, in several cases at Perivale the enactment was disobeyed, and the rector had to record that he had not received an affidavit; it was so in the case of Robert Cromwell and Margaret, his wife, mentioned above. In the case of Ann Lateward, of Ealing, who died in 1779, a penalty seems to have been paid, as it is written—"she was buried in Linen, for which the undertaker paid 50/, which was distributed among the poor."

The exportation of English wool had been the subject of various Acts since Edward III. In 1660 the export of wool was, after many oscillations between permission to export, partial prohibition, and actual prohibition, finally made penal; and as the production of wool exceeded the consumption the price fell. The Act referring to burials was one of the very remarkable expedients resorted to for stimulating the demand for English woollen manufactures.

Of course, like every other parish register, the one at Perivale contained entries such as a "wayfaring man" or "a pauper" was "buried in woollen"—poor outcasts, who died without friends in some barn or outhouse. The brevity of the entries reminds us of Hood's well-known lines:—

> "Rattle his bones over the stones:
> He's only a pauper who nobody owns."

The following entry shows that at that time robberies by highwaymen occurred in the vicinity of Perivale and Ealing. From the register it appears there were several families of Verreys in Perivale, and that they had been settled there for some generations.

"$174\frac{6}{7}$. Samuel Verrey, Farmer: He was set upon by two foot pads on Saturday night last abount 7 of ye clock near Castle-bear

Cromwell, an attorney in the Million Bank office, and Mr. Thomas Cromwell, now in the East Indies, sons of Thomas Cromwell, of Snow Hill, and the Protector's great-grandsons, are the only survivors of his male line."

Hill, & on making some resistence was shot by one of y^{m} thro' ye body: of which wound he languish'd till Monday morning and then expired. B^{d} in Woolen, as per affidavit received."

A small "broadsheet" is in the possession of one of the unfortunate man's descendants, dated January 24, 1747, which gives—

"A full and particular account of the Apprehending and Taking of William Groves & Noah Groves for the barbarous Murder of Samuel Verrey, a Substantial Farmer of Oxendon Hill [*sic*] in the Parish of Perrivale, who going home last Saturday night about 7 o'clock, was attacked close by the empty house by Castle-bear, late in the possession of D^{r} Hollings, near the Uxbridge Road, with the whole examination before the Right Hon. the Worshipful Justice Clithero, and their commitment last night, the one to Newgate, the other to New Prison."

It appears from the evidence that Verrey and his son were riding "near the sign of 'Ye Feathers,'" and the farmer had passed the robbers, but seeing his son stopped by them, he rode back and struck one of them a violent blow," when the other villain shot him in the breast, and robbed him of part of his money. The dangerous condition of the highroads about Ealing and Perivale at that time, and the dread which accompanied a journey of a few miles, even when the traveller was mounted, is manifest from the sequel: Verrey "settled his affairs and earnestly desired all people to be cautious of travelling late or making any defence if attacked by such villains."

The following is a list of the Rectors, from 1706 to the present time, with the year of the death of such as were buried in Perivale Churchyard, as shown in the register.

It may be mentioned that the last rector noticed in Newcourt's list (see p. 51), is Richard Ward, who was rector in 1700. No doubt he was succeeded by Beard, who was rector in 1705. The following names appear to make the list consecutive :—

"William Brownbill . . . . . rector, presented, 1706; died, 1719.
Richard Mills . . . . . ,, ,, 1719; ,, 1746.
Richard Badcock Shury . . . . . rector in 1783; ,, 1789.
James Maidman . . . . . ,, 1790; ,, 1809.
William Pearson . . . . . ,, 1810; resigned, 1812.
Frederick James Lateward (son of the patron) . ,, 1812; died, 1861 (?)
(The Rev. Dr. Giles was curate in charge during the latter part of this period.)
Charles J. Hughes, LL.D., rector, presented in 1861, present incumbent."

Doubtless, if an older register had been extant, it would be found that many of the old rectors, besides those mentioned, were buried in the little churchyard, and that there was many a one before—

> "Who in yonder pile his voice was heard to sound,
> But now his body rests beneath its hallowed ground."

Between 1750 and 1783 the following clergymen officiated at the church, but the larger part of the duty was taken by the Rev. A. Cookson; Philip Fletcher, Dean of Kildare; Charles Cuthbert, "clerk"; A. Cookson, Rector of Newton, Lincolnshire; C. Ayleway, Curate of Ealing; John Dodson; Charles Campbell, curate; J. Higgate; R. Shury, curate; J. Willis, clerk: J. Robinson, curate, and Robert Winkle, "minister."

It is noticeable that in the last century, as in this, many persons who resided in London, or at a distance elsewhere, were brought to Perivale for interment in the graveyard of the little church; among such are John Arnold, of St. John's, Clerkenwell, in 1730; John Roy Arnold, of St. Bridget's, London, 1742; Augustus Arnold, of St. Sepulchre's, London, 1743; Mathew Cockett, of St. Andrew's, Holborn, 1732, and others from Stepney, Westminster, &c.; also Philip Fletcher, Dean of Kildare. He appears to have had the right of presentation to the living, and to have occasionally officiated in the church. Dean Fletcher was the brother of the Bishop of Kildare, and the author of a poem entitled "Truth at Court," which was much read at the time, but which has now passed into oblivion. He also wrote another poem called "Nature and Fortune," which, though quoted in Dodsley's "Collection" (ed. 1782), has not escaped the same fate. Of the other Fletchers, Mrs. Frances Fletcher was interred here in 1768, and Frances Fletcher, of Crowold, in 1776. There are also other entries than those whose monuments have been mentioned, referring in like manner to the Harrisons and Latewards, and those families with whom they intermarried, as the Clerkes, Fullers, &c.

Among those whose names are in the register of burials is that of George Augustus Elliott, of Ealing, eldest son of Lord Heathfield, the gallant defender of Gibraltar (died in 1753). Lord Heathfield lived for years on Castlebar Hill.

It is curious to note among the marriages in the church at Perivale, the number of instances in which both parties came from a distance, and were married by licence. Some of those who sought the

seclusion of the "church with no name," to take the new vows were widowers. Thus, in 1740, Richard Weedon, of St. John's, Wapping, widower, married Mary Styles, of Hillingdon, spinster, by licence. Some of the names conjoined in the entries are of persons bearing cognomens identified with the previous history of the parish and advowson. Thus, in 1727 John Howard, of Harrow, married Sarah Millet, of this parish. In 1737 Edward Clerke, of New Inn, Middlesex, married Mrs. Jane Harrison, by licence. In 1740 Harry Johnson, of St. Augustine's, London, married Betty Atlee, of Hillingdon, by licence; and in 1750 Simon Fuller Wykes, of St. Sepulchre's, London, married Mrs. Susanna Harrison, by licence. 1757, John Fuller, widower, and Elizabeth Knight, spinster, both of this parish, married by licence, by Philip Fletcher, Dean of Kildare. In 1758 William Wroughton, of Halton, Bucks, bachelor, and Dorothy Musgrove, of St. Mary, Oxon, were married. The last entry is like some others, which look very like "runaway matches."

It is not pleasing to record that the register of Perivale Church, like that of so many other churches, has been sadly mutilated, and obviously for the purpose of destroying the evidence it would have afforded. The parchment leaves have been abstracted, containing the baptisms between May, 1789, and August, 1807; and a portion of the leaf, containing a marriage on each page, between 1793 and 1798, has been taken off. The pages have been cut out neatly with scissors. How could such an act be committed without the knowledge or negligence of the rector who had charge of the book at the early part of this century?

Such excisions to destroy the evidence of a marriage were not uncommon among the chaplains to the Fleet Prison, as the following extract shows, but are quite unexpected at Perivale:—

"'Would you readily marry me if I had a partner at hand, or get me married just now?' inquires a citizen of Farringdon Within to the clerk and registrar of the Fleet. 'Of course we could, sir,' says the Rev. Mr. Symson; 'and if you are at a loss for a partner, we can find you one directly—a widow with a handsome jointure—a blooming virgin of 19;' and here he comes close and whispers, 'If you don't like her, there is no harm done—*tear out the entry*—you understand.'" *

* Knight's "London."

CHAPTER X.

"I hold the world but as the world—
A stage, where every man must play a part."
Merchant of Venice.

UNPRETENDING as is the church and hamlet of Perivale, it could boast of a parish clerk in 1861, when the present rector entered upon his duties. His name was Cain, and he was sexton as well as clerk, and he held these offices even longer than the gravedigger in *Hamlet*, who had "been sexton here, man and boy, thirty year," for, in fact, Cain had been sexton and parish clerk for fifty years. His long service is recorded, with his death at the age of eighty-three, upon a small wooden cross in that part of the churchyard which appears to have been set aside for the parishioners, as shown by the inscriptions on the headstones, or where "no frail memorial" meets the eye but—

"Heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap.
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep"—

the honest farmers—the Westmores, Barnjums, Trustrums, Smiths, Gibsons, &c.—who paid the tithe and governed the parish to the best of their ability.

"Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke.
How jocund did they drive their team afield;
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!"

"Old Cain," as he was called, was considered very eccentric, but eccentricity is often but another name for simplicity, and simplicity is becoming a rare virtue in these days. Divine service had been conducted in most of Cain's time in a very primitive manner, though probably not the less sincere on the part of the few who "were gathered together"; albeit, it is not surprising that the worthy old clerk found it difficult to fall into new-fangled altera-

tions, which he could not understand, and some very curious anecdotes are related of him. It was no uncommon thing for the old man to be seen in such a position as to command a view of the path from Ealing while the rector was preparing for the morning service, and hear the former shout out: "Can't see no congregations a-coming along, sir. May I put the books up?"

Among the old servants in the church was the hand barrel-organ, which for many years had done duty and done its best to keep the "congregations" in time when they sang; but alas! the same fate which is the lot of mankind in their old age, at last overtook that venerable musical instrument—it lost many of the teeth which enabled it to pour forth its volume of sound; it had never been of the sweetest, and the harsh, grating roll of the toothless notes did not conduce to the harmony of the singing. With the advent of the Rev. Dr. Hughes came improvements in many directions, including the music—among them the institution of matins and evensong. The simple rustic had never heard of such services, and, though it may seem to the reader to be an invention on the writer's part, he can give the best authority for saying that the clerk and sexton asked the new rector whether it was not Mr. Matins who wrote the music in use in the services. After this it is easy to believe that the old man became the victim of a joke played by some boys in a school kept by the curate in charge, the Rev. Dr. Giles, the immediate predecessor of the present rector, who, when he had to give out the hymn (selected from the collection at the end of the book of Common Prayer, which was then in use):—"Let us sing to the praise and glory of God No. 5, together with the 'Gloria patri,'" persuaded the clerk to alter it into—"Let us sing to the praise and glory of God No. 5, together with the glorious patriarch."

It is also on record that Cain, noticing that the performer on the barrel-organ had made a mistake and was playing the evening hymn instead of the one given out, interrupted the music with the reminder, "You be a-playin' the evening hymn instead of the mornin' hymn." Perhaps, after all, it was the only way of getting over the difficulty, and the old sexton intended to be decorous, if it does not appear so in our eyes now, when nearly thirty-five years have passed away. Such incidents were then not uncommon in this as in other churches

in the country; nor is it improbable, as it has been averred, that the old curate-in-charge at that time, seeing two well-known ladies enter the church and join the few rustics who composed the congregation, requested his wife in an audible voice to "go and bring the offertory plate": he had abandoned all hope of the offertory producing anything except from such attendants. It is not surprising that under such circumstances he should have sometimes paused in the service and indicated himself the pew into which the better class of worshippers should go.

These were the good old days of high pews, when the expression, attitude, and dress of the worshipper were not open to the idle gaze and criticism of the more undevout and indifferent members of the congregation. The pews were replaced by open sittings in 1868, and before that time a proper means had been found for warming the church: until then it had been customary to send an iron pierced vessel filled with lighted coke from the rectory.

The "roomy pew" which belonged to the Lateward family, "lined and cushioned with faded and worm-eaten scarlet cloth," was immediately opposite the reading-desk; doubtless it had been used by many of the territorial lords of Perivale before them. The old barrel-organ was placed on the north-west side of the building close to the vestry, and in front of it was the seat of the worthy old clerk and sexton, Richard Cain. The church was then supposed to contain a maximum of sixty persons.

"Nothing," says Mr. Farthing, in his notes in 1845, "comes amiss to Cain, the old sexton—farming, cattle doctoring, rick-making, thatching, gardening, making rustic ornaments, carpentering, building, grave-digging, brewing (and drinking the beer afterwards), and a hundred other occupations he was equally clever at;" but there is one thing he could not do, *i.e.*, sing psalms, although he could, "over a Christmas fire, with the yule log burning cheerily, strike up many a song and roundelay. He would have made a capital settler in the backwoods, and in time would doubtless have become rich; but fate fixed his abode at Perivale: here was he born, and many generations of Cains before him, and here in all probability he will be buried when old 'Edax rerum' thinks proper to mow him down with his scythe, and then another sexton shall do that for poor Richard which he, in his day, hath done for so many who have gone before him."

"There is nothing of the sycophant about him: he looks you boldly and steadily in the face when he speaks, and there is a sly twinkle in his clear blue eye which clearly indicates that he considers himself as good as you, although not so well off in the world." He cracked his little jokes with the Bishop when the latter on one occasion visited the church. Nor was the good Bishop at all displeased with him, "for there was never the appearance of impertinence, much less incivility, about him, but on the contrary he rewarded him with a gratuity which made the old man very proud, as other parish clerks were not treated in the same manner." There is "simply a downright honest John Bullism about old Cain"; and when, "after a hard day's toil, he bids you a cheerful 'Good night,' and seeks his tumbledown cot, you feel assured there is one happy and contented man" at any rate in the world.

But, with all his good qualities, Cain could not sing the Church music, and as the difficulties created thereby were partly the cause of the introduction of the old barrel-organ, it is as well to give an account of the way the obstacles arose and were overcome in the writer's own words. "I was much shocked and scandalised by the miserable manner in which the Psalmody was burlesqued; without taste, voice, or ear, poor Cain, the clerk, grunted forth the most dolorous and unearthly sounds. It was really a penance to the serious portion of the congregation, and a matter of unseemly mirth to the more thoughtless when he ruthlessly murdered the poetry of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, who had been previously martyred by Dr. Brady and his laureated coadjutor.

> 'Tate and the doctor had great qualms
> When they translated David's psalms.
> But had it been poor David's fate
> To hear Cain sing and them translate,
> I am sure it would have driven him mad'—

Cain's cacophony "proving intolerable," "I at first thought of procuring a similar instrument to the one at the church at Twyford" (an Eolina), but as there might be difficulty in getting any one to play it, it was determined, if possible, "to procure a barrel-organ, which any one could play upon." Ultimately "one was procured which contained twenty psalm tunes, and, with this to help, we reopened the church in fine style," the writer of the "Pictures of Perivale" acting as leader; but, alas! to his dismay, no one but old Cain attempted to

sing, and the latter and the former together made such a discord, as, he says, made him heartily wish Cain, "the instrument, and myself anywhere but in Perivale Church." Having ultimately got a little choir together, things promised to go well, but the old clerk was not to be disposed of so easily; for he "was determined to lead, or, rather, mislead, and the obstinate fellow, who croaked like a frog in a marsh, persisted in singing, as he called it." The two or three ladies who helped gave up their self-imposed task in disgust. There would have probably been a reversion to the old style of music but for the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Farthing, who subsequently added ten new tunes to the instrument, prevailing on old Cain at the same time "to give up his unconscionable howling" on his being duly installed as "organist," or grinder to the barrel-organ.

The person who had for many years about this period officiated at the organ in this manner. and whose services it was considered desirable to replace by those of Cain, in the hope that he would be content therewith, and not again join in the vocal music, was one Thomas Hope, a curious character. He was an old man and very poor, but still the owner of three or four hovels he had built just outside the parish on the western side of Horsendon Hill. They were let for the modest rent of 1s. or 1s. 6d. a week to people as poor as himself. Hope was a "good landlord" in one sense: he received very little rent, and never enforced his claims, and even ground the organ gratuitously. Although not a parishioner, his name is identified with Perivale as one of its institutions in the early part of this century. The old man was, in fact, the means of communication to some extent between the hamlet and the outer world; he was entrusted with commissions to execute in the adjacent towns. Ealing being then but a small village, and the commodities required not being generally obtainable there, he was often dispatched to Brentford to purchase such articles as were needed.

The peculiar feature in Hope's character was his passion for standing sponsor to the children born in the neighbourhood of Perivale. It is said "he stood" for more than five hundred children, and was present as a spectator at twice that number of baptismal ceremonies. It is not surprising that "his memory is still green around Perivale," and it is likely to remain so.

The old man's attention was not, however, only devoted to the occasions of responsibility associated with the entrance into this mysterious world: he had an equal enthusiasm for attending funerals. For this purpose he would walk many miles, and it is said he always stayed until the graves were filled up; in fact, he rivalled old Machyn, in Henry VIII.'s reign (who left us his diary), in his desire to be present on such occasions, with this difference: the latter bestowed his attention on the "exit" of important people, whereas old Hope was present at the obsequies of the rich and poor alike, and left no record.

As for Cain, the worthy old sexton and clerk, more fortunate than Hope, has he not been immortalized in verse by the poet of Perivale before mentioned? The following stanzas are from the—

ODE TO RICHARD CAIN.

"Near Perivale: hard by the worn highway,
Close to the winding Brent his hovel stands,
The roof and walls are crumbling to decay,
Save where repaired by his own toil-worn hands;
Observe the crazy hut, ye passers by!
And pity the poor man who lives so wretchedly.

* * * * *

"The various phases of the moon he knows,
And whence her orb derives her silver sheen,
From what strange cause the winding Brent o'erflows,
By which the meads so oft have flooded been:
Recounts what comets have appear'd of old,
Portending want and woe and miseries manifold.

* * * * *

"A goodly sight I wot it is to view,
Cain as the Parish Clerk on Sabbath day,
Seated beneath the organ in his pew,
Or kneeling down with lifted hands to pray:
As ever and anon, at close of prayer,
He shouteth out *a—men* with solemn air.

"Such times an ancient suit of black he wears,
Which from the Rector's wardrobe did descend;
Love to his clerk the worthy Parson bears,
Pities his griefs and wishes to befriend:
But what, alas, can our incumbent do,
Blest with a wife and sons and daughters too!

* * * * *

"His youthful feats with honest pride he told,
In rural sports what honours he had won;
How on the green he threw the wrestler bold,
How far he leapt; and oh, how swift he ran;
Then with a sigh he fondly gave due praise
To rivals now no more and friends of former days;

"At length concluding with reflection deep:
Alas! of life few comforts now remain,
Of what I was, I but the shadow keep,
Worn down by labour, penury and pain.
Yet let me not arraign just Heaven's decree,
The lot of Human-kind, as man belongs to me."

The minute-book of the vestry from 1812 to 1851 was evidently commenced under the direction of the rector, the Rev. James F. Lateward, and, like the register, begun with such care by the Rev. R.

Mills, the rector in 1719, was apparently a new departure, an attempt to proceed in a legal and proper manner in recording the events of the church and parish.

The first resolution of the vestry in 1812 referred to the purchase of a new Prayer Book, the one in use "being so torn as to be incapable of being repaired;" the second was to bring the Grand Junction Canal Company, which had "not been regularly rated to the parish rates" within the area of assessment, and forthwith to levy rates upon it, and then to resolve "that, as William Trustrum, junr., will have performed the office of Parish Clerk for nine years at Easter next, and has received no salary for such office, it is ordered that he be paid out of the parish rates at the rate of £2 12s. 6d. per annum for the said nine years." It is probable that Trustrum would not have been so patient in regard to his increasing claim if "the principal inhabitants" (an expression often used) had met oftener in vestry and proceeded to levy rates. When they did meet, however, they acted vigorously, and ordered that a rate be made at 2s. 8d. in the pound on the Grand Junction Canal Company from 1810 to 1811, and another rate on the "inhabitants" for overseers' expenses between 1811 and 1812 at 1s. 7d. in the pound. They purchased an iron chest to contain the new register books, and ordered "that the roof of *Perrivale* Church be forthwith repaired at the expense of the parish, and that Joseph Hopgood, pauper, be allowed seven shillings a week at the expense of the parish." In 1814 there is a curious entry—"that Mr. Westmore, senior, having consented to do and finish at his own expense the repairing and mending of the road leading from Apperton to Perrivale *in Marbone Hills*, the said proposal and offer be accepted and agreed to by Mr. Barnjum and Mr. Amer."

In 1817 it was resolved to allow Mr. Barnjum out of the poor rate made in 1814, and out of and from "the two following rates made and assessed in 1817, one pound each." What service he rendered for this munificent payment is not stated, but there are reasons for believing that he was then the representative of law and order, and had performed the duties of parish constable.

Emboldened by the satisfaction which these Acts appear to have given to "the inhabitants," a vestry was held in 1817 for the purpose of nominating and making a list of substantial householders, or "such

persons as shall be resident in this parish, for the purpose and choice of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the serving the office of Surveyor of the High Ways of this parish for the year ensuing."

The minute is signed by the churchwarden, the overseer, and two inhabitants—two signatures, the others by their marks. There is no evidence that the "surveyor of highways" was then elected, though that officer was appointed two or three years subsequently.

It must not be supposed, however, that the Vestry of Perivale in 1818 was without power (unless, indeed, it was illegally assumed). At a meeting held in that year, at which the two overseers, the churchwarden, and one "inhabitant" were present, they resolved and agreed "that James Curtis do pay into the hands of the churchwardens and overseers fifteen pounds for and towards the relief and support of his illegitimate child."

In 1820 William Rolph was appointed constable, at £2 2s. per annum; and at a subsequent meeting a proposal from the rector that "Hazard's salary (parish clerk) was or further should be increased was negatived by the undermentioned meeting." All the farmers, which is nearly synonymous with the ratepayers, numbering five, attended this meeting with the rector. Hazard was then being paid at the rate of £2 12s. 6d. per annum.

For a considerable time one churchwarden sufficed, but in 1824, and for some years afterwards, two were appointed. The overseer or overseers appear to have been chosen, and rates levied for the necessary relief of the poor, varying from 1s. to 3s. in the pound, and a church rate irregularly, up to 1832, when a blank occurs, and there is no recorded meeting until 1836, when the churchwarden, William Hierons, and two inhabitants attended, and appointed a churchwarden and a constable.

In 1826 there appears to have been a serious dispute in Perivale about money matters. Barnjum, one of the principal inhabitants, had called in the good offices of the rector, who, as he says, "was always anxious to promote at all times good will and friendship among his parishioners." Mr. Barnjum "expressed his desire to settle his accounts of money with those parishioners of Perivale who had claims on him, provided a certain sum which was due to him was paid;" but the vestry seems to have had no effect, Mr. Barnjum

"being altogether at variance with that desire for reconciliation, this disposition being manifested in perverse and most unfounded objection to the accounts of rates, &c., delivered to him as due by the overseers;" and "by an evident determination on his part to avoid payment of the said rates." He had also omitted to pay his tithe when called on to do so by the churchwardens. How this serious business was settled the record sayeth not, but it is evident it was settled in some way. It appears that at this time "the services of Mr. Hawkins as 'vestry clerk' had for a considerable time been devoted with great fidelity to the parish without remuneration, so the sum of five pounds was named by Mr. Barnjum, and agreed to be given to him out of the next poor rate," as a gratuity.

As in the great world so in the small world of Perivale, the inhabitants had their rise and fall in fortune. Mr. John Westmore, farmer, who had served the office of overseer and churchwarden, and who, in other ways, appears to have been "a prominent citizen," must have suffered a reverse in his career, as, in 1831, a vestry is called to consider "what it was competent to be allowed him; it was agreed that the sum of 8s. per week was sufficient for the maintenance of Mr. and Mrs. Westmore; and it was also the wish of the said inhabitants that the daughters of Mrs. Westmore should not reside with them." What will strike the ordinary reader in perusing these proceedings, is the independent action of the Perivale vestry. There is no suggestion of any reference to any central authority, such as the Board of Guardians, up to this date. Presumedly that body did not exist, and the social amenities of the Board at Brentford had not come into action.

It is evident from the minutes of the vestry that the rector had some difficulty in getting a church rate voted for "the repairs and other expenses of the church." One was passed of 3d. in the pound in 1830, "to defray church fees and expenses," as well as 1s. in the pound in 1830 and 1831, "for the immediate and necessary relief of the poor and other purposes mentioned by the several Acts;" but though there was the average attendance of three or four people in the latter meetings when the poor rates were voted, there seems to have been no enthusiasm displayed in favour of the church, to say the least, when the rate for defraying the church fees

and expenses were considered, as it appears, the meeting was attended only by a gentleman who united in his own person the offices of churchwarden and overseer, and by another person who describes himself as "an inhabitant," and who subsequently was appointed "constable," perhaps for his meritorious attendances at the vestry meetings. A few years later, and the said churchwarden and overseer offered to fulfil the office of constable, and "as a constable was required," his offer was agreed to.

It is evident from the minutes that in 1836, after the lapse of four years, during which no vestry meetings are recorded, the church had been neglected, and that the Rural Dean had found it necessary to interfere. In August a meeting was held, "when, after much conversation and friendly advice given to his parishioners by the incumbent, in urging them to comply with the orders of the Rural Dean respecting the repairs and fittings of the church, as settled between the Rural Dean and the churchwarden, it was resolved by vote, in addition to the said repairs and fittings ordered at the last meeting," held three weeks earlier—"That the tower of the church, which had been painted once over, should be painted once again, the rector not having been able to carry into effect the order of the Rural Dean that the whole of it should be painted three times, and even a minority of the vestry having dissented to its being re-painted." The other resolutions refer to other reparations; but they are modified in an economical sense, and not in accordance with the orders of the Dean. Among the resolutions there is one "that a new surplice be ordered, that the old Prayer Book be re-paired for the clerk, and that, instead of a new Bible and Prayer Book for the reading-desk, the churchwarden be directed to procure a *second-hand Bible and Prayer Book* (if he should be able to do so) suitable for the purpose."

The sixth resolution put at this meeting is a remarkable one: "That a font with a lid for christenings be *not* ordered, on the score that, in point of fact, *there are no christenings for parishioners* of Perivale, *nor likely to be any.* On this consideration the rector [as he writes pathetically] was unable to procure the assent of any one of his parishioners to the order for the font."

The old font which is now in the church, and which bears on the

cover the inscription, "The Gift of Simon Coston, Gent, 1665," was subsequently found hidden away among rubbish which had accumulated. In 1861 there was such a collection, filling the little vestry under the tower. It is evident that at this time there was no proper font in use in the church.

The 8d. in the pound for church repairs then levied appears to have been calculated to produce £24 10s., arising from a gross rental of £755. This was not obtained without great difficulty, as the farmer (Mr. Hierons) assessed at the highest amount (£200 per annum) repeatedly refused to bear his portion of the rate, and left the vestry (held in December, 1836). Under these circumstances the rector found it impracticable to give effect to the assent of the parishioners for a Prayer Book for the clerk, new surplice, &c. "It was, however, determined that the churchwarden should give immediate orders for the repair of the tower, shattered by the late winds," and the order for the collection of the rate was confirmed.

In March, 1837, the largest ratepayer referred to still persisting in his determination not to pay the £6 13s. 4d. due from him, a considerable deficit arose, and the churchwarden was threatened with legal proceedings to enforce the payment of certain bills; but at the vestry, called in consequence, only the rector, the churchwarden, and John Hobbs, "an inhabitant rated at £10," attended. At this meeting, on the proposal of the rector, seconded by the aforesaid Hobbs, Mr. Smith was appointed "churchwarden of the parish, overseer, and guardian of the poor for the year ensuing."

In 1839, when another church rate of 5d. in the pound was made, to cover the deficit which still continued, and other expenses, the rental of the lands in Perivale had increased collectively to £1,136 10s.; and in 1849 to £1,152. The disbursements from the church rate are henceforth carefully set forth, and a rate of two or threepence annually seems generally to have sufficed. The minute-book, and, in fact, the whole management of the church, &c., bears distinct evidence of great improvement since Mr. John Farthing became churchwarden in 1846.

CHAPTER XI.

"A lonely stream that sobs along,
Like a child that has lost his way,
Making its moan in the heartless hills
That imprison it night and day."

The river Brent, which forms such a picturesque feature in the country around Perivale, is the result of streams rising in the districts of Hendon, Finchley, and Hampstead. After passing through Kingsbury, where, by artificial means, it has been converted into a lake or reservoir, and past Willesden and Twyford to Perivale, it turns south and enters the Thames at Brentford.

The subsoil of the whole of this part of Middlesex is London clay, except the tops of the higher hills, where, as on Harrow Hill, a capping of Bagshot sand and gravel occurs, as part of the continuous Tertiary strata beneath, and a remnant of the vast thickness of the same beds which in Tertiary times covered the whole of Middlesex, long before there was even a beginning to the present sculpture of the surface into hill and dale. On the lesser hills, rising from 150 to over 200 feet, which border the valley, another formation occurs—it is of Quaternary Age, which succeeded the Tertiary, and on the summits, as well as clothing some of the higher slopes of "the Mount," Hanger Hill, &c., are deposits, the relics of that period of great cold when much of the British Isles was covered deep in ice or frozen snow called nêvé, the result in great part of the vast outpouring of the glaciers, which, emanating from the mountains of Scotland, Cumberland, and Wales in confluent flow, overspread the land.

They are of the highest interest to the geologist, since the incoming of man into this country is associated with this epoch, which has been fitly called the Glacial Period.

Upon the summit of "the Mount," which, with Hanger Hill, &c., forms a ridge dividing the Brent Valley from that of the Thames, there was found, when the reservoirs there were made, deposits which appear to have been formed in a lake at that high level before the Brent Valley had been eroded. The silty laminated beds of the lacustrine

deposits contained deep furrows filled with gravel and clayey matter. Under these furrows the stratified beds were twisted and contorted, as if from the pressure of masses of ice which in melting deposited the stones. Some very large masses of sarsen stone or greywether, one of which has been preserved there, were found in the excavations, while all over the surface of the land small boulders of rock were discovered, which had been transported by ice from the north of England, Wales, and even probably from Scotland, all pointing to the severe climatic conditions which prevailed ere the present valleys were formed. Similar deposits occur at Finchley and other places north of Perivale, and such lakes are often formed in the morainic matter or bounded by the ice itself, as the nêvé, or icecap, recedes in countries where an arctic climate now prevails.

The gravel which the Brent deposits along its course is composed of much-rolled and other pebbles, derived from the hills to the north of the county, and they are found at all levels up to fifty feet in the valley; they mark the depth to which the valley had been eroded at different times in the past. There is also evidence all along the valley of the river having changed its channel many times in the course of its history, for our little river behaves exactly as great rivers are found to do when they flow through a flat valley. In time of flood it has often made short cuts across instead of following its old bends and curves, besides continually cutting back its old banks in some places. The ancient channels are now often marked by old pollard oaks, some of which date back to the time when the poor were allowed to cut them for fuel when coal was very scarce, while an absence of trees on the margin in other places where the river now flows, shows the course of its later vagaries. Such is a brief outline of the geology and physiography of the Brent Valley.

A few words about the humbler denizens and temporary sojourners in Perivale and the Brent Valley and our story is told. What history of a rural hamlet is complete which does not tell us something about the birds which frequent it?

Have they not their favourite home on the banks of our pretty Brent? their haunts among the trees, hedgerows, and meadows about Perivale? Let the jaded and anxious City man accompany a friend who is familiar with the notes, habits, and haunts of birds in a few rambles in that secluded country in spring and summer, and the

revelation of a new world will be made to him. He will find, as White of Selborne says, "that the winged tribes have various sounds and voices adapted to express their various passions, wants, and feelings, such as anger, fear, love, hatred, hunger, and the like. All species are not equally eloquent; some are copious and fluent, as it were, in their utterances, while others are confined to a few important sounds. No bird, like fish-kind, is quite mute, though some are rather silent." It requires a keen eye, a quick ear, and a habit of observation to really obtain an insight into the bird world, but, like every other part of Nature's stupendous whole, wherein a connection and continuity exists between the infinitely great and the infinitely small, the subject is of the highest interest.

"Our River" is the favourite home of the yellow-and-pied wagtail, and the grey or winter wagtail may occasionally be seen there too; so also the sedge-warbler.

The gem-like kingfisher, who makes amends for his lack of song by his brilliant plumage, may sometimes be observed to dart across its rippling waters, perhaps guided by hereditary instinct to visit the resort of its ancestors, when fish were more abundant in the Brent than they now are. As to fish, it must be admitted that there is not much to tempt the angler there at present. Still perch, roach, and chub are not altogether absent from it, nor the pike either: all have been caught here within recent years. There is even a tradition that within the last fifty summers a trout has been seen in the little river.

At any rate the followers of old Isaac Walton may still be found on the banks, credulous and hopeful to the last!

Among the migratory birds the high-wheeling swifts and the lower-flying swallows can be found hovering over the water in search of the beautiful dragon-flies and other insects which abound there.

The hard-billed seed-feeding black-headed bunting breeds on its banks, and its close relative, the yellowhammer, plaintively makes its demand seemingly for "a little piece of bread and no cheese," with that delightful cadence at the end which caused us as schoolboys to give this interpretation to its song. The common bunting, the largest of its kind, is often seen. The linnet, with its beautiful rose tints, which are not given to it all at once, but require at least two years to come to perfection, may be occasionally heard, while blackbirds and thrushes are common and add to the melody which, in due

season, pervades the air. The lovely goldfinch, too, though now becoming rare, is heard, and also the bullfinch, decked in brilliant colours of red, lavender, and black, accompanied by his sober mate dressed in black and brown tints, are amongst the songsters which frequent the vale. But the chaffinch is at present the special prize of the Whitechapel birdcatcher, who unhappily may be seen on almost any day in spring and summer (more especially on Sunday) with his covered cage and lure birds—their eyes sometimes burnt out, poor wretches—a sight which causes a shudder to anyone who is not destitute of feeling.

The migratory pipits or pipit larks, both the tree and meadow species, are more or less common ; the former arrives and commences his pretty song about the end of April ; the rock pipit has been caught at Harrow. The whin chat and stone chat are abundant. The reed-warbler breeds at Perivale, and the sedge-warbler, as already mentioned, may occasionally be observed near the Brent ; a nest of the grasshopper warbler has been recorded as found at Harrow, though some years ago.

The greater and lesser white-throats are abundant, and the garden warblers moderately so, in the neighbourhood. A common summer visitor is the willow wren, and the golden-crested wren. The latter, the smallest of our English birds, whose note is as minute as its body, is not unfrequently met with, as he is a hardy little bird and braves our severest winter. The bottle-shaped nest of the long-tailed tit has been found in the Brent Valley, and the grey, blue, and coal tits are frequently seen.

The nightjar is said to be not uncommon between Perivale and Harrow, and the plover or peewit, sometimes called the lapwing, has been observed on Greenford Marsh, as usual feigning to be wounded when near its nest to distract attention from its home ; while in winter its congener, the golden plover, driven by the snow from its usual haunts, has found a temporary abode in the Brent valley. Common as he is, the robin should not be forgotten, for he is faithful and abides with us all the year round, and finds some old outbuilding in which to make himself a home—

> "And when rude winter comes and shows
> His icicles and shivering snows,
> Hop o'er my cheerful hearth and be
> One of my peaceful family."

The nutthatch has been seen, so too the redstart, and it is pleasant to hear in the vale the melodious warble of the blackcap. The most mute and the latest of our summer visitors, the flycatcher, may be observed darting from some branch upon its prey—catching the fly in the air, and then returning to its post of observation to await the approach of another victim. The teal has been noticed at Apperton, in the Brent Valley, as well as at Harrow; and large flocks of starlings may be often seen feeding in the meadows, not too greedy and perhaps too politic to attempt to interfere with the rooks and jackdaws who share their repast, thus preserving the grass from the injury which would follow the too great abundance of insect life.

The lark is always singing in the valley.

> "Higher still and higher
> From the earth thou springest
> Like a cloud of fire;
> The blue deep thou wingest
> And singing still does soar, and soaring ever singest."

The green woodpecker, or yaffle, as it is commonly called, may startle the pedestrian with its loud laugh; and the cuckoo, "herald of springtime," preceded by the wryneck, lingers through all the changes in his cry in the Valley: that ungrateful bird of whom the Fool in "Lear" bitterly says:—

> "The hedgesparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
> That it had its head bit off by its young."

The heron may be sometimes seen, with languid flight, compelled like the kingfisher to visit its old fishing haunts. The kestrel appears at times hovering in the air, seemingly almost without motion. As for the other hawks, the sparrow-hawk is rare, and a merlin was shot near the Stone Bridge on the Greenford Road in 1861.

In the evening, and all night long in early summer, the landrail's harsh note may be heard amidst the long grass, now sounding so near and then so far; and a spotted crake was shot near Perivale some years since. Fair Philomel has not forsaken the vale yet, and still softens the heart with her tender, mellow notes.

> "Sweet bird, that shunnest the noise of folly—
> Most musical, most melancholy"—

as Milton wrote in "Il Penseroso," a poem perhaps composed when

he lived not very far away in a village in the adjoining county (Chalfont). The snipe has been shot in the neighbourhood, and the woodcock has fallen in recent years to the gun of the sportsman; so also the moorhen with its dusky brood.

The barn owl may occasionally be noticed in noiseless flight over the meadows, and the tawny owl heard hooting from some old tree. Scott says:—

> "The lark is but a bumpkin fowl,
> He sleeps in his nest till morn,
> But my blessing upon the Jolly Owl,
> That all night blows his horn."

The ornithologist may once in a way come across the larder of the shrike or butcher-bird, containing his impaled victims, and the bittern has been known to startle the Cockney sportsman with its great size amidst the smaller game of which he is in search.

The snipe (the jack snipe, it is said), as well as the larger species, makes its appearance every year from October to March, and is occasionally shot by the farmers. Stuffed specimens of the former are preserved at Manor Farm. The low bleat of the partridge was unexpectedly heard lately, but at the early part of this century there was a considerable amount of game in Perivale, and a gamekeeper was in the service of the Lord of the Manor to look after it.

There are delightful little nooks along the Brent in the vicinity of Perivale—places where the white scented water-lily grows luxuriously and the banks are decked with "long purples" (Losestrife) and a profusion of other wild flowers, secluded amongst the scented hawthorns, blackthorns, wild roses, and other low-growing trees, with bryony intertwined; here and there the gnarled trunk of a venerable pollard oak is in the view as the stream flows against its root or a larger tree has fallen from the same cause across it. In many parts an artist may find "bits" which it would be difficult to match for quiet beauty; hours may be passed there in summer time—if the riflemen are not practising at the butts and destroying the harmony and repose of the scene—listening to the low hum of Nature purring over her endless work of transmutation, when the silence is only broken by the lowing of the kine and the confused melody of birds and the buzz of insects combined with the gentle ripple of the river, or suddenly by the low splash of the so-called water rat, which is, however, not a rat at all, but the water-vole, a little creature allied to the beaver family.

The meadows, particularly those north of the canal, are generally rich in cowslips, but primroses are getting scarce, while the little adder's-tongue fern, which formerly was found near the hamlet of Perivale, has fallen a prey to the itinerant fern-vendor and has become extinct in recent years.

The woods on the canal and on Horsendon Hill—diminished as the latter has been during the past ten years, until but a poor remnant of them is left—still remind us of the spring as the season comes round by the tender blue wild hyacinths and the anemones, or "wind flowers," which grow there and in other places.

There are in the valley many plants which are not common near London, including the sweet-scented rush, with which our less luxurious forefathers did not disdain to cover their floors in lieu of carpets and often slept upon. A manuscript in the British Museum enumerates certain festival days on which the choir of a church was strewn with rushes, hay, sand, and ivy leaves. It was also formerly the practice to celebrate the consecration of a church or the anniversary of the saint to whom it was dedicated by carrying garlands of rushes and flowers in procession to the church door.* The little church at Perivale, whose dedicatory saint is unknown now, was probably the scene of many occurrences of the same custom.

Shakespeare says :—

"Upon the wanton rushes lay you down."

The custom of annually strewing rushes in churches was in vogue as late as 1827 at Grasmere, Westmoreland. Hone gives an interesting description of it as related by a tourist, and says Wordsworth took great interest in the ceremony.†

The rush-bearing procession took place in the evening, the children having been occupied some time before in gathering them and in preparing garlands of wild flowers. "The procession over, the party adjourned to the ballroom—a hayloft—where the country lads and lasses tripped it merrily *and heavily*, he who could make the most noise being considered the best dancer."

The scented rush is found abundantly on the banks of the canal, with its neighbour, the flowering rush—high above the forget-me-nots, "skull cap," and other luxuriant growing plants, the white masses of

* Britton's "Dictionary of Architecture and Archæology of the Middle Ages."
† "Table Book," vol. ii., p. 678.

the "water bedstraw" being often conspicuous. The pretty "arrow-head" grows well on the banks of the Brent, and so also does the common water-lily. The "weasel-snout" is found more rarely, but the "dog mercury," not met with in many places so near London, may be gathered here, and so too the yellow nettle, though it is fast disappearing.

In springtime the fields are decked with the cuckoo-flower, the lady-smocks, which Shakespeare has immortalised in the lines :—

> "When daisies pied, and violets blue,
> And lady-smocks all silver white,
> And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
> Do paint the meadows with delight."

This chapter is best concluded with the beautiful picture of a sunset at Perivale, extracted from Mr. Farthing's MSS. :—

"Observe the flowers are silently folding up their leaves; and the bees, laden with the luscious spoils of many a far-off meadow, are wending homewards with a drowsy hum. Above the tall old elms wheel flights of dusky rooks—the feathered clergy of our childhood's fancy. Masses of shadow sleep upon the sward beneath, checkered at intervals with patches of green and yellow light—Nature's rich fresco, over which the sheep roam to and fro with almost noiseless footfalls. Daylight is wavering, and a pale thin haze creeps stealthily along the vale, covering the little river with a delicate filmy curtain; but a glowing light is still poured out upon the uplands towards the east and on the iron cross of the church's tower.

"Now look to the west! See how gloriously the sun goes down, with all his magnificent retinue of gorgeous clouds—purple and gold, ruby and amethyst, turquoise and pearl! The dark dank veins of Mother Earth can veil no colours half so radiant as those the face of heaven puts on at sunrise and sunset; and now the Day-god dips lower and lower; then, hovering like a glory above the crest of one dark tree, lingers, and sinking disappears.

"How deep is now the solemn, intense and unbroken silence! The breeze has sunk, not a leaf stirs, not a songbird's note comes floating through the air! There is a suspension, as it were, of Nature's pulse, as though the loss of light had awed each woodland warbler and made even inanimate things acknowledge its solemnizing power!

"But hark! listen to that low prelusive song from yonder thicket. It grows and strengthens until it mounts and swells into a full rich liquid strain, sinking and soaring and quivering until the air is literally impregnated with melody, bird answering bird, nightingale uttering sweet music to nightingale, a perfect choral evening hymn of praise when the day is departing and the earth is still! But even now, just where the sun went down, the sky still wears some reliquary glory, some traces of its yet scarcely departed grandeur. There are gleams of vivid, silent, innocuous lightning, and sudden openings in the rifted clouds, which one might well believe to be glimpses of the heaven beyond, caught momentarily while its refulgent gates unclosed to welcome in some wandering angel or bright intelligence. This, too, departs, and one by one, trembling and glittering, the sparkling stars appear. The hills deepen in their colour; the misty haze expands and thickens as it spreads. Objects remote mingle and blend confusedly and the sky grows pale. The eye can scarcely distinguish between the solid hills of earth and those other piled-up heights whose broken summits vary in form with every varying current of the atmosphere. Lights twinkle in the windows of yonder house, and night, with its solemn silence and its shadows, settles down upon the darkened world."

CHAPTER XII.

"My childhood scarce had glided into youth
When my soul felt its secret depths, and drew
The forms of fancy into light and truth."
Lord Lytton ("The Tale of a Dreamer").

THE attraction which the winding Brent had for Lord Lytton, and the allusions made to it in some of the most touching episodes in his works, were explained when the "Life, Letters, and Literary Remains" of the great novelist, edited by his son, the present Lord Lytton, appeared in 1883. The cause of these references is there found in autobiographical notes found among his papers, revealing, though only in fragments, a "brief tale of true passion and great sorrow," the effect of which seems not only to have influenced his life but to be reflected in his writings.

After leaving Dr. Hooker's school at Rottingdean, Lord Lytton, then Lytton Bulwer, was placed in 1819, when he was sixteen years of age, in the small but very select school at Ealing kept by the Rev. Charles Wallington. The house "was a large, ancient, time-worn edifice, in which the lord of the manor, or other great man of the parish, might be supposed to have lived in the reign of William and Mary or Queen Anne."

The autobiographical record of 1820 says:—"The country around the village in which my good preceptor resided was rural enough for a place so near the metropolis. A walk of somewhat less than a mile, through lanes that were themselves retired and lonely, led to green sequestered meadows, through which the humble Brent crept along its snake-like way. O God, how palpably, even in hours the least friendly to remembrance, there rises before my eyes, when I close them, that singular dwarfed tree which overshadowed the little stream, throwing its boughs half-way to the opposite margin! I wonder if it still survives. I dare not revisit that spot. And there

we were wont to meet (poor children that we were!) thinking not of the world we had scarcely entered; dreaming not of fate and chance; reasoning not on what was to come; full only of our first-born, our ineffable, love. Along the quiet road between Ealing and Castlebar, the lodge gates stood (perhaps they are still standing) which led to the grounds of a villa once occupied by the Duke of Kent. To the right of those gates, as you approached them from the Common, was a path. Through two or three fields as undisturbed and lonely as if they lay in the heart of some solitary land far from any human neighbourhood, this path conducted to the banks of the little rivulet, overshadowed here and there by blossoming shrubs and crooked pollards of fantastic shape. Along that path once sped the happiest steps that ever bore a boy's heart to the object of its first innocent worship.

"She was one or two years older than I. She had the sweetest face, the gentlest temper ever given to girlhood. The sort of love we felt for each other I cannot describe. It was so unlike the love of grown-up people; so pure that not one wrong thought ever crossed it, and yet so passionate that never again have I felt, nor ever again can I feel, any emotion comparable to the intensity of its tumultuous tenderness.

"It was then summer. She did not live in the immediate neighbourhood of those pleasant fields which were our place of daily meeting; but though she was well born, very peculiar circumstances had created for her a liberty almost equal to my own. We were too much children, both of us, to talk in set phrase of marriage; but we believed, with our whole hearts and souls, that we were born for each other, and that nothing could ever separate us. And so we had no care for the future. That was the warmest and the brightest summer I ever knew in this country; I can remember nothing like it. The sky smiled and glowed on us as if it also were full of love. At the Duke's lodge the gardener used to sell fruit, so there, as I passed it, I made my purchases for our little feasts, and as I was always first upon the spot I spread them out on the grass, where the stream grew darker, under the boughs of that old dwarf tree. When I saw her at a distance, my heart beat so violently that I could not breathe without a painful effort; but the moment I heard her voice I was calm. That voice produced, throughout my whole frame, a strange

sensation of delicious repose; the whole universe seemed hushed by it into a holy stillness. Comparing what I felt then with all I have felt since, I cannot say it was real love. Perhaps not. I think it was something infinitely happier and less earthly. Till that time my spirits had been high and my constitutional gaiety almost turbulent, but when I sat beside her, or looked into her soft melancholy face, or when I thought of it in absence, the tears stood in my eyes, I knew not why. I am not sure that she was what others would call handsome. Often now I see faces that seem to me beautiful, and people smile at me when I say so. But looking close into my impression of them, I perceive it was a trait, a look, an air like hers that charmed me with them, and my only notion of beauty is something that resembles her. No one ever suspected our meetings, nor even, I believe, our acquaintanceship. I had no confidant in either of my companions; I was well with all but intimate with none. And the poor girl had no sister, no mother, no friend, I believe, but me. I think it was her desolate state, in its contrast to my own happy home, and ardent hopes and bright prospects, that first drew me to her. I never breathed her name to a human being. How thankful I am for my silence! Sweet saint! *your* name at least shall never be exposed to the deliberate malignity, the low ribaldry, that have so relentlessly assailed my own. If ever I fulfil the hopes I once cherished; if ever I outlive my foes and silence their atrocious slanders; if ever the time should come, when your memory will not be reviled because it is dear to me and sacred; when none are left to hate you for the love you gave me, and from those who will only have known you as its most sinless martyr, the tale of your long unrecorded sufferings may win, perhaps, tears softer and less bitter than my own! Never, if ever, but never till then, shall that tale be told.

"The last time we met was at evening, a little before sunset. I had walked to London in the morning to buy her a book which she had wished to read. I had not written my name on the title-page, but I said, half jealously, as I gave it to her, 'You will never lend it to any one—never give it away?'

"She shook her head and smiled sadly; and then after a little pause, she said, without answering my question, 'It will talk to me when you are gone.' So then for the first time we began to speak gravely of the future. But the more we discussed it the more dis-

quieted we became, and it ended with the old phrase, 'We shall meet to-morrow.'

"The sun had set and it was already dark. I could scarcely distinguish her features as I turned to depart. But when I had left the spot some little way behind me, looking back to it I could see that she was still standing there, so I turned and rejoined her. She was weeping. Yet she had *then* no knowledge of what was to happen, and she could not say why she wept. I was unable to comfort her, for I shared (though in a less degree) her own forebodings. But I covered her hands with my tears and kisses, till at last she drew them away from my grasp, placed them on my head as I half knelt before her, said in half-choked accents, 'God bless you!' and hurried away.

"It was my turn then to linger on the spot. I cried out, 'To-morrow, to-morrow, we shall meet as before!' My voice came back to me without an answer, and we never met again. Never, never! The next day she came not, nor the next; then I learned that she was gone. What had happened I cannot relate. Some months afterwards there came a letter—not from her. She was married. She whose heart, whose soul, whose every thought and feeling, all were mine to the last—she who never spared even a dream to another—lost, lost to me for ever!"

"It does not seem to have occurred to my father," says the biographer, "either at the time or afterwards, that the poor girl's dejection throughout the final meeting was caused by something much stronger than presentiment. The evasive reply to the request that she would never lend the book he gave her (a request which in her altered circumstances she might have no power to fulfil), her lingering to weep on the spot where they had parted, and the sudden spasmodic effort with which she tore herself away from her lover's ebullitions of feeling—all indicate plainly that she was consciously bidding him a last farewell. Their interviews had probably become known to the father, and he must have peremptorily interfered to put an end to an apparently hopeless attachment. The sequel is told in outline. She was forced into a marriage against which her heart protested. For three years she strove to smother the love which consumed her; and when she sank under the conflict, and death was about to release her from the obligations of marriage and life itself, she wrote a letter

to my father with her dying hand informing him of the suffering through which she had passed, and of her unconquerable devotion to him, intimating a wish that he should visit her grave." Of his pilgrimage to that spot (somewhere in the neighbourhood of Ullswater) in the summer of 1824, the great idealist has left an autobiographical note, from which the following is abstracted :—

"I had one object in this tour far beyond any thought of pleasure and adventure. There was a spot amidst these districts which I had long yearned to visit, with such devout and holy passion as may draw the Arab to the tomb of the Prophet; a spot in which that wild and sorrowful romance of my boyhood which had so influenced my youth lay buried for evermore. And until I had knelt alone and at night, beneath the stars at that shrine, I felt that my life could never be exorcised from the ghost that haunted it—that my heart could never again admit the love of woman, nor my mind calmly participate in the active objects of men. I performed that pilgrimage: what I suffered in one long solitary night I will not say. At dawn I turned from the place as if rebaptised or reborn. I recovered the healthful tone of my mind; and the stage of experience and feeling through which my young life had passed contributed largely to render me whatever I have since become."

There is a fervid Byronic tone and feeling about this story which finds expression also in his poem of "The Tale of a Dreamer." It may seem to some minds, who lack the poetic instinct, unreal or at least exaggerated; they can only realise in thought their own experience, and as such an episode of simple innocent love may never have occurred to them, they may be disposed to doubt its ever having happened to any one else. There are others who may read these pages who will not only believe this charming narration, but can, looking back through the vista of years, find in their own lives a similar, though not perhaps so striking, an incident of pure unalloyed love which has left its effect, and for good, in after years when the tempters to sensuality and evil encompassed them more closely.

At any rate, as the author of the "Life and Letters of Lord Lytton" has said, "out of that grave of buried hopes sprang a second life, partaking to the last of the source to which it owed its being, so when we turn from the love story in the early poem to the last of its author's finished works, we find in 'Kenelm Chillingly' the same

incidents and emotions, producing the same effects and culminating in the same elevating aims. The poem was composed within the opening gates of life; the prose romance under the hovering shadow of death." "Viola is the protoype of Lily. Her epitaph was written not in the summer of 1824, but in the winter of 1873." That epitaph may be epitomized into :—

> "I have known love, I have known sorrow.
> The dawn of that love was when standing
> On the green banks that shade Brent's humble flood,
> Musing o'er pleasures past and scenes to be."

The biographer describes the effect upon his father of his reading the manuscript of "Kenelm" to his wife and himself. It was New Year's Eve—the eve of the year of his father's death—"on which he finished the chapter describing Kenelm's sufferings above the grave of 'Lily.' He was profoundly dejected, listless, broken, and in his face there was the worn look of a man who had just passed through the last paroxysm of a passionate grief. We did not then know to what the incidents referred, and we wondered that the creations of his fancy should exercise such power over him. They were not creations of fancy, but the memories of fifty years past."

The banks of the Brent, near Perivale, forms the scene of one of the prettiest pictures in "My Novel," wherein frequent reference is made to it. It is when "Leonard and Helen, strolling forth from Ealing, towards the cool of the sunset, passed the grounds that once belonged to the Duke of Kent, on Castlebar Hill, as they wandered down to the Brent; there they sit, under the shade of a pollard tree that overhung the winding brook. He flung off his hat, tossed back his rich curls, and sprinkled his brow from the stream that eddied round the roots of the tree that bulged out bold and gnarled from the bank, and delved into the depths below. Helen quietly obeyed him, and nestled close to his side."

Amidst the lights and shadows of this mysterious life, such peaceful surroundings as the valley of the Brent are necessary at times to renew our conceptions of peace, absolute innocence and purity, "To walk with the breeze upon one's brow (as Gasparin has said), to trample the level grass exuberant with freshness, to climb upon the mountains; to follow through the meadows some thread of water gliding under rushes and water plants—I give you my word for it

there is happiness in this. At this contact with healthy and natural things, the follies of the world drop off as drop the dead leaves when the spring sap rises and the young leaves put forth. The pangs of the heart lose their vehemence; the great blue sky which reflects itself in the soul, gives it its own peace; the Divine goodness, pity and power wrap us round; it is a halt, as it were, upon the threshold of Paradise."

Such thoughts as these must have animated and freshened the fallen soul of John Burley, the wild literary Bohemian whom the author of "My Novel" has described as returning periodically to the banks of the Brent. There he fished for "the one-eyed perch," an allegory, in which is covertly contained the story of his wasted life and its cause.

"But it is that perch; for, harkye, sir, there is only one perch in the old brook. All the years I have fished here I have never caught another perch, and this solitary inmate of the watery element I know by sight better than I knew my lost father. For each time that I have raised it out of the water its profile has been turned towards me, and I have seen with a shudder that it had only one eye. It is a mysterious and most diabolical phenomenon, that perch. It has been the ruin of my prospects in life."

Who does not feel some pity for John Burley when he retired from the "moil and strife" of his ordinary life to Pittshanger Farm, which is just outside the boundary of the parish of Perivale, to recruit his moral strength and health in the peace and seclusion of the Brent valley? The character is painted by the idealist, but it is drawn from life, and we may well believe that the author intended to show that the good that was in John Burley was in part preserved by his wanderings there.

Was it not in the same neighbourhood, too, that Thomas Edwards, the "ingenious author" of the "Canons of Criticism," dwelt? The author of that work, famous in its day, spent much of his early life at Pittshanger Farm ere he removed to an estate he purchased in Buckinghamshire. Charles Dibden wrote some of his best songs at his house in Hanger Lane overlooking Perivale. Could they live so near and not enjoy the walks along the Brent valley?

Among the men of note who received part of their education at

the famous school kept by the Rev. Dr. Nicholas, called "Ealing Great School," now carried on by the Rev. John Chapman, were Sir Henry Rawlinson, Bishop Selwyn, Sir Henry Lawrence, and his brother Lord Lawrence, Charles Knight, W. M. Thackeray, Cardinal Newman, and his brother, Professor Francis William Newman, Richard Westmacott, the eminent sculptor, and Frederick Thesiger, afterwards Lord Chancellor (Chelmsford). We may be very sure they knew well the little church, hamlet, and fields along the river at Perivale in the course of their rambles when out of school; the face of that country is nearly unaltered, the old trees are still there, and the little stream flows on with the same murmurous melody "to join the brimming river"; there are the same sounds and scenes as when these eminent men, so distinguished afterwards in their several careers, wandered there in the freshness of youth. Fancy part of the boyhood of the Oriental scholar [the translator of the until then unread cuneiform inscriptions of ancient Nineveh], the pious bishop, the great soldier, and eminent statesman, the amiable and learned advocate of the old idea of a "*via media*" in the Church, the great humourist and author of "Vanity Fair," and the publisher who earned the title of "Good Knight"—passed amid these scenes! One wonders what the two brothers Newman, so antagonistic in their conclusions in after-life, were like when they rambled about the north of Ealing and the Brent valley, and particularly the boy who was to become one of the leaders in the great "Oxford Movement," as it was called, in conjunction with Keble and Pusey, a movement which gave birth to the memorable "Tracts for the Times," and resulted in the publication of the "Apologia," a book as much renowned for its logical power as is its author for his consistent action in view of his convictions. It was he who wrote the hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," which has united in one common prayer the followers of the high church, low church, and no church doctrines. Newman mentions his old school at Ealing in the "Apologia," and Charles Knight has said, in "Passages of a Working Life"—"My school life was real happiness."

There was another boy who went to school at Ealing who is equally well known for his honesty as for his ability. Happily his path has not led him into the domain of theology, but into the laborious but surer region of science. Professor Thomas Henry Huxley,* the eminent

* Beeton's "Modern Men and Women."

physiologist, formerly Hunterian Professor of Comparative Anatomy, &c., in the Royal College of Surgeons, President of the Royal Society, and the author of several important works which have added much to the sum of human knowledge, was born at Ealing, and went to school there, and we may be certain that Perivale and the Brent valley were the scenes of many of his boyish rambles.

The boy contains within him that which makes the man, and though it is but rarely that we know anything reliable of the early life of great men, still the scenes of their school days, the places they frequented, become classic ground. The recollection of the scenes and events of our school days are never quite forgotten. The river where we fished—whether successfully or otherwise, the nests we took, the birds we saw or caught, the meadows and country lanes we frequented, seem often so indelibly fixed in the memory that a sound, the sight of something seemingly unassociated with them, an odour even, is sufficient to bring the pictures back vividly to the mind. They are an essential part of the long gallery of the past, which, as O. Wendell Holmes says, "seems to need but one short process and the pictures are fixed for ever." This reverting to the surroundings of early life is especially the case in old age. One of the truest touches of Shakespeare is that of the roystering hero of many unseemly bouts—the poor dying Falstaff—"babbling of green fields" and playing with the flowers.

Not far away, for it is little more than half an hour's walk, is Fordhook, Ealing, the house where the great novelist and accomplished author, Henry Fielding, lived, and from which he departed for Lisbon, broken in health and vainly hoping to restore it in a warmer climate. On the 26th June, 1754, he says:—"On this the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun I was to take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doted," &c. As we know, he never returned to those he loved so well, and the walks around Fordhook, and among which Perivale would surely have been one, knew him no more.

Fordhook was for a while the residence of Lady Byron and the poet's daughter. "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart," was married there to Lord King, afterwards the Earl of Lovelace.

The Rev. Dr. Staughton, the eminent Nonconformist divine, the author of many works of great historical interest, &c., lived for some

years in Kent Gardens, overlooking the valley, and has confessed his fondness for rambles in Perivale.

These references to memorable persons who have lived on the borders of the Brent valley, and to whom its attractions must have been familiar, could be much amplified, but the laws regulating "space" forbid.

There is one allusion, however, which ought not to be omitted, though it relates to a person well known in his time in quite another way from any of those mentioned. Could it be otherwise than that Perivale and the Brent valley must have been "household words" on the lips of the famous old sportsman, Squire Osbaldiston, who lived in his later years on Castlebar Hill, and kept his hunters there? His name is not forgotten now among old sporting men, but in the first half of this century W. Harrison Ainsworth described him as the "Hercules of the sporting world," the "copper-bottomed squire," who in horsemanship and endurance he compares to Dick Turpin.*

In those days the stag-hounds often met in or near the parish of Perivale (they may be seen there, but more rarely, now), and there was some good sport to be had in the valley and its vicinity.

It is about forty years since the grand old sporting squire lived, whose well-mounted, handsome form, even in his declining years, might have been seen galloping across the fields; but his old residence remains. It was afterwards occupied, with the grounds around it, by Thomas Sparke Parry for thirty years, and known as Castlebar Lodge.

Since that tenancy expired, however, has come what Swinburne has called, "the fiery feet of change," and the premises have become the prey of the builder, and "genteel villas" have partly enclosed the quaint, old, gabled country-house which old Squire Osbaldiston called his own.

Lastly, but the most exalted in rank, and associated with our loyal sympathy, for he was the father of our Queen, his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent lived for some years on Castlebar Hill in a mansion which overlooked the Brent valley. His residence occupied the site on which Kent House now stands, and some of the windows commanded beautiful views of Perivale, Harrow, &c.

This chapter will not, however, be complete without a reference to

* "Rookwood."

Mr. John Farthing, the author of the manuscript notes, poems, and sketches entitled "Pictures of Perivale," which have been placed in the writer's hands by his widow, a niece of the late Sir Henry Smart, the well-known composer of music. He was a gentleman of good family, settled at Milverton, Somersetshire, and at one time a man of comfortable means. He came to reside at Perivale in 1845, occupying the old Rectory, which he partly restored, and afterwards Perivale Grange, now called Grange Farm. At that time the church was, as he says, the meanest abode in the parish, with a congregation of six or seven persons; in fact, it was the general opinion among the inhabitants that the sooner it fell down the better. The Rector does not appear at this period to have done much to improve it, nor his relative, the Lord of the Manor. Mr. Farthing, however, did all he could to make the little church worthy of its object. The complete seclusion of the place charmed him. Imbued with a strong love of nature and deep reverence for its Almighty Author, he and his sisters, who resided with him before his second marriage, appear to have found amid its peaceful scenes a welcome retreat from the turmoil and anxieties of life.

"Having," as he says, "plenty of leisure, I amused myself from time to time in gleaning from old authors and the memories of aged persons residing in the vicinity all the particulars I could collect relating to the place."

It is evident, however, he had not access to many old books and documents, and the chief merit of his MSS. relates to the information current at his time and then passing into oblivion.

If his knowledge of the early history of Perivale, derived from old records, was small as compared with the information since obtained, the reader of his notes is compensated by the information he has given us in other respects, and also by the vivid and beautiful pictures he has drawn showing the aspects of nature about Perivale. The legends have no doubt been amplified from some ideas or traditions then extant, but they are expressed in a pleasing style. His descriptions of Perivale, and of the natural beauties of the country about, are written in poetic prose, and in verse parts of which are on a level with our minor poets, although (particularly the religious poetry) the lyre is sometimes touched with too saddened a hand.

We may fitly conclude these "Chronicles of Greenford Parva" with some of his verses.

QUATRAINS TO PERI-VALE.

Sweet Vale, embosomed in these gentle hills!
Ye meads, just seen thro' yonder opening glade!
Ye darksome woods! ye softly murmuring rills!
Thou church, half hid beneath yon yew-trees' shade!—

From the high top of Horsington, blest scene,
With transport do I hail thy peaceful charms!
'Mid Nature's beauties, tranquil and serene,
I seek a refuge from the world's alarms.

Oh, bid me welcome, then, ye verdant steeps!
Oh, bid me welcome to your flowery brakes!
Lull'd in your bosom, every sorrow sleeps,
And only mild and calm reflection wakes.

Ambition's vessel on this peaceful shore
Here rests at last, her anchor calm content;
Here Curiosity is seen no more,
With prying eye exploring each event.

But o'er the grassy meads the Muses rove,
Or by yon stream that thro' the valley strays;
While Inspiration whispers thro' the grove,
And sportive Fancy in the foliage plays.

From yonder little church among the trees,
Ne'er does the piteous noise of terror sound,
Nor o'er this Tempé does the balmy breeze
E'er waft discordant notes of woe around.

On the tall trees the thrush her wild note sings
While the brisk grasshopper still chirps below,
The mower's scythe thro' all the valley rings,
And the bees hum as laden home they go.

In the soft meads the lowing herds repose,
The gentle sheep browse calmly in the glade;
While in the copsy dell at evening's close
The loiterer seeks the cool delightful shade.

Oh blest is he who from his heart can hail
This tranquil scene, here study Nature's page
As Petrarch, in his rock-encompass'd vale,
And in Scillontes' shades the Grecian sage.

My wants are few: a garden, friend and field,
An arbour with sweet honeysuckles drest,
A low-roof'd cot from worldly eyes concealed—
A spot where two united hearts may rest.

(*Adapted from the German of Von Salis*).

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