



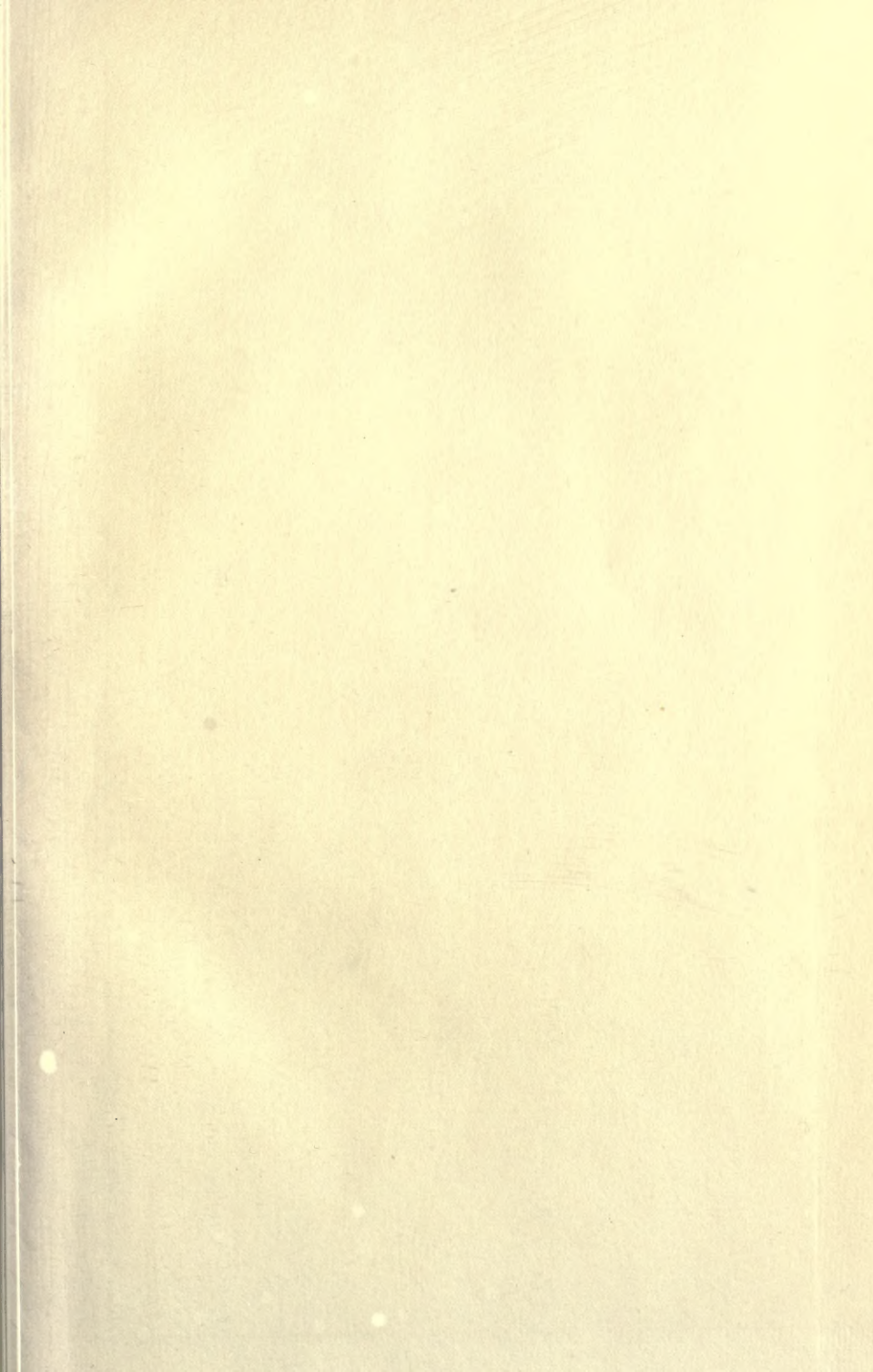
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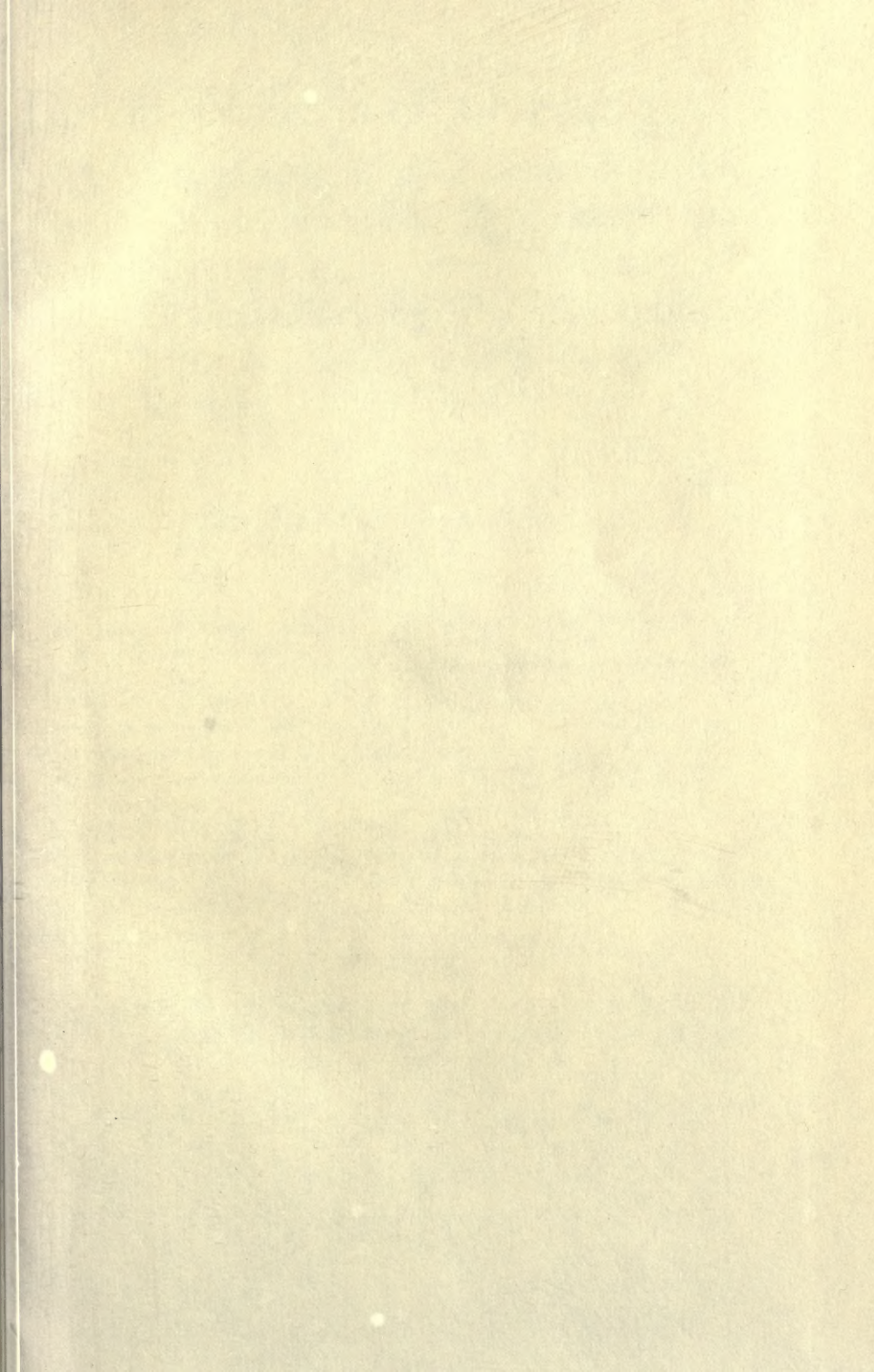
by
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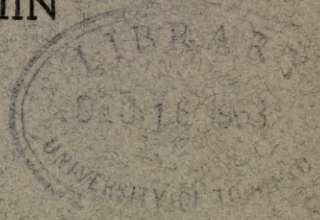
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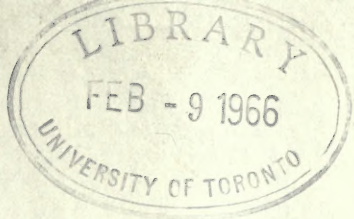
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JAMES G COMMINS

230 High Street

EXETER





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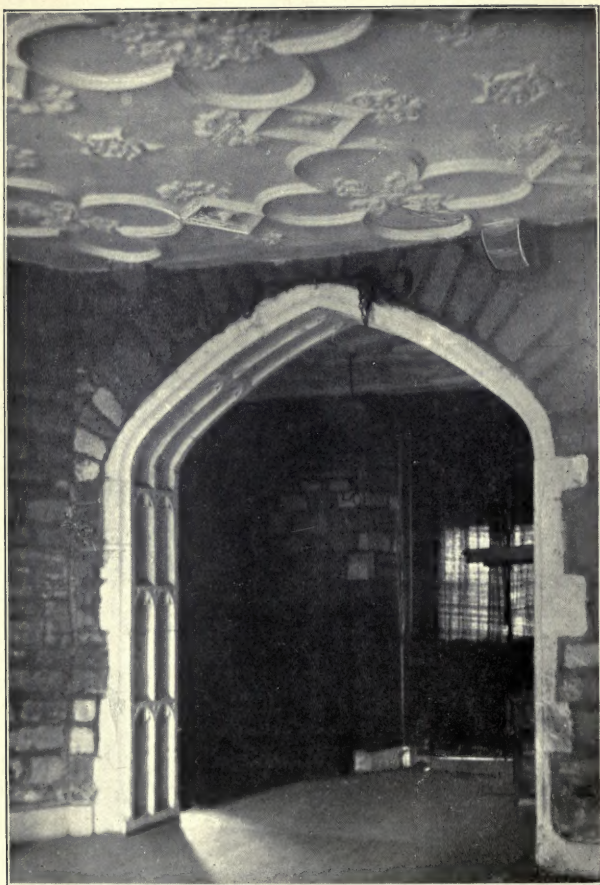
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VOLUME II having been completed with the October number 1903, those Subscribers who desire to have them bound should send their parts for 1902 and 1903 to the Publisher, who will arrange for binding the same, in art linen, gilt top, uniform with Vol. I, at two shillings per volume. The Morebath Wardens' Accounts are now completed, and should be bound separately, uniform with the other volumes.

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Guest Hall: St. Nicholas Priory.

"We are coldly drawn unto discourses of antiquities, who have scarce time before us to comprehend new things, or make out learned novelties.

"It is opportune to look back upon old times and contemplate our forefathers. Great examples grow thin, and to be fetched from the passed world. Simplicity flies away, and iniquity comes at long strides upon us. We have enough to do to make up ourselves from present and passed times, and the whole stage of things scarce serveth for our instruction."

SIR THOMAS BROWNE (*Urn Burial*).

109. THE CONVENTUAL HOUSES OF EXETER AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.—Our age is full of anomalies, and in no respect is this more evident than in the fact that while one section of the community is strongly interested in archæological research, another is occupied in sweeping away the meagre relics of antiquity that still remain.

This is especially the case in Exeter: at all periods of the city's history her inhabitants appear to have adopted the principle of the "clean slate," as often as the opportunity presented itself. Countless are the fine buildings which have been blotted from the face of the earth, and their sites applied to other purposes:—perhaps useful, perhaps not, but involving always a radical change.

Recognising this tendency, there is small reason for surprise in finding that although the number of religious houses in Exeter and the immediate neighbourhood was, for the size of the city, somewhat large, in two cases only are some scanty remains to be found; of all the other houses not a vestige is left.

The besom of destruction appears to have been plied very soon after the suppression; for when Leland wrote his Itinerary, very little more remained of the buildings than at present. The book was written for a New Year's gift to Henry VIII, and is a description of the antiquities of the country; surely an ironical present, considering the number of such which that monarch had destroyed. One cannot help wondering if he read it, and if so, with what sentiments he considered a passage such as:—"There was an House of Gray Freres bytwixt the North and West Gate neere the Town and Waulle, now a plain vacant ground callid Ferenhay."

Hoker, the Exeter historian, who wrote about the middle of the 16th century, says that there were so many monasteries in the city at the time of the Saxon conquest that "they

changed and altered the old Names and called it Monkaton ; and by which Name it was so called by the Space of three hundred and odd years, and until the time of King Æthelstan."

This curious statement, so absolutely at variance with the fact mentioned by Freeman, that, "whether under the name of *Caer Wisc*, *Isca Damnoniorum*, *Isca*, *Exanceaster* or *Exeter*, the city on the Exe always proclaimed itself the city on the Exe," has been accepted by many readers without further enquiry, and copied and recopied in many books, but there is no foundation for it. Hoker quotes a certain document, which in the first place is evidently not genuine, as there is an anachronism in the date, while some of the alleged witnesses were neither contemporary with Æthelstan, nor with each other, but Dr. Oliver points out that even if genuine "the charter can bear no such construction. . . . For the King (Æthelstan) professes to grant to the Monastery of St. Mary and St. Peter at Exanceaster a manse called *Munecatam*, and then are distinctly specified the boundaries of this manse in the Saxon language."

The manor of Monkaton is in the parish of Pinhoe, about three miles from Exeter, and will be referred to later.

If Hoker's statement were accepted, the monasteries when the Saxons conquered the city must have been British, and there seems no reason to doubt that Exeter had religious houses at that time as Glastonbury had, but Professor Freeman has found a difficulty in accepting this view. In Bishop Grandisson's *Legenda Sanctorum* (14th century) it is stated that Winfrith or Boniface, afterwards the Apostle of Germany, who was born about 670 A.D., was educated in the monastery "in Exanceaster, quod modo Exonia dicitur."

Freeman considers that Winfrith, a Saxon, would not have been sent to a British monastery, and holds that a statement made 600 years after the event is open to doubt, unless we place the Saxon Conquest further back, and conclude that Exeter was reached through Dorset before the rest of the county was conquered.

Be that as it may, there was a monastery in 876 A.D., when the Danes devastated the place. In the year 935 Æthelstan rebuilt the church, which he dedicated to St. Mary

and St. Peter. Hoker tells us "he placed therein Monkes of St. Benet's Order . . . to whose Diet and Livelihood he gave Monkeshull and Treasurer's Beare." The latter manor, known as Treasbeare, in the parish of Clyst Honiton, is still in the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commisioners, and the house, approached by an avenue of weird pollard ash trees in an advanced state of decay, has been visited often by the writer.

After Æthelstan's death, the monastery suffered from the continual incursions of the Danes, and the monks appear to have been dispersed. In 968 according to Florence of Worcester, King Edgar, the restorer of fifty monasteries, obtained a colony of monks for Exeter. Hoker's account accords with this, and he adds that the object of King Edgar's journey to the "West Parts" was to visit Ordgar, Earl of Devon, whose daughter he had married. This daughter was the notorious Elfrida, and this statement, full of suggestion, adds interest and colour to the incident, which is lacking in the bald statement of Florence of Worcester.

But in 1003 the Danes under Sweyn once more attacked Exeter, and we learn from William of Malmesbury that the church, which contained a large and rare library, was burnt with the books.

In 1019 Canute endowed a new church, and granted to the Abbot Ækelwoldus and his monks a charter confirming them in possession of all their former lands, rights, and privileges. The king's signature is attested by the archbishops of Canterbury and York, five bishops, five dukes, five abbots, and five officers.

In 1050 the Bishop's seat was removed from Crediton to Exeter, and the monastic church was appropriated as the Cathedral, the monks being removed to Westminster and replaced by canons.

The charter of King Edward the Confessor contains the following:—"I, Eadward King, with my hand do place this charter (privilegium) upon the altar of St. Peter, and leading the Prelate Leofric by his right arm, my queen Eadgytha also leading him by his left I do place him in the Episcopal Throne (Cathedra)."

In memory of this historic circumstance the "Cathedra" was held in great veneration. There is a tradition that the stone seats of the existing sedilia are the identical ones referred

to, which were retained when in the fourteenth century the beautiful canopies above them were erected. This has been questioned, but it is evident that the lower part of the structure is more ancient than the tracery. There are four lions forming the arms or divisions between the three seats, which are decidedly archaic in character. One of these lions has a roughly finished hole in its thigh which might have been used to hold a rod, and supports the theory that it was once in another position.

If this be a relic of Leofric's church, and therefore of the monastic church, it is the only one, but it is clear that no alterations were made in the fabric until it was replaced by a Norman building in the episcopate of William of Warelwast early in the 12th century. The seal of the bishop and chapter, in the words of Archdeacon Freeman, "is attached to more than one document of the period, and . . . represented undoubtedly (as was the universal practice) the then church."

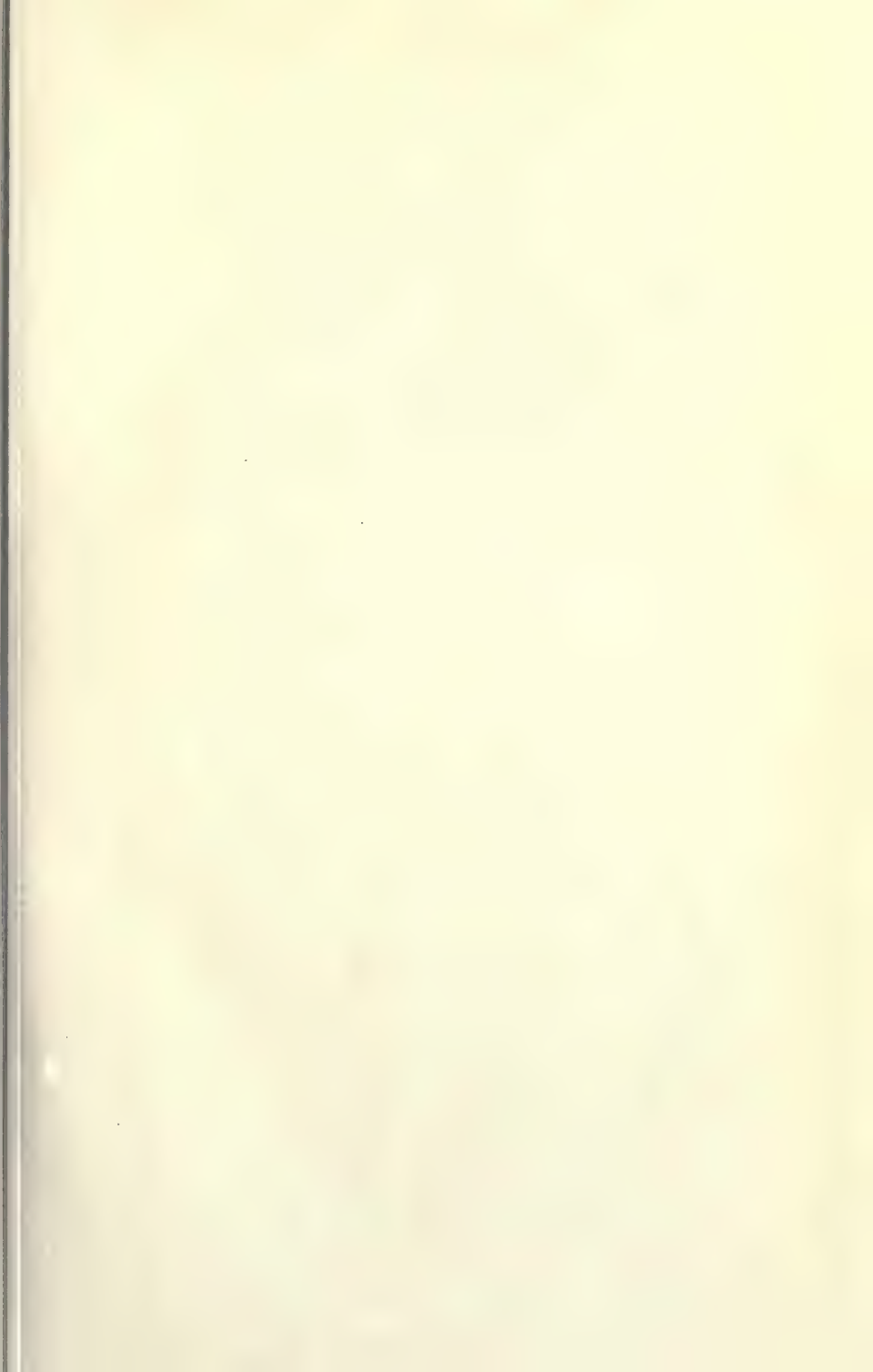


Early Seal of Bishop and Chapter of Exeter, showing Saxon Church.

It shows that the church had two western towers, the northern being square, the southern round, both with conical roofs, the southern with a large cross at the apex. Rising from the roof of the church, between the towers, is a louvre, or perhaps a bell turret, surmounted by a very tall cross. The church has

two porches, one in the middle of the west front, and one in the north tower; above the porch the wall is of herringbone masonry. The west front itself is apparently constructed in "long and short work" or "stone carpentry." There are three small circular openings placed vertically in the south tower. The west wall has two small arched windows with external splays, and the north tower and louvre show large openings.

The precise site is not certainly known, but there is a tradition that it was that of the present Lady Chapel. Hoker states that Leofricus "was buried in the cemetery





Seals of St. Nicholas Priory.

of his own church which place, by the since enlarging of his church is now within the south tower of the same."

On the other hand there is a MS. History of Exeter now in the Bodleian library, which says "*Leofricus sepultus est in cripta ecclesie.*" This statement seems precise enough, but Exeter will have none of it; and the received opinion is that Leofric, first bishop, lies under the south tower.

The Benedictine Priory of St. Nicholas was the most important of all the religious houses of Exeter. Gytha, the "Lady of Exeter," widow of Earl Godwin, and mother of Harold, had endowed the church of St. Olaf as an offering for the repose of the soul of her husband: she was in Exeter when William the Conqueror besieged the city, but succeeded in escaping before it was taken. William, with grim irony, gave the church to the monks of Battle, with Harold's fee in the city and vicinity. Freeman thinks the gift was intended to conciliate the monks, who disliked the situation of Battle.

Gunther was sent from Battle Abbey to make arrangements, but Cono was the first prior; he renounced St. Olaf, and received from the king a charter under which the priory was founded, and another church was built dedicated to St. Nicholas. The house remained a cell of Battle, and it paid sixty shillings a year to that abbey. In 1249 the contribution was reduced to twenty shillings, but at the time of the suppression it had reached £7. The priors were invariably presented by the abbots of Battle.

Many charters were granted to the priory by successive kings. King John granted all the profits of St. Nicholas' fair, and half of those of Lammas fair. The convent owned a good deal of land in Ireland; the invaders of that island in the twelfth century gave donations of property to English monasteries, on the same principle that in the eleventh century English lands were granted to French houses.

In the reign of Richard I the church of the manor of Pinhoe, which had been given to the Abbot of Battle, was transferred to St. Nicholas' Priory. This grant included the manor of Munceatun, already alluded to in respect of an error of Hoker's. Monkaton House still stands, and some years ago the writer knew it well: the then owner, since dead, often said "The old monks used to live here."

No doubt it was used as a grange in connection with the priory, as the amount of land possessed by the convent in the parish was considerable. The house is a substantial building with buttresses, but there is nothing ecclesiastical remaining.

The importance of St. Nicholas is shown by the number of deeds, still extant, entrusting the prior with the administration of charity. In 1105 there was a famine, and King John sent a brief to the Sheriff of Devon, directing that from the first of May to the Feast of the Assumption of our Lady, three hundred poor people should be fed daily, at the charge of the King's Exchequer, the oversight being assumed by the prior of St. Nicholas.

This circumstance shows us under a new aspect a monarch who we have been led to believe was intensely miserly and covetous. Who knows? Perhaps the weight of obloquy with which he has been burdened for centuries may have been undeserved after all.

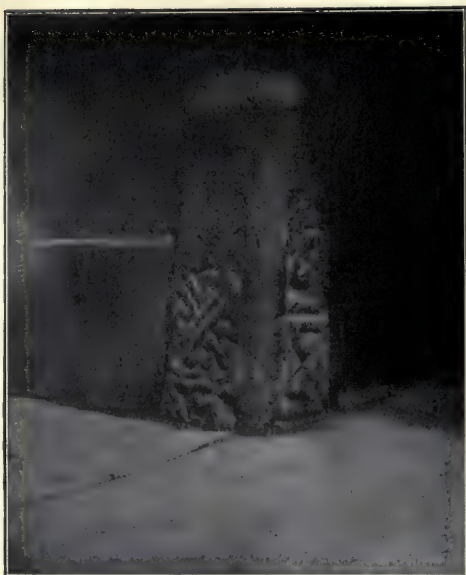
The charity of the convent also was considerable. There was a room in the house called "The Poor Men's Parlour," where seven men had dinner given them every day, and general almsgiving was conducted on a liberal scale.

In 1103 Osbern, Bishop of Exeter, forbade the monks of St. Nicholas to ring their bells, and Archbishop Anselm wrote a letter remonstrating with him, and requesting his general consideration for the monks. The bishop yielded to his remonstrance, but desired that the bells might not be rung on Christmas night, Easter Sunday Eve, or St. Peter's or St. Paul's Mass Day, and that twice a year, namely on Palm Sunday and Ascension Day, the monks should join the Cathedral canons in procession.

In 1371 the Prior of St. Nicholas was deputed in conjunction with the Archdeacons of Exeter, Barnstaple and Totnes, to collect the subsidy granted to the King by the two Convocations, (£50,000) payment to be enforced when necessary. There is a similar commission a few months later.

The Convent was suppressed September 18th, 1536. Hoker gives a very spirited account of the attempt of certain women by main force to prevent the suppression. They broke into the church and found a man pulling down the rood loft and "hurled stones unto him, insomuch that for his safety he was





Shaft of Cross from St. Nicholas Priory, now corner
of Gandy Street.



Prior's Lodging, St. Nicholas Priory.

driven to take the tower for his refuge, and yet they pursued so eagerly that he was enforced to leap out at a window . . . and very hardly he escaped the breaking of his neck; but yet broke one of his ribs." John Blackaller, city alderman, tried "what with faire wordes, and what with foule wordes, to have stayed and pacified the women . . . but Elizabeth Glanfeld gave him a blow and sent him packynge." Next the Mayor tried his hand, and although the amazons had fastened the door and placed themselves in strong positions of defence, he succeeded in making an entrance, "and with much ado he apprehended them, and sent them to ward." Poor heroines! The heart bleeds for them; they had not even the satisfaction of being taken seriously, for we learn that the commissioners, before their departure, begged that the women might be released, which they were accordingly. And in spite of their opposition the church was pulled down, and the stones used to repair the city walls, and the Exe Bridge; whereby was fulfilled a prophecy that the waters of Exe should one day flow under St. Nicholas' Tower.

The question presents itself, why was there so much objection to the suppression of this house, when the same proceeding in the case of other houses was taken so quietly? Perhaps the solution may be found in "The Poor Men's Parlour." Hoker mentions five of the feminine storming party by name, and he says there were "others," therefore, at least two more,—seven in all. Surely it may be surmised that they were the wives of the seven men who daily received their meals from the convent, rendered desperate at the appalling prospect of being obliged for the future to cook a dinner every day.

In 1778 the bridge over the Exe was pulled down, and amongst the materials was found a large stone engraved with the Keltic fret, and evidently part of the shaft of an ancient cross. This was set up as a curb stone at the end of Gandy Street, where it remains, the only relic of the Church of St. Nicholas.

Of the monastic buildings there are some mutilated remains. The narrow lane called the Mint must pass along the western walk of the cloister, and is cut straight through the buildings on the northern side; very likely the name is a corruption of "Minster," there was never a mint there.

The most interesting part of the existing buildings is a vaulted undercroft, which was perhaps the cellarium. It has thick Norman pillars, with scalloped circular capitals, and the vaulting is peculiarly interesting, as it shows an unusually early use of the diagonal rib. With reference to this vaulting, Professor Baldwin Brown says:—"Is any other example of such a partial use of the diagonal rib known, either at home or abroad? It is worth noting that the diagonal rib seems to have a semi-elliptical curve agreeing with what would be the normal line of a groin, and not the segmental form found in most early ribbed vaults. . . . With respect to the date of the work, which is ascribed to the last decades of the 11th century, the scalloped caps of the round central piers need not imply a later period, though in Normandy they would betoken the 12th century. They were employed earlier in this country, where we find the cubical cap, plain and subdivided, used in work that is certainly of the eleventh century, and may be of pre-Conquest date. The caps of the round piers of the choir at Durham are of the scalloped type, though with fewer subdivisions than at Exeter."

One plate is from a photograph showing the massive pillars with scalloped capitals, and the square vaulting ribs. Portions of the area have been walled off, and are used as places for storage by the tenants, the pillars and vaulting being exactly the same as in the main building, and obviously, a continuation of them.

The adjoining part was probably the prior's house, and is much later in date. A photograph of the exterior of the upper storeys is also reproduced. The diagonal buttress at the corner, and other buttresses of bold projection and several stages indicate the 14th century, and so do the seven windows of two lights which are not only in this section of the building, but in the part above the cellarium. All these windows originally had cusps, which have been ruthlessly cut away for the convenience of the glazier. One still retains its iron grating, but one has had the mullion removed, and an incongruous square-paned window inserted.

The room on the ground floor, no doubt the guest hall, has a carved ceiling; and an archway, which perhaps originally opened from a vestibule connected with the



Cellarium: St. Nicholas Priory.



external entrance, is adorned with stone panelling, of which an illustration is given. There is a stone mantelpiece which may be of earlier date, perhaps thirteenth century, which leads to the conclusion that the older building was altered and added to.

The room was once panelled all over in oak, and a great deal of the panelling remained until a few years ago, when the owner removed it, and had it set up in a modern house.

Upstairs there is a good deal which, if wall papers and plaster were removed, would display the original fabric. There are two graceful arch-shaped doorways, one with its original iron-clamped door; and the tenant says that under their wooden casing the stone steps are quite perfect. There appear to be several passages in different parts of the range of buildings which have been bricked up, but the prior's house, and the cellarium and the rooms above it, are the only parts open to investigation. The two storeys above the cellarium have been so pulled about that it is impossible to say what was their original arrangement.

The church was entirely destroyed; some seals of the priory, as illustrated, though grotesquely suggesting a Chinese pagoda, give some idea of the style of building. The roof is a truncated pyramid covered with wooden or stone shingles; the small central tower also has a pyramidal roof, terminated by a cross. The west front has only one door, with a round-topped window on each side. It has a parapet, and is flanked by two round towers of several stages, capped by conical roofs.

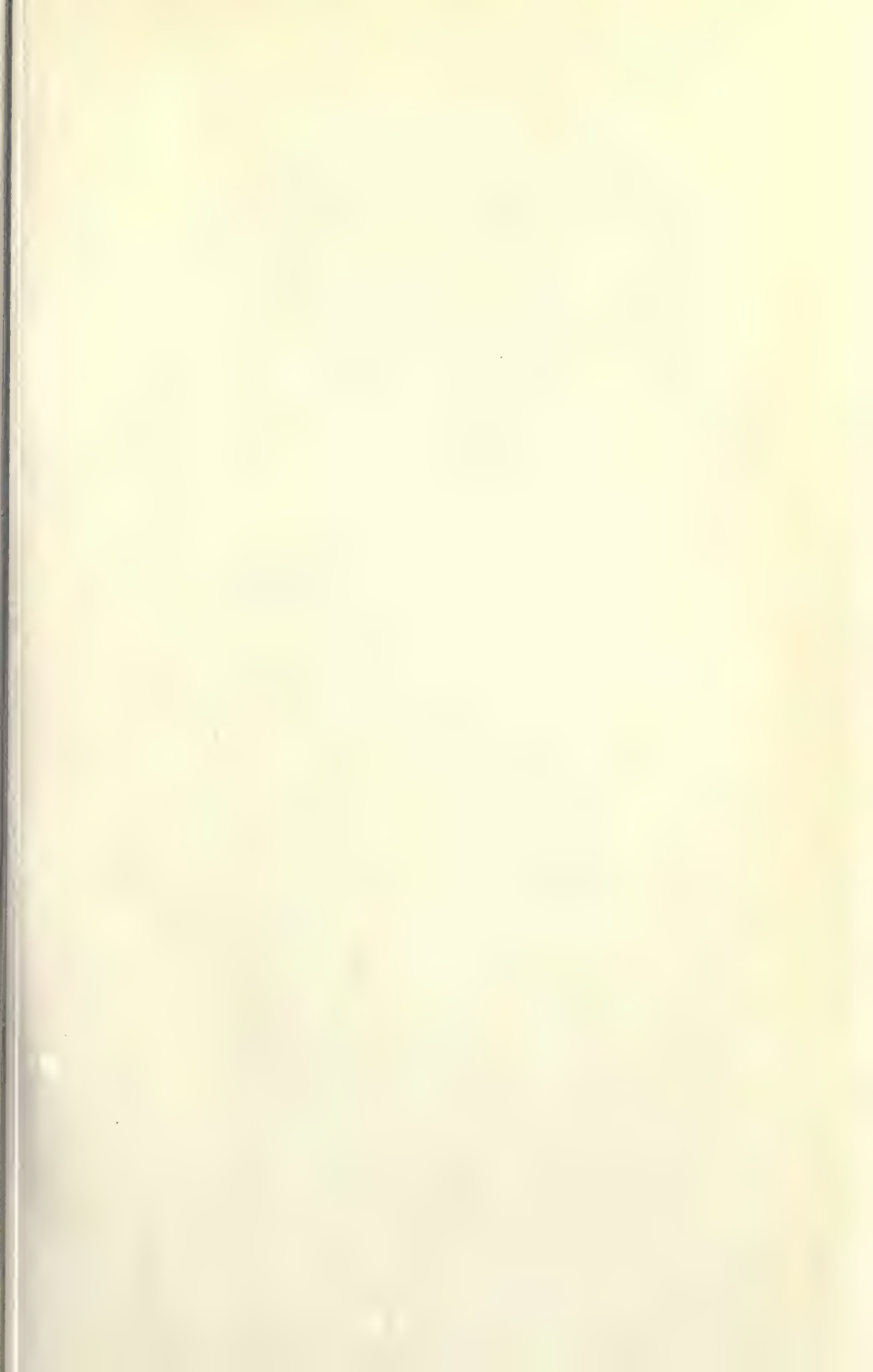
Reverting to the history of the monastery it appears that in November 1400 the convent seal was stolen, and another had to be made. The prior directed that the new one was to be as unlike the old as possible. Probably these are the two seals in question; it will be noticed that every possible variation is made in the details: there are two other seals in the archives of the Mayor and Corporation both resembling the earlier device, so it may be inferred that it was adopted again when the seal was recovered, as it finally was.

The next religious house to be founded was the Priory or Cell of St. Mary de Marisco, on the spot now known as Marsh Barton, which is partly in the parish of

Alphington, and partly in St. Thomas. The house is mentioned in a letter of Ralph Avenel addressed to Bishop Robert Chichester (1138-1155). It was a small foundation, a cell of Plympton Priory, and only the name of four superiors or custodes have been discovered. The first of these, Thomas Cryour, appeared before the Bishop complaining that one John Sutton, cook (*cocus*), of the cell of St. Mary in the Marsh, had been accustomed to annoy him, and on one occasion had foully abused him, and then rushed at him with a dagger. The prior, in self defence and in fear of his life, struck his assailant on the head with a stick, once and no more, and wounding him. The said John, contemptuously refusing to do what the doctor advised, died three days later, entirely through his own obstinacy. The prior had withdrawn from the service of the altar, but the bishop after careful enquiry pronounced him free from blame in the matter, and restored him to full exercise of the duties of his office, Sept. 5th, 1409.

The Priory of St. James de Marisco was founded by Baldwin de Redvers, Earl of Devon, the second of the name, "for the safety of his soul, and for those of his sons and daughters, his parents, and all his friends, through the hand of Robert, Bishop of Exeter, on the day that he dedicated the cemetery of the Monastery." Dr. Oliver considered that this bishop was Robert Warelwast, and gives the date as 1159. Worthy, however, points out that Robert, Abbot of Tavistock, who was one of the witnesses of the deed quoted above, died in 1145, and that there was another Robert, Bishop of Exeter, namely Bishop Robert Chichester, who occupied the see from 1138 to 1155. Therefore, he it must have been who dedicated the cemetery at a date previous to 1145.

This was a Cluniac house, colonized from St. Martain les Champs, near Paris. The community consisted only of a prior and four monks. The founder, possibly recognising that he had included a large number of souls in his scheme of salvation, endowed the convent liberally, and the Cathedral Chapter also gave them the Church of St. Martin, Exeter. At the dissolution, the revenue was nearly £500 yearly, a surprisingly large income for five inmates.





St Catherine's, Polslloe

But they were always poor; alien priories were not in favour either with king or people. "Our abbeys and our priories shall pay this expedition's charge." These words put by Shakespeare into the mouth of King John on the eve of war with France, voice the sentiment of all the English kings. Edward III. said that alien priories did more harm to England than all the Jews and Saracens in the world. So the crown never scrupled to seize their revenues in time of war; quarrels between England and France were constantly recurring, and at these times even remittances from the mother house of St. Martain les Champs were apt to be intercepted in transit, so that in spite of the nominal value of their possessions, the actual income of the convent of St. James in the Marsh was very precarious.

The list of priors is not complete, but extends from 1157 to 1428.

The priory was suppressed by Henry VI. in 1451, and the lands given to Eton College. The site eventually passed into the hands of the family of Ducke, one of whom pulled down the church. About the same time someone named Ducke built the great conduit at Carfoix,—*quatre voies*, the point where the four main roads of Exeter cross—and it is possible that the stones of the church were used in its construction.

"Ducke's Marsh" is still the name of the meadow by the river which was part of the priory's possessions, and a house on the site is called "The Old Abbey." In a wall bounding the grounds on the side nearest Exeter, the upper part of a stone coffin is built in, the cavity being filled with smaller stones set in mortar. This is the only relic remaining of the Priory of St. James of the Marsh.

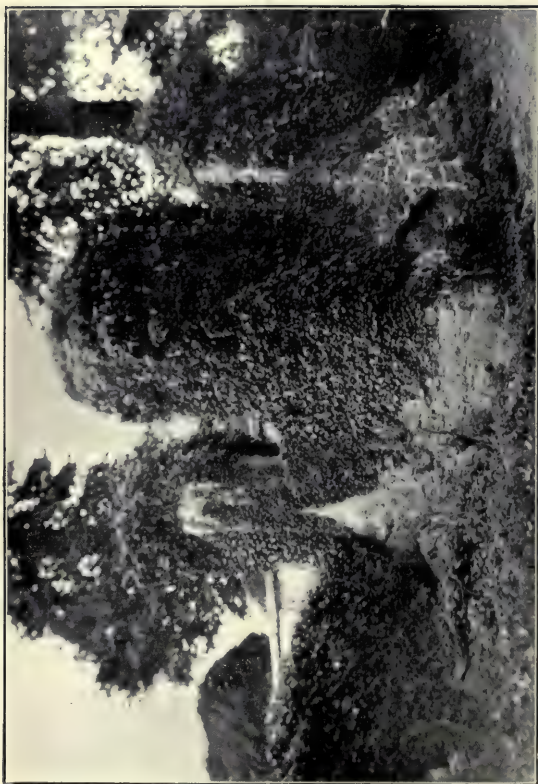
St. Catherine's Priory, Polsloe, for Benedictine nuns, was about a mile beyond the city boundaries, lying a little aside from the Old Roman road. In the Domesday survey the manor is called Polsleuga. The priory was founded by Lord William Bruere; the precise date is not known, but it must have been before 1195, when a cemetery was granted to the convent. The interments were limited to the sisterhood proper, to other nuns their visitors, and to priests, who might be buried there without the consent of the Chapter of Exeter.

Bishop Bruere (1224-1244) speaks of the founder as "avunculus noster," he became patron and visitor of the priory, and his successors filled the same position. This was no sinecure; the house appears to have suffered from lack of internal administration, both with regard to the behaviour of the nuns and the direction of money matters.

Oliver states that "until the twenty-fifth session of the council of Trent in 1563 the enclosure of nuns was not regularly enforced." Certainly at Polsloe they appear to have had more liberty and licence than obtain in most girls' schools at the present day. Bishop Stapledon was much concerned, and addressed a letter to the Prioress and Convent of Polsloe, mentioning many things that called for amendment. This is in French, which it appears was the language used by the nuns, and shows a quite amazing state of things.

The Bishop says they must observe the rule of silence; when they must speak it must be in a low voice, and in words as short as possible, better still in Latin—without regard to grammar they could use such words as *liber*, *panis*, *vinum*, and others; the religious services must be attended regularly unless prevented by illness; the nuns are not to have their meals in separate rooms, but must eat in the refectory; grace is to be recited before and after the meal, and all are to stay until the end, and then go out together; if a nun is ill, she must go to the farmery, and not be attended in a separate room; if a nun goes to Exeter she must return the same day or the next, and must be accompanied by the chaplain, a clerk, or esquire of good repute, assigned by the prioress; and while in Exeter, she must not go from house to house (hostel) as had frequently been done; no lady must visit her friends outside the priory more than once a year at most, and then only by permission, and return in a month at latest; should she outstay her leave she is not to go outside the gate of the priory (*la foreyne Porte*) for two years; a married secular lady is under no circumstances to stay in the priory for longer than a month, and no secular lady is to be entertained at all without the permission of the bishop; there is to be but one confessor for all, to be appointed by the bishop; and here—rather inconsistently, follow the names of two, one of the order of





Remains of Claustral Buildings, Polisloe.
South-west corner of Cloister.

Friars Minor, and one of the Friar Preachers.* The good bishop goes on to say that as often "several ladies of your religion" had their damsels to prepare their food separately, all these should be turned out of the kitchen, and a suitable cook (keu) with a page under him should suffice for all the convent. Accounts were to be audited at stated intervals, and the bishop's letter was to be read aloud word for word on the Saturday in every Ember week, either in chapter or during meals.

It may be noticed that in this letter the bishop always speaks of the inmates of the priory as "ladies," never as nuns: the impression conveyed throughout is of a conscientious director hardening his heart to inculcate a sterner mode of life on a refined and self-indulgent community. One may almost imagine that Chaucer drew his prioress from the head of this convent, not only because of her dainty ways and because

"French she spake full fair and fetisly,

After the school of Stratford atte Bowe,"

but also "because her greatest oathe was but by St. Loy."

The church of St. Eligius, St. Eloy, or St. Loyes stood then, and its ruins still stand about a mile from Polsloe, and in the same parish of Heavitree, and must have been known to the convent. This conjecture is, of course, absolutely valueless, except for the interest found in tracing historical parallels.

The letter quoted above has blank spaces left for dates which were never filled in, but the entry in the Register was made between the 6th and 9th of January, 1319. (Note by the Rev. Prebendary Hingeston-Randolph.)

By royal grant the convent was exempted from payment of king's tenths, and some other dues were remitted. Philippa, queen of Edward III, requested that her cousin, Johanete of Tourbeule might be received at the priory as a visitor. The prioress wrote a letter in French (of Stratford atte Bowe), imploring that this might not be required. "Nos sumes si poveres, Dieu le siet," all that they had barely sufficed for the little sustenance of those who ought to do service to God, day and night. The bishop supported this

* In 1395, Bishop Stafford licensed the Prioress to appoint a confessor for her house, and there are several other entries to the same effect. (*Episcopal Registers, Stafford*).

remonstrance by a letter to the king, and it may be inferred that it was successful.

Eleanor Sydenham, the prioress, and thirteen nuns surrendered their house February 19th, 1538, the prioress taking a pension of £30 and the nuns of £4 or £5 yearly.

The buildings have now nearly all been pulled down. Scipio Squier, the herald, visited the ruins in 1607, and saw the arms of the community still remaining, the device being a *sword sable between two Catherine wheels argent.*

The drawing facing page 139 shows the external side of the eastern range of claustral buildings. The portion on the left with the porch was probably the lodging of the prioress; the room on the ground-floor is panelled throughout in oak, and the one over it has still two corbels which once supported a carved ceiling. From this room runs a long oak passage skirting the nun's dorter, now divided into several rooms. In the farthest room at the north end is a door opening on the top of a flight of stone steps, only two or three of which remain—which must have been the night stairs to the chapel. The ground floor of this part must, I think, have been the cellarium, there is nothing there of sufficient dignity to have been the chapter house.

At the back of the house, the ridge of the cloister roof can be traced for the whole length, except where it has been cut through to insert windows, and a lower ridge showing the line where the vaulting came. Several corbels also remain.

Returning to the eastern front of the building, it may be noticed that the northern buttresses with gable heads appear to be early 13th century, and must be older than the two southern ones, which have much broader projection; the southern door also is evidently 14th century. The windows and chimneys were of course added after the suppression, when the building was made into a dwelling house. On the western gable is a corbel, showing that the building extended farther in that direction.

There is a buttress against the northern gable similar to that on the eastern wall, and at right angles to it. Perhaps the chapter house was there, and the church beyond. The only hint we have as to the situation of the church is in an entry in the rental of the Dean and





Remains of Claustral Buildings, Polsoe.
North-west corner of Cloister.

Chapter of Exeter (1465), speaking of a barn "near the church of our Lady by Mynchen Lake or Nun's Stream." There is a barn there now, which is probably the one alluded to. It is supported by very heavy sloping buttresses, and as they are obviously of later date than the walls, it may be deduced that they were constructed from the stones of the claustral buildings.

The boundary walls on the eastern and western sides remain in part. In the eastern wall is a fine stone arched doorway, with well cut mouldings of fifteenth century date; the wall on each side for a few feet is faced with dressed stone. Within this wall was probably the cemetery; it is now a garden. On the western boundary, near the stream, where the wall remains to the height of a few feet, are two square buildings, extending outside the wall: one has only a small portion remaining, but the other shows that there was no external door, though there is a window in each wall. This building might perhaps have been the kitchen, but I cannot think what the corresponding one on the northern side can have been. It is not large enough for the tower of the church; besides, the church would not have been so far west. Photographs of these two buildings are shown.

St. Andrew's Priory, Cowick, was a cell of the Abbey of Bec in Normandy. When Edward the Confessor was on the throne the manor of Coic belonged to the Saxon Ailman; at the Conquest it was granted to Baldwin, Sheriff of Devon, and brother of Richard de Redvers, the first Norman Earl of Devon.

William Fitz Baldwin, probably between 1087 and 1100, gave his manors of Cowick and Exwick to the Abbot and Convent of Bec. But there is no mention of a priory at Cowick until the inquisition taken after the death of John, Lord Courtenay, some time after 1242.

The house was of the Benedictine order, and the priors were always appointed by the mother abbey of Bec; during the wars between England and France its revenues as an alien priory were often seized by the Crown.

In 1421 Henry V. let the lands on lease for twenty years; then the priory had no income at all. In 1439 the unfortunate prior was charged with neglect for permitting the priory church, the chancel, the cloisters, and other buildings to go

to decay. In reply he addressed a petition to the king—Henry VI.—stating the impoverished condition of the convent, and also the injury sustained from inundations of the Exe. Hereupon the King restored to the house its property and privileges, and also released it from an annual charge of twenty-four marks which had been payable to the Crown.

The king's sympathy appears to have been aroused, for at the same time he wrote a letter to Lacy, Bishop of Exeter, stating that "a large portion of the possessions of the priory is close to a certain great river called Exe, and has been inundated by the heavy floods which have come down of late."

As no trace of the priory now remains except a wall close to the river which is held to have been part of the boundary, the letters quoted above are valuable as affording some indication of the site. That it was near the river is clear, and also in the particular part of the district which is liable now, as it was then, to be flooded when the river is swollen. Bishop Stafford's *Register* states that it was situated "*in ultimis finibus parochie.*"

In a map of Exeter, dated 1570, there is a drawing of a house on the Exwick side of the river, and a little to the south-west of the weir. As there is no other house, large or small, at all near, it is probable that it was part of the priory, perhaps the prior's house, which was allowed to stand when the rest was destroyed.

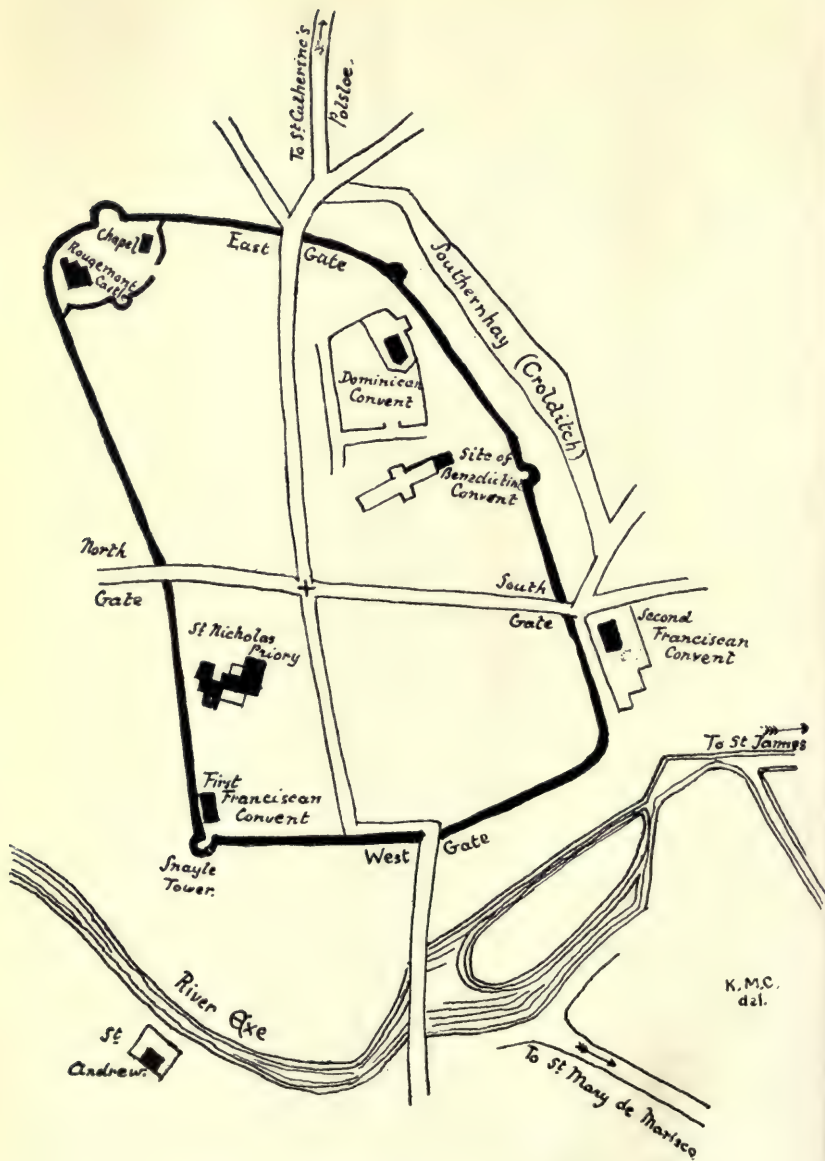
The more prosperous condition of the house did not last long. On Palm Sunday, 1444, a fire broke out, and the loss in buildings, movables and cattle amounted to £177.

From this blow the priory never recovered. In 1451 prior Robert de Rouen—otherwise Becdenne—surrendered the property to the King, who applied the revenues and right of patronage to Eton College. Twelve years after Edward IV. cancelled the donation, and gave the property to Tavistock Abbey, in whose hands it remained until the dissolution.

Meanwhile the buildings had remained in a more or less ruinous condition, and Dr. Oliver thinks that a few monks from Tavistock settled at Cowick, but there is no mention in the Episcopal Registers of the appointment of priors, whence it may be accepted as certain that there were none.

Cowick Barton, a grange belonging to the priory, still exists. Eastward of the house stood the ancient chapel of





Sketch Map shewing approximate position of the Religious Houses of Exeter.

St. Michael, where the inhabitants of the parish were buried until the church and churchyard of St. Thomas were opened in 1412. This church also was attached to the priory. In the Exeter Museum is a stone coffin which was found there in the course of some excavations.

There is no record of the first arrival in Exeter of the Franciscans, or Grey Friars, but they must have been there in 1240, of which date there is a deed—quoted by Oliver—which mentions "*Domus Fratrum Minorum.*" In the absence of any definite knowledge, certain facts, without pretending to be conclusive, are at least suggestive.

In 1231, Henry III. granted the lordship of Exeter to his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, who was a friend and patron of Adam de Marisco, the first Franciscan lecturer at Oxford. It is obvious, therefore, that the earl must have sympathised with the friars, and this may have induced them to enter on a sphere of work in a city where they might reckon on the countenance of the lord paramount.

However, he does not appear to have helped them in any tangible way, though his son and successor, Edmund, granted them the site of their second convent.

There is another circumstance which appears worthy of notice. Among the eight Franciscans who arrived in England about 1226, was a young man of Devon birth named Richard de Exonia, who afterwards became lecturer in the Franciscan school, at Oxford. It seems reasonable to conclude that he would seek to establish a convent of his order as soon as possible in his native city. Later, we find that William de Exonia, from Oxford, came to assist his brother, Deodatus, the guardian of the Exeter fraternity, in the choice of a site for the second convent, so it appears as if the city of the west had somewhat special connection with the community at Oxford.

Their first convent was on the walls, between Snayle Tower and Bretagne Street (now Bartholomew Street); the site must have been granted to them by St. Nicholas Priory, which owned all the land in that district. Probably the actual position was just above the present Barbican steps, now the churchyard of All Hallows on the Walls (see map.) The church was dedicated to St. Mary and St. Francis.

It was the practice of the order to choose an abode as near as might be to the outskirts of a town, so that the brethren might be nearer the work to which they were called; to minister to the outcasts of the people, to labour amongst wretchedness and squalor, and particularly to tend those suffering from loathsome diseases, such as leprosy and plague. Inside the city walls there was some attempt to grapple with these evils. The parochial clergy watched over the spiritual welfare of the people, and the association of all classes into guilds, assisted them greatly in temporal matters. Moreover there was the civic authority, which succeeded in keeping some degree of order. But once outside the walls there was nothing of this. Refugees, immigrants seeking employment, criminals hiding from justice—none of these were admitted within the city, so they huddled together outside, in wretched unhealthy dwellings, in a manner from which the imagination shrinks.

Amongst these unhappy people the Franciscans found their work: by the rule of St. Francis they were especially bound to minister to lepers, and "they followed this injunction with the greatest promptitude."

There was a leper hospital dedicated to St. Mary Magdelene outside the South Gate of Exeter, the inmates being strictly forbidden to pass within the walls. Originally this hospital was under the patronage of the Bishop of Exeter, but in 1244 it was exchanged with the city authorities for the Hospital of St. John's. No reason is recorded for the exchange, and it seems possible that it may have been on account of the friars. They were settled in Exeter, as stated above, in 1240; the exchange of hospitals took place in 1244. During these four years, the friars, in pursuance of their obligation, must have been constant visitors to the hospital, but from various records it appears that relations between them and the Cathedral body were not of the most cordial character, so perhaps the Bishop preferred the charge of a hospital with which the friars had no concern. For this theory there is no authority; it is simply thrown out as a plausible suggestion.

Later on the Franciscans had their convent much nearer the Leper Hospital, and respecting their removal there is in the register of St. John's Hospital an entry to the following effect.

When Edward I. and his queen kept the Christmas of 1285 in Exeter, the Earl of Hereford was lodged in the Franciscan convent, and informed the king that it was a most miserable place, and so unhealthy that nine brethren had died in two years. Hereupon the king requested the Bishop to allow the friars to build another house on a convenient site. The land was obtained; the deed of transfer is still extant. The Earl of Cornwall, as lord of the city, gave his sanction, and it was ratified by the king.

The Bishop also gave his permission, but afterwards, urged by his confessor, who was a Dominican, he withdrew it. The king's justice, Walter of Wynborn, pressed him to concede it, but he swore by the blessed St. Peter that he wished he might be choked the day he consented. He did consent, however, a little later, and in the words of Hoker: "It fortuned that the same Week and upon the day of St. Francis' Eve, the Bishop took a certaine Siropp to drink, and in too hasty swallowing thereof his Breath was stopped and he forthwith died." The Franciscans claimed that this tragic event was brought about by the direct interposition of their founder, on the vigil of whose festival it had occurred, but popular opinion had it that the friars had poisoned him. Certainly, Bishop Quivil did die in 1292, the date of the deed mentioned above: it seems very illogical to suppose the friars desired to remove the Bishop, *after* he had given his consent to what they wanted, but the story shows the aspect under which the Franciscans appeared to the popular mind. In their position as tenders of the sick it was needful that they should study medicine, and they were amongst the first students of experimental science. Ignorance is always apt to suspect what it does not understand, and Roger Bacon was not the only Franciscan who was accused of using his knowledge for evil ends.

As to their relations to Bishop Quivil, there is another circumstance on record. The Bishop held that the many privileges they claimed were unauthorized, and would not admit them. Archbishop Peckham, himself a Franciscan, wrote to him to explain that these privileges really had been granted by the Apostolic See, and Quivil's objections were removed, and in the Synodus Exoniensis for 1287, he gives leave to the friars, both preachers and minors, to hear the confessions of the faithful, and to adjudge penance.

But whatever may have been the relations between the Franciscans and Quivil, in his successor, Bishop Bytton, they had a strong friend, and under him the second convent was built. Unfortunately his register is entirely lost, or more particulars of the brotherhood might have been gleaned.

The second convent was on a site nearly six acres in extent, between Quay Lane and Larkbeare. The Church was dedicated to St. John the Baptist. The chapel of the first convent still stood, and in 1421 Archbishop Chichele put forth an excommunication against certain evil doers who had broken the stained glass windows and otherwise profaned the building. Bishop Lacy granted an indulgence of forty days to penitents who prayed within its walls.

Established in their new abode the friars' circumstances were much improved. There are a good many entries referring to them in different documents, as that King Edward III. granted them letters patent allowing them to make a water-course from the Croiditch (Southernhay). We also hear of their going, in company with the monks of St. Nicholas and the Dominican friars, to meet Henry VI. at Livery Dole when he came on a visit to Bishop Lacy in 1453.

Hoker tells us that in June, 1534, Hugh Latymer came to Exeter by the royal commission and delivered his first sermon in the churchyard of the friars beyond South Gate, to the great annoyance of all the friars except their guardian, John Cardmaker, *alias* Taylor, who from an admirer became a preacher of the same doctrine, and for the testimony thereof was burned at Smithfield, May 30th, 1555.

The convent was suppressed September 12th, 1538. The site still retains the name of "The Friars," though no vestige of the convent remains. A small patch which is reserved from building is considered to have been the cemetery. It seems not inappropriate that the Salvation Army, whose methods are certainly allied to those of the followers of St. Francis, should now have their temple on "The Friars."

Bishop Lacy, in speaking of the convent of the Order of the Dominican, or Black or Preaching Friars, styles himself "*Hujus domus Patronus unicus et fundator.*" Hence it may be deduced that it was founded by one of his predecessors in the see; probably either Blondy or Bruere. The latter died in 1244, and there is a deed of that date by

which Peter le Wayner and Isabella his wife, in consideration of twenty shillings, granted for ever to the convent three fountains or springs. Water supply was always a difficulty in the towns of the middle ages, and in 1258 Bishop Bronescombe obtained permission to have some of this water conveyed to his palace. But this was to be considered as a favour personal to himself, which his successors were not entitled to claim as a right. Eight months afterwards, in 1259, the Bishop dedicated the church "In crastino Sancte Catherine Dominus dedicavit ecclesiam Predicatorum."

This church was much used as a burial place for people of importance in the county, but the Cathedral Chapter claimed the right to say masses over the body before its interment in the Dominican chapel. Perhaps it was not always worth while to enforce this right, but a case is recorded in which the Chapter did so in a very determined manner.

Sir Henry Raleigh de Raleigh, who died in 1301, had expressed a wish to be buried in the Dominican Church; his body lay there awaiting interment, and when the Cathedral Chapter claimed it the friars refused to give it up, declaring that they were competent to do all that was necessary. Hereupon the Dean and Chapter gave orders that it should be obtained by force.

At this date the Cathedral Close was surrounded by a wall pierced by seven gates; Erceweske or Bickleigh Gate was opposite a door in the monastery wall; Egypt Lane, which the authorities of our day have provokingly renamed Chapel Street, being between. So it was not very difficult for a body of men to emerge from Bickleigh Gate and break in the monastery door: this they did, and found the corpse of Sir Henry de Raleigh lying on a bier, and wrapped in a cloth called a *bandekyn*; they carried it into the Cathedral, bier, *bandekyn*, and all. After the usual ceremonies had been performed, the body was returned to the Black Friars for burial, but the friars refused to receive it. So it was entombed in the Cathedral, and a monument erected over him, this monument being the most western of the two unnamed crusaders in the south aisle of the choir.

Meanwhile the friars indicted the Dean and Chapter for robbery of the bier and the *bandekyn* which they valued at

£40. According to the custom of the time the case was tried by inquest, before a jury, and the verdict is preserved in the Mayor's Court Roll. It is in favour of the Dean and Chapter, and finds that the body was not taken violently but amicably, and that the bier and bandekyn were returned, but that the friars would not receive them, but left them at the gate.

The friars now appealed to the Pope, and through his mediation a compromise was arrived at two years later, and the body of Sir Henry de Raleigh was removed to the Dominican Chapel after all, the monument in the Cathedral remaining as a cenotaph. A replica was set up in the convent chapel, but has entirely disappeared. In the archives of the Dean and Chapter are three documents referring to these transactions, the dates being from 1301 to 1305.

In 1441 the general chapter of the Dominicans was held in the Exeter convent, when Bishop Lacy delivered the charge before distinguished members of the order from all parts of the kingdom. This charge is printed in Oliver's *Monasticon*, but is considered to be of very trifling merit.

The convent was suppressed September 12th, 1538, and "the site, church, belfry and cemetery granted to Lord John Russell . . . who had made hym a faire place of this house."

Leland speaks of two fragments of an inscription formerly in the convent, "One of them standith in a tower of the Waul, the other is in the Waul hard by." No trace of these inscriptions is left now, and of even the "faire place," Bedford House, which occupied the site of the convent, there is no vestige, except the coat of arms of the family of Russell, now on the front of a house in Bedford Circus.

One can hardly visit the spots upon which these buildings once were without feelings of regret that all should have passed away; that except for a few entries in books and manuscripts, it is as though they had never been. No doubt the mission of these religious communities had been fulfilled, their work was done, but even then their labours deserved different treatment from that they received.

And what then shall be said to those to-day,
Who cry aloud to lay the old world low
To clear the new world's way?

Ah! from the old world let some one answer give:
"Scorn ye this world, their tears, their inward care?
I say unto you, see that *your* souls live
A deeper life than theirs."

KATE M. CLARKE.

110. MEETH.—The following extracts are given by the permission of the Rector, the Rev. J. H. Kemp. They are written within the cover of a churchwardens' account book:—

The harvest in 1799 was a very long and tedious one, rain continued successively for six weeks.

The year 1800, its a most melancholy time, the poor cry for bread and are not satisfied. Wheat 24s., barley 12s. and 14s., oats 5s. and 6s. per bushel, beef 10d., mutton and veal 8d. per pound, potatoes 8s. and 10s. per bag. O Lord, send us soon a plentiful harvest, and give us grace to improve Thy mercies.

The harvest in 1800 was without rain, scarcely any rain for sixteen weeks; the lands are everywhere burnt, no grass or vegetables. Potatoes, the support of the poor, fail, which keeps up the price of corn to an alarming degree. O Lord, our eyes are up unto Thee, hear us.

The number of inhabitants in Meeth parish in the year 1801, both old and young, both male and female, were 257. May they be numbered with the saints in glory.

The year 1801 is truly melancholy. Barley 17s. and 18s. per bushel, wheat 24s. per bushel, oats 6s. or 7s., beef 11d. or a shilling per pound, and also mutton.

Scarcely any corn for the poor. Mobs are everywhere rising, an extra number of constables sworn to keep the peace. May Xt our peace appear for us. The labouring people have all pay for their families and the barley reduced from 15s. and 16s. per bushel to 6s. for them. O Lord, hear us on behalf of the poor.

In the year 1802 were collected 156 rates for the poor, the Parsonage paid £13 for poor rates.

The 19th May, 1803, the Rev. L. Canniford purchased the advowson of Meeth parish of Mr. Vidal, began to build a new Parsonage House February, 1804. May his posterity for

generations to come enjoy it, be of great use and blessing to the inhabitants of the parish, even so, amen.

The parish was again numbered in 1811, and the number of the inhabitants was 272 old and young.

KATE ST. CLAIR FORD.

III. ST. MARY'S CHURCH, TOTNES.—In "The Memorials of Bishop Lacey," by Mr. Roscoe Gibbs, printed in the last issue of *Devon Notes and Queries*, it is stated that the stone screen in this church was restored in 1853. This date is incorrect, as the restoration of the church was not commenced until 1868, and the work extended over several years. The screen was not dealt with until about 1879.

I also wish to make a correction on a more important matter. Mr. Gibbs gives a sketch of the inscribed panel under the middle niche on the south side of the tower, and in the course of his description of the statuary quotes the inscription as "I made thys ture," the implied meaning of the last word being "tower." Mr. Edward Windeatt, who takes great interest in the church, and has published an historical and descriptive account of it, gives the words of the inscription, in the earlier edition of his book, as "I made the tour," and in a later edition (1900) as "I made thys tore."

When the exterior of the church was being restored under my direction in the year 1884, I had the opportunity of closely inspecting the sculptured niches, and as the reading of the last word of the inscription differed from what it was generally supposed to be, I had a cast made from the stone that I might at leisure give further consideration to the reading and meaning of the legend.

Shortly afterwards I exhibited the cast at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries that I might obtain the opinion of the members who were present as to the meaning of the doubtful word. It was unanimously agreed that the word was "fote," *i.e.*, "foot," but no explanation could be given as to what was intended to be referred to by this term.

Since the publication of Mr. Roscoe Gibbs' article, I have shewn the cast to Mr. St. John Hope, the Assistant Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, who confirms the opinion that the word is "fote"—in modern English "foot"—and that the inscription is intended to refer to a certain limited portion of

the work. He tells me that he has met with the same word in carved inscriptions on the parapets of Ludlow church, where the word occurs several times, different persons having each contributed the cost of a definite portion of the work.

Perhaps the publication of this illustration, made from a tracing of a photograph of the cast of the panel, may be the means of eliciting opinions, and so clearing up what is at present somewhat obscure.



I had a duplicate cast made for preservation in the vestry, and in a notice of the church in *The Illustrated Church News*, published in November, 1897, mention is made of this cast, and the inscription is given correctly.

I should mention that Mr. St. John Hope is of opinion that the figure with the bearded face and the triple tiara in the central niche is intended for a representation of the Blessed Trinity. Bishops of the period of this work did not wear beards; the illustration from the painted glass given with Mr. Gibbs' paper shews the Bishop with a clean shaven face.

CHAS. R. BAKER KING, A.R.I.B.A.

112. HERALDRY ON BISHOP LACY'S SEAL (III., par. 100, p. 117)—This valuable copy of the seal gives in sinister base one of the variations of the arms of the See of Exon, which Woodward, in his *Ecclesiastical Heraldry*, p. 181, states belongs solely to the Bishop, and says it resembles Bath and Winchester. He is incorrect in saying it resembles Bath, as it bore the sword in dexter and the keys in sinister bend, but it resembles Winchester exactly, though I suppose the field was different. Are there not glass examples, proved to be his, extant now which would determine this? The Lacy impaling goes a

long way to prove that Miss Cresswell's conjecture about the arms on the font in Ipplepen Church (III., p. 89) is correct. S. Peter has on his head what looks more like a finial of a railing, and behind possibly a double triangle. Is this quite a correct copy? In Dr. Oliver's seal, No. 12, which seems almost identical, but has no arms of the see impaling Lacy, he is distinctly triple crowned; possibly it was discarded and the latter substituted; if so, it might be that the arms were the chief cause. On p. 118, in connection with Bishop Lacy's head on Totnes Church tower, I doubt the Holy Father being represented either crowned or mitred, certainly not in the cases I have come across, and very rarely separated from the Holy Trinity. If it is a papal tiara, then it suggests that a Pope found the funds, which applies equally to the Bishop if a mitre; the only other suggestion I can offer is that it might be that of a member of the Drapers' Company.

F.W.

113. EXETER GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY.—Can any of your readers inform me where the records of this Company are now and if they can be seen? The Assay Office was closed in 1855, I believe, from want of work. Also I should be glad of any names of Devonshire goldsmiths beyond those given in Hope's *English Goldsmiths* and Cripp's *Old English Plate*. I have the following names of Barnstaple goldsmiths:—

Hugh Holbrook, circ. 1370.

John Davy, 1544-1581.

Peter Quycke, died 1573.

John Cotten, died 1601.

George Peard, died 1632.

Richard Laering	} Indicted for using the art and mystery of goldsmiths, having never been apprenticed to the trade, 1632.
Robert Matherns	

John Seldon, assayer 1652, died 1668.

John Peard, died 1680.

John Smith, 1706.

Henry Servante, jr., 1701.

In Cripp's book there is a gap in the Exeter names between 1640 and 1700.

I am compiling a list of the Church plate in North Devon, and owing to the want of any roll of goldsmiths working in Devon, find great difficulty in identifying the makers' marks on various articles, some of which were assayed at Exeter,

and others bearing only the maker's mark. I should be glad also of the date of the death of John Jons, goldsmith, of Exeter, the maker of so many Communion cups in Devon; also of any particulars relating to T. Matthew and J. Coton, Exeter goldsmiths. All these three were working 1570-1580.

J. F. CHANTER.

114. DEVONSHIRE CLOCK AND WATCHMAKERS.—In the new edition of Britten's *Old Clocks and Watches and their Makers*, 1904, although the adjoining county of Somerset is fully represented, Devon makes a poor showing. The following names have been extracted in the hope that many may be added by those who have local knowledge of the craft. C.C. stands for London Clockmakers' Company.

Clement, Edward, C.C., 1671; the inscription "Edward Clement, Exon," on a lantern clock may apply to him.

Ellis, Henry, Exeter, 1810.

Lovelace, Jacob, Exeter, died 1766, at the age of 60, in great poverty, having been 34 years engaged in constructing a monumental clock (of which an illustration is given), a prominent feature of the Exhibition of 1851, now in the Liverpool Museum. (*Vide D. N. & Q., Vol. I., pp. 178-180.*)

Mallett, a Devonshire family of clockmakers; long marqueterie case clock by *Peter Mallett*, about 1705. *John Mallett*, Barnstaple 1842.

Morcombe, Jno., made the town clock for Hartland in 1622-23; "new made" it 1657-8; supposed to be a conversion from a balance to pendulum.

Mudge, Thomas, born at Exeter 1715; C.C., 1738; while in business in London made an equation watch for Ferdinand VI. of Spain, and in 1765 a watch for Queen Charlotte; removed to Plymouth 1771, devoting himself to the construction of chronometers. He was often employed by George III., and in 1776 was appointed watchmaker to the King; he died in 1794.

Northcote, Samuel, son of a Plymouth watchmaker, and elder brother of James Northcote, the artist, was sent to London to Mudge, 1766; a watch by him inscribed "Samuel Northcote, Plymouth," about 1780.

Sanderson, George, Exeter, patentee of tools for duplicating parts of watches; also a lunar and calendar watch-key.

Thorne, Sim., Tiverton, 1740.

Towson, Jno. Thos., Devonport; received Vulcan medal and £100 from Society of Arts for chronometer banking, 1826.

Upjohn, Richd., Exon; long-case clock, about 1730.

Upjohn, Wm., Exon; watch, silver dial, raised figures, hall-mark, 1741.

Zucker, Jno., Tiverton, 1710.

J. H. BUCK.

115. APPLE TREE CHARMS.—In the *Devon Notes and Queries* of July, 1903, there is an interesting account of the old custom of apple tree charms, and it seems that it is done in different ways at different places. I never saw it performed in Devonshire, but in my early days I lived in Somersetshire, in the parish of Wiveliscombe, about four miles over the border from Devonshire, and the custom was regularly kept up there and I believe it is still, and I have often seen it. The ceremony was as follows:—On the evening of Twelfth day a number of people formed a circle round one of the apple trees; some had guns, some old tea kettles, or a tin tray or other thing that would make a loud noise when struck with a poker or fire shovel. Then the leader of the party sang a song, of which I can only remember one verse, which was:

There was an old man,
And he had an old cow,
And how to keep her he didn't know how;
So he built up a barn
To keep this cow warm,
And a little more cider would do us no harm.
Harm, my boys, harm!
Harm, my boys, harm!
A little more cider would do us no harm!

The guns were fired and the tea kettles and trays banged, and then all stooped down and raising themselves up three times shouted:—Now, now, now; hats full, caps full, three bushel bags full, and a little heap under the stairs; please God send a good crop, and then now, now, now again, and more gun firing and kettle banging, after which the cider was passed round and another verse was sung with the same ceremony. There were several verses which I cannot recollect, and I have been unable to obtain them. Before I went into Somersetshire I lived within a mile of Totnes, but I never heard of such a custom in that neighbourhood. I believe that it was

maintained in the neighbourhood of Crediton, but I never heard what the particular formula was, nor do I know if it is still kept up.

H. C. ADAMS.

116. KINGSLAND, SOUTHMOLTON (III., par. 41, p. 53; par. 77, p. 92; par. 91, p. 104).—The arms in dispute on the overmantel there, seem to be those of Horwood. They can be seen also on the monument of Thomas Horwood in Barnstaple Parish Church, 1658; on a flagon at Combemartin Church, given by the widow of Rev. Richard Horwood, Rector 1708-1741; also on articles formerly belonging to the family of Horwood of Blakewell, Sherwell, and afterwards of Puttsborough—*Az. a chevron ermine between three bitterns.*

J. F. CHANTER.

117. I have no doubt that, as F.W. suggests, the first coat of the shield bears ermine spots on the chevron, or that it is the coat of Harwood or Harewood.

In the *Herald's Visitation* of 1620 we find that John Harwood, of South Molton, married Alice, daughter of William Bury, of Coleton, died May 22nd, 1542, and had a son William, who is described as of Kingsland, South Molton. Henry, the fifth son of William, who married Anne, daughter and one of the heirs of John Kayllewaye, died s.p. 22nd Nov., 1631, and the South Molton Parish Register testifies that he was one of the churchwardens there in 1608. The arms of Bury, of Coleton, according to the *Visitation* of 1564, were: *Ermine, on a bend azure, 3 fleur de lys, or*, tantalizingly similar to those on the second, third and fifth coats.

I have looked at several hundreds of coats of Devonshire families, and I cannot find one that bears *On a bend, 5 plates*. The only coat of this description that I have met with is that assigned to the family, unknown in Devon, of Chartworth, in *Risdon's MS.*, 1562, viz.: *Ar. on a bend g., 5 besants*. Motto: *Garrula lingua leviter volat sed graviter vulnerat.*

Vivian, as J.S. points out, gives a different coat to the Harewood family. As either he or the Heralds err, I have no hesitation in saying that it is Vivian.

THOS. WAINWRIGHT.

118. I have had a helpful correspondence with J.S. over the Heraldry, and he must please to observe that

the coat I gave on p. 92 was for Harwood, not Harewood—quite a sufficient difference to account for a different coat of arms, though I dare say often locally pronounced the same. But he has sent heel-ball rubbings of the chevron and birds; the first is undoubtedly 'ermine,' not 'garbs,' and the second, to my mind, are like plovers. But birds in heraldry are always a trouble, and as I cannot find yet any clue to a bird called a 'bittowe,' unless it be a 'bittern,' which these might be, I must call them plovers, when possibly the coat might belong to the family of Wyke.

F.W.

119. WICHA AND AILRICHESTONA (III., par. 102, p. 119).—Mr. Whale has done me the honour of referring to me anent the identification of these places. May I offer a word of comment?

In my paper on the Pipe Rolls (*Trans. Devon. Ass.*, xxix., 458) I undoubtedly made two mistakes. (1) Guided by its value I called Tautona North Tawton, not noticing that the Pipe Roll Tautona had an *alias* Aedrichescota or Addiscot, which shows that it must be South Tawton. (2) I also failed to distinguish Ailricheston from Ailrichescota *alias* Aedrichescota, but I failed in good company. The error as to South Tawton was corrected in *Trans. Devon. Asso.*, xxxiii., 613; the error as to Ailricheston in *Trans.*, xxxiv., 721.

I am, however, wholly innocent of having ever suggested that Wicha of the Pipe Rolls was Wick, the outlier of Kenton near Langstone Point. No such idea ever entered my head. It is obvious that Mr. Whale has criticised me without taking the trouble to read my papers. For in *Trans.*, xxvii., 198, n. 54, *i.e.*, nine years ago, I wrote:—"Wyke is Week in Chagford *alias* Southteign, as appears from MS. 24,772, p. 193 (in Brit. Museum) where under the heading Manor of Southteyng *alias* Hampston Wick, in a brief dated 4 Sept., 9 Chas. I., Hampston Week is said to adjoin Southteyng, and the manor to bear both names. See also *Trans.*, viii., 64." This statement is referred to and endorsed *Trans.*, xxix., 460, n. 16, and I do not think is open to doubt.

Middelcote and Brodewyk (*i.e.*, Middlecot in Chagford and Great Week or the Prince's Week in Chagford) were both held of our Lord the King of the manor of Southteyng, as an

extract supplied by Miss Lega-Weekes shews. Now Middlecot, as being part of a Crown manor, is probably the English thane Alwin's Midelcota in *Domesday* (W. 1085, p. 1180), which the sequence suggests lay in Wonford Hundred, but certainly not in South Tawton Hundred; and if this is admitted, it seems probable that Southteign manor, including Middlecot and Great Week, all of which are in Wonford Hundred, formed part of the *Domesday* Wenfort (W. 59, p. 38). To Wenfort also belonged Budbrook and Drascombe in Drewsteynton, Halsford and part of Whitstone besides Pocombe in Alphington (see *Hundred Rolls*, No. 42, p. 84, and *Testa Nevil*, No. 1495, p. 198a).

(1). With the single exception of finding in Ailrichescota Addiscot, anciently the lordship of South Tawton, I regret to dissent entirely from the rest of Mr. Whale's suggested identifications.

(2). There are two Ailrichestonas. One of them was held of the Honour of Gloucester (*Testa Nevil*, No. 268, p. 178 a), and, together with Trebbles, Partridge and other fees in Cheriton Bishop, was held of Umfravil, the successor in title to Godwin in *Domesday*. It is, therefore, no doubt included in Godwin's Lantford (W. 1089, p. 1158), and is now known as Easton Barton in Cheriton Bishop. The other Ailrichestona was one of the Queen's dower lands, and for the reasons stated in *Trans.*, xxxiv., 721, I take it to be identical with Easton in Chagford. It adjoins Great Week and Southteign, and, like them, was part of the *Domesday* Wenfort.

(3). I do not know whether Mr. Whale is not poking fun with his phonetic jugglery of Ailrichestona into the-ton and Itton, or of Seleton into Slandon and Slancombe. The origin of Itton as a manor Miss Lega-Weekes has already supplied. But why the King may not have made a grant of Slancombe in Moreton Hampstead along with Hampston Week, which it adjoins, I fail to see.

(4). Also there is no reason why Cheleworthy should not be the Cheleforda of *Domesday* (W. 1071, p. 1150), *i.e.*, Chils-worthy in Holsworthy, if the Wyke which was held with it should turn out to be the Wica of *Domesday* (W. 1069, p. 1172), *i.e.*, North Week and Woodicot in Thornbury, for both are in Blacktorington Hundred. But certainly this Wica is not North Wyke, because North Wyke was part of

South Tawton manor, to which it still pays a chief rent of 19s. 10d.

The disproportionate attention which has been lately lavished on South Tawton may perhaps have misled Mr. Whale. South Tawton is not, any more than the maison Jacob at Quimper, the ὀμφαλος γῆς; and if the evidence of *Domesday* goes for anything, it was not even an ancient Crown lordship, but an earl's land projected out of the orbit of North Tawton, and not united to the Hundred because it still continued in royal hands.

OSWALD J. REICHEL.

120. TIVERTON IN 1659.—The following account of the state of alarm into which Tiverton was thrown on July 25, 1659, is transcribed from the *Mercurius Politicus* (published by Order of Parliament) of three days later. It was evidently the work of a Parliamentarian, as shown by its concluding passage. It receives no mention from Dunsford in his *History* of that town. and for this, apart from other reasons, is well worth being reprinted in the pages of *Devon Notes and Queries*. It is of much interest for showing the state of unrest which, commencing at the time of Cromwell's death, on Sept. 3, 1658, came to a crisis when the Protectorate was abolished, on the abdication of Richard Cromwell on May 25, 1659. From that period until May 1, 1660, the country was in a condition bordering on anarchy. During the time that Monk was coquetting with the Royalists, wild and alarming rumours, such as those which were spread through Tiverton, were propagated which seemed to have some basis of truth, now that the Fifth Monarchy men, who had caused much trouble to Cromwell in the closing years of his office, were released from his "mailed fist" by his death.

T. N. BRUSHFIELD, M.D.

"*Mercurius Politicus*. . . . Published by Order of Parliament. No. 580.
From Thursday, July 21, to Thursday, July 28, 1659.

Tiverton in Devon, July 25, 1659.

Upon the Nineteenth day of this month, about midnight, the whole Town of Tiverton, as also several Families in the Parish, were raised up out of their Beds by a false Rumor and Alarm; That the Ministers of the Town, and others fearing God, should be all massacred that night; whereupon the Magistrates, Ministers, and several others, gathered themselves together (many of them being in Arms) consulting in whose hands

to put Arms, it being so dangerous a time. Neighbors roused up each other out of their Beds, crying pittingly one to another, *Take Arms, take Arms, else they would have their Throates cut in their Beds.* And when they came forth of their Houses, and asked the reason of this Hurliburlie and feare, the common Replie and general Crie was, that *the Anabaptists and Quakers were joyned together, and intended that night to cut the Throats of the Ministers, and all the Godly people.* Whereupon some (being wiser than the rest) returned to their beds, as judging there was no Cause of Feare. But others (being thereto invited) took Arms, and walked through the Town. The Crie for a while increased and grew higher and higher, to wit, That, *the Fifth Monarchie Men, Anabaptists and Quakers were joyned together, not only to cut the Throats of the Godly in that Town, but the Throats of all the Godly in the Nation that Night.* They had an intent to have beaten their Drums, and rung the Bells at Midnight, but some persuaded to the contrary, which was a great mercie to a few Anabaptists (so called) living in that Town ; for it is probable, had such a thing been done, the rude multitude in their rage, by reason of the false Report, would have pluckt their houses down upon them. But they did only set a Guard about their Houses (which were 10 or 12 Families) as their Neighbors told them the next day.

The occasions of this Commotion, as it appears by inquiry, was from a Letter which a Parish Minister wrote to several of his Bretheren, That there was a designe on foot by the *Fifth-Monarchie Men, Anabaptists, and Quakers to CUT THROATS THAT NIGHT* ; whereupon for fear they left their Houses.

It is necessary that a word be added : I, To undeceive many simple ones in the Nation, that is, to warn all men in their places to take heed of the secret Plotters, and cunning designs now every where on foot, to ensnare poor people. It is well known the Cavaliers in City and County are waiting for an opportunity to rise for *Charles Stuart* against the Commonwealth, neither care they what the way be, so they may reach their malicious end, against the Government by a Commonwealth, and what way more likelie then this of *Tiverton* ?

But secondly, It is very strange that men professing to fear God, should not make more conscience of Lying, especially to devise such a thing as every one that shall hear of (if he be sober and discreet) will cry out against it as a most absurd and groundless thing. Truly this way will not do it, to bring in Monarchie ; God hath hitherto cursed it, and therefore let men know they do but *kick against the pricks* in seeking to set up a *King and House of Lords* ; it will not be, because the Lord himself is against it."

121. THE "JACKDAW OF RHEIMS."—One would scarcely expect to find, in a sermon preached by a Devonshire clergyman in the early part of the 17th century, any reference to the "Jackdaw of Rheims," immortalised by the author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*; such, however, is the fact. The Rev. John Gee (1596-1636), son of the incumbent of the

same name of Dunsford in this county, was in his way a somewhat notorious person. He became a convert to Roman Catholicism, but after the "Fatal Vespers" in Blackfriars on Oct. 26th, 1623, at which he was present, when nearly 100 persons were killed, he on his escape once more reverted to Protestantism, and thenceforth was known as a violent anti-Papal writer and preacher. In a sermon delivered by him at Paul's Cross on Oct. 31st, 1624 (printed in the same year, but not mentioned in bibliographical works), entitled "Hold Fast," and dedicated to Sir Robert Naunton, the author of "Fragmenta Regalia," he refers to "the power of Excommunication," which he illustrates thus:—

"In their Booke of Miracles, called *Pratum spirituale*, I find one of these iolly tales, that once upon a time there was a crow or iacke-daw had stolen a gold ring, and therevpon incurring the sentence of excommunication, refused to eate, and pined away, till an Abbot absolved the crow, and then hee was in good liking, and iocund as before."

(In marginal note) "A Iack Daw loued gold well, and so do those that tell this tale. You may read of sparrowes excommunicated (*Discip. Ser. 69, De Tempore*). A rauē excommunicated for breaking of a Church window (*vid. a booke intituled 'The Life of Leo Tusc.'* printed at *Col.*, p. 264. Since no rauē will come within a mile of that Church" (39).

The Rev. R. H. Barham alludes to it as "an old Catholic legend that I picked up out of a High Dutch author. I am afraid the poor 'Jackdaw' will be sadly pecked at. Had I more time I meant to have engrafted on it a story I have heard Cannon tell of a magpie of his acquaintance." (*Life*, 1880, 250).

The legend to which Barham refers is to be found in *Johan. Wolffii Lectionum Memorabilium Centenarii*, Vol. I., p. 216 (*Ingoldsby Legends*, 1894, I., 220). There is a portrait and description of Wolff in Dibdin's *Bibliomania* (1876), 110-2. From the *Sorberiana* (published 60 years later than Wolff's work) Mr. Axon quotes an anecdote of a raven which secreted the Pope's ring. The Pope "issued a bull of excommunication against the robber;" after which "the raven grew very thin and lost all his plumage. On the ring being found and the excommunication taken off, the raven recovered his flesh and his plumage" (*N. & Q.*, 4th S., II., 21).

T. N. BRUSHFIELD, M.D.

122. **DUDDERIDGE** *alias* **DODDERIDGE**, OF DEVON, SOMERSET AND DORSET.—*Origin and Seat.*—This ancient Norman family, which has been so widely identified with West Somerset for the last five centuries, took its origin from a small manor or seat, now called Dotheridge, in the parish of Alwington, Co. Devon. At first sight it would appear that the well-known name of Dudderidge is a mere corruption of the more popular patronymic of Dodderidge, but investigation has shown that, so far from this being the case, it would be more true to say that Dodderidge is a corruption of Dudderidge. Who the first member of the family was to drop his French name, and adopt that of the Saxon manor upon which he settled, we have no means of knowing, the first glimpse of the early progenitors of the race being seen in the reign of Henry III., when about the year 1250 Sir Richard Cophin, lord of Alwington, renews the grant of the seat to Thomas de Dudderigge and his heirs, as the following translation of the earliest documentary evidence shows:—

“Know as well present as to come, that I, Richard Cophin, have rendered and granted unto Thomas de Dudderigge and his heirs the land of Dudderigge and the land of Hole, together with Moggesmore, as his fee and right, to be held of me and my heirs by royal service for two ferlings, he rendering to me yearly two silver-plated spurs at the Feast of St. Michael for all service. And for this grant aforesaid the said Thomas has given me as acknowledgment 10 shillings. And that this grant may remain ratified and unshaken, I have taken care to strengthen it with the impression of my seal and the names of the witnesses annexed.”¹

The appendant seal in green wax, in fair preservation but worn, represents a knight on horseback, while the witnesses are:—

William Punchardun, William Dancis, Addam de Stoddune, William Fitz Hugh, William de Greinvile, William Boteler, Richard Brutone, Manger a Chokeinstone and his sons, Robert a Raustone and Richard his son, Jordan de Lauceles and Gocelin his brother, Savari a Stenorde, Elylande ate Yo and Ralph his brother, Richard a Chittalacomtone, Thomas his son, Thomas Carkalonde, Helyas Fitz Jordan, Jordan de Ghiliscote, Ralph the Rustic and Robert his brother.

The only further notice of the family yet discovered in connection with their early ancestral home is that of Robert de Dudarigge, who in the days of Edward II., 1307-1327,

1. Historical MSS. Commission, Appendix to Fourth Report, p. 376.

witnesses a deed of gift in which Sir William Cophin, a later lord of Alwington, grants to Peter de Karkaland a ferling of land in Karkaland."

No mention of the family appears in the voluminous *Subsidy Rolls* for Devon in the years 1327 or 1333, while in 1360 the family seat of "Douderygge" passed from one Godman to William Ellis and Joan his wife. Later, in 1434, the "lands at Dothderygge" were leased to one Deuyds and his wife.

This gradual change in the spelling of the name, while interesting, is by no means unique, for in the adjacent parish of Merton is a place once called Pudderidge, which form still appears on a memorial stone in Parkham Church, dated 1595. But before this date the name had already been corrupted into Pouderridge. Then later, in 1333, it was written Poderug. Still later, in 1644, the Great Torrington Parish Register spells it Poderidge, while to-day it is called Potheridge and is better known as the seat of the celebrated Monk family.

The present estate consists of 30 acres, and since the old "ferlingata" would appear to vary from 12 to 15 acres, its extent has not altered since the days of Henry III. The manor house is a comfortable, fair-sized one, much sought after for its boat rooms, while connected with the old domain is its ancient farm and house.

Heraldic Notices.—Towards the end of the 15th century there lived at South Molton, Devon, one John Dodderidge, who was the ancestor of a distinguished line which produced Richard Dodderidge, Mayor of Barnstaple 1589; Sir John Dodderidge (1555-1628), Second Justice of the Court of King's Bench; Pentecost Dodderidge, M.P. for Barnstaple 1620-1623, and Mayor 1611, 1627, 1637; John Dodderidge (1610-1666), Recorder of Bristol, then of Barnstaple, and later, in 1646, M.P. for Barnstaple; and Dr. Philip Dodderidge, of Northampton, 1702-1751. It is in connection with this line that the family armorial coat first appears. Risdon, writing between 1608-1628, gives for "Dodderigg" :—" *Argent, three pales wavy azure between twelve crosses crosslet, gules* "; while Pole, writing before 1635, gives the coat in quainter language, viz. :—" *Argent, crusule geules, three bends (should be pallets), unde azure.*"

Now, the mediæval form of the surname by Risdon, and the description by Pole in language common to the earlier armorists, tends to show that each writer quoted from documents contemporaneous with the middle ages. It is this coat which bears such a close resemblance to the ancient Cophin coat, viz.:—“*Azure semée of cross crosslets or, three bezants,*” and since heraldry came to be regarded as a science at the very period the Dudderidges were holding lands from the Cophins, what is more reasonable than to suppose that the Cophins granted their coat with certain differences, according to custom, to the Dudderidges, to denote the latter's feudal alliance or dependency? Assuming this to be correct, it shows that the early ancestors of this illustrious line of Dodderidges were originally Dudderidges, whose descendants adopted the more popular spelling of their surname. No Dudderidge or Dodderidge is known to have recorded this coat, but a curious and interesting point is the fact that Sir John Dodderidge, in spite of what Risdon and Pole give, *reduced* the achievement for his personal and relatives' use. Prince notes that in 1612 Sir John was bearing as his arms:—“*Argent, two pales wavy azure, between nine cross crosslets, gules.*” In 1622 Sir John placed this reduced coat, impaling Westcott, over the principal entrance of his manor house at Bremridge, South Molton. It was not, however, until the year of his death that this reduced coat was “confirmed and allowed” to Sir John and his brother Pentecost by the Heralds, when the former recorded his pedigree of four generations in 1628. From the foregoing remarks, therefore, it would appear that while Sir John's reduced coat is exclusively the property of the descendants of his branch of the family, if any exist, the older and fuller coat, as given by Risdon and Pole, may be looked upon as the general insignia of the Dudderidge family at large, seeing that it has never been taken up and recorded by any particular branch of the same. Again, if heraldry may be taken as a guide, Prince's contention that Sir John Dodderidge's early ancestors were of Dodderidge, in the parish of Sandford, Devon, appears to be unsustainable.

The Spelling of the Surname.—Finally, it is certain that, as the name of the family seat changed in form from Dudderidge to Dotheridge, so did also the family surname from Dudderidge to Dodderidge. Each transition seems to have been influenced,

more or less, by the more prolific Dodderidges of Dodderidge, who, in process of time, spread all over the county of Devon, making the only distinguishing mark to be the armorial coat, to which the latter family never pretended. It is interesting to add that before the change of surname became permanent in Devon, a cadet branch of the Dudderidge family settled towards the end of the 14th century in Somerset. Dividing themselves here into two main lines with permanent settlements at Stogumber and Burland in Staplegrove, they retained the original spelling of their surname, and by such are still widely and honourably known to-day. Further, in the middle of the 19th century the family had immigrated to Dorset, where one branch has in recent years dropped the older form of Dudderidge for the more popular form of Dodderidge.

SIDNEY E. DODDERIDGE.

123. PEDIGREE OF DUDDERIGGE *alias* DODDERIDGE, of Dotheridge, South Molton, and Barnstaple, Co. Devon:—

1. Thomas de Dudderidge, lord of Dotheridge, *temp.* Henry III., from whom descended—
2. Robert de Dudarigge, *temp.* Edward II., from whom descended—
3. John Dodderidge, of South Molton, *temp.* 1500. By his wife, Miss Smith, he had issue—
 1. Henry, who died without issue.
 2. Richard, of whom presently.
4. Richard Dodderidge, of South Molton and Holland Street, Barnstaple. According to Prince, he married Joan Badcock, of South Molton, but the pedigree at the Heralds' College names as his wife Joan Harder, of Devonshire. Possibly he was twice married. He had issue—
 1. John, of whom presently.
 2. Pentecost, of whom presently.
 3. Amey, who married John Bincombe or Pyncombe, of South Molton.
 4. Philip, of Isleworth, Middlesex, living 1625.
 5. Elizabeth, who married, firstly, Nicholas Downe and had issue; secondly, Richard Crossing, of Exeter, whose issue ultimately inherited Sir John Dodderidge's manor of Bremridge, South Molton.

6. Peter, died *temp.* 1604.
7. Robert, who married Margaret, who with her husband died about 1604.

In 1589 he was Mayor of Barnstaple, and dying in January, 1619, was buried at Barnstaple.

5. Sir John Dodderidge, Knight, 1555-1628, of South Molton, Barnstaple, and Forsters, Egham, Surrey, Second Justice of the Court of King's Bench. He married, firstly, Miss Germin, of Devonshire; secondly, Anne, widow of Gabriel Newman, of London, and great-grand-daughter of Richard Culme, of Canon's Leigh, Devon; thirdly, Dorothy, widow of Edward Handcock, of Coombe Martin, Devon, and daughter of Sir Amias and Lady Elizabeth Bampfield, of North Molton, Devon, who died 1st March, 1615, and is buried in the Lady Chapel of Exeter Cathedral. By her only he had issue one son, who died in the prime of life. Sir John died at his Forsters mansion 13th Sep., 1628, and by his desire his remains were translated to Exeter Cathedral, where they were interred 10 o'clock at night in the Lady Chapel, 14th Oct., 1628.

6. Pentecost Dodderidge, of South Molton and Barnstaple. He married 12th Feby., 1599, Elizabeth Wescombe, of Barnstaple, and had issue—

1. Joane, who died in 1605.
2. Anne, who married 10th Jan., 1622, John Martyn, of Exeter.
3. Richard, who died 1603.
4. Mary, who died 1605.
5. Elizabeth, who married 4th Jan., 1650, John Bowen.
6. John, of whom presently.
7. Dorothy, who married, firstly, 7th May, 1634, John Clarke, of Exeter; and, secondly, John Loveren. She died in 1666.

8. Richard, M.A., Oxon, who died in the prime of life.

On the 12th Dec., 1620, Pentecost Dodderidge was M.P. for Barnstaple, and likewise in 1623. In 1611, 1627 and 1637 he is Mayor of the Borough, and in 1628 inherits Sir John Dodderidge's estate at Bremridge. His wife died in 1638 and he about 1650.

7. John Dodderidge (1610-1666), of Barnstaple, Bristol and Cheshunt, Hertfordshire, Recorder of Bristol. He left the Corporation there two handsome pieces of plate. Later, was Recorder of Barnstaple, and in 1646 represented the Borough in Parliament. On 26th July, 1647, was made J.P. for the County of Devon. Was thrice married, but left one only son, John, who died at Barnstaple in 1653. He himself died at Cheshunt 22nd March, 1666. Two years before his death he bequeathed to the town of Barnstaple an antique library of 112 vols.
8. Revd. John Dodderidge (1620-1689), the son of Philip and grandson of Richard Dodderidge, of Barnstaple, became the head of the family at his cousin's (John Dodderidge) death. A B.A. of Oxford, he became Rector, of Shepperton, Middlesex, but surrendered his benefice upon the passing of the Act of Uniformity in 1661 and retired to Twickenham. Of his ten children—
 1. Philip, who died without issue in 1715, was a barrister and steward to William, 5th Earl Russel and 1st Duke of Bedford.
 2. Kimborrow, who married 14th Nov., 1681, George Chandler, of Isleworth, gent.
 3. Daniel, who also died in 1715, became a prosperous London merchant. Marrying the daughter of the Rev. John Bauman, a Lutheran preacher of Prague, he had issue twenty children, but only two reached maturity, viz. :—
 1. Elizabeth, who married John Nettleton, dissenting minister at Ongar, Essex, and died in 1735.
 2. Dr. Philip Dodderidge, dissenting minister of Northampton, and author of "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," born 26th June, 1702. He married 22nd Dec., 1730, Mercy Maris, of Worcester, and leaving four surviving children, died at Lisbon 26th Oct., 1751, and was buried in the English Cemetery there. Of his children, his only surviving son, Philip Dodderidge,

died unmarried at Tewkesbury 13th March, 1782, and so ended this illustrious line.

SIDNEY E. DODDERIDGE.

124. A SHORT SKETCH OF THE FAMILY AND MANOR OF DODDERIDGE, CO. DEVON.—In the parish of Sandford, near Crediton, Co. Devon, is an ancient manor called Dodderidge or Doddridge, which at the Conquest was given to a Norman who took his name from the estate, which still forms one of the tithings of Crediton. The earliest recorded lord of this manor is that of Gilbert de Dodarig, who witnesses a “recovery” by Robert de Bremerige in or about 2 Henry III., 1218.¹

In 3 Edward I., 1275, Ric. de Doderig, apparently another lord, is appointed a jurator for the Hundred of Crediton.²

In 14 Edward I., 1286, William de Dodderygge of the same Hundred was appointed by the Royal Commissioners to collect a second subsidy in the said Hundred.³

In 17 Edward III., 1344, 120 or so acres of arable land with rents in “Doderigge et Critton” were held by John de Stokedon, Mabel his wife, and William Avenel.⁴

In 29 Edward III., 1356, a farmhouse and the same number of acres with rents were held in “Dodderigg juxta Cridyton” by John Proutz Squyer, John Pedehel, and Joan his wife.⁵

In 50 Edward III., 1377, there were 81 persons living in the tithing of Dodderigge above 14 years of age.⁶

In 5 Henry V., 1418, “John Prous of Dodderyg,” was joint patron with another of Crewys Morchard.⁷

In 7 Henry VIII., 1516, a “fine” speaks of the manor “de Dodderygge” as being held by John Gye, Mary his wife, and John Prous, clerk.

In 8 Henry VIII., 1517, another “fine” shows that the “manor de Doderigge” was held in part by J. Ford and others.

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1. *Devonshire Wills*, by Chas. Worthy, p. 414.
 2. *Hundred Rolls, Co. Devon*, p. 69.
 3. *Lay Subsidy Rolls, Co. Devon*, 14 Edward I.
 4. *Pedes Finium, Devon*, 17 Ed. III., No. 153.
 5. *Pedes Finium, Devon*, 29 Ed. III., No. 265.
 6. From a bundle of receipts for the poll tax of 4d. a head levied in 1377 on every person over 14 years of age.
 7. Bp. Stafford's *Register*.

By 1516, therefore, the manor of Dodderidge had passed out of the hands of the ancient family of that name, the last to retain it wholly or in part in the male line being apparently John Doderidge (*temp.* 1500) "of Doderidge in Kirton," whose daughter and co-heir Anne married John Davy of Ebberleigh.¹

It may be stated that in an Elizabethan map of Devon the family seat is duly noted.

In the reign of James I. "Higher Doddrige *alias* Prowser" is spoken of and described as a barton or manor in Devonshire,² while an apprentice indenture of the 17th century describes it as "Prowse or Higher Doddridges."

In later mediæval days the lordship was divided into three estates in order to make provision for co-heirs. These were known respectively as (1) Dodderidge proper, until recently called "Doddridge Village"³ or "The Villa;"⁴ (2) Higher Dodderidge, now called "Prowse;" and (3) Lower Dodderidge, now called "Dally's." Each had ancient manor houses attached. That at Dodderidge proper was pulled down about 60 years ago to make way for a modern farm building. The other two are still standing and are extremely interesting, the manor house at Higher Dodderidge having its ancient chapel still attached at the east end of the building over the cider cellar, while the remains of a similar chapel can still be traced at Dodderidge. All the foregoing coincides with Risdon, who, writing before 1630, says:—

"Doderidge was anciently owned by that name, which divided amongst co-heirs came to divers."

While Prince, writing in 1697, enlarges this statement thus:—

"The name, I find, is of ancient standing in the province, for Dodderidge, in the parish of Crediton, had long since lords so called, which divided at length among co-heirs came unto divers hands."

It is with this statement that Prince endeavours to prove his supposed ancestry of Sir John Dodderidge.

Although by the 16th century the main branch of the family appears to have died out altogether, in 1657 one Robert

1. *Heralds' Visitation, Co. Devon.*

2. *Chancery Proceedings* (D. xi., No. 6).

3. So called in the Sandford Burial Register in the year 1660.

4. So parishioners in 1897 remembered it in their childhood.

Dodridge, a plebian, and doubtless a descendant of William Doderug of Crediton, temp. 1557,¹ is established once more in the parish if not the ancient domain, since the Parish Registers of Sandford, which begin 1603, note the fact of his daughter Agnes being baptised in this year, while his elder son, John Dodridge, of Sandford, took his B.A. degree from Exeter College, Oxford, in 1674, became Rector of West Worlington in 1676, and on the 20th October, 1677, married Lady Elizabeth, widow of Sir Thomas Stuckley, Kt., of Affeton, and daughter of Sir Ralph Sydenham, Kt., of Yolston. Indeed, the Sandford Registers would imply that subsequent descendants of Robert Dodridge re-acquired possession of the ancient family seat, although latterly they did not live there, since Lysons, writing in 1822, says:—

“Dodridge, in the parish of Sandford, was the ancient property and residence of the family of that name, who continued to possess it in 1746. It was successively in the hands of Lake and Payne, and now belongs to the Revd. John Hewlett, to whom it was conveyed in 1808.”

The estate is now held by the trustees of the late Mr. Thomas Lee, of Exeter.

The present representative of the family, whose grandfather was a Sandford man, as also was his father, William Sarjent Doddridge, is Mr. William Doddridge, of Crediton, where in the 18th century one John Doddridge was living whose will was proved at Exeter in 1796, whilst by Letters Dimissory dated 20th July, 1374, Thomas Doderigge, clerk, was admitted at Crediton “ad omnes Minores et eciam Sacros ordines.”

From this short sketch of the history of the stem of this prolific family, it will be seen that numerous cadets would be likely in course of time to fix themselves over the county of Devon. This they did. Consequently, the name “Dodderidge” would be more popular than the surname “Dudderidge,” and when we remember that an “o” or “u” was a matter of no more importance to a middle Englishman than it is to-day when we call London—Lundon, we can understand how the less prolific Dudderidges of Dudderigge, now Dotheridge, in the parish of Alwington, the ancestors of

1. See will of Alice Hillyings, proved 17th Jany., 1557. *Crediton Wills*, book-fol. 208.

Sir John Dodderidge, would become known in Devon as Dodderidges. One distinguishing feature of Sir John Dodderidge's family was its armorial coat,¹ to which the Dodderidges of Dodderidge in Sandford never pretended. Upon one of the bosses of the roof in the hall of the manor house of Higher Dodderidge is the following achievement, viz.:—*A chevron with three birds, i.e., two above and one below*, but no proof has as yet been forthcoming that this is the coat of the Dodderidges of Sandford. Indeed, it seems more likely to be the insignia of the Devonshire Yea, Southcot, Crocker, or Cary families. The following notices, therefore, may be taken to be cadet branches of the non-armigerous Dodderidge family of Sandford:—

Exeter.—In September, 1285, a contract was made between the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral of the one part and Walter de Dodderigge and Benedicta his wife of the other part, foregoing their right of egress and ingress through the doors of their house which opened into the cemetery, *i.e., the Cathedral Close*,² while on the 17th December, 1287, this same Walter de Dodderigge is chosen by the Mayor of Exeter as a jurator. In the reign of Elizabeth, William Dodrydge, of the Cytty of Exeter, steymaker, petitions the Lord Chancellor respecting his lands at Columpton; while as late as 1735 the will of Jo. Dodderidge, of the parish of St. Thomas the Apostle, was proved.

Ilstington.—On 11th April, 1342, Sir William de Doderigge, priest, was instituted as Vicar of the Church of Ilstingtone, the patrons being the Warden and Chapter of the Collegiate Church of Ottery St. Mary.

Portlemouth and Dodbrooke.—In 1428 William Doderigge is holding lands at the foregoing places, and was represented in 1703 by John Dodridge, who married this year at Cornwood Ann Nelder.

Poughill.—A substantial branch of the family was settled here at an early date, for in the *Subsidy Rolls* for 1550,

1. Arms of Dudderidge *alias* Dodderidge—*Argent, three pales, bends or pallets, unde wavy azure between crusule gules (or twelve crosses crosslet gules)*. Arms of Sir John Dodderidge's branch of the family—*Argent, two pales wavy azure, between nine cross crosslets, gules*.

3. Oliver's *Cathedral*, p. 251.

Richard Dodridge, sen., h(usbandman) paid a tax of xs., and John Dodridge (husbond), presumably his son, paid the same. The latter married in 1566 at Brompton Raffé, Co. Somerset, Johanna Wymat, widow, of that parish, and appears to have died in 1622, since his will was proved at Exeter in that year. He left a son William, who in turn had a son Robert, both of whom benefited under the will of Jane Mortimer of Poughill, spinster, dated 27th August, 1622, and proved at Exeter 19th September, 1623.

Broad Clist.—Hugh Jermyn bought from Robert Dodridge and Richarda his wife a house, 20 acres of land, 2 acres of meadow, 20 acres of pasture, and 20 acres of heath and moor in Broad Clist. Payment £100 in 1619.

Stoke Canon.—George Dodridge was "Sacerdos" here in 1630, when his son William, matriculating at Exeter College, Oxford, aged 20, took his B.A. degree 26th October, 1630.

Bradninch.—In the reign of Charles II., 1660-1685, a branch of the family settled here, the Parish Registers at that period having a host of entries, the surname being spelt in the following forms:—Dodridge, Dudderidge and Dutheridge. The two families, therefore, may have clashed here, but in the absence of heraldic or other evidence, it becomes difficult to distinguish their ancestry.

Plympton Earl.—William Doddridge signs as a burges^s here 24th July, 1759.

Totton.—Will of Margery Dodderidge, of Totton, proved at Exeter, 1648.

Kentisbere.—Will of Humphrey Dodderidge, of Kentisbere, proved at Exeter, 1668.

Ide (by Exeter).—In the Court of the Dean and Chapter of Exeter there is reference made to the will of Maud Dodridge, of Ide, in 1558, but the will itself has been torn out of the book.

Upton Hellions.—Will of Roger Dodridge, of Upton Hellions (*temp.* James I.), proved in the Bishop's Court (Principal Registry).

SIDNEY E. DODDERIDGE,
Rector of St. Ann's, Thornbury, Herefordshire.

125. CURIOUS COPY OF A LETTER FROM ADMIRAL BARTHOLOMEW JAMES TO HIS COUSIN, L. HINGSTON, ESQ., FALMOUTH :—

"Canopus," Tagus, 24th Feb., 1799.

My dear Lazarus,—

Although I have nothing to trouble you about by this Packet, having so lately communicated my wishes to you by the "Prince of Wales," yet to shew that it is not my wants alone that induces me to write you, I sit down with my usual satisfaction to ask how you are.

I do not feel displeas'd with old Time for driving on so fast, as he does just now, because having but little hopes of being employ'd again soon (at least in the present century) I am very desirous of getting to England to enjoy a little quiet, which I begin to think myself entitl'd to from the following statement of my servitude at sea :

	Yrs.	Mos.
In the Packets to Jamaica and Lisbon	1	4
In West Indies in H.M. Service	9	2
In America do.	6	3
In the Mediterranean, do.	3	4
On the Home Station, do.	3	0
In West India Service (in Peace)	6	0
On Half Pay at Falmouth and Gwarder	3	4
Running about Falmouth, &c.	8	0
At Bideford	5	9
Total time in this melancholy world	46	2

By this account, which is as correct as I can possibly make it out, you find I have been more than half my life abroad in various climes and situations, and have had the felicity of filling the following enviable and important places :

	Yrs.	Mos.
As a crying Whelp	0	1
A troublesome Brat	5	11
An impudent Boy	2	0
A decent Youth	5	9
A kind of Puppy	1	4
A tolerable sort of Midshipman	7	7
An intolerable extravagant Monkey	3	4
A dashing, active, thoughtless Lieut.	4	0
A spoiler of good water, <i>as Co.</i>	2	0
A disturber of the parishes of Gluvar and Mylor	2	0
A distressed Half Pay Officer	0	6
A Master of a West Indiaman	6	0
An old First Lieut. and Agent of Transports	3	0
A Master and Commander	2	6
A stupid, idle Post Captain	0	2
Total peregrination	46	2

Now from this I think I can make out the remainder of my life easy enough, so at one glance you may know all that ever has or ever will happen to your dear Cousin, and which I am sure must give you the greatest possible happiness imaginable :

	Yrs.	Mos.
Captain of the Canopus	0	3
Attendance at Admiralty begging for employ- ment in vain, and settling affairs in London ... }	0	3
Quiet in gardening and boating	3	6
Fretting and wishing for employ in vain... ..	1	0
Serious and solid and marrying my Girls... ..	0	3
A fat, short, gouty, funny fellow	3	0
A Methodist	4	6
A stingy, covetous old growl	3	2
A religious solid old Boy	1	0
A plague to everybody about me	0	9
Confined to bed and giving advice to Parish	0	1
<hr/>		
Time to spend on earth and sea	17	9
Already past and irrecoverably gone	46	2
<hr/>		
Total years in this world	63	11

(Errors excepted).

Signed,

BARTM. JAMES.

I should have lived the other odd month and made up the sixty-four had I not drank John Treevy's tenpenny—how fortunate it was that I only had one tumbler of it.

(This old gentlemen lived to the age of seventy-five—died in 1828). Can you readers add any biographical particulars?

G.S.W.M.

126. ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF SIR JOHN ELIOT.—Can anyone kindly inform me who married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Eliot? There is a tradition that she married a yeoman of the neighbourhood of Torrington.

H.S.

127. YARDE FAMILY (III., par. 107, p. 128).—I would ask Mr. J. G. Hicks whether he can identify in Tuckett's pedigrees the Gilbert who married Elizabeth Champernowne, as the last of one branch on p. 66 contains a Gilbert, whilst the same of another branch on pp. 66 and 67 contains two Gilberts in the same generation. In connection with this (*Vol. II.*, p. 232) the last line says 'Dean (Bristol).' I cannot find a Yarde amongst the Deans of Bristol.

F.W.

128. DARTMOOR NOTE.—Add. MS. 24,762, fol. 276, Brit. Mus., contains a (contemporary) "Briefe note of the Tinne coined in Devon and Cornwall at this Midsummer coinage, Anno 1595, from 12th June to 9th July." It gives the names of the "coiners" and the number of pieces coined by each, at Chagford, Ashburton, Plimpton, Tavistock, Liscard, Listudiell, Trewroe and Heilstone.

ETHEL LEGA-WEEKES.

129. HUXLEY V. A DEVONSHIRE MAN.—Who was "A Devonshire Man" who criticised the statements of Professor Huxley's:—"Devonshire men are as little Anglo-Saxons as Northumbrians are Welsh, and a native of Tipperary is just as much or as little Anglo-Saxon as a native of Devonshire"? The criticism took the form of a letter written to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and was replied to January 19th, 1870, by T. H. Huxley. The two letters appeared in Trewman's *Exeter Flying Post*, Jan. 26, 1870. The discussion was commented on by the *Spectator* (which had an article entitled "Pope Huxley"), the *Saturday Review*, and the *Athenæum*.

J.H.R.

130. MASONIC LODGES IN DEVON (III., par. 99, p. 112).—Mr Buck may be interested to know that I have a copy of a similar book to his, but dated 1757. It is issued by the same printer, Benj. Cole, and by order it states of the Grand Master, James Brydges, Marquess of Carnarvon, son of the Duke of Chandos. There are 217 lodges in this list, only three in Devonshire, all at Plymouth:—

67. The Masons' Arms, 1734.

134. The Bishop, May 1st, 1748.

135. The Mitre, June 15th, 1748.

All illustrated by cuts, and in America fire.

J. F. CHANTER.

131. SUBSIDY SEAL.—A payment of 3s. 4d. to John Domegode, lapidary of London . . . for making and engraving a metal seal ordered by advice of the King's Council for the subsidies of 3s. per ton and 12d. for the lb. in the port of Plymouth, in the Co. of Cornwall (*sic*), 4th and 5th Hen. IV., 26th March (*Issue Roll. Exch.*, p. 297).

ETHEL LEGA-WEEKES.

2

Devon Notes and Queries :

a Quarterly Journal devoted to the
LOCAL HISTORY BIOGRAPHY and
ANTIQUITIES of the County of
Devon edited by P F S AMERY
JOHN S AMERY and J BROOKING
ROWE FSA

Volume III—Part VI—April, 1905.

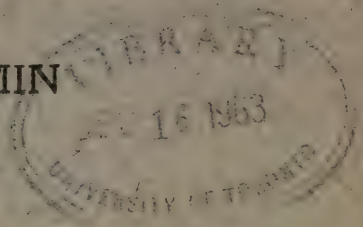
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APPENDIX.

THE WIDECOMBE TRACTS, 1638.
The First and Second Relation.

JAMES G COMMINS
230 High Street
EXETER



NOTICE.

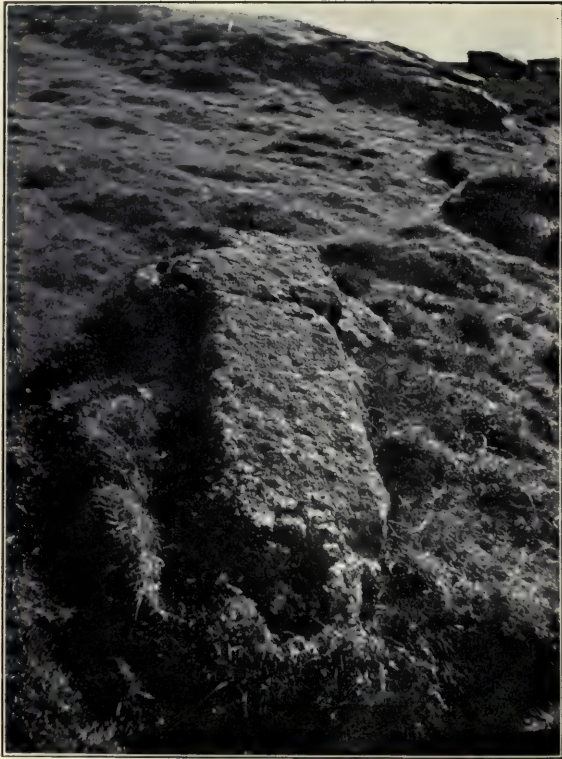
VOLUME II having been completed with the October number 1903, those Subscribers who desire to have them bound should send their parts for 1902 and 1903 to the Publisher, who will arrange for binding the same, in art linen, gilt top, uniform with Vol. I, at two shillings per volume. The Morebath Wardens' Accounts are now completed, and should be bound separately, uniform with the other volumes.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for 1905 are now due, payable to MR. JAMES G. COMMINS, 230, High Street, Exeter. The Subscription is six SHILLINGS and six PENCE per annum, post free. Single numbers are not sold. Contributors who desire to have reprints of their communications, should inform the publisher of their wishes at the time of sending their MS. and they will be supplied at a small cost.

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BOOKS FOR REVIEW should be sent to the EDITORS, CASTLE BARBICAN, PLYMPTON.



Cross on Rippon Tor.

From a Photograph by John S. Amery.

132. CROSS ON RIPPON TOR.—As is well-known, there is an unfinished cross, carried to the extent of 6 inches relief from the block from which it is carved, lying about 30 yards south-westward from the summit of this tor. The apparent mystery of this (never very considerable) is solved by the existence of another relic some yards further south-westward still, in the shape of a circular basestone, also partially wrought to shape from a block in situ, 4 feet 10 inches in diameter, and of 9 inches average thickness. Prints of both the cross and the base accompany this. The former measures 6 feet 7 inches in length, and is 2 feet 2 inches wide across the shaft and one arm, the other arm being non-existent. From the relatively greater finish of the basestone, this was probably begun, and carried to its present degree first, and subsequently abandoned either because the cross was found to be unsatisfactory, or for some other not abstruse reason of slackness, time, money or opportunity. The degree of labour spent and wasted on Dartmoor (if this explanation is thought incredibly improvident) is much more remarkably instanced by the large circular block of red granite on the grassy slopes north of Great Trowlesworthy Tor, which is shaped to a thickness of 4 feet, and is 5 feet 6 inches in diameter; prepared for some purpose such as for use in a cider press, and then left as perhaps the largest relic of this kind of prodigal activity on the moor.

The interest of the Rippon Tor basestone lies, more considerably than in its precise nature, in the fact that, so far as I know, it has never been noticed before. At least, I know of no printed notice of it. And considering the definite popularity of Rippon Tor, within a stone's throw (metaphorically) of multitudinous char-a-bancs, we have a good test of any supposed finality in discoveries on the much larger and more deserted expanses of Dartmoor.

T. A. FALCON.

We are glad Mr. Falcon has drawn attention to this cross, which in position and construction is, we believe, unique on Dartmoor. His cursory inspection and hastily formed opinion of it, and of the neighbouring relic, which he suggests to have been intended for its base, are illustrations of the difficulty experienced in determining the actual facts relating to stray remains on Dartmoor.

Mr. C. Spence Bate was the first to notice this cross, which he described in a paper on *Inscribed Stones and Ancient Crosses of Devon* (Trans. Plymouth Institution, Vol. VI., p. 117). Mr. Crossing in his *Stone Crosses*

of Dartmoor (*Devon Notes and Queries*, Vol II, Part II, p. 161) remarks in writing of this cross, "It is totally unlike any other on Dartmoor, inasmuch as it could never have been intended to be set up, for it is simply cut in relief on the surface of a large block of granite. The bottom of the shaft seems to have been broken, as also does one of the arms, while the other is not very clearly cut." A photograph taken from another angle looking up its length shows well its shape. Heather covers the remainder of the face of the flat rock on which it is cut and gives the appearance of its being a detached stone lying on the surface, which is not the case.

The partially worked circular stone suggested as a possible base for the above cross, will on closer inspection appear to be an unfinished millstone, there are others in various stages to be seen near. Formerly, when there were no green crops for winter fodder for cattle, bruised gorse was largely used. Coarse granite millstones were arranged to crush the green furze, which afforded a very nutritious food for horses.

Remains of such stones, 4 or 5 feet in diameter, are frequently seen about moorland farmsteads, sometimes used for paving near the water-shoot, or more often fixed into a dry wall. Eds.

I am indebted to the Editorial courtesy for a perusal of the comment on my note before publication. By their further clemency I am allowed to add summarily :—

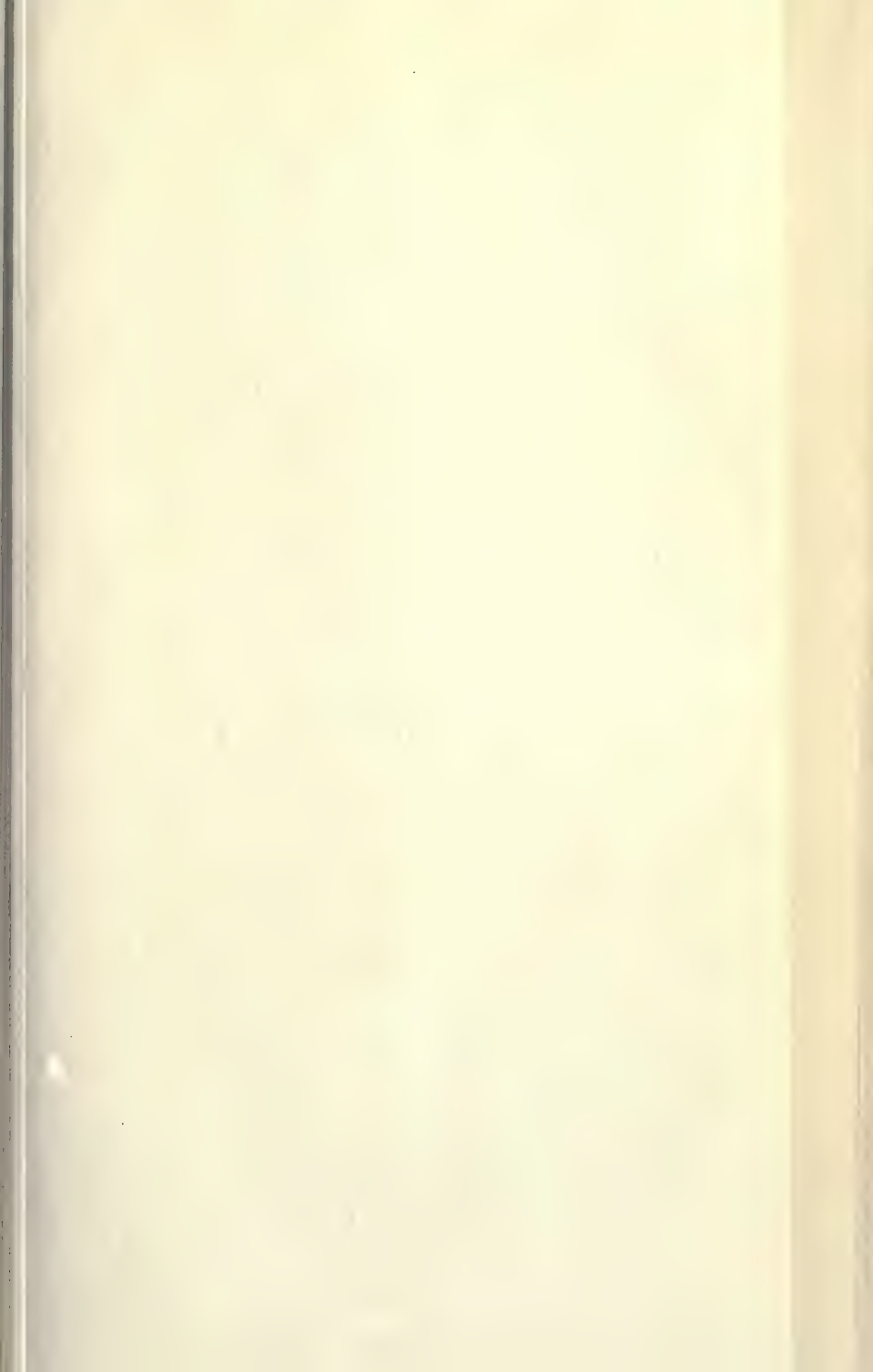
(1.) The facts and quotations therein cited were known to me.

(2.) As to the detachment, I have not a copy of my note by me, but I think I said a "block *in situ*." In any case I did not assert (though I may somehow have seemed to imply) that the "stone" was "detached." On the contrary, the fact of its not being so counts in part towards my conclusion that the cross is simply the product of an improvident mistake, or of a strange lack of opportunity. At the same time, I did not intend to imply, nor do I think that the genial artificer suddenly worried himself because he found the block unexpectedly large, not to say a radical part of ultimate rock. As to that, I am neither a mason nor a sculptor, but is there no masonic process that might be called undercutting, and do the writers mean that it is impossible to fashion a cross by absolute excision?

(3.) Most of the Dartmoor crosses are well known to me, and of course I agree that the Rippon Tor Cross is actually "unique." But that adjective can have a fatal tendency, if necessarily applied to inception as well as to state of survival, and if it be argued therefrom that a signal mystery is invariably in question.

(4.) Strictly logically, the "basestone" is merely supplementary confirmation of my opinion of the cross. I am perfectly willing to admit it might (but not, as yet, that it may) just as well be a millstone; just as, vice versa, many millstones might equally be cross-bases . . . at times when the Unnecessary Ingenious Theorist is at hand in an enthusiastic moment.

(5.) The preliminary "cursory inspection" of the above trespasses on facts of which the writers cannot possibly be cognisant; I assure them it is not warranted. I plead guilty to cursoriness (more correctly, accident), only to the extent that I have not seen, near the cross, any other such



Mag: Juffins of yo

Booys of
in ye affo: said hunteame
but John Smith

And aprovid

in, wrapt, or wound up,
Sheet or Shroud, made
up, Silk, Hair, Gold or
is made of Sheeps Wool
or faced with any Cloth,
 whatsoever made or mingled
Hair, Gold or Silver, or
the Act of Parliament for
only. Dated the
10 Dom: 1714:

at Gods in, Furrer, Lond: 1714

sisters, and apparently married Mr. Michelmore in the parish where she resided with her father. By her first husband she had three sons; by her second, two daughters, Elizabeth already mentioned, and Mary, who married John Kitto's eldest brother, William. These two Kittos were sons of a William Kitto, a miner of Gwennap, in Cornwall. I also wish to ascertain if any collateral relations of Kitto, on either side, attained to any degree of eminence or gave evidence of ability, and if so, what was the relationship?

I think if more attention was devoted to the ancestry and collateral relations of men of eminence and ability, and the results were analysed and tabulated, we should have much light thrown on many problems of heredity.

Is the incidence of talent, ability and genius in a family due to paternal or to maternal influence, or is it due to the accidents of environment? If it partakes of all three, which is most likely to be the preponderating influence? So far as I have been able to work it out, the tendency of evidence lies in favour of maternal influence. That is to say, in several cases that I have worked at, ability has effloresced more profusely among the maternal collaterals. In order, however, to form sound conclusions in this interesting problem of heredity, the fullest data should be ascertained concerning the collateral relations, especially concerning the descendants of the daughters of a house.

The progeny of the daughters is that part of a pedigree which is most neglected. Apparently as long as the surname is kept in view, the pedigree-compilers task is successful. It is the name only that counts, the womb goes for nothing.

Maternal descents, unless they connect with high rank or royalty, are neglected. It is in order to make some estimate of the probable origin of John Kitto's extraordinary mental capacity, that I am asking readers of *D. N. & Q.* to help me with regard to the Devonian side of this genius's ancestry.

J. HAMBLEY ROWE, M.B.

138. HENRY BAIRD.—Can anyone say exactly when and where this man ("Nathan Hogg") was born in Exeter? He died in St. Thomas' Hospital, London, on 3rd May, 1881. Where was he buried?

T. CANN HUGHES.

of the Church during the Episcopates of Bishops Briwere and Bronescombe. The tiles in St. James' and St. Paul's chapels in the Cathedral, bear the arms of the King of the Romans, and there seems every ground for believing that this ancient piece of glass, formerly in the East Window, is a memorial of of this great Prince who lived in Exeter, and not of Anne of Bohemia, who never visited it.

There is another very interesting shield, which was removed from the east window of the Choir, and is now in the Chapter House, No. 30 in this article, to which no name is assigned. It is the shield of Henry de Tilly, who was lord over lands in Dorsetshire, and also through his mother, Dionysia, daughter of Galpid de Mandeville, "Castellan of the Castell of Exeter," of lands in Devon, including the Hundred and Manor of Wonford or Wodensford (*arg: a cross patonee between four crescents, gules*) *Harleian MS.*, 1045-1407. "Henry de Tilly fell from the English obedience into the French, whereupon King John seized the land into his own hands."

After a time King John gave the manors back to the Mandeville family, and we find the name of Tilly appearing in deeds of later dates, showing that the family still possessed power and lands in Devonshire, Somersetshire, Dorsetshire, and Shropshire. All the branches of the family bore the same arms except the Somersetshire Branch.

C.S.F.

137. JOHN KITTO, D.D., AND HIS ANCESTRY.—To-day (Dec. 4th, 1904), which is the 100th anniversary of John Kitto's birth, seems an appropriate day for making the following request. Will someone kindly tell me something more of Kitto's maternal ancestry than is given in Ryland's *Memoirs of Dr. John Kitto*?

There it merely states that his mother was Elizabeth, the daughter of one Picken, a shoemaker of Brixton, and of Cecilia (the widow of one Michelmore) his wife. Kitto's grandmother, Cecilia Picken, who had a great and beneficial influence on his life, is said to have been born about 1748, at a place fourteen miles from Plymouth, a statement which gives us a range from Aveton Giffard, through South Brent, Walkhampton, Peter Tavy to Lamerton. She was one of three

136. HERALDRY OF GREAT EAST WINDOW, EXETER CATHEDRAL (III., p. 1, par. 1.)—In the interesting article on "The Heraldry and Ancient Glass of the Great East Window in Exeter Cathedral," in January, 1904, a question is asked with regard to the shield, marked 7, with a bordure. "If these arms are not assigned to Mary de Bohun, whose are they?"

They are the arms of Humphrey, Earl of Pembroke and Duke of Gloucester, fourth son of Henry IV. "The good Duke Humphrey," as the people called him in Shakespeare's play: *Az: three fleur de lis or: FRANCE (modern) quartering gules, 3 lions pass: gard: in pale, or. (ENGLAND) all within a bordure arg: Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester*" (see *Papworth's British Armoriales*). This is confirmed by his arms in Duke Humphrey's Library, now part of the Bodleian at Oxford.

The shield marked 10 cannot belong to John, Duke of Bedford, for his arms were distinguished by the *label of five points, per pale, ermine and azure, semy de fleurs de lis*, borne by his father, Henry IV., while this shield marked 10 has the "label of York:" *three points charged with nine torteaux*, which distinguishes the shield of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, the leader of the faction of the White Rose, and father of Edward IV.

The shield No. 5, assigned to "Anne of Austria," usually called, "of Bohemia" (*Quarterly, first and fourth or, an eagle displayed, sable: second and third, a lion rampant, queue fourchée argent*) is the shield borne by all those persons of high degree, to whom was given the almost nominal title of the King of the the Romans. It was certainly borne by Anne's father, Emperor Charles IV, as King of the Romans, but if his daughter had the right to bear them also, her only link with Exeter was the fact of her being the wife of Richard II, in whose reign the Cathedral was completed. On the other hand, this shield was borne by Prince Richard of Poitou and Cornwall, second son of King John, to whom Henry III. granted the city and castle of Exeter, "where he frequently resided, and behaved with great liberality and condescension to the burgesses." On the death of the Emperor, Frederick II., he was elected and installed at Aix la Chapelle, King of the Romans. This was a dearly purchased and empty honour, but as King of the Romans, he granted to the Mayor and Citizens of Exeter, the fee-farm of Exeter. He was also a great supporter

and this in definite shares. When in *Domesday* we are told that Barnstaple, Totnes and Lidford owed equal service, all three together being equivalent to the service rendered by Exeter, we probably get a statement of an arrangement that goes back to the foundation of those strongholds and a general military organisation of Devonshire.

W. R. LETHABY.

134. PRIMITIVE MAN IN THE EXE VALLEY.—The disastrous floods of 1903-4 considerably modified the course of the Exe, as is well known. At Upexe, in close proximity to Upexe House (Capt. Newell), a broad strip of old pasture has disappeared. In the new face of the river bank, some thirty feet inland from the old bank, there has been disclosed a row of stout stakes of black oak, set at intervals of a few feet, with their tops cut regularly, and evidently the work of man. They are driven into the bed of river gravel, on the top of which there lies a deep bed of alluvial red loam, the natural deposit of many centuries. How long has this bed been in formation? As the tops of the stakes are at least four feet below the surface, the time must be very far distant at which they were driven in.

P. WILLIAMS.

135. PINE OR PYNE FAMILY.—Can any of your readers give me information regarding the family of Pine or Pyne, of East Wonford House, who, as Mr. Worthy tells us in his *Suburbs of Exeter*, long held that house, selling it in 1778 to the Hutchinsons, and whose arms may still be seen over the front entrance. I find in other local histories mention of sundry of that name, but cannot find any connected account of them, nor any statement of their connection with other members of the family. In St. Michael's Church, Heavitree, is a monument or tablet to Roger Pyne, junr., of East Wonford House, armiger, born about 1700. His son, William Pyne, a student at Balliol College, Oxford, received his B.A. (or B.C.L.) in 1748. The tomb of Catharine, infant daughter of Nathaniel Pyne, of East Wonford House, died 1728, is in the same church. I should like to know how this branch of the family became possessed of this manor house, and what is its connection with the Pynes of East Down (now Pine-Coffin)?

RICHARD T. COFFIN.

every such centre (burgh = borough) for the double purpose of keeping the unfriendly townfolk in order and guarding the river passages." He points out that we may read in *Domesday* many times over of houses in boroughs being destroyed—at Wallingford "pro casteus," twenty-seven houses were destroyed, "pro castro" at Cambridge, sixteen at Gloucester, twenty at Huntington, one hundred and sixty-six at Lincoln, and five had "become waste" at Stamford "propter opus castelli." It was in 1068 that William enclosed the N.W. angle of Exeter and formed it into a Castle. Now, when in *Domesday* we are told that forty-eight houses had become waste at Exeter since King William came to England, it is plain that these were destroyed to make room for the Castle. Freeman himself saw this and wrote "they were either destroyed in the siege or swept away for the works of the Castle. The Castle itself is unnoticed in the Survey" (*Historic Towns, Exeter*, p. 44). Freeman did not, however, see how similar circumstances and a similar formula applied to the cases of Barnstaple and Lidford, and out of the destruction of houses in these burhs, he, in his great work on the Norman Conquest, built up a theory of a Norman Campaign in West Devon. Of Barnstaple we learn in just the same phrase that twenty-three houses were wasted, and at Lidford forty houses were wasted since the King came to England.

Mr. Round has argued that even at Exeter it is probable that the Conqueror was admitted on terms without taking the city, and we may now say that there is no evidence for expeditions of the Conqueror's forces to Barnstaple and Lidford. We have now, within the *Domesday* record of these places, ground for saying that the "Norman Castles" in these old burhs already existed in 1086. We are without information under this head in regard to Totnes, probably because that was in the hands of Judhel, whereas Exeter, Barnstaple and Lidford, the first three entries in *Domesday*, are Royal boroughs as from their first foundation they had been.

The Burgical Hidage account of the Devonshire burhs is of very great interest; it would seem from it that Barnstaple was an offshoot of Pilton with which it is named. The name Totnes does not appear, but it is represented by Halwell. To Exeter and the three other burhs are apportioned what seems to be the hidage of the whole cultivated land of the county,

stones as they mention. If they exist in actually significant proximity, well and good, or rather so much the worse for my "base." But by no means therefore, certainly, so much the more mystery for Rippon Tor Cross.
T.A.F.

133. THE CONQUEROR'S CASTLES IN DEVONSHIRE.—The document known as the Burgal Hidage, of which an account is given by Dr. Maitland in his "*Domesday and Beyond*," shows that the three Devonshire Burhs beyond Exeter were in existence from about the year 900. These Burhs of Totnes, Barnstaple, and Lidford seem to occupy symmetrical positions as outposts towards Cornwall; all seem to have commanded river fords, and it seems probable that all three were established simultaneously. Quite recent research has shown that "Burhs" were strongholds enclosed by stone, or more usually by earth banks. In the *Saxon Chronicle* we are told that Kenulf the Abbot (993-1006) "first made the walls" about the monastery of Peterborough, "and then gave it for name *Burch* that was before called Medehamstede." London is called Lunden-burh in the *Chronicle* under year 886. In 894 Exeter is called a burh; it is not that it *had* a burh as Freeman supposed, but it *was* a burh. It is named also in the Burgal Hidage. If it be true that, as Freeman says, Alfred strengthened Exeter and made this name more applicable than it had been before, we must suppose that he built or heightened the earth banks which still back up the stone walls.

The earliest "castles" in England, it is now generally recognised, had also for the most part earth-walled enclosures, but their most characteristic features were earth mounds, such mounds as are found at Barnstaple and Totnes. This form of stronghold was brought here from Normandy together with the name castle. In a few cases a position otherwise strong was selected and no mound was required; this was the case with the Conqueror's Castle in Exeter.

The old burhs were naturally taken over by the Conqueror and a "castle" of the new type—that is, an earth mound with wooden buildings above, and with an earth-walled court attached to it—was almost universally added to the defences.

In an excellent summary of the whole question given by Mr. St. John Hope in the "*Archæological Journal*" for 1903, he says "it was part of William's policy to build a castle at





Cross on Rippon Tor.

From a Photograph by T. A. Falcon.



Base of Cross ? on Rippon Tor.

From a Photograph by T. A. Falcon.

139. BURIAL IN WOOLLEN.—In Parish Registers, from 1678, following the record of the burial, there is an entry “the affidavit brought.” 18 Charles II., c. 4, was “An Act for burying in woollen only,” and it enacts:—“For the encouragement of the woollen manufactures of this kingdom and prevention of the exportation of the monies thereof, for the buying and importation of linen: Be it enacted by the King’s most excellent Majesty and with the consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority thereof, that from and after the five and twentieth day of March in the year of our Lord, one thousand six hundred sixty seven, no person or persons whatever shall be buried in any shirt, shift or sheet made of or mingled with flax, hemp, silk, hair, gold or silver, or other than what shall be made of Wooll only, or be put into any coffin lined or faced with anything made of or mingled with flax, hemp, silk or hair: Upon pain of the forfeiture of the sum of five pounds, to be employed to the use of the poor of the parish where such person shall be buried, for or towards providing a stock or work house for the setting them at work, to be levied by the churchwardens and overseers of the poor of such parish or one of them by warrant from any Justice of the Peace, or Mayor, Alderman or Head Officer of such city, town or place-corporate respectively within their several limits by distress and sale of the goods of the party interred contrary to this Act, rendering the overplus: or in default thereof by distress and sale of the goods of any that had a hand in putting such person into such shift, shirt, sheet or coffin, contrary to this Act, or did order or dispose the doing thereof, to be levied and employed as above said. Provided, that no penalty, appointed by this Act, shall be incurred for or by the reason of any person that shall die of the plague, though such person be buried in linen.”

But it was not easy to carry out this legislation. The wrapping of a corpse in linen is older than Christianity itself, and the old custom could not be broken down by Act of Parliament, and its provisions were easily avoided. In this condition of things another Act far more stringent was passed 30 Charles II., c. 3, and it was enacted that within eight days an affidavit of the fact of the burial being in woollen should be brought to the minister, failing which notice should be given

to the churchwarden or overseer, who would levy on the defaulting person for the recovery of the fine. This new act was very sweeping, but was not more successful than the former one, and long before its repeal in 1812, it had, Mr. Chester Waters says, "fallen into disuse."

We give an illustration of one of these affidavits relating to the burial of Joan Smith in the parish of Netherexe in this county. The block has been very kindly lent us by Messrs. H. Sotheran and Co., 37, Piccadilly, London, W., to whom we tender our thanks for allowing us to use it.

J.B.R.

140. THE CONVENTUAL HOUSES OF DEVON (III., p. 129, par. 109.)—Miss K. Clarke has written such an interesting paper on this subject that criticism is almost disarmed. For that very reason, however, one or two statements ought not to be allowed to pass without question.

1. The term *monasterium*, as used in this country before the eleventh century, by no means necessarily means an establishment of cloistered monks, but a body of clergy serving a cure of souls. The Exeter *monasterium* was the Church of Exeter and the clergy who served it. In the *Chronicles of the Abbey of Abingdon* the country benefice of Sutton is called a *monasterium*. The incumbent appeared before the Abbot, to whom the King had just given the manor of Sutton, and prayed that he might be allowed to retain his *monasterium*. He was no monk; for he asks that after his decease the said *monasterium* might be bestowed on his son, and he pays down a good sum to secure the Abbot's agreeing thereto (*Chron. Monast. de Abingdon*, II., 28).

2. The Harold who gave Rowlestone Barton to St. Nicolas Priory in the reign of Henry I. (1100-35) was a citizen of Exeter, and what he gave he held under the Crown at a rent of 25s. a year (*Oliver*, p. 117). As the grant is attested by William, Archbishop of Canterbury, and therefore dates 1114-1123, it is very clear that he was an entirely different person from Harold, son of Earl Godwin, who fell at Hastings in 1066. Both Dr. Oliver and Miss Clarke seem a little hazy about this.

3. It is hardly correct to speak of Earl Baldwin as *the founder* of St. James' Priory. He was not even the re-founder,

except by confirming the grant of his free tenant Walter, the son of Walward. Even this he seems to have done most reluctantly only when urged thereto by his kinsman Richard, a monk of Totnes (rogatu Ricardi monachi cognati mei). St. James' Church is mentioned long before Baldwin's time. In *Domesday* it appears as Jacobscerca (W. 1099, p. 1190) among the lands of English thanes, Alveva being tenant. These English thanes were usually tenants under some Crown manor, who changed their allegiance at the Conquest, and it is probable that Alveva was the heir of the Saxon priest who formerly served the church. Estates given to a priest often passed into lay hands in this way. Baldwin's confirmatory grant and the Empress Matilda's confirmation both speak of the chapel of St. James as already existing.

In one charter (*Oliver Mon.*, p. 192) Baldwin describes himself as "Earl of Devon"; in another (*Ibid.*, p. 193) as "Earl of Exeter"; and since he confirmed the grant in the latter capacity, we infer that St. James was a part of Exeter which he held on behalf of the Empress Matilda. The charter recites that Baldwin made the gift "for my soul and the soul of my wife Adeliza, and of my father Richard, and of my mother Adeliza, and also of the most noble King Henry who gave the land to my father." It concludes: "The same Baldwin, at the entreaty of the venerable monk Richard of Totnes, his kinsman, gave and irrevocably granted to God and the monastery of St. Peter of Clugny and to St. Martin des Chamys all the land together with the chapel of St. James and the tithe and all the appurtenances which Walter, son of Walward, held freely of him at the request of the said Walter, who made over whatever right and lordship he had in the same with the assent of his heiress Edith" (*Oliver*, p. 193). Bishop Robert's confirmation also sets forth that "the chapel, tithe and appurtenances were held of Baldwin freely and quit [of servile dues] by Walter, son of Wolward, and that the gift was made at the request and by grant of the said Walter with the consent of his heiress Edith."

4. As to the date of the re-foundation, Bishop Robert's confirmation bears date 1146. Miss Clarke wrongs Dr. Oliver in saying that he considered the Bishop to be Robert Warewast. Twice (pp. 191 and 195) he calls him Robert Chichester. The deed is attested among others by Roger,

Abbot of Tavistock (*Oliver*, p. 195). Roger is probably an error for Robert, since the Earl's own charter is attested by Robert, Abbot of Tavistock (*Ibid.*, p. 193). According to (*Oliver Mon.*, p. 90) there were two Abbots of Tavistock of that name in succession, Robert de Plymton, who succeeded Robert in 1131, and died either 20th Jan., 1141, or 21st Jan., 1145, and Robert Postel, his successor, who died 14th March, 1154. The supposed difficulty, therefore, as to the witnesses disappears. There is, however, another reason for putting back the re-foundation to some years before 1145, in that after the siege and capture of Exeter in 1137 Baldwin was in exile, and only recovered his property on the accession of Henry II. in 1154. The date was, therefore, probably before the siege, *i.e.*, before 1137. The Empress Matilda's confirmation charter (on whose behalf Baldwin had defended the city) runs:—
 "Know that I have granted to God and to St. Martin of Paris and to the monks there serving God that gift which Baldwin, Earl of Devon, made to them of the chapel of St. James and of the land and all things adjoining and belonging to the said chapel" (*Oliver*, p. 195).

One would like to know the authority for the statement that the property of St. James' Priory was worth £500 yearly at the dissolution. In the valuation of Pope Nicolas in 1288 it is given as £5 15s. 4d. and the value of Tiverton portion £4 3s. 8½d., and it seems to have had no benefactors between these dates.

5. Attention has been already drawn (II., p. 63, par. 41, and p. 188, par. 144) to the common error, which Miss Clarke now repeats, of calling William Brewer the founder of Polesloe. It was founded before he was born, but it may be as well to add that the *Domesday* Polesleuga (W. 482, p. 472) never belonged to it, but was the property of the Canons of St. Mary of the Castle of Exeter; and it is doubtful whether it even possessed the one ferling in Polesleuia (W. 220, p. 224). The sole evidence for saying it did is the name. The property given to it was part of Whipton and an adjoining estate belonging to Pomeroy (*Trans. Dev. Ass.*, xxii., 314).

A protest must also be made against the statement that Baldwin the Sheriff was brother to Richard de Redvers, father of Baldwin de Redvers. There is no connection between

them. Baldwin, the first Earl of Devon, was undoubtedly the son of Richard, lord of Nehou, who died in 1107 (*Trans.*, vii., 363). Witness the words of the charter. But Richard, the lord of Nehou, the husband of Adeliza, was an entirely different person from Baldwin the Sheriff's brother, Richard de Bienfait, *alias* Richard, son of Gilbert de Brionne, *alias* Richard de Tunbridge, *alias* de Clare, the husband of Rohese, daughter of Walter Giffard (Round's *Feudal England*, p. 473). "The confusion of these two families [de Redvers and de Brionne,]" says Mr. Round (*F. England*, p. 486), "seems to be incorrigible."

OSWALD J. REICHEL.

141. THE CONVENTUAL HOUSES OF EXETER (III., p. 143, par 109).—Regarding the ruins of Polsloe Priory, may I ask if the writer of the paper had any special reason for suggesting that one of the two square buildings by the stream was the kitchen? Unfortunately confusion will occur from the description given under the plates being at variance with this. They are each described as a "corner of cloister." Surely their structure precludes that suggestion. Their age goes against either being the kitchen (as would also their form). They seem to be distinctly post dissolution work. Some little while since I came on the suggestion that when the Isaacks lived there, the land, now a garden, at the end of the house, was laid out as a lawn, and these buildings were for pleasure, as summer-houses. This statement, unfortunately, I cannot now trace, but give it for what it may be worth.

H.S.

142. THE CONVENTUAL HOUSES OF EXETER AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD (III., p. 129, par. 109).—A few additions to the interesting article with the above title may be gathered from Mr. Andrew G. Little's book *The Grey Friars in Oxford* (1892).

Richard of Devon, a young acolyte, was the third of those eight Franciscans who landed at Dover in September, 1224 (not 1226) with Agrellus of Pisa, sometime custodian of Paris, and afterwards Provincial of England. Richard accompanied Richard of Trgeworthe from Canterbury to London, Oxford, and Northampton; 'and (in Eccleston's words) left us many examples of long-suffering and obedience. For after he had

traversed many provinces in obedience to commands, he was for fifteen years worn out by frequent quartan fevers and remained continually at Romehale.'

Adam of Oxford is called in the Phillipps MSS. of Eccleston 'Ada de Exonia.' A master before he entered the Order he assumed the habit probably in 1227. When assistant or secretary to the great Adam Marsh, he induced him to join the Franciscans. Shortly after this he went to Gregory IX., and was at his own desire sent to preach to the Saracens. He died at Barlete.

Stephanus Hibernicus, called also Stephen of Exeter and Stephen of Oxford, born in 1246, became a Minorite at 'Trulti fer nana' in 1263. These facts are contained in the *Annales Montis Fernandi (sive Trinoritarum Trulti fernanæ) ab a° 45 usque ad an. 1274*, the authorship of which is usually ascribed to Stephen.

Deodatus, Warden of the Friars Minors at Exeter, who summoned in 1289 William of Exeter, from Oxford, to assist him in choosing a new site for the convent, may possibly be the author of the *Tractatus de octo Beatitudinibus* in MS. *Land. Misc.* 368, fol. 106 (sec. xiv).

According to the constitutions of Benedict XII. (who reigned at Avignon, 1334-42), no Minorite might lecture on the Sentences in a University (*i.e.*, become B.D.) 'unless he had first lectured on the four books of the Sentences with the writings of the approved doctors in other studia which are in the same Order called Generalia,' or in one of certain specified convents. Nineteen convents in all are mentioned, and among the five which are, or may be, in England, is that of Exeter.

Thomas Benet was burned at Exeter in 1533 (v. Foxe, *Acts and Monuments V.*, 20), and we find *the last Warden of the Oxford Minorites*, Edward Baskerfield, trying to extract from him a recantation of his heresies. *Friar Gregory Basset, B.D.*, also took a prominent part in Benet's examination and condemnation. Basset himself had at one time been suspected of heretical leanings and subjected to persecution. He is mentioned by Foxe as a 'rank papist,' in connection with the trial of Prest's wife, a half-witted woman, who was burned as a heretic at Exeter in 1558. (See *Foxe VIII.*, 501, and *Strype Annals, I.*, i., 415).

The Dr. David, Grey Friar, who assisted at Benet's condemnation, may be William David, B.D., of Oxford.

John Taylor, alias Cardmaker, of Exeter, last Warden of the Exeter Grey Friars (1534-8), was B.D. of Oxford; became Vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet-street, in 1543; Chancellor of Wells in 1547. In Edward VI.'s reign he married a widow (by whom he had a daughter), and was appointed reader in St. Paul's, where he lectured three times a week; "his lectures," says Wood, "were so offensive to the Roman Catholic party that they abused him to his face, and with their knives would cut and haggh his gown." And his manner was not conciliatory, for "he sayd opynly in his lector in Powlles that if God ware a man he was a vj or vij foote of lengthe with the bredth, and if it be soo, how canne it be that he shuld be in a pesse of brede in a rownde cake on the awter; what an ironyos oppynyone is this unto the leye pepalle' (*Grey Friars Chron.*, 63). On many occasions he tried to escape to the Continent disguised as a merchant, but was caught, committed to the Fleet, and afterwards removed to the Compter in Bread Street. Convened before Gardiner, he appears to have shown some signs of wavering at first. "You shall right well perceive," he writes to a friend, "that I am not gone back, as some men do report me, but am as ready to give my life as any of my brethren that are gone before me, although by a policy I have a little prolonged it. . . . That day that I recant my point of doctrine, I shall suffer twenty kinds of death."

He was convicted of heresy, deprived of his preferments, and burned with others at Smithfield on 20th May, 1555.

A. R. BAYLEY.

143. KNIGHT'S EFFIGY IN EXETER CATHEDRAL (III., p. 150, par. 109.—The very interesting paper by Miss Kate M. Clarke contains a statement derived mainly from Cotton and Woolcombe's *Municipal Records of Exeter* to the effect that the body of Sir Henry de Ralegh, who died in 1301, was, after a good deal of physical and verbal strife between the authorities of the Cathedral and those of the Dominican Convent, finally interred in the Chapel of the latter in 1305; the monument which had been set up in the Cathedral "remaining as a cenotaph." I am sorry that the attention of the writer was not directed to a paper of mine on the subject, which was read

at the meeting of the Devonshire Association, held at Bideford in 1902, and was printed in the *Transactions* in the same year, which contains the copy of a deed preserved in the Chapter Library, and dated "on the Ides of February," 1305, wherein it is stated "that the body of the said Knight, which had received burial in the Church of Exeter, at the solicitation of Sir Roger de Nonaunt, Knight, and Dame Johanna, late wife of the said Sir Henry," might, "if the said Roger and Johanna, together with the noble Lord Hugh de Courtenay" should desire it, "be transferred to another place . . . to be committed to permanent burial" (24-5). This document was sealed by each of the contending parties, and appears to have terminated the strife between them, as we hear no more of the subject.

T. N. BRUSHFIELD, M.D.

144. KNIGHTS' EFFIGIES IN EXETER CATHEDRAL (III., p. 105, par. 94.)—In his interesting article on the arms of the Raleigh and Chichester families, Mr. W. R. Lethaby has demonstrated to his own satisfaction that "*checky or and gules, a chief vair*" was adapted by the Raleigh family from the Chichesters, and not the reverse, viz., by Sir John de Chichester on his marriage with the heiress of Raleigh of Raleigh, which would appear the more likely and natural, assuming, of course, that the Raleighs did bear the above arms, of which the "*cross-crosslets and bend vair*" would appear to be a variant. But if the Rolls are correct and Richard de Chichester, the grandfather of Sir John, assumed the "checky coat" as a pun on his name, what coat was borne by Sir Thomas de Cirencester, the great grandfather of Richard?

It may be pointed out that the Sir Simon Raleigh, Roll (3), was a member of the Nettlecombe family and the coat "*gules, a bend lozengy arg*" was, no doubt, adapted by his ancestor Hugh de Raleigh of Raleigh, co. Devon, Sheriff from 7th to 14th Hen. II., from his patron John, son of Gilbert Marshall, who granted Nettlecombe to him in the same reign. The Marshall arms are said to have been *gules, a bend fusilly or*. But the Raleighs of Warwickshire, who descended from Richard, brother of Hugh de Raleigh, bore *gules, crusily or, a bend vair*, so that Henry and Sir John referred to in Roll (2), may have been of this family.





The Rev. John Pike Jones.

I cannot place the bearers of the coats (4) and (5). It appears that as early as the reign of Edward III., five contemporary or nearly contemporary knights of the name were already seated at five several places in Devonshire, bore slightly different arms, and were all probably descended from a common ancestor.

G. T. WINDYER MORRIS.

145. REV. JOHN PIKE JONES.—This Devon antiquary was born at Chudleigh in 1790, eldest son of John Jones. He entered Pembroke College, Cambridge, on 4th July, 1809, and graduated in 1813. He was curate of North Bovey from 1816 to 1831. On 12th May, 1829, Lord Shrewsbury nominated him vicar of Alton, Staffordshire, and subsequently in 1832 he received the Lord Chancellor's living of Butterleigh, Devon. Jones was a keen politician, and as is inscribed on the photograph here reproduced he was "Revd. J. P. Jones (called Bovey Jones) author of this (his Moreton-Hampstead book) and 'Flora Devoniensis'; he was a most eloquent public speaker."

His published Devonshire works include:—

Botanical Tour through various parts of Devon and Cornwall, 1820, 2nd edition, 1821.

Guide to the Scenery in the Neighbourhood of Ashburton, 1823.

Observations on Scenery and Antiquities at Moretonhampstead on Forest of Dartmoor, 1823.

The Introduction "On the Preservation and Restoration of our Churches," and all articles signed "Devoniensis" in the 1828 edition of "Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Devon." These were omitted from later editions.

Flora Devoniensis, or a Descriptive Catalogue of Plants growing wild in Devon" (with J. F. Kingston) 1829.

Formerly several of his MSS. were preserved in the Devon and Exeter Institution, and some were offered for sale by Messrs. Drayton and Son in 1884; apparently all are now in the Bodleian Library. By the courtesy of Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson (Bodley's Librarian) I am enabled to give a detailed description of these for the use of future historians of Devon:—

Observations on the Southern Parts of the Counties of Devon and Cornwall relating principally to their Scenery, Antiquities and Natural History, 1815. In these two volumes Chudleigh occupies pp. 51-79 of Vol. I, and part of Volume II. The excursions were made about 1813-16.

Collections relating to Devonshire, by John Pike Jones of Chudleigh, in 8 volumes, containing: The History and Monumental Antiquities of Devonshire, 1824, Hundred of Teignbridge; Supplement to Flora Devonensis; Accounts of Devonshire Villages and Towns personally visited, chiefly about Dartmoor; Notes on the History of Bishop's Teignton; Historical Collections for the Parish of Chudleigh, 1852; Devonshire Notes, chiefly biographical; The Life, including Memoir of John Doun, gardener, d. 1813; Devonshire Notes, chiefly botanical, Life of Linnæus, List of Printed Works of Devonshire Clergy, Notes on Hele Family, about 1825.

In addition to these the Bodleian have a Common Place book, bought at the same time, containing extracts of poetry, medical and cookery receipts, addresses, etc. "possibly by Mr. Jones." Dr. Brushfield or some other careful Devonshire antiquary should go through these volumes and see if they merit publication in *Devon Notes & Queries*.*

The genial Rector of North Bovey (Rev. W. H. Thornton) kindly writes me as follows: "The first entry I can find under the signature of John Jones (he was thus entered at Pembroke College) is of a baptism performed on June 19th, 1814. The last is on July 10th, 1831, comprising a period of a little more than 17 years, during which period, he was, I believe, in sole charge of this parish. I have heard that he then removed with his sister to Chudleigh or its neighbourhood. He must have been a very clever man, and what was unusual in those days, a great Radical." He made several stirring political speeches in Exeter, two, at least, of which, delivered in 1821 and 1828, have been printed. He was presented in 1819 to two livings at once, one in the Diocese of Peterborough, and the other in the Diocese of Lincoln, but the then Bishop of Exeter (George Pelham) refused to countersign his testimonials. The matter was unsuccessfully raised for Jones in the House of Lords.

His sister wrote a history of Chudleigh which has passed through several editions. She was buried in the Chudleigh cemetery.

Jones died suddenly whilst going up the steps of the Mechanics' Institute at Cheadle, Staffordshire, on 4th Feb., 1857, and was interred there.

* A full account of the Jones manuscripts in the Bodleian will be found in the Third Report of the Committee on Devonshire Records (*Trans. Devon. Assoc.*, vol. xxiii., p. 162-3).—EDS.

By the courtesy of the Rev. E. J. Carlos, M.A., I am enabled to send a copy of the inscription on the tombstone in Cheadle churchyard, Staffs:—

Underneath
lie the remains of
the Revd. JOHN PIKE JONES M.A.
Vicar of Alton
in Staffordshire
and Rector of Butterleigh
in Devonshire
Who for many years took
an active part in various
public matters connected
with this County.
He died at Cheadle
February 4th, 1857
Aged 64 years

A few of his friends united in raising this monument to his memory

T. CANN HUGHES, M.A., F.S.A.

146. FOLK-LORE NOTES FROM MORCHARD BISHOP DISTRICT.—If a cross be made accidentally while drawing with a stick on the gravel, or with two bits of stick or otherwise, it must not be disturbed, and can only be cancelled by putting another cross “backsyvore” upon it. A pair of scissors is useful in an emergency.

When a person dies, a bottle is put on the windowsill of the room where the corpse lies “to catch the angels’” tears, and remains there for forty days and forty nights.

At the end of hay harvest the last load is driven out of the field and back again by a woman. If this is successfully accomplished without grazing the gate post, she will be “missus” of the hayfield for the ensuing year.

It was formerly the custom for the last sheaf of corn to be presented to the Rector for the Harvest Festival. The “sheafers” gathered round it in the field and sang the first verse of “O God our help in ages past.”

Parsley is a plant of evil omen, and if introduced into a garden will cause a death in the establishment before the year is out. Where parsley will not grow, however, it is a sign that the devil has not left the place. A regular case of “between the devil and the deep sea.”

ROUGE-ET-NOIR.

147. TRUE BILLS, EXETER ASSIZES, 1455.—The two following documents show something of the general misery and unrest in England at this period. The weak King Henry VI. was unable to control the turbulent lords, and civil war had at last broken out, the first battle of the "Wars of the Roses," that of St. Alban's, having been fought.

For the moment there was peace, the King being again insane, and the Duke of York appointed Regent for the second time at the vehement desire of the House of Commons. Under his firmer rule law and order began to reassert themselves. The Sessions were held at Exeter in their proper course. The previous year they had not been held, the Earl of Devon's sons with great following of more than 400 armed men having taken possession of the City, paraded up and down the High Street with threats, so that the Judges and Jury "for fear of death and mutilation of their members had not dared" to meet in Court, and so no Sessions were held. But under the regency of the Duke of York the Courtenays no longer dared, presuming on their near relationship to the King and the favour of his Queen, to override law and order as they had done. At the Sessions held at Exeter on the Friday after 10th August, indictments for riotous acts were presented and the Jury found the two following to be *true bills*.

The first sets forth how eighteen men of Plymouth and the neighbourhood, many of them sailors, had feloniously broken into the house of John Rede, at Plymouth, on the Wednesday after 25th November, 1455, and taken away among other things, two silver bowls, twelve silver spoons, and a silver belt.

The second document we give sets forth how eleven men, fully armed had broken into the close and house of John Hoigge, at Wodeford, in the parish of Plympton, on the 16th of December, 1455, and by force taken, among other things, six silver marks in money, five feather beds, five pairs of blankets (?), ten pairs of sheets, ten brass platters, a brazen mortar, two dozen vessels of tin complete, six iron bolts, a silver belt to the value of 20^{li} also 140 sheep, eight cows, eight heifers, and a horse worth 12^{li} the goods and chattels of the said John Hoigge, and feloniously carried them away.

These indictments, now printed for the first time, are preserved in the Public Record Office [*Indictments Ancient*, No. 16, *Devon.*]

E. L. RADFORD.

Inquiratur pro Domino Rege si Johannes Buk nuper de Stonhouse in Com' Devon' Maryner, Radulphus Brytayne nuper de Stonhouse in Com' Devon' Maryner, Johannes Janyn, alias dict' Johannes maister, nuper de Stonhouse in Com' predict' mariner, Ricardus Smyth nuper de Plymoth in Com' Devon' mariner, Johannes Davy nuper de Plymoth in Com' predict' mariner, Johannes Browne nuper de Plymoth in Com' predict' mariner, Johannes Wade nuper de eadem in Com' predict' mariner, Thomas Skyenner nuper de Plymoth in Com' predict' mariner, Thomas Sterte nuper de Plymoth in Com' predict' tailor, Walterus Warwik nuper de eadem in Com' predict' bocher, Johannes Tristram nuper de Plymoth in Com' predict' husbandman, Willielmus Lunche, alias dict' Willielmus Lynche, nuper de Rame in Com' Cornub' mariner, Johannes Mylys nuper de sancto Germano in Com' Cornub' sowter, Johannes Colard nuper de sancto Germano in Com' Cornub' sowter, Johannes Wyrthe nuper de Plympton in Com' Devon' yeoman, Roggerus Blake nuper de Compton in parochia de Plymoth in Com' Devon' husbandman, Ricardus Colman nuper de Plymoth in Com' Devon' mariner, et Thomas Pole nuper de eadem in Com' predict' marchand, die mercurii prox' post festum sancte Katerine virginis 25 November anno regni Regis Henrici sexti xxx^{mo} quarto, (1455) duas crateras argenteas, duodecim colearia argentea, unam sonam argenteam, octo Jakkes, octo salett', iiii billes, quatuor arcos, quatuor shevys of arwys, unum **langgidbeue* septem swirdes, et ij boclers, ad valenciam xx librarum de bonis Thome Bouville armigeri in domo Johanis Rede apud Plymoth atunc ibidem invent' felonice ceperunt et asportaverunt.

(Endorsed) billa vera.

Inquiratur pro Domino Rege si Ricardus Wyndeslond nuper de Plympton Comitibus in Com' Devon' Tayllour, Martinus Trewawes nuper de Hareston in eodem Com' laborer, Johannes Croyfell nuper de Plympton Comitibus in eodem Com' laborer, Willielmus Kempston nuper de eisdem villa et Com' laborer, Johannes ffrode nuper de eisdem villa et Com' laborer, Edmundus Hore nuper de eisdem villa et Com' yoman, Johannes Holdyche nuper de eisdem villa et Com' laborer, Ricardus Hawkyn nuper de eisdem villa et Com' Hopere (? *Cooper*), Johannes Martyn nuper de Harston in eodem Com' yoman, Willielmus Mychell nuper de eisdem villa et Com' laborer, Willielmus Langebrøke nuper de Totenese in eodem Com' yeoman, Sextodecimo die Decembris Anno regni Regis Henrici sexti Tricesimo quarto (16 December, 1455), vi et armis, videlicet Jakkes, saettesl gladiis, gleyves, launsegais, arcubus et sagittis, clausum, et domos Johanis Hoigge apud Wodeford in parochia de Plympton in eodem Com', felonice frugerunt et intraverunt et sex marcas argenti de denariis suis in pecuniis numeratis, quinque lectos pluviales, Quinque paria lodicum, decem paria linthianimum decem Mappas, duodecim mauntergia, septem coopertoria, octo ollas, decem patellas eneas, unum Mottorium eneum, duas duodenes vasorum electrinorum complet', sex veruta ferrea, unam

* *langue de boeuf.*

zonam argenteam, ad valenciam viginti librarum, Ac Centum et quadraginta oves, et octo vaccas, octo Noviculos, et unum equum precii duodecim librarum, de bonis et catallis ipsius Johannis Hoigge apud Wodeford in Com' predicto adhunc et ibidem invent' felonice ceperunt et abduxerunt et asportaverunt.

(Endorsed) Billa vera.

148. ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, EXETER.—This church is situated in Fore-street, Exeter, and is traced to a very early period,



ST JOHN'S BOW, EXETER.

it contains a nave, sanctuary, and south aisle; the interior is neatly furnished with open seats. It was fitted up with galleries in 1843, when the Church of St. George the Martyr was taken down for the improvement of South-street, and its parish united with St. John's. The tower has a good peal of bells and an illuminated clock with two faces projecting into the street. The arch or bow was adjacent on the east side, to the Star

Hotel, now an ironmonger's shop. This arch is of great antiquity.

On April 14, 1863, the Rural Dean reported that the whole of this church was in a dangerous condition and any further expenditure of money would be waste. Some time after that the Commissioners of Improvement indicted the Rector and churchwardens with a view to remove the passage under the Bow that obstructed the highway. Soon after the starting of this work it was discovered there was no other course consistent with public safety but to remove the whole super-structure, and the Bow itself, and on April 12, 1864, the Rural Dean reported that the Bow had been removed and a very substantial red stone wall had been built on that side of the church in which a large window was placed. Near the entrance door, and beneath a part of the west end of this church, is a small room at present used as a vestry; underneath the church is a good cellar.

This church contains a number of monuments, the whole of those from St. George having been placed there, the most

important being one to the memory of Thomas Bacon, Esq., a mayor of the city, under a decorated stone canopy, with angels on each side, over which is the bust of the deceased; another to the memory of Benjamin Oliver of this city, who was knighted by Charles II. when that monarch passed through Exeter in 1671; also one to the memory of the Rev. William Chilcot, removed from St. George's. He held the parishes of St. John and St. George, and died in 1711. He was the author of a little treatise entitled *Evil Thoughts*. A memoir of the writer is appended to this book.

During the Commonwealth in 1658, many of the Exeter churches were ordered to be sold, among them St. George's and St. John's for £100 each.

This living was originally appropriated to the Priory of Plympton, in the possession of which it remained until the surrender to the Crown on the 1st March, 30 Henry VIII. Since the junction of St. George's parish with St. John's, the Crown has had alternate patronage with the Dean and Chapter of Exeter. The rectory of St. John's, valued in the King's books at £18, and that of St. George's valued at £9 13s. 8d., are now consolidated and worth about £175 per annum. The Register dates from 1682. The present Rector is the Rev. F. W. Gegg.

GEO. L. DUNSFORD.

149. BICTON.—Pole (p. 163), speaking of Bicton, says that "*Buketon*, nowe Bicton," was held for three generations by a family who were called by the name of "Janitor," and were succeeded in Hen. III.'s reign by a family known as "La Balister" or "Alabaster," which held Bicton for seven generations. According to the same authority (p. 262), "*Bukenton* or *Buketon*," (Bickington, near Ashburton), was held by Osbert Giffard in Hen. II.'s reign, and continued in his family (who assumed the name of *Buketon*) for several generations. Risdon follows Pole, and (p. 136) adds in reference to Bickington, near Ashburton, that "in this parish *Furzland* inhabiteth, one of whose ancestors well increased his estate by marrying Avisia, the daughter and heir of Whitchurch." It has been suggested to me by a well-known archæologist, whose opinion is worthy of great respect, that probably the *Buketon* held by the Giffards was Bicton, not Bickington, by reason of the fact that a name of three

syllables could not become a dissyllable unless there was contraction (which never appears). I shall be grateful, therefore, if anyone can answer the following questions:—

(1.) Was Bicton ever held by the Giffards? If so, it must apparently have been held by them as superior lords of the “Janitors” and Alabasters.

(2.) Was the Bukenton or Buketon held by the Giffards identical with Bickington, near Ashburton?

(3.) Who were the Furzlands, and was Avisia a Giffard of Whitchurch?

HARDINGE F. GIFFARD.

150. DEVON CLOCKMAKERS (III., p. 155, par. 114).—I have a long case clock with a semi-circular name plate screwed on face above centre “Jer^m. Murch, Honiton”; this has no date.

H.S.

151. DEVON CLOCK MAKER.—I think the name of Day may be added to the list of Devonshire clockmakers. A short time since I saw an old grandfather clock, having in large letters across the dial “Christopher Day fecit.” Referring to a register of burials in the old Churchwardens’ Account Books of South Molton, I find recorded 1689, Phillip, son of Christopher Day, 1690. Among some old bills in the muniment room of the church there is one of Christopher Day’s “for repairing of chimes clock and bell from April 27th, 1774, to April, 1775, £1 12s.” Yesterday I was shewn a thirty hour rack clock by the same maker, and was informed that there was a clockmaker here, probably about a hundred years ago, named Thorn.

HELEN SAUNDERS.

152. EXETER GOLDSMITH OR WATCHMAKER.—Can any of your readers say whether there was ever a watchmaker or goldsmith of the name of Baile of the city of Exeter, or of any town in Devon? Any information will be gladly welcomed.

AGNES F. BAILE.

153. ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF SIR JOHN ELIOT (III., p. 175, par. 126).—Elizabeth (born 1616), eldest daughter of the patriot, and Rhadagurd Gedie, of Trebursye, Cornwall, became the first wife of the celebrated Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes, Governor of Bristol for the Parliament in 1643, and by him mother of William, third Viscount Saye and Sele.

A. R. BAYLEY.



Altar Table, Pilton.



Altar Table, Martinhoe.

154. ALTAR TABLES (III., par. 93, p. 105).—In response to our request for illustrations of Altar Tables, the Rev. R. W. Oldham, the Rector of Parracombe, has been good enough to send us photographs of those in his own church and at Pilton. We shall be glad to receive others. EDS.

155. KINGSLAND, SOUTH MOLTON (III., p. 77, par. 41; pp. 116, 117, 118, par. 91); *Arms of Harwood*.—Having seen the discussion on the above coat, I have referred to the two armouries dealt with by Dr. Punchard in par. 35, and I find the following coat assigned to the family of Harwood:—"b. a chevron between 3 bitterns a." The coat assigned to the Hareward family I find to be: sa. on a chief arg, 3 birds' heads (query martlets or bitterns) erased blue. It will be seen how similar this coat is to that given by Vivian to the Harewood family referred to by J. S. in par. 91. H. LOCKE.

156. SUBSIDY ROLL (38 Hen. III.)—The late Mr. Ingle Dredge, Vicar of Buckland Brewer, once shewed me a copy in his possession of a Subsidy Roll made on the occasion of knighting the King's eldest son (38 Hen. III.) Mr. Dredge told me that the Roll had been discovered by Sir John Maclean in the parish chest of some church in Devon, and was then in his (Sir John's) possession. Can anyone tell me where this Roll now is and if a copy has been preserved?

HARDINGE F. GIFFORD.

157. WICHA AND AILRICHESTONA (III., p. 119, par. 102; p. 158, par. 119).—With your permission I think it necessary to reply to Mr. Reichel's strange criticism on my Pipe Roll notes in your last October number, and will do so seriatim.

(1.) Tautona. Be it observed that the formula in the Rolls of Hen. II. is not, as in like cases, "*de* Tautona," but "*in* Tautona," indicating a *member* of South Tawton. The correct identification will be found *Trans. Dev. Assn.*, xxxiii., 392.

But the gravity of the error depends not upon any question of area or value; it consists in identifying as North Tawton a fee farm rent, still "King's demesne," "terra regis," seeing that North Tawton, since the time of Hen. I. had ceased to be King's demesne, and was part of the honour of Plympton.

The practice of introducing new names for things not only confuses other students, but has led to mistakes. "Barton

land" as a translation of "mansio" has met with a deserved castigation. And the heading (xxxiii., 613) "Comital or Earls' Lands," for "Dominicatus Regis" or "Terra Regis" seems to me to be quite inexcusable. Hence the mistake in *Notes and Queries*, Jan., 1905, p. 159. Midelcota (f. 483, *Exon Domesday*), "part of a Crown Manor." Now, "Crown Manor" is an odd rendering of "King's demesne," and I marvel at being told that Midelcota, an English Thane's land, was King's demesne. Certainly the King had no demesne there, but Alwin held it in capite of the King. After a while these Thane lands ceased to be held of the King in capite, and were given to different Honours; the King's right in them was never different from that which Barons had over lands held by their tenants. It is equally wonderful to discover that Ghiderleia (f. 210) a Mortain fee, could be identified with Gidleigh, a member of South Tawton, King's demesne. Moreover Ghiderleia had only one plough land, and was worth only 5s. a year.

(2.) Certainly "no such idea ever entered my head" as to suppose that Wick, near Dawlish, was the Wicha of the Pipe Rolls, or that Mr. Reichel thought so. In the year 1893 (*Trans. Dev. Ass.*, xxv., 534) I wrote "South Teyng pertinens ad Kenton sic quoddam membrum," "Wyke South-teng hamlet." I have never found the above Wick so described, but can assure Mr. Reichel that his papers have always had from me very careful and critical consideration. Miss Lega-Weekes has produced an Inq., p. m., 13 Oct., 3 Hen. V., showing that the Earl of Warwick owned £9 of rent with appurtenances *in the Villa of South Tawton*. Surely this is Wicha of the Pipe Rolls.

(3.) Again, it is passing strange to be told that Southteign manor formed part of the manor of Wenfort (*Exon. Domesday*, f. 95 b). How, then, can it be described as a member of Kenton? No doubt successive kings parted with rights of hundreds, but I had always thought that these consisted of the third penny of the hundred court. Of course, the king with them could have given other rights, but where is the proof that they were included in the gift of the hundred?

(3.) Pocumbe in Alphington. The editor of the *Red Book*, p. 1278, identifies this Poscumb, p. 452, or Proscombe, as part

of the serjeanty of Drascombe. What they had to do with the manor of Wenfort it is difficult to see.

(4.) Ailrichestona. We are agreed that *Testa* 268 was part of the manor of Lampford in Cheriton Bishop, but, to my mind, the names Easton, Weston, Norton, Sutton, and the like are all derived etymologically from East, West, North and South. It may be "phonetic jugglery" to get Yeteton out of Ailrichestona, and it may be the height of scientific etymology to find in it Estona. But Alriggerston of the Tax Roll of 1284 suggests another consideration. I suppose it is admitted that 'es' in the middle of words like these has often a possessive meaning. Here "the ton of Alrigg." Now, the *Century Dictionary* gives the following synonyms:—Seel, sele, cele, sel, sael. And the *Anglo-Saxon Dictionary* has sel, sele—hall—aula.

Again, we have the different forms, Alriggerston, Aereston, Alryscheston, Ayrenston, Arson, Arscott, Harigg, Horridge, Holrugge, Holrygg, Holrigge, Alleworthe for Holsworthy.

Looking to Harruge as the "place where of old the hundred used to be held, whence the name took its origin" (*Trans. Dev. Ass.*, xxxii., 545), I deduce from these an important inductive etymological meaning, viz., that the ridge or high ground of the aula or hall was the trysting place of the manor or hundred, and think that the ridge to the north of Cheriton Bishop was Alriggerston or Ailrichestona, and that it included not only Easton Barton, but also Pitton, Wilson, and Hole (*Trans. Dev. Ass.*, xxx., 219); moreover that the name Easton is not derived from Ailrichestona.

This brings us to the Ailrichestona of the Pipe Rolls, which, I think, at Domesday formed part of the manor of South Tawton, that it was the trysting place of the hundred, and formed the ridge to the east of South Tawton, including more than one modern estate.

(5.) Slancombe. When we have cleared away the mud of the Pipe and Charter Rolls, and settled whether we are to read Slancombe, or Thorncumbe, or Hamelhampstead, or Slac-tone, or Slaccone, or Soloctone, or Slandone, and whether the underline is meant to obliterate them all, we may then say what part of Wicha they represent.

(6.) Cheleworthy. No doubt the villa of Cheleworthy in *Testa de Nevill* was of the fees of Robert de Mandevill, and apparently it was in the hundred of Black Torrington.

and as Ralph de Bray owned it, 12 John (*Red Book*, 559) we may safely conclude that it was in Holsworthy. Moreover, Chelewrde and Wike, and Roger de Tani's land of Wike were each a half fee of the honour of Tilli, 7th John. But it is difficult to trace them in his father's carta (12 Hen. II., *Red Book*, 219), William Fitz John, of Harptree, whose honour had been formerly called that of Bath. Nor can we find them in the Inq. p. m. of John de Mandevill of Coker, 4 Ed. I., p. 59.; nor in the list of fees of Earl of March, Inq. p.m., 22 Ric. II., p. 231; most likely they had been alienated, purchased by Tony, 6th John.

Identification is extremely difficult. Cheleworth often occurs as a place name, and, I think, means the worthy of the cele or hall. In *Domesday* (f. 282. b) we have Cele Worda, land of Earl Eustace, now Chelwood, near Bristol. Here, Somerset Pleas (41 Hen. III., p. 142), William Burton held lands; and p. 225, Philip de Ardene was a pledge. Is it not confusing to find that the Devon Cheleworthy of *Testa de Nevill* was held by Ric. de Burton, gift of King John; that Ric. de Burton died seised of it, Inq. p. m. 29 Hen. III.; and William de Ardern, 56 Hen. III.? Again, we have (f. 463) Seleurda, Sir Thomas Acland's Selworthy. On the whole I am bold enough still to suggest that Cheleworthy and Wike of the Pipe Rolls are parts of Zele-Tony, and that Ailrichestona was the Zele town.

(7.) P. 160. When Mr. Reichel produces the broken reed on which his contention is based, which is sufficiently patent, it will be easy to show that his ideas on King's demesne must be seriously modified. Ancient demesne (*Trans. Dev. Assn.*, xxvii., 197) was not formerly to him so objectionable an expression as it now seems to be.

T. W. WHALE.

158. WICHA AND AILRICHESTONA OF THE EARLY PIPE ROLLS (III., p. 119, par. 102.)—My paper in the last volume of the *Trans. Devon Assn.* embodied an anticipatory rejoinder to Mr. Whale's suggested identifications, yet as my extracts from Pipe Rolls have been cited by Mr. Whale as the basis of his remarks in *D. N. and Q.*, some reply from me seems called for in these columns also. In the first place let me mention that much of the material printed in my paper was collected after Mr. Whale had written his article, so that his theories might

possibly have been affected by the extended range of facts from which I have drawn inferences at variance with his own. In my opinion Ailrichescota (Addiscot) is the *only* member of South Tawton that appears among the county manors in the Pipe Rolls. As I think I have demonstrated, this estate represented the *Domesday* "Terra Addita" of Ash, which had been a royal dower-land, T.R.E. Consequently, the royal manor of South Tawton granted to the de Bellomontes and de Tonis was subject to a rent (of £13) from Ailrichescot to the widowed Queens, but there seems to be no ground for supposing that rents were to be accounted for at the Exchequer in respect of any other part of the fee.

We have not, I think, sufficient evidence to warrant the location of Roger de Toni's "land of Wike" in South Tawton, even granting this to be, as I have suggested, distinct from the Queen's Wicha or Wike (that rendered £9 *per ann.*) and from the Wike that is coupled with Cheleworthy.

Mr. Whale hints (p. 122) that the Cheleworthy associated with Wike should be distinguished from the Cheleworthy associated with Chevethorn, and he proposes Colliford and North Wyke in S.T. as representatives of the former pair. Several objections might be urged against such an identification. To adduce but one, Cheleworthy and Wike, as stated in the roll of 7 John, belonged to the honour of Henry de Tilli. Collyford, I may observe, is *not* like North Wyke, held of Blackhall (p. 123), but is a member of Itton. By the way, I must take exception to the phrase, as employed in argument, "South Tawton often called Itton." The sub-manor of Itton was often called "South Tawton" or "*alias* South Tawton," but we can hardly invert the proposition, since another sub-manor, Ash, was also often called "*alias* South Tawton," and there was a third manor of South Tawton, proper, represented by Blackhall.

In the case in point, the grant to Richard de Pultmore was, I submit, of the manor of Ash.

The Pipe Roll of 7 John records the debt of a fine from Roger, son of Roger de Guerin (or Guerni) for having his land of Wike and Slandon which King John gave to Roger* his father.

* "Robert" here was my slip, it having been originally so written in the roll, but altered to Roger.

Mr. Whale being persuaded that by "Roger de Guerin" is intended Roger de *Toni*, has, in his resumé of the extract (p. 121), substituted the latter surname. It ought, therefore, I think, to be pointed out that the name of Roger de Guerin recurs in the Pipe Rolls of 6 Ric. I. and 9 John, as well as in the grant to him of the Queen's Wike in the Close Roll of 1204.

In conclusion, let me gratefully acknowledge the help that Mr. Whale's and Mr. Reichel's elucidations have afforded me in the analysis and application of my own extracts.

ETHEL LEGA-WEEKES.

[This must end the discussion.—EDS.]

159. PLYMPTON ST. MAURICE PARISH REGISTERS.—The earliest volume of Registers belonging to the Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, otherwise St. Maurice, Plympton, commences with Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials, 1616. With the Bishop's Transcripts are fragments of an earlier one, 1610-11-13 and 14.

Here is a reference to a still earlier book now lost. Fortunately it also gives the name of another Minister of the parish:—

The ijenth (thirteenth) daye of June Anno Domini one thousand fyve hundred threescore and fyve was christend Josias the son of Vinsent Calmady in the Parish Church of Plympton Saynt Maurice in the Countie of Devon As hyt appeareth in the register booke of the same Church beinge fayer and legeably written without rasinge or blottinge. In Witnes of which thinge to be truee we whose names are hereunder written have perused the said register booke [*and*] have hereunto put our hands. Given the 24 daye of December, Anno Domini 1585.

Witnes DANIELL NOTHERELL,

Curate there.

JOHN FRODE.

THOMAS ELFORD.

Teste THOMA HALS.

Sign. DAVID MATHEWE,

Church-warden.

Sign. JOHANNIS FISHER.

Sign. HENRICI TRELAWNEY.

JOHN M. HEELE.

J.B.R.

160. WALTER DE DOUAI'S DOMESDAY FIEF.—Can any one explain how the Devonshire portion of this fief comes to be held in two sections of the Honours of Bampton and Marshwood respectively? Bampton and its dependencies, excepting Diptford and Hochford, and Berry Narbor but not

East Haggington, are, in *Testa Nevil*, A.D. 1243, enumerated as belonging to the Honour of Bampton; Spurway, Knowston, Combe Raleigh, Ottery Fleming, Holditch, Dunsford, Woodland, Lustleigh, Stoke Fleming and Norton Dawnay as belonging to the Honour of Marshwood (*Testa*, p. 183a). If Robert de Bampton, whose daughter Juliana brought the Honour of Bampton to her first husband William Paynell, then to her second husband Warin de la Haule, and afterwards to her son Fulk Paynell, was the son of Walter de Douai, how comes it that the greater part of Walter de Douai's Devonshire fief went to the Honour of Marshwood?

Mr. Round states that Douai's fief was divided between the two Honours of Bampton (Paynell's) and Castle Cary (Lovell's). This may be true of the Somerset section of the fief, but the Devonshire section was, on the authority of *Testa Nevil*, divided between the Honours of Bampton (Paynell's) and Marshwood (Mandevil's). But the cause of the division is still unexplained. Mr. Round, however, expresses himself as not satisfied that Robert de Bampton was the son of Walter de Douai. Can any one throw light on this point? How did Mandevil get so large a portion of Walter's fief?

OSWALD J. REICHEL.

161. MATHEW ARNOLD AND HIS DEVONIAN CONNECTIONS.—The Rev. John Penrose, B.A., Rector of Sowton in 1737, was the son of an Exeter bookseller. What were the names of this bookseller and of his wife? From what Cornish parish did these Penroses hail? The Rector of Sowton's wife was Elizabeth; what was her maiden name? They had a son (their eldest) also a Rev. John Penrose; whom did he marry? The eldest son of this John Penrose the second (who died as Vicar at Fledborough), was also a Rev. John. He was Bampton Lecturer in 1808, and died, as Vicar, at Langton-by-Wragby, 1859. The Rev. Thomas Trevenen Penrose was his brother. The succession was continued by a fourth Rev. John, a Master at Rugby, who was resident at Uffculme in 1875. Francis Cranmer Penrose, F.R.I.B.A., who died in Feb., 1903, was a brother of his, and another brother was the Rev. Chas. Thos. Penrose, Perpetual Curate of North Hykeham. The last three men were sons of Elizabeth Cartwright, the Mrs. Markham of our school days. Is there a fifth Rev. John Penrose?

John Penrose the second was a grandfather of Mathew Arnold, through his daughter Mary Penrose.

I wish to have these questions answered as they will tend to throw light on the question as to whence Mathew Arnold derived his literary talent. Certainly there is a greater mass of literary output amongst his maternal relations than amongst his father's kin.

J. HAMBLEY ROWE, M.B.

162. NOTES ON DEVON CHURCHES.—It should be put on record that there are preserved at the Gladstone Memorial Library at Hawarden a large number of MSS. volumes of Church Notes compiled by the late Sir Stephen Glynne. Seven of these relate to Devonshire and Cornwall, and are now (by the courtesy of the Gladstone trustees) in my hands for transcription. They contain records of many items in our Devon Churches long since "improved" away, and are certainly so far valuable to ecclesiologists. Several of the counties have already been printed. Those for Kent were published by the late Mr. Wm. Henry Gladstone in 1887; those for Lancashire and Cheshire by the Chetham Society; and those for Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire by the respective local Societies. I understand that Miss Beatrix Cresswell is busy compiling an account of all Devon churches as they are now, and has seven deaneries ready. Might not *Devon Notes and Queries*, or the *Devonshire Association*, follow the good example of Kent, Lancashire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire, and other counties, and print Sir Stephen Glynne's notes with Miss Cresswell's "corrections"? I shall be glad to lend my transcripts (when they are ready) for the purpose, and help to edit them.

T. CANN HUGHES, M.A., F.S.A.

163. FISHLEY OR FISHLEIGH AND LUXMORE (I., p. 123, par. 91.)—Swete in his *Tour of North Devon* says, "At some distance from Hatherleigh I rode by a seat of — Luxmore, Esq., placed on an eminence." This was the residence (until 1785, when he died) of Thomas Coryndon Luxmoore, and was known as Fishley or Fishleigh. At the date of Swete's *Tour*, 1789, his son, Charles Luxmoore, owned it, and resided there before he moved to Witherdon, in the parish of Broadwoodwiger, on the death of his uncle, John Luxmoore, eldest son of his late father. Fishleigh or Fishley Cottage, as it was called, was sold in 1794 on the death of this Charles.

C. F. C. LUXMOORE.

A TRVE
RELATION
OF THOSE SAD

AND LAMENTABLE
Accidents, which happened in
and about the Parish Church of
Withycombe in the *Dartmoores*,
in *Devonshire*, on Sunday
the 21. of *October* last,
1638.

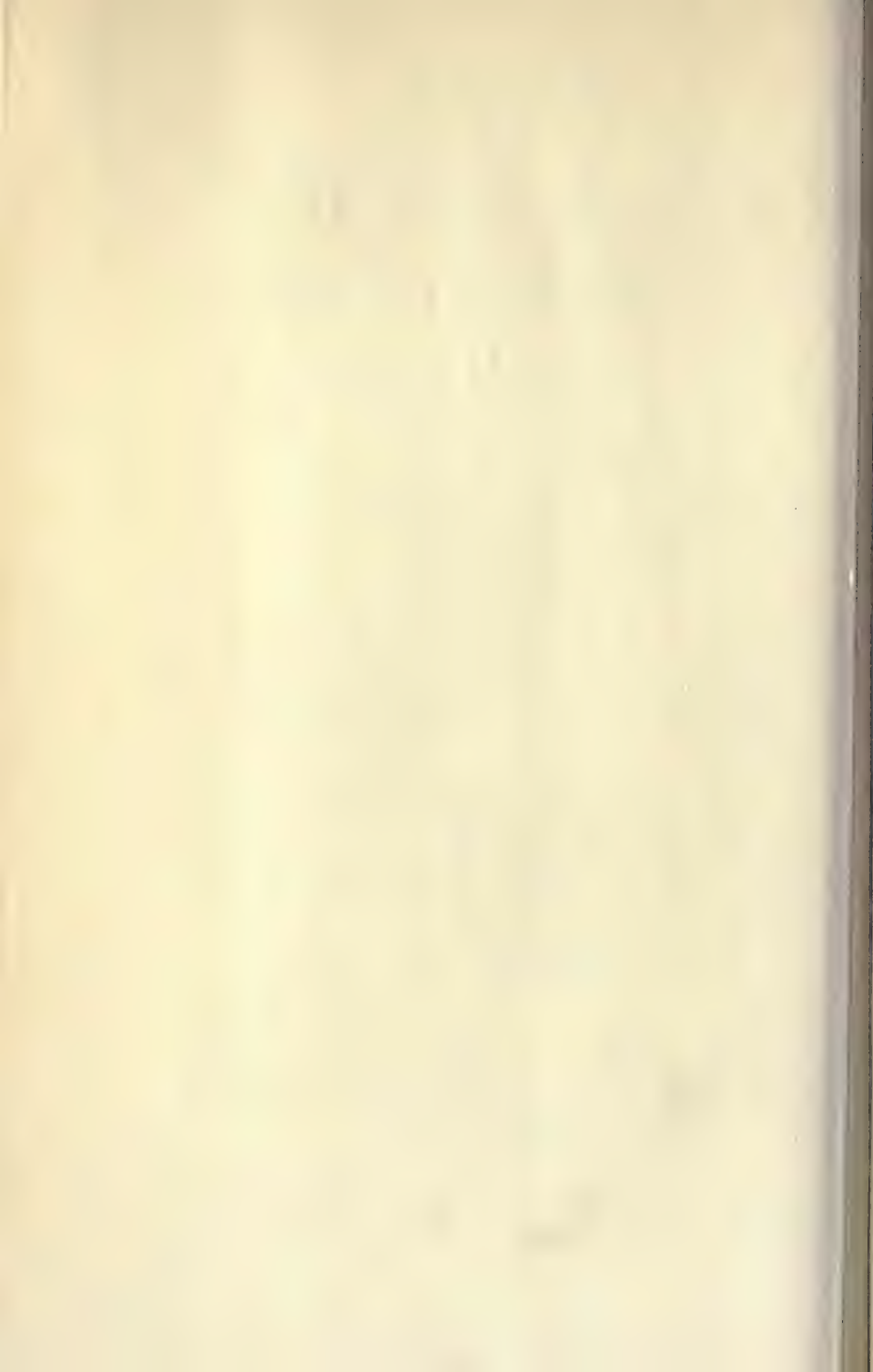
PSAL. 46. 8.

*Come, behold the workes of the Lord, what desolations
hee hath made in the earth.*



LONDON,

Printed by G.M. for R: Harford, and are to be sold at his
shop in *Queenes-head-alley* in *Pater-noster-row* at the
guilt Bible, 1638.



The Two Widecombe Tracts, 1638
giving a Contemporary Account
of the great Storm, reprinted
with an Introduction.

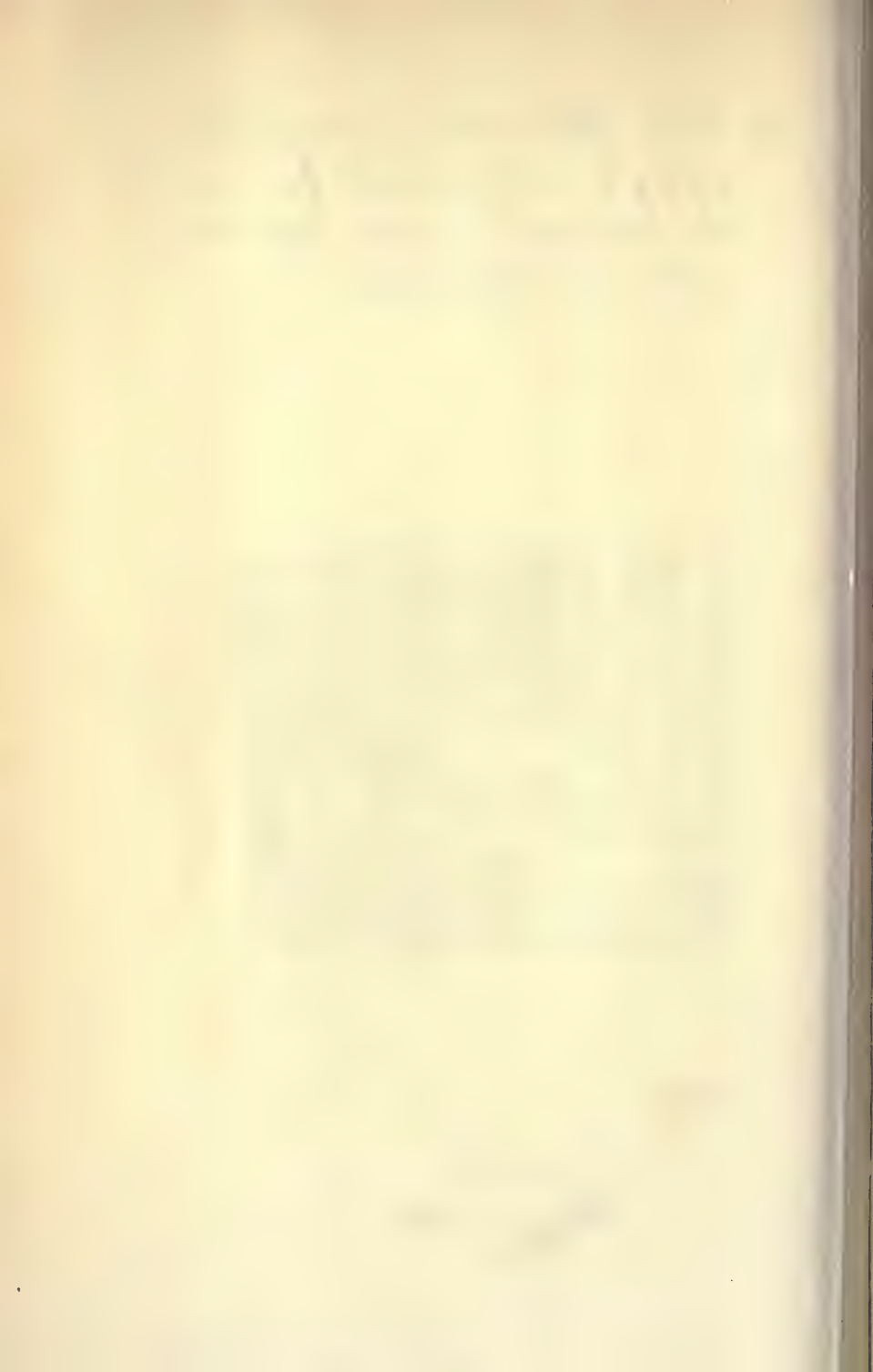
The Dreadfull Tempest in Devonshire



EXETER

JAMES G COMMIN

1905



INTRODUCTION.

The great storm at Widecombe raged on the 21st October, 1638. The news of the damage done by it to the Parish Church, and of the sad loss of life, quickly spread through the country. No doubt it was the subject matter of many a ballad and broadsheet, and so soon after the event as the 17th November, a tract was entered with the Company of Stationers. In Mr. Arber's Transcripts of the Registers of the Company we have the following entry:—

17 Novembris 1638.

Master Harford. Entred for his Copie under the hands of Master WYKES and Master ROTHWELL Warden, A true and perfect Relation of a Most Lamentable Accident hapning on Sunday the 21st of October last [1638] in Withycom Church neere Dartmore in Devonshire vjs

The tract must have had a rapid sale, for on the 19th November there is a second entry:—

19 Novembris 1638.

Master Harford. Entred for his Copie under the handes of Master WYKES and Master ROTHWELL Warden, The aforesaid Relation of the Lamentable Accident that hapned at Withycom, with some Additions of a preface and application vjs

The first of these was probably the first published account, and was hastily printed, and soon all the issue was sold. We have not met with a copy of this. The second tract is the

one of which we give a reprint, and it has the preface containing the "Application." In the British Museum copy [1103. e. 47 (1-2)] on page 15 is:—"Imprimatur Thos. Wykes. R.P. Ep. Lond. Cap. Domest."

In the British Museum there is also a copy containing fifteen pages—eight leaves—[1103. c. 48] which on page 6, following "after for dead," is supposing the last judgment day was come and that they had beene in the very "flames of Hell," as in the second Relation, p. 6. This was probably the third impression, issued between that entered 19 November, 1638, and the next, eight days later:—

27 November 1638.

Master Harford. Entred for his Copy under the handes of Master WYKES and Master ROTHWELL Warden, a second relation, being moast exact, of the Lamentable Accidentes hapning on Sunday the 21st of October last, at Withycum Church [in] the Dartmores in Devonsheire vj^s

This was the second tract which we reprint. All these issues must, it would seem, have sold rapidly. Very shortly after another printer dealt with the subject:—

4 Decembris 1638.

John Okes. Entred for his Copie under the hands of Master BAKE and Master ROTHWELL Warden, a book called Strange Newes from Saint Christophers &c, by John Taylor, with a Relacion in verse of the late accident at Withycum in Devonshire vj^s

This we have not seen, but the verses, we suspect, are those written by the Vicar, the Rev. George Lyde, given by the late Mr. Robert Dymond in his *Widcombe in the Moor*, pp. 104-108.

In the *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. iii., pp. 220-228, is reprinted "Second and most exact Relation," &c. &c.

After giving the title and stating that the tract is in quarto and contains thirty seven pages the editor says "that

“though this is called properly the second relation of this
 “wonderful accident, yet it includes the former verbatim, and
 “adds and explains some passages either omitted or left
 “obscure by the way of appendix. As for the veracity of this
 “relation I am in no doubt, being so well attested, and licensed
 “to be printed by the Bishop of London’s domestic chaplain ;
 “but I could wish that these terrors of the Lord would
 “persuade men to be more afraid of his judgments and to
 “seek for his mercy and protection in the time of need by a
 “just discharge of their respective duties.”

Then follows the tract.

Mr. Alfred Wallis has been good enough to direct our attention to the little book entitled “Admirable Curiosities Rareities and Wonders in England, Scotland and Ireland,” &c., &c., by R.B. R.B. stands for Richard Burton, otherwise for Nathaniel Crouch, the publisher of many of his own compilations. This book was first published in 1682; a second edition was issued in 1684, and there were other editions in 1685, 1697, 1728, and 1737. The account of the storm is given in the 1684 edition at pp. 54-57 and is evidently taken from the tract. It adds that “And at *Brixton* near *Plimouth* at that time fell hail stones as big as an ordinary turkey egg some of 5, 6, and 7 ounces weight.” The illustration on our title page is taken from this copy.

In the copy of the tract from which our reprint is taken is a tracing, apparently from a wood block, made by a former owner. We are sorry we are not able to find out anything about the engraving, or to ascertain whether it belongs to some other tract on the subject, or whether it comes from some book. We do not think it belongs to the tract, for in no copy which we have seen does it appear. It has been suggested that it is to be found in “*Newe & Strange Newes from St. Christophers* “of a tempestuous Spirit, which is called by the Indians a “*Hurry-cano* or *Whirlwind*: where unto is added the true “and last Relation of the dreadful Accident which happened “at *Withicombe* in *Devonshire* 21 *Octobre* 1638.” London, 1638. 12mo, partly in verse. This is mentioned by Mr. Hazlitt in his “*Handbook to the Popular Poetical and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain*,” &c., &c., 1867,

p. 418, but there is no copy in the British Museum, and we have not been able to find it in any other library. We give a reproduction of the tracing.

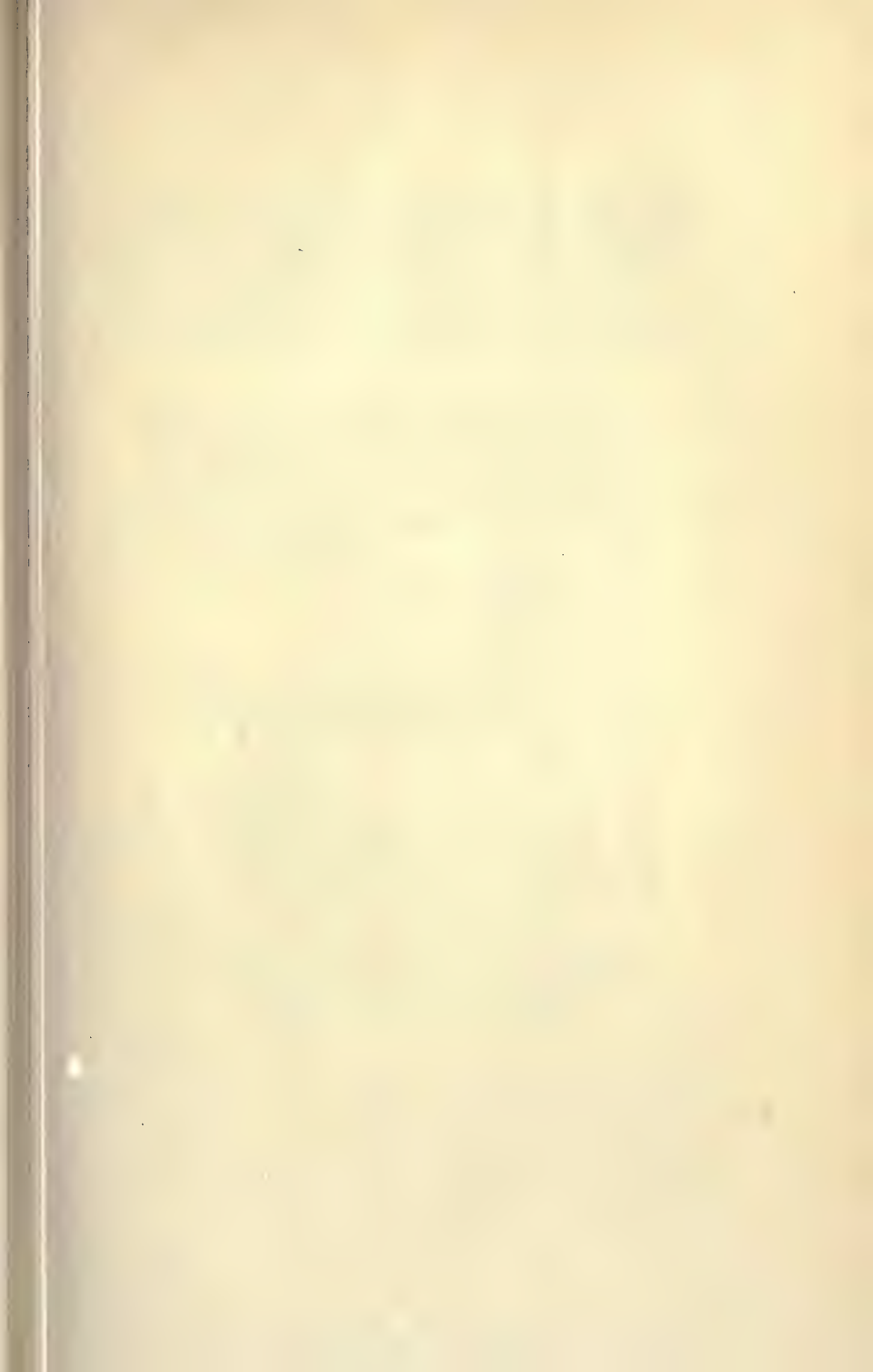
Over the illustration are these lines :—

Protectors, Parliaments, and all, see, hear,
And quake for fear : O do not jeer, nor swear
'Gainst God, who roars from Sion on your sin,
'Gainst such High-places which you worship in.
Jah with his burning blast of lightnings quells
The Peoples Idols—Temples—Steeple—Bells.

Below :—

A most prodigious and fearefull storme of winde
lightning and thunder, mightily defaceing Withcomb-ch-
urch in Deuon, burneing and slayeing diverse
men and women all this in seruice-time, on the
Lords day Octob: 21-1638.

J.B.R.



Protectors, Parliaments, and all, see, hear,
 And quake for fear : O do not jeer, nor swear
 'Gainst God, who roars from Sion on your sin,
 'Gainst such High-places which you worship in.
 Jah with his burning blasts of lightnings quells
 The Peoples Idols—Temples—Steeples—Bells.



A most prodigious & fearefull storme of winde
 lightning & thunder, mightily defacing Withcomb-ch-
 urch in Deuon, burneing and slayeing diuise
 men and women all this in service-time, on the
 Lords day Octob: 21-1638.



A TRUE
RELATION OF
those most strange and lamen-
table Accidents, happening
in the Parish Church of *Wi-*
thycombe in *Devonshire* on
Sunday the 21. of *October*.
1638.

Christian Readers,



GOODS visible Iudge-
ments, and terrible
remonstrances (which
every morning are
brought to light) com-
ming unto our know-
ledge, should bee our observation and

admonition, *that whereby the inhabitants*
 Eph. 3, 5. *of the earth may learne Righteous-*
nesse, for to let them passe by us (as wa-
 ter runnes by our doores) unobserved;
 argues too much regardlesnesse of
 Isa. 26, 9, 11. GOD in the way of his Iudgements :
 not to suffer them to sinke into our
 affections, and to proove as so many
 terrible warning pieces, which are shot
 off from a watch Tower, to give no-
 tice of an enemies approach, to
 awaken and affright us; are but a meanes
 to harden our hearts against the Lord,
 and to awaken his Iustice to punish us
 yet more : But *to heare and feare* and to
 doe wickedly no more; to search our
 hearts and amend our waies is the best
 use that can bee made of any of
 GODS remarkable terrors manife-
 sted among us. When GOD is an-
 gry with us, it ought to be our wisdome
 to meete him, and make peace with
 him : And where wee see legible Cha-
 racters of his power and wrath; to
 learne

*Pœna paucorū
 errorū omnium*

(3)

learne to spell out his meaning touching our selves; to leave off all busie, malitious, causlesse, and unchristianly censuring of others, and to turne in upon our selves, remembering, *Vel pœnitendum, vel pereundum, Except wee re-* Luk. 13, 5.
pent, wee shall likewise perish. Certaine it is that wee doe in vaine expect immunity from GODS Iudgements by sleighting, or contemning them, and increasing in our sinnings against him. If *Pharoah* by the terrour of thundring and lightning was so affrighted that hee saith to *Moses, Intreat the Lord (for* Exo. 9, 28.
it is enough) that there bee no more mighty thundrings and Haile. And if *Caligula*, out of the feare of thunder, would runne under his bed to hide himselfe: How much more should we Christians learne to feare and tremble before the most mighty GOD, *whose voice shakes the mountaines and rends the rocks, and divides the flames of* Psal. 29.
fire; rends Churches, amazeth, and strikes

strikes dead at his pleasure the sonnes of men? as the Prophet *David* saith, *Hee doth whatsoever hee pleaseth in Heaven and Earth, Hee causeth the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth, and maketh lightnings for the raine, and bringeth the winde out of the treasures of the earth, so unsearchable is his Wisedome, and his waies past finding out.* I say, this should awe and humble our hearts before the LORD, rising up unto more perfection in godlinesse, doing unto our GOD, more and better service than ever hitherto wee have done, reverencing and sanctifying his dreadful Name in our hearts: especially when his Iudgements breake in upon men, even in his owne house, *mingling their bloud with their sacrifices,* and that in a most terrible manner smiting, and wounding, and killing, as in this ensuing Relation may appeare: which for the suddenesse and strangenesse thereof, and in a manner miraculous, considering

(6)

greatly amazing and astonishing those that heard and saw it, the darknesse increasing yet more, till they could not (in the interim) see one another; the extraordinarie lightning came into the Church so flaming, that the whole Church was presently filled with fire and smoke, the smell whereof was very loathsome, much like unto the sent of brimstone, some said they saw at first a great ball of fire come in at the window and passe thorough the Church, which so much affrighted the whole Congregation that the most part of them fell downe into their seates, and some upon their knees, some on their faces, and some one upon another, with a great cry of burning and scalding, they all giving up themselves for dead.

The Minister of the Parish, Master *George Lyde*, being in the Pulpit or seate where prayers are read, however hee might bee much astonished
hereat

(7)

hereat, yet through GODS mercy had no other hurt at all in his body; but to his much griefe and amazement heard, and afterward beheld the lamentable accident; and although himselfe was not touched, yet the lightening seized upon his poore Wife, fired her ruffe and linnen next to her body, and her cloathes; to the burning of many parts of her body in a very pitifull manner. And one Mistresse *Ditford* sitting in the pew with the Ministers wife, was also much scalded, but the maid and childe sitting at the pew dore had no harme. Beside, another woman adventuring to run out of the Church, had her cloathes set on fire, and was not only strangely burnt and scorched, but had her flesh torne about her back almost to the very bones. And another woeman had her flesh so torne and her body so grievously burnt, that she died the same night.

Also one Master *Hill* a Gentleman of good account in the Parish, sitting in his

seate by the Chancell, had his head suddenly smitten against the wall, through the violence whereof he died that night, no other hurt being found about his body; but his sonne sitting in the same seate had no harme. There was also one man more, at the same instant, of whom it is particularly related, who was Warriner unto Sir *Richard Reynolds*, his head was cloven, his skull rent into three peeces, and his braines throwne upon the ground whole, and the haire of his head, through the violence of the blow at first given him, did sticke fast unto the pillar or wall of the Church; so that hee perished there most lamentably.

Some other persons were then blasted and burnt, and so grievously scalded and wounded, that since that time they have died thereof; and many other not like to recover, notwithstanding all the meanes that can bee procured to helpe them. Some had their cloaths burnt and their
bo-

(9)

bodies had no hurt, and some on the contrary, had their bodies burnt, and their cloathes not touched. But it pleased GOD yet in the midst of judgement to remember mercy, sparing some and not destroying all.

Also there were some Seats in the Body of the Church turned upside downe, and yet they which sate in them had little or no hurt. And one man going out at the Chancell doore, his Dogg running out before him, was whirled about towards the doore and fell downe starke dead: at the sight whereof his Master stepped backe within the doore, and GOD preserved him alive. Moreover the Church it selfe was much torne and defaced by the thunder and lightning; and thereby also a beame was burst in midst, and fell downe betweene the Minister and Clarke and hurt neither; and a weighty great stone, neare the Foundation of the Church is torne out and remooved, and the steeple

ple it selfe is much rent, and there where the Church was most rent there was least hurt done, and not any one was hurt either with the wood or stone, but only a maid of *Manaton*, which came thither that afternoone to see some friends, Master *Frind* the *Coroner* by circumstances, supposed she was killed by a stone. There were also stones throwne from the Tower as thick as if an hundred men had beene there throwing. Also a Pinnacle of the Tower torne downe and beate through into the Church.

Also the Pillar against which the Pulpit standeth, being but newly whited, is now by this meanes turned blacke and sulphry. Furthermore, one man that stood in the Chancell, with his face toward the Bellfrey, observed the rising as it were of dust or lime, in the lower end of the Church, which suddenly (as with a puffe of winde) was whirled up and cast into his eyes, so that hee could not see in twelve houres after ; but now his
sight

sight is restored, and hee hath no other hurt. The terrible lightening being past, and all the people being in a wonderfull maze, so that they spake not one word, by and by on Master *Raph Rouse*, Vintner in the Towne, stood up, saying, Neighbours, in the name of GOD shall we venture out of the Church, to which Master *Lyde* answering, said, it is best to make an end of prayers, for it is better to die here then in another place, but they looking about them, and seeing the Church so terribly rent and torne over their heads, durst not proceed in their publike devotions, bnt went forth of the Church.

And as all this was done within the Church, and unto the Church; so there were other strange accidentts without the Church; of which I will give you a touch. There was a Bowling-alley neare unto the Church-yard, which was turned up into pits and heapes, in manner almost as if it had beene plowed.

At

At the same time also at *Brixton* neare *Plymmouth*, there fell such store of Haile, and such Haile-stones, that for quantity they were judged to be as big as ordinary Turkies eggs; some of them were of five, some of six, and others of seven ounces weight.

We are also certainly informed that at the same time, as neare as it can bee guessed, there fell out the like accident unto the Church at *Norton* in *Somersetshire*, but as yet wee heare of no persons hurt therein: Also it is related by a Gentleman that travelled in those parts at that time, hee being since come to *London*, that where hee was the lightning was so terrible, fiery and flaming, that they thought their houses at every flash were set on fire, in somuch that their horses in the stable were so affrighted that they could not rule them.

All which most sad and lamentable Spectacles were done (as it were) in a moment of time.

This

This is the Summe of that dismall accident and terrible example happening in the place aforesaid, as it hath been carefully extracted out of the letters of Ministers and other men of quality and good account and credit living not onely in the Parish of *Withicombe*, but in the adjoining Parishes and places, and by those that had the full relation from Master *Lyde* his own mouth. And the maine drift in the publication of this great Iudgement, is for thy humiliation and edification, not onely to acquaint thee with the great and mighty works of GODS Power and Iustice, who in a moment can do mighty things, and arme the creatures against us at his owne pleasure, but also to moove pittie and compassion in us towards our Brethren who were patients therein. Which relation you can difficultly reade without sighs, nor understand without teares. I know it is the fashion of too too many to question and talke, and make things

of this nature, but *a nine dayes wonder* :
 But let us not deceive our selves any
 longer, not judging them greater sin-
 ners than our selves, but consider, we
 have beene lookers on a great while,
 and others have beene made our exam-
 ples, and felt the smart at home and
 abroad, whilst wee have gone free ;
 but wee know not how soone our
 turnes and changes may come ; this
 accident might as well have happened
 to us as them ; the LORD therefore in much
 mercy fit us both for the worst of times
 and the best of Ends. I end all with
 that prayer in our Letany, commending
 thee and this to the blessing of the Al-
 mighty.

*From lightning and tempest, from Plague
 Pestilence and Famine, from Bat-
 tell and murder, and from
 suddaine death.
 Good LORD deliver us.*

FINIS.

A SECOND
AND MOST EXACT
RELATION
OF THOSE SAD
AND LAMENTABLE

Accidents, which happened in
and about the Parish Church of
Wydecombe neere the *Dartmoores*,
in *Devonshire*, on Sunday
the 21. of *October* last,
1638.

PSAL. 46. 8.

*Come, behold the workes of the Lord, what desolations
hee hath made in the earth.*



LONDON,

Printed by G.M. for R: Harford, and are to be sold at his
shop in *Queenes-head-alley* in *Pater-noster-row* at the
guilt Bible, 1638,





To the Reader.



Here present thee with a second Relation of that wonderfull accident, which the printing of the former Book hath given occasion of.

Having now received a full and perfect Relation as is possible to be hoped for, or procured, assuring thee it is not grounded on information taken up at second hand, but those persons being now come to *London*, who were eye witnesses herein, and the chiefest discoverers of the effects of these terrible accidents; although thou hadst the truth in part before, yet not the tithe thereof, the full relation whereof

To the Reader.

thou shalt finde here annexed following after the former Relation, supplied in all those particulars, wherein there was any defect before, supposing it better to annexe it then to dissolve and blend it with the former; what thou hadst not before shall onely be supplied now, and no more, and what thou findest not here, take to be true, as they are expressed there, and although it be larger then our former, yet wee desired in penning thereof not to trouble thee with many words, but onely the substance of this sad matter, as concisely as we could, and though the price be more, yet suspend thy censure til thou hast perused it, and then it may be thou wilt give him thanks, who hath beene at the paines to add this to the former, which hee would not have done, unlesse hee could tender it upon very good authority and testimony of witnesses more then needfull: wee know fame and report varie exceedingly, not knowing wherein to
pitch

To the Reader.

pitch our beleefe, for it much increaseth or diminisheth by flying, according to the apprehension and memory both of the givers out, and takers up; but take this on his word, who onely wisheth and intendeth thy good.

Farewell.





A TRUE
RELATION OF
those most strange and lamentable
Accidents, happening
in the Parish Church of *Wyde-*
combe in *Devonshire* on
Sunday the 21. of *October*.
1638.

GODS visible Iudgements, and terrible remonstrances (which every morning are brought to light) coming unto our knowledge, should bee our observation and admonition, *that thereby the inhabitants*
of

(2)

of the earth may learne Righteous- Eph. 3. 5.

nesse, for to let them pass by us (as wa-
ter runnes by our doores) unobserved ;

argues too much regardlesnesse of
GOD in the way of his Iudgements :

Isa. 26. 9, 11.

not to suffer them to sinke into our
affections, and to prove as so many

terrible warning pieces, which are shot
off from a watch Tower, to give no-

tice of an enemies approach, to
awaken and affright us ; are but a meanes

to harden our hearts against the Lord,
and to awaken his Iustice to punish us

yet more : But *to heare and feare* and to
doe wickedly no more ; to search our

*Pœna paucorũ
terror omnium.*

hearts and amend our waies is the best
use that can bee made of any of

GODS remarkable terrors manife-
sted among us. When GOD is an-

gry with us, it ought to be our wisdom
to meete him, and make peace with

him : And where wee see legible Cha-
racters of his power and wrath ; to

learne to spell out his meaning tou-

B

ching

ching our selves; to leave off all busie, malitious, causlesse, and unchristianly censuring of others, and to turne in upon our selves, remembering, *Vel pœnitendum, vel p̄eundum, Except wee repent, wee shall likewise perish.* Certaine it is that wee doe in vaine expect immunity from GODS Iudgements by sleighting, or contemning them, or increasing in our sinnings against him. If *Pharoah* by the terrour of thundring and lightning was so affrighted that hee saith to *Moses, Intreat the Lord (for it is enough) that there bee no more mighty thundrings and Haile.* And if *Caligula*, out of the feare of thunder, would runne under his bed to hide himselfe: How much more should we Christians learne to feare and tremble before the most mighty GOD, *whose voice only can shake the mountaines and rend the rocks, and divide the flames of fire;* rends Churches, amazeth, and strikes dead at his pleasure the sonnes
of

Luk. 13. 5.

Exo. 9. 28.

Psal. 29.

(4)

of men? as the Prophet *David* saith, *Hee doth whatsoever hee pleaseth in Heaven and Earth, Hee causeth the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth, and maketh lightnings for the raine, and bringeth the winde out of the treasures of the earth, so unsearchable is his Wisedome, and his waies past finding out.* Therefore this should awe and humble our hearts before the LORD, rising up unto more perfection in godlinesse, doing unto our GOD, more and better service then ever hitherto wee have done, reverencing and sanctifying his dreadful Name in our hearts: especially when his Iudgements breake in upon men, even in his owne house, *mingling their bloud with their sacrifices,* and that in a most terrible manner smiting, and wounding, and killing, as in this ensuing Relation may appeare: which for the suddenesse and strangenesse thereof, and in a manner miraculous, considering the many circumstances, I

(5)

beleewe few Ages can paralell, or produce the like. The Lord teach thee to profit thereby, that it may bee as a Sermon preached to thee from Heaven by the Lord himselfe.



Pon Sunday the 21. of *October* last, In the Parish Church of *Wydecombe* neere the *Dartmoores* in *Devonshire*, there fell in time of Divine Service a strange darkenesse, increasing more and more, so that the people there assembled could not see to reade in any booke, and suddenly in a fearefull and lamentable manner, a mighty thundering was heard, the ratling whereof did answer much like unto the sound and report of many great Cannons, and terrible strange lightening therewith, greatly amazing those that heard and saw

(6)

saw it, the darknesse increasing yet more, till they could not see one another ; the extraordinarie lightening came into the Church so flaming, that the whole Church was presently filled with fire and smoke, the smell whereof was very loathsome, much like unto the sent of brimstone, some said they saw at first a great fiery ball come in at the window and passe thorough the Church, which so affrighted the whole Congregation that the most part of them fell downe into their seates, and some upon their knees, some on their faces, and some one upon another, with a great cry of burning and scalding, they all giving up themselves for dead, supposing the last Iudgement day was come, and that they had beene in the very flames of Hell.

The Minister of the Parish, Master *George Lyde*, being in the Pulpit or seate where prayers are read, however hee might bee much astonished

B 3

hereat,

hereat, yet through GODS mercy had no other harme at all in his body; but to his much grieffe and amazement, beheld afterward the lamentable accidents; and although himselfe was not touched, yet the lightening seized upon his poore Wife, fired her ruffe and linnen next to her body, and her cloathes; to the burning of many parts of her body in a very pitifull manner. And one Mistresse *Ditford* sitting in the pew with the Ministers wife, was also much scalded, but the maid and childe sitting at the pew dore had no harme. Beside, another woman adventuring to run out of the Church, had her cloathes set on fire, and was not only strangely burnt and scorched, but had her flesh torne about her back almost to the very bones. Another woeman had her flesh so torne and her body so grievously burnt, that she died the same night.

Also one Master *Hill* a Gentleman of good account in the Parish, sitting in his
seate

seate by the Chancell, had his head suddenly smitten against the wall, through the violence whereof he died that night, no other hurt being found about his body; but his sonne sitting in the same seate had no harme. There was also one man more, at the same instant, of whom it is particularly related, who was Warriner unto Sir *Richard Reynolds*, his head was cloven, his skull rent into three peeces, and his braines throwne upon the ground whole, and the haire of his head, through the violence of the blow at first given him, did sticke fast unto the pillar or wall of the Church, and in the place a deepe bruise into the wall as if it were shot against with a Cannon bullet.

Some other persons were then blasted and burnt, and so grievously scalded and wounded, that since that time they have died thereof, and many other not like to recover, notwithstanding all the meanes that can bee procured to helpe them.

Some

Some had their cloathes burnt and their bodies had no hurt, and some on the contrary, had their bodies burnt, and their cloathes not touched, and some their stockings and leggs burnt and scalded, and their outward buskings not one thred singed. But it pleased GOD yet in the midst of judgement to remember mercy, sparing some and not destroying all, yet very many were sorely scalded in divers parts of their bodies, and as all this hurt was done upon the bodies of men and women, so the hurt also that was then done unto the Church was remarkable.

There were some Seates in the Body of the Church turned upside downe, and yet they which sate in them had little or no hurt ; also a Boy sitting on a seate had his hat on, and neare the one halfe thereof was cut off, and he had no hurt. And one man going out at the Chancell doore, a Dogg running out before him, was whirled about

about towards the doore and fell downe, starke dead: at the sight whereof hee stepped back within the doore, and GOD preserved him alive. Also the Church it selfe was much torne and defaced by the thunder and lightning; and thereby also a beame was burst in the midst, and fell downe betweene the Minister and Clarke and hurt neither; and a weighty great stone, neare the Foundation of the Church is torne out and remooved, and the steeple it selfe is much rent, and there where the Church was most rent, there was least hurt done to the people, and not any one was hurt either with the wood or stone, but a maid of *Manaton*, which came thither that afternoone to see some friends, whom Master *Frynd* the *Coroner* by circumstances, supposed she was kild with a stone. There were also stones throwne from the Tower and carried about a great distance from the Church, as thick as if a hundred men had beene

C

there

there throwing, and a number of them of such weight and bignesse, that the strongest man cannot lift them. Also one Pinnacle of the Tower was torne downe and broke through into the Church.

Moreover the Pillar against which the Pulpit standeth, being but newly whited, is now by this meanes turned black and sulphry. Furthermore, one man that stood in the Chancell, with his face toward the Bellfrey, observed as it were the rising of dust or lime, in the lower end of the Church, which suddenly (as with a puffe of winde) was whirled up and cast into his eyes, so that hee could not see in twelve houres after; but now his sight is restored, and hee hath no other hurt. The terrible lightening being past, all the people being in a wonderfull maze, so that they spake not one word, by and by one Master *Raph Rouse*, a Vintner in the Towne, stood up, saying these words, Neighbours, in the name of God shall
shall

shall we venture out of the Church, to which M. *Lyde* answering, said, it is best to make an end of prayers, for it were better to die here then in another place, but they looking about them, and seeing the Church so terribly rent and torne, durst not proceed in their publike devotions, but went forth of the Church.

And as all this was done within the Church, and unto the Church; so there were other accidents without the Church; of which I will give you a touch. There was a Bowling alley neare unto the Church-yard, which was turned up into pits and heapes, in manner almost as if it had beene plowed. At the same time also at *Brixton* neare *Plymmouth*, there fell such store of Haile, and such Hail-stones, that for quantity they were judged to be as big as ordinary Turkies eggs; some of them were of five, some of six, and others of seven ounces weight.

We are also certainly informed that

at the same time, as neare as it can be guessed, there fell out the like accident unto the Church at *Norton* in *Somersetshire*, but as yet wee heare of no persons hurt therein: Also it is related by a Gentleman who travelled in those parts at that time, hee being since come to *London*, that where he was the lightening was so terrible, fiery and flaming, that they thought their houses at every flash were set on fire, in so much that their horses in the stable were so affrighted that they could not rule them.



The Addition to the former Relation.



His Church of *Wydecombe* being a large and faire Church newly trim'd, there belonging to it a very faire Steeple or Tower, with great and small pinacles thereon, it being one of the famousest Towers in all those Westerne parts;

parts ; and there being gathered a great Congregation, to the number, as is verily beleevd, of at least 300. persons.

Master *Lyde* with many others in the Church did see presently after the darknesse, as it were a great ball of fire, and most terrible lightening come in at the window, and therewithal the rooffe of the Church in the lower part against the Tower to rend and gape wide open, whereat he was so amazed, that hee fell downe into his seate, and unspeakable are the mighty secret wonders the Lord wrought immediately, of which, because thou hast the generall Relation before ; I will give thee this as neare as can bee discovered in the order and course thereof, which first began in the Tower, and thence into the Church, the power of that vehement and terrible blast struck in at the North side of the Tower, tearing through a most strong stone wall into the staires, which goes up round with stone steps to the top of the leades, and

being gotten in, struck against the other side of the wall, and finding not way forth there, it rebounded back againe with greater force to that side next the Church, and piercing through right against the higher window of the Church, tooke the greatest part thereof with it and likewise some of the stones, and frame of the window, and so struck into the Church, comming with a mighty power it struck against the North-side wall of the Church, as if it were with a great Cannon bullet or somewhat like thereto, and not going through, but exceedingly shaking and battering the wall, it tooke its course directly up that Ile strait to the Pulpit or Seate where Master *Lyde* sate, and in the way thence going up it tooke all the lime and sand of the wall, and much grated the stones thereof, and tore off the side desk of the Pulpit, and upon the Pulpit on the side thereof it was left as black and moist as if it had beene newly wiped with Inke. Then

Then it goes straight up in the same Ile, and strook off all the hinder part of the Warriners head, the braines fell backward intire and whole into the next seate behind him, and two peecees of his scull, and dasht his blood against the wall, the other peece of his scull fell into the seate where he sate, and some of the skin of his head, flesh and haire was carried into the Chancell, and some of his haire to the quantity of a handfull, stuck fast as with lime and sand newly tempered upon one of the barres of the timber-work partission betweene the Church and Chancell. And one man who sate next to the Warriner in the same seate, was scalded and all burnt on that side next the Warriner, from the very head to the foot, and no hurt at all on the other side. And in the second seate behind him was another struck, in a most fearefull manner; for he was so burned and scalded all over his body, from his forehead downeward below his knees,

in

in so much that hee was all over like raw flesh round about, and which is most wonderfull his cloathes not once hurt; neither his head nor haire, who notwithstanding died not then, but lived in great misery above a week after.

But to goe on in our Relation. It is supposed (it having beene since by divers judiciously viewed) that here the power or force devided it selfe two waies; one part whereof struck out of the window over their heads, vvhich tore out and carried away some great stones out of the vvall vwith the vwindow, and further they could not trace it, but vwith the force of the stroake at going forth, it struck the lime and sand on the vvall vwith many small stones, or grit, so forcibly, that the lime, sand, and grit returned backe like haile-shot to the other side of the vvall vwhere men did sit, and struck into their faces, much disfiguring them, and smote into the vvall,
and

and into the timber of the partition, some of vvhich stones could not bee pickt out till the next day following.

But the other part of the force descended to the bottome of the wall just before the Warriners seate, and there peirced in, heaving up all the vvall in that place, rending and tearing it from the very ground, as high almost as the height of a man, there it broke through into the Chancell, and about the number of eight boyes sitting about the rayles of the Communion Table, it tooke them up from the seates and threw them all on heapes within the rayles, and not one of them hurt, and one of them having his hat lying upon the raile, it was cut and burned halfe away.

Then it went directly over to the other side of the Chancell, and struck Master *Hill* mortally in his head, so that hee died that night; but his Sonne,

D

sit-

sitting as close by him as one man can sit by another, for the seate would hold but two, hee had no harme at all, not so much as once singed. But it struck against the vvall so forcibly, that it beate in the vvall behind him as if it had beene shot against with a Cannon bullet, as it is expressed in the former Relation; but there not going through, it recoiles backe againe, comming about the Chancell, as it is conceived, and tore out violently one of the great side stones of the Chancell doore against vvhich it smote, cleaving it all to peeces, and there it is supposed it went forth; but some reasons there are to thinke it did not, for none of the peeces of the side stone were carried out with it, but fell downe within the Chancell: besides, the consideration of the mighty strange and secret workes thereof in the body of the Church, for there it had rent and tore and flung about marvellously.

The

The seates where men and women sate were rent up, turned upside downe, and they that sate in them had no harme; also many of those pewes and seates rent quite from the bottome as if there had beene no seates there, and those that sate in them, when they came to themselves, found that they vvere throwne out their owne into other seates three or foure seates higher, and yet had no harme. And moreover all the wood, timber and stones were torne all to peeces, and violently throwne every way to the very walles of the Church round about.

One man sitting upon the Church-Beere, at the lower end, the Beere was struck and torne, and hee that sate thereon was throwne into one of the pewes by the wall side, a good distance off.

Many also both men and women being very much burned and scalded in divers places of their bodies, and

after divers manners, to the number of fiftie or sixtie, among whom *Mistresse Lyde* the Ministers wife was one, who suffered herein as it is related in the former. And also *Mistresse Ditford* her gowne, two wastcoates, and linnen next her body, burned cleane off; and her back also very grievously downe to her waste burned and scalded, and so exceedingly afflicted thereby, shee could neither stand nor goe without helpe, being lead out of the Church. And one antient woman was so terribly burnt, and her flesh torne, especially her hand, the flesh was so rotten and perished, her hand is cut off that it might not endanger her arme; and many of those that were then burned and scalded have since died thereof.

And furthermore, all the roofe of the Church is terribly torne, and a great part thereof broken into the Church by some great stones, that were torne
off

off the Tower ; and all the other parts hangs fearefully, all ragged and torne in divers places, ready to drop downe ; it tore likewise all the windowes, shooke and rent the Church walls in divers places, but the Chancell roofe had little or no hurt. Moreover a Beame was burst in sunder vvhich fell downe betweene the Minister and Clarke, yet hurt neither. Nor vvas there in all this time any one hurt either vvith stick or stone, but onely one man that had a little bruise on his backe ; and as there vvas least hurt done where the timber and stone fell most ; so on the contrary, vvhere no timber nor stone fell, there vvas most hurt done. And all this vvhile, after the first terrible noise and lightening, not one in the Church can remember they either heard or saw any thing, being all deadly astonished.

And vvhen the lightening vvas past, the people being still in a maze, not

one could speake a word to another, but by and by Master *Rouse* came a little to himselfe, standing up, spake as in the former Relation, and speaking to Master *Lyde*, hee also thereupon began to recover himselfe, and answered as well as hee could tremblingly, as is expressed before, not knowing of any hurt that vvas done either to his Wife or any else; but they looking about them, saw a very thicke mist, with smother, smoake and smell, in so much, that they nor any there saw the danger over their heads. But they two going forth together at the Chancell doore, they saw the Dogg whirled up some height from the ground, taken up and let downe againe three times together, and at last fell downe stone dead, all the lightening being past, neither could they see any thing at all neare the Dogg.

Then presently the rest of the people scrabled forth the Church as well
as

as they could; the mist and smother going away by degrees, but not quite gone in halfe an houre after: And being come forth they saw their danger, which before they knew not; for the Tower and Church was grievously crackt, and shattered; And some of the stones on the Church and Tower torne off, and throwne every way round about, and huge waighty stones split all too pecces, some throwne distant from the Church at least an hundred yards. And one great stone like a massie rocke, vvas carried off the pinnacle all over the East end of the Church, and over the Church-yard, and into another close over the hedge, there it grays'd, breaking up the ground deeply; and as it is imagined, it was done by that massie stone, which was carried at least ten yards beyond, and there bruised the ground very deepe, where it lay un-mooveable.

And on the other side of the Church,
there

there is a bowling-greene, torne up and spoyled with stones as before; Among many others there fell therein one great broad stone, like a Table, and in the fall was broken all to peeces, they being struck edge-waies into the ground, also many great stones were sunke so deepe on all sides the Church, that some were struck in even with the ground, and some lower. Some stones were throwne over Master *Rouse* his house an hundred yards from the Church, and sunke into the earth not to be seene, but onely the hole where the stone went downe; and Master *Rouse* his House, on that side next the Church, was torne up, the covering carried off, and one of the rafters broke into the House.

Then a while after, before night, they adventured into the Church to fetch out the dead bodies, some whereof being brought forth, and laid in the Church-yard; there was then
pre-

present a woman, being till that time much aston'd, comming better to her selfe, upon sight of the dead bodies remembered, that shee brought her childe to Church with her, they then going in to seeke for it, found her childe going hand in hand with another little childe, being met comming downe one of the Iles, and had no hurt, nor seemed not to bee any thing frighted by their countenances; neither was there any children in the Church hurt at all: but the other child's mother was gone home, never remembering shee had a childe till it was brought to her.

But as strange a thing as any of these was that, concerning *Robert Meade* the Warriner; he being not mist all this while, immediatly *Master Rouse* his deare acquaintance remembred him, and seeing him not, nor none knowing what was become of him, *Master Rouse* stepping to the window, looked

E into

into the Church where the Warriner used to sit, and there saw him sitting in his Seate, leaning upon his elbow, his elbow resting upon the deske before him, hee supposed him to bee a sleepe, or aston'd, not yet come to himselfe; hee calling to awake him, wondered hee made no answer, then his love to him caused him to venter into the Church, to jogg him awake, or to remember him, and then to his much grieffe hee perceived his friend to bee a dead man; for all the hinder part of his head was cleane cut off and gone round about his neck, and the fore-part not disfigured, as they supposed when they drew neare him.

The Lord of the Mannor of *Wydecombe* hearing of this sadd accident, sent his man, *David Barry*, that night thither, to heare what newes, and to see what hurt was done, but it being darke, hee could see nothing that night, but
 onely

onely heare their Relations. But on Munday the day following, they came to take notice, and view the ruines of the Church, and what accidents had fallen out; then all this Relation was made apparant to him, and I may safely say, to thousands more of Witnesses, that are ready to give testimony to all this Relation.

But having seene and observed as much as they could about the Church; the Tower being locked up; what hurt was done there, was as yet unknowne: there being then a motion made to open the doore to see what hurt, no man was found willing to adventure, much lesse ascend up therein, all the people being as yet in a terrible feare; the remembrance of their great hurts and dangers, being so fresh in their mindes; for some being to bee buried in the Church that afternone, as namely, *Master Hill*, and *Robert Meade*, their graves

being close by one another; the Minister read the buriall to both at once, and when hee came to those words, *Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust*, the fall whereof making a sudden noise upon the Coffins, made them all in a great feare runne out of the Church, tumbling over one another, supposing that the Church was falling on their heads.

But the said *David* resolved to venture himselfe to discover what hee could, and calling for the key to open the doore, it was brought by the Sextone, yet they all perswaded him not to venture, for the Tower was so crazie, torne, and shattered, that they were all of opinion it might fall, as they might well judge by the outside; but hee putting in the key to open the doore, it would not unlocke it, but runne quite through; then the Sextone hee trying, also could finde no lock, and yet the doore still fast, then an
Iron

Iron barre being used to force it off the hinges, it could not bee done thereby, till at last hee espying the bolt of the lock shot into the staple, desired them to hold the doore up with the barre, that hee might put in his arme to put backe the lock, and found there all the wood and wards of the lock gone, then the doore being with much adoe forced open, the said *David* was to goe up first, and the Sextone to follow him, where hee found so much rubbish and stone tumbled downe, that he could hardly creepe up; hee having his sword by his side, it troubled him, hee put it off, wishing the Clarke to hold it, while hee made way; but as they ascended, there came downe the staires a most loathsome smell beyond expression, as it were of Brimstone pitch and sulphur; hee notwithstanding adventured higher, but the Sextons stomacke and courage being over-

come, partly by his feare, and also by the smell, hee returned backe in a great fright, complaining hee was poysoned.

A multitude of people being there to observe the discovery, come from divers places thereabouts, to see and heare of this spreading ill newes, as daily multitudes doe resort thither for that purpose, they all stood at a distance, waiting what could be found, but they not knowing what was become of him, because the Sextone was so frightened, none daring to come neare to looke after him. But hee getting (with great difficulty, and danger of his life at every step) up to the first story, there hee viewed it, and found no hurt done, but getting with greater difficulty up to the Bell-roume, hee toled all the Bells to see if they were sound or no, then the people much rejoyced, supposing hee was well.

Then

Then looking over head hee saw all the Ioyces and timber under the leads carried away, all rent and torne fearefully, except one beame under the middle which was bowed downe, and a great number of stones lying on the leads in a very strange and dangerous manner, but his heart incouraging him to venture yet higher, hee attempted the leads, and getting up to the doore, hee saw a great danger over his head, at the sight whereof his heart began to faile him, for the stones were carried cleane away under the inside next the Church, and on the outside so shaken that very little upheld them, then espying yet more danger than before, hee saw a great stone over his head, (as hee supposed) ready to drop downe upon him, that hee knew not whether to stay or goe downe, for feare of the falling thereof, then attempting to throw it downe, cryed as loud as hee possibly could,

could, being at the top, to stand cleare, for feare of danger hee catching hold on somewhat over his head, hung by his hands, and with his feet touched the weighty stone, which tumbled downe the staires, never resting till it came to the bottome, then all the people at the fall thereof thought he was kild, but he presently comming downe into the Bell-roume, toled the Bells againe, and thereby remooved their feare.

Then comming downe lower, in one place in the staires, close by the place where the Tower was most rent and shaken, there hee espied a thing very strange to him, as if it had beene a Cannon discharged full of powder, and as if a bullet withall struck and shooke it, and finding no way out, recoyled backe to another side, and there rent out a great part of the Tower, with mighty stones; and but a little above it, there was a round patch

ged at Master *Rouses*, and went well to bed, and an houre after, hee felt something come upon him (as hee thought) on the outside of his waste and belly, as if it were a cord twisted about him, two men pulling it with great strength, which griped him in that unspeakable manner three or foure times, that he thought himself cut in sunder therewith, nor having any breath, nor none knowing what to do to him, hee could take nothing downe at present to ease him, but by and by ridding his stomacke by vomiting, being iu a great and terrible sweat all this while, in so much that the sheetes wherein he lay might have beene wringed, at last came up such a loathsome vomit that smelt of the same nature that that did which he brought out of the Steeple, and after this taking some rest he was very well in the morning.

All which most sad and lamentable Spectacles were done (as it were) in a moment of time. This

This is the Summe of those dismall accidents and terrible examples happening in the place aforesaid. And the maine drift in the publication of this great Iudgement, is for thy humiliation and edification, not onely to acquaint thee with the great and mighty works of Gods Power and Iustice, who in a moment can doe mighty things to us, and arme the creatures against us at his owne pleasure, but also to moove pittie and compassion in us towards our Brethren who were patients therein, not judging them greater sinners than our selves; but beleaving, *That except wee also repent and sinne no more, wee shall likewise perish, or worse things befall us.* Which Relation you can difficultly reade without sighs, nor understand without teares. I know it is the fashion of too too many to question and talke, and make things of this nature, but *a nine dayes wonder*: But let us not deceive our selves

any longer, but consider, wee have beene lookers on a great while, and others have beene made our examples, and felt the smart at home and abroad, whilst wee have gone free; but wee know not how soone our turnes and changes may come; these accidents might as well have happened to us as them; the LORD therefore in much mercy fit us both for the worst of times and the best of Ends. I end all with that prayer in our Letany, commending thee and this to the blessing of the Almighty.

*From lightening and tempest, from Plague,
Pestilence and Famine, from Battell
and murder, and from
suddaine death,
Good LORD deliver us.*

FINIS.

Imprimatur

THO: WYKES. R.P. *Ep. Lond.*
Cap. Domest.

November 27.

1683.

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Devon edited by P F S AMERY
JOHN S AMERY and J BROOKING
ROWE FSA

Volume III—Part VII—July, 1905.

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APPENDIX.

RICHARD PEEKE of Tavistock, His THREE TO ONE and
DICK OF DEVONSHIRE, pp. 1—54; Title, Introduction, &c.

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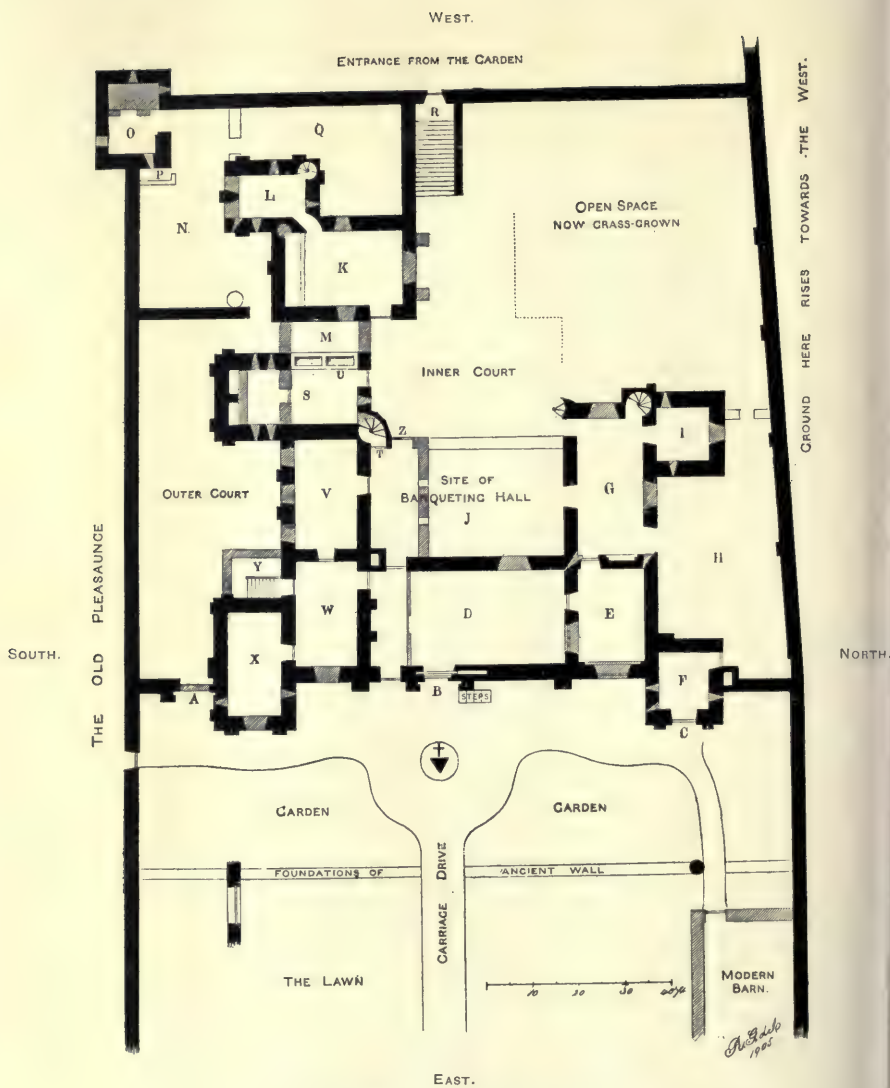
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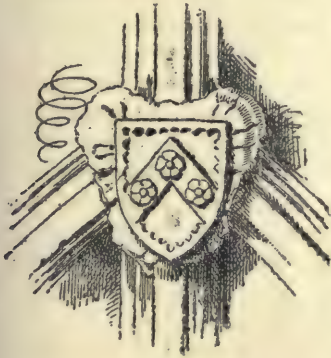
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Ground Plan of Compton Castle.

NOTE.—At S the arrangements of the upper and ground floors are shown together. The buttery S runs north and south under both the steward's room and the small retiring room adjoining it. The steward's room reached by the newel stairs at T extends east and west over the north end of the buttery and the vaulted gangway M, the top of the wall dividing them being hollowed into two oblong cavities U for concealing treasure under the floor.

164. COMPTON CASTLE.—This building, one of the most interesting examples of mediæval fortified architecture in England, erected in the early part of the fifteenth century, is comprised within the parish of Marldon, and situated about five miles from Torquay by road, or four miles by Cockington, Stantor, and the field paths. It is approached through the village of the same name, consisting of detached farmsteads and labourers' dwellings which border the roadway for about a quarter of a mile through a narrow valley. At the northern end of the

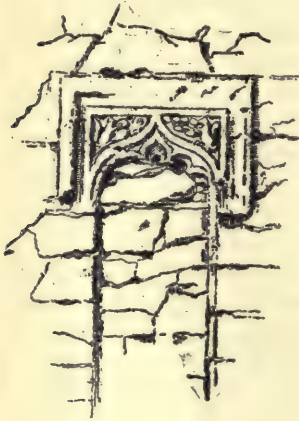


village a turning to the left leads through an iron gate into a quadrangular enclosure about 140 feet square in front of the castle. A substantial modern barn now occupies the north side of this open space. On its south side an ivy-grown fragment of an ancient wall, pierced by a granite four-centred archway $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, under a square hood moulding, runs east and west a few yards from the façade. The castle faces north-east, which for the sake of convenience we will term the east, and in the following description the other sides will also be alluded to in corresponding relationship to what would be regarded as the east end of the chapel.

The western half of the site where the ground slopes up to a higher level has been excavated to a maximum depth of about 15 feet, consequently the whole of the castle buildings stand in a hollow.

The main front, which extends 110 feet in width, is a very picturesque elevation, gabled, embattled, and machicolated, and the series of buildings which the castle comprises seem to have been planned with considerable ingenuity as a place of refuge and defence. The walls throughout vary from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to nearly 4 feet in thickness, according to height and position. The inner court surrounding the castle is protected by a massive wall nearly 24 feet high, and was evidently meant to form a death trap to any force attacking it from the rear.

To its extremely sheltered position its preservation is in very large measure due. More than three-fourths of the edifice remain either perfect, or having the principal walls still standing.



There was originally a postern gate on the south side, which is now walled up. It is marked A on the accompanying ground plan, measured and drawn by the writer. Both this and the central doorway B are protected by portcullisses. About 16 feet in front of the latter stands the triangular base and part of the shaft of an ancient stone cross. An additional doorway C pierces the north tower.

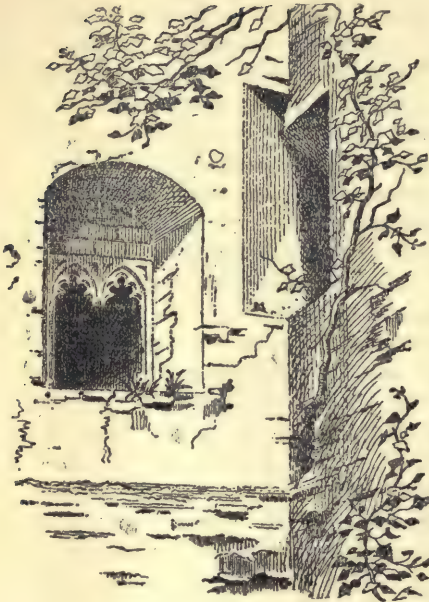
Before entering upon a more minute inspection of the interior a glance along the façade reveals

a few features of artistic interest, notably the Early Perpendicular window of the chapel on the right. This window is protected by an outer cage of iron bars of great strength. About half-way up the north side of the projecting gabled wing to the left a cinquefoil-headed opening has the spandrels sculptured with a couple of squirrels, each holding a hazel branch. This is the only allusive carving about the building, and refers to the crest of the Gilberts, the olden owners of the manor and the builders of the castle, of which we now survey the ruins. This family, the county historians inform us, became possessed of the estates through the marriage of one of its members with a co-heiress of the Comptons about the time of Edward II., and continued to hold them until about a century and a half ago. The central doorway, which is strongly barred within, opens into the large entrance hall or guard room D, but in modern times an additional opening has been pierced through the front, and a part of the guard room partitioned off to form a passage to the apartments on the south side, which are still inhabited. The upper story over the guard room no longer exists, its place being occupied by a slated lean-to roof

abutting against the main front. At the north end of the guard room a gothic doorway opens into the chapel E, which measures 20 feet by 14 feet and about 24 feet to the apex of its barrel-vaulted roof. Large patches of the ancient plaster still adhere to the walls and ceiling, whilst the general decay, the broken traceries of the windows and the pervading gloom give the interior an intensely solemn and picturesque effect.

In the wall above where stood the altar is a square sunk space, 12 feet wide, denoting the extent of the reredos, on which the remains of fresco painting are still visible. Above this is the ruined gothic window seen on our first approach. To the right of the altar space is a cinquefoiled piscina and in the side wall another more perfect four-light window of similar design to the eastern one, and which gave the occupants of the guard room an opportunity of joining in Divine service.

On the north side of the chapel is a tall block of rooms, four single apartments superposed, the vaulted basement of which F, now a farm store, was doubtless used as a vestibule, doorways opening out of it north and east. It has three loop holes but no window, and probably contained a lavatorium. From the chapel a doorway opens into a now roofless apartment G, measuring 28 feet by 14, provided with a capacious fireplace in its eastern wall. At the south-west corner of the apartment a newel staircase conducted to the priest's dormitory over G. From hence, through a little window of two cinquefoiled openings, the priest could view during wakeful hours—perhaps from his very pillow—the holy tabernacle, the ever burning lamp and the sacred imagery round about the altar. Through this opening too the earliest rays of dawn, gradually outlining the gorgeously robed saints in the eastern window, would unfold their beauties to his thoughtful gaze, and inspire his devotion. As the sill of this little window was scarcely 20 inches from the floor its position enabled the priest to use it as a *prie-dieu*. Almost adjoining, but at a somewhat higher level is a curious squint looking into this room from the chamber over the guard room. If, however, no such upper apartment formerly existed and that the present heavily beamed ceiling has been lowered in comparatively modern times, which there are reasons for



supposing, then this singular aperture or squint could only, it seems, have communicated with the roof. From the priests' dormitory a door communicated with a wooden gallery on the north side of the chapel giving access to the first floor in the tower over F, which he probably used as a study or devotional retreat. The upper rooms appear to have been entered from a chamber over the chapel, but the flooring of them, the gallery alluded to, and all the woodwork has long since perished, and the first floor can only be

gained by means of a ladder. The room over the chapel is now inaccessible. At the side of the door from the courtyard H into the room G, a hagioscope pierces the wall obliquely in the direction of the altar within the chapel, the opening $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches high narrowing to 3 inches wide. This doorway was originally protected by a gabled roof, the weatherings of which are still visible. On the apex of the west wall of the chapel the ancient bell-cot still rears itself from out the cloud-like masses of ivy which clothe this side more abundantly than any other part of the building, but the bell which sounded the canonical hours to the ears of the devout rustics for many generations has long since fallen a prey to the despoiler. Over the bell-cot is the moulded base of a stone cross.

Stepping across the grassy floor of the room G a little vaulted chamber I, measuring 12 feet by $11\frac{1}{2}$, having a window and three loopholes is shown as the 'prison,' but we rather incline to the belief that this was an armoury. Over this was another smaller apartment now also inaccessible, but

which was entered by a doorway from what we have presumed was the priest's sleeping apartment. The story over it—and there may have been a third, judging from the enormous thickness of the walls—is now in ruins. There are also evidences of a gateway having existed between this block and the outer wall. Outside the south-west door from room G are the remains of another spiral staircase, probably for general use to the upper apartments on this side the castle and to the minstrels' gallery above the doorway from the room G into the banqueting hall J. This, the grandest room of all, now subdivided by a modern passage, measured 42 feet long by 23 feet wide. Here the noblest and fairest of the county would assemble to celebrate those joyous events which formed the epochs of their lives, and in later Elizabethan days, to hail the return of one or other of Devon's famous naval heroes to his home. Doubtless the knight reposing under his carved semblance in the neighbouring church of Marldon has often in days of yore presided over the festivities on this very spot, or here led some fair lady in the joyous dance. A part of the broken stone pavement at its north end still exists, and a few feet of the foundation of its western wall may also be traced, but otherwise not a vestige of the hall remains save the gable marks of the roof against the buildings on the south side, thus affording conclusive evidence of its height and position.

The visitor next crosses the sward and enters by a pointed doorway the ancient kitchen K, 25 feet by 15, the fireplace of which, still retaining its immense iron firebars occupies the whole width of its southern end. A cavernous opening in the angle of the wall on the right was perhaps used as an oven. The adjoining chamber L, $14\frac{3}{4}$ feet by 9, is shown as the 'stewards room'—with greater probability it was the south armoury. It has five loopholes and three windows. A spiral staircase leads to two stories above, the lower one barrel-vaulted like the room below, the upper one completely ruinous and thickly overgrown. This last communicates with a lofty room over the kitchen, having a single small window to the north. Before leaving the so-called steward's room, notice the receptacle for missiles, like an oblong pocket, at the north end near the floor. It measures 22 by 8 inches. Doubtless all the windows of the castle were strongly barred with iron, like

the specimen still remaining in this room and another in the adjoining kitchen.

Passing through the vaulted passage M the south court N is reached. Here an idea may best be formed of the principles which guided the builders of this stronghold and its immense importance to the surrounding country in times of invasion, to which this part of Devon was constantly exposed in former days. At the south-west corner of the lofty walls which guard the enclosure rises a watch-tower O, with gabled roof. Externally it measures 21 feet by $15\frac{1}{2}$ but the room in the basement is only $10\frac{1}{2}$ by 9. This, probably the dungeon or chamber of torture, was lighted by a solitary little window. The upper rooms were entered from the garden, or by the flight of steps (of which traces are visible) that formerly led up to a projecting portico above the prison entrance. In front of the little window in the basement rose a wall forming a narrow passage P to the east of the watch-tower and which excluded the prisoners from all view of the outer world. Through the passage M they would have been conducted or driven at the sword's point into the courtyard N and then into the dungeon O to await their certain doom on the morrow as they were led out one by one into the place of execution Q. The wall and doorway between N and Q are now destroyed, but the foundations can easily be discerned. Another divisional wall appears to have run towards the newel stairs of the armoury L, from the loophole of which a condemned prisoner could be instantly dispatched upon stepping into the enclosure without even seeing his assailant. Some of the loopholes still retain their iron musket rests.

There is a tradition that a subterranean passage led from the outer court in the direction of Apton in the parish of Berry Pomeroy, but the caretakers who have resided in the building for a number of years have never seen the opening and are unaware of its exact position. A similar legend attaches to nearly every ancient ruin, and such secret passages, of contracted proportions and probably of no very great length, were intended as an exit in case of sudden surprise for some servant or retainer to alarm the neighbouring country folk.

Parallel with the east side of the passage M runs the buttery S, also barrel-vaulted and forming the ground floor of

a tall block, the upper stories of which were reached by what was the principal staircase T. The staircase measures from newel to wall 38 to 40 inches in width and led out from the south-west angle of the banqueting hall. The first floor, probably the steward's room, which extends over the room S and the passage M, contains a singular contrivance for depositing plate and valuables in times of peril, namely, two deep oblong cavities U, one measuring 6 and the other $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet long by 28 inches broad, sunk into the rubble of the top of the west wall of the buttery and were covered by the boarding of the apartment. The ceiling of the room above this has fallen in, the casements are decayed away, and all is now open to the rafters of the roof.

The apartment marked V on plan was the ancient pump room. It is now divided by a modern partition, having a door in the middle, into kitchen and scullery. W and X now comprise the parlour and domestic offices on the ground floor of the farmer and his family who occupy the castle, the dormitories above them being reached by a modern staircase Y. This part of the castle, being in far better preservation than any other, has probably never been wholly untenanted. The suggestion may therefore be hazarded that the south-eastern portion of the castle was the actual home of the family, and the kitchen, with the rooms over it and adjoining, were occupied by the servants, the buttery and steward's apartments intervening; whilst the north-east part comprised the guesten hall, the priest's rooms, and the sleeping apartments for the men servants.

Without laying bare the foundations it would be impossible to define the exact ground plan of the buildings, which, if they once existed, would have completed the castle to the north-west, but doubtless they followed much the same outline as those at the corresponding angle, including a tall block like the one marked L. Thus an inner court would have been formed of similar area to the hall J, which could have been entered by horsemen and light vehicles passing through the postern gate A, the outer court and the covered passage M.

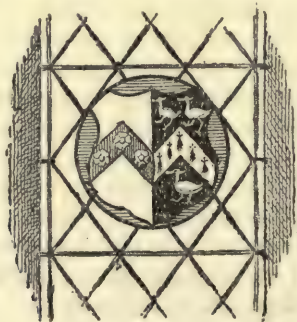
Ascending the stone steps R we enter a large garden, which extends around the entire west and south sides of the castle. It is enclosed by another ancient wall, but of no great height, which has on the south side, towards the east, a

recessed space under an obtuse arch $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide. Projecting masonry at either end formed seats, and indicate its having been used as a summer-house or shady retreat. And if there is one place about the domain more likely than another where Sir Humphrey Gilbert, his unfortunate kinsman Sir Walter Raleigh, and other their adventurous contemporaries beguiled the sunny hours during intervals of travel, whilst the ladies sat listening in rapt attention to the recital of their exploits and their plans for the future, we may well imagine this to have been the very spot.

Returning down the steps and leaving the castle by the modern doorways and passage at Z, we have now completed our survey of a building full of antiquarian and personal interest. This notice of Compton Castle would, however, be incomplete indeed without some slight reference to the building wherein the olden owners of the manor must have often worshiped and where some of whom found their last resting place.



The Parish Church of Marldon, dedicated to St. John, stands about a mile from the castle. It is of contemporary architecture and was built by the Gilberts of Compton, whose arms are carved in stone on a boss of the groining of the south porch—see vignette at the commencement of this paper. Elsewhere within the sacred edifice they may be observed; firstly, on the capital of the eastern impost of the south arcade, and then on a Tudor shield in the adjacent window, impaling the arms of Compton.*



* Sir George Carew's Scroll of Arms No. 183 (and 218, 219).

Lastly a fragment of their shield formerly existed (and may be there still) in the tracery of a window of the north aisle, along with the escutcheons of Valletort, Huxham, and Champernowne, three shields now remaining out of six,—families related by marriage to the Gilberts of Compton. About twenty years ago, when the church was being scraped throughout and shorn of all its subdued mediæval effect in accordance with the unwarrantable and lamentable modern craze which still prevails, and the building was in the hands of the contractors the opportunity presented itself of examining and drawing these shields; therefore, as they are now completely hidden from view by the organ, we cannot do better than present them to the reader as they then appeared:—



VALLETORT.



HUXHAM.



CHAMPERNOWNE.

This church possesses the most beautiful and elegant arcading in the entire district, but its carved stone screen, dividing nave and chancel was taken down about 1830, and the stones deposited in a cellar under the old vestry. During the restoration of the church between the years 1884 and 1889 they were removed, broken up, and used for repairing the walls, filling in, etc.

The arms of Gilbert were blazoned:—*Argent, on a chevron gules, three roses of the field, a bordure engrailed sable*; and their motto, according to Tuckett, *Devonshire Pedigrees*, p. 87, was:—

MALLEM MORI QUAM MUTARI

a monition, which, while it breathes the very spirit of the ancient faith, should certainly have shielded their lovely church from the injuries and defacements of modern restorers as effectually as their stronghold, which we have been endeavouring to describe, was protected against the attacks of the foreign invader.

ROSCOE GIBBS.

165. KENTISBEARE AND BLACKBOROUGH.—I shall be very grateful for any information concerning the parishes of Kentisbeare and Blackborough.
E. C. CHALKE.

166. THE CONVENTUAL HOUSES OF EXETER (III., p. 129, par. 109; p. 186, par. 140; p. 189, par. 141.)—I have been much interested in the valuable corrections and additions that have been made by several correspondents. One hesitates to question the conclusions of so learned an authority as Mr. Reichel, but I cannot think that the case of Sutton proves that “the Exeter monasterium was the Church of Exeter and the clergy who served it.” Leland, referring to the foundation of the bishopric, says:—“*The Graunt of King Edward the Confessor was that the Landes of viij Monkes that were yn hys Tyme yn the Abbay of Excester should be distributed emong 20 Prebendaries (Itinerary, ed. 1744, vol. iii., fol. 38).*”

Hoker states “*there was also a Monastery, sometimes of Monks of St. Benet’s order, but since a Cathedral Church;*” and also refers to the appointment of an “Abbat.” Oliver, in his history of the Bishops of Exeter and in his history of the Cathedral, alludes to the monks of the “*Abbey Church of the Blessed Mary and St. Peter,*” and says that the secular canons and vicars who replaced them adopted in great measure the rule of St. Chrodegang, Bishop of Metz, this rule being monastic in character, whence may be inferred the continuation of established customs.

It is impossible for me even to comment on the many points stated, but as to two of them I must say a few words.

Mr. Reichel says I wrong Dr. Oliver in saying that he considered the Bishop named in reference to St. James’ Priory to be Robert Warelwast. Oliver does so state it in his *Historic Collections relating to the Monasteries in Devon*, p. 21. By the time he published the *Monasticon* he probably discovered his error; it is corrected there, and I regret that this correction escaped my notice.

The statement that the income of St. James’ Priory at the dissolution was £500 occurs in Worthy’s *Suburbs of Exeter*, p. 43. No authority is given; it is certainly a surprising statement. Dare one insinuate the possibility of an error in transcription?

KATE M. CLARKE.

167. ST. CATHERINE'S, POLSLOE (III., p. 129, par 109).—Perhaps I did not make it quite clear in my account of this Priory (p. 143) that the claustral enclosure—surrounding the cloister garth—stood on what is now the *rear* side of the present dwelling-house; the line of the cloister roof is shown clearly against its back wall. The present front garden was not the cloister proper, but probably the cemetery. The church was on the north side, as is proved by the remains of the night-staircase at the north end of the house. It was the rule for the refectory to be placed on the side of the cloister opposite to the church, and, in the Benedictine rule, parallel to it, with the kitchen at the farthest end. The building, I said might perhaps have been the kitchen, must, of course, have been altered; there are window openings in the exterior wall, but it must have stood thereabout.

It may be of interest to add that the Rev. Chancellor Edmonds tells me there is a "floating tradition" that some of the stained glass from the Church of St. Catherine's, Polsloe, was inserted in the great East window of the Cathedral. This tradition is supported by the fact that the window has two representations of St. Catherine. The large one, the second saint from the left on the lowest tier, was no doubt part of the original design, but St. Catherine appears again, in the tier above, almost in the middle of the window, in company with the angels Gabriel and Michael.

In *Devon Notes and Queries*, Vol. III., p. 9, par. 1, Mr. Roscoe Gibbs says that this figure probably replaced the angel Raphael, and later in the same paper refers to it as "brought into this window at some period unknown, and . . . (it is) the only female figure on the south side."

Can any stained-glass expert bring any evidence to strengthen this hypothesis?

KATE M. CLARKE.

168. HENRY DE TILLY (III., p. 182, par. 136).—"C.S.F." might adduce the authority of *Testa de Nevill* for his statement that Henry de Tilly inherited lands in Devon through his mother "Dionysia, daughter of Galfrid de Mandeville," Castellan of the Castle of Exeter.

The word daughter in *Testa*, however, would appear to be a slip for *grand-daughter* (the main object being to record

descent), for, in the discriminative account of the De Mandeville family contained in Batten's *South Somerset* (p. 120), a charter of 8 John, concerning the Barony of Marshwood, is quoted; wherein it is succinctly set forth that *Dionisia*, wife of William Fitz John and mother of Henry de Tylli, was daughter of *Ralph de Mandeville*, the son, by a second marriage, of Geoffrey de Mandeville, senior, *alias* Geoffrey de Coker.

E.L.W.

169. WOOL PRODUCING IN DEVON.—Can anyone inform me why in the later middle age and onward Devon became the chief wool producing county, at least in the southern part of England, in spite of the fact that now at least the county is by no means considered peculiarly suitable for sheep?

E. C. CHALKE.

170. THE FYFTIE DOLE, SUBBARS, TENTHS AND FIFTEENTHS, FARTHING OF LAND (III., p. 82, par. 70; p. 103, par. 89).—A deale or dole was a share, divided, apportioned, assessed or allotted. A halfendeale was a half, a farthing-deale one-fourth. The term dole, when used as a designation of land, might signify (i) a strip or portion constituting a share of an area of land in joint occupation, parcelled into shares among the several joint occupiers, or (ii) a small separate plot of land held by a cottar. The word was also applied to the divisions or balks between the ploughed strips in the mark or common field.

The fifty-dole appears to have been an assessment made "after the manner of a fifth," or, as we should say now, a rateable contribution. In the Morebath accounts it was called the V. dole (see *Morebath Warden's Accounts*, pages 147 to 150), and it seems not unlikely that the term fifty-dole may be a form of fifth or fift-dole (O.E., *fiftha* or *fifta-dæl*). The sum raised was probably for the payment of the subsidy granted to the King by Parliament.

The payment required to be furnished by East Down tithing was 18s. The assessment, after the rate of 8d. per farthing of land, produced 18s. 1d. The surplus (*subbars*—? *superplus*) was profit to the tithing-man. The following errors in the transcription or printing, or else in the original of the extract, require correction—Walter Launcey for 3 farthings of land should contribute ijs. and Richard Devon's

contribution apparently should be *xd.* These corrections being made, the total amounts to the specified sum of *18s. 1d.* In Churchill tithing *11s. 2d.* was required. The sum collected was *11s. 6d.* Hence there was *4d.* surplus (subbars) for the tithing-man.

Tenths and fifteenths,—frequently styled *dismes*, and *quindismes* (*dimes* and *quindécims*), were subsidies voted by Parliament for the national defence, and, in some instances, as to a part of them, for the King's own use. In Prynne's *Cotton's Abridgement of the Records in the Tower of London*, from the reign of Ed. I. to Ric. II. (London, 1679) will be found scores of instances of the granting of *dismes* and *fifteenths* during the period from 6 Ed. III. to 22 Ed. IV. It was the most frequent form of subsidy. There were also subsidies of wool, wool-fells and skins and of stapleware (*i.e.*, leather, lead and tin in addition to wool, etc.), also tunnage and poundage on merchandise and shipping. Sometimes the subsidy was raised by levying a poll-tax, or by the exaction of a payment from every parish church. At other times (but seldom) a graduated payment was required to be made out of the net income of lands, as for example in the year 22 Hen. VI., when *6d.* in the pound was payable in respect of lands of the clear yearly value of *20s.* up to *£20*, *12d.* in the pound when the value was from *£20* to *£200*, and *2s.* in the pound when the net yearly value exceeded *£200*.

The following examples of grants of tenths and fifteenths may not be without interest:—

6 Ed. III. The Bishops, Lords and Knights severally “advised the King to stay his journey into Ireland and with an armed force to go towards the North, there to lie ready for the Scot, towards which exploit they granted to the King one *disme* and one *fifteen*, to be levied of the laity, so as the King will live of his own without grieving of his subjects with outrageous prizes or such like.”

3 Ed. IV. “The Commons, by assent of the Bishops and Lords, granted to the King in aid *£37,000*, to be levied in the counties, cities and towns according to a rate there.” The King released *£6,000* of this grant, whereupon it was enacted that the remainder should be levied in manner of a *fifteen* and should be called by that name.

12 Ed. IV. The Commons granted 14,000 archers for one year. The Lords spiritual and temporal promised the tenth part of one whole year's revenues of all and singular their possessions.

13 Ed. IV. The Commons granted "one fifteen and one desm, except £6,000 to be distributed to certain decayed towns."

14 Ed. IV. The Commons granted one disme and one fifteenth, also £51,117 4s. 7½d. "in full payment of the wages for 1,400 archers granted before, towards the payment whereof every country, city and town is severally taxed."

In a volume containing the Statutes from the time of Hen. III. to the end of the reign of Hen. VII., I find Statutes relating to tenths and fifteenths (herein invariably styled dismes and quinzimes) in the following years: 25 and 31 Ed. III., 5 and 7 Hen. IV., 9 Hen. V., 9 and 18 Hen. VI., 1 Ric. III., and 4 and 7 Hen. VII.

Blackstone remarks that early legislation was concerned principally with the rights and disposition of property of a permanent and immovable character, and that personal estate was little regarded. "The amount of it, indeed, was comparatively very trifling during the scarcity of money and the ignorance of luxurious refinements which prevailed in the feudal days. Hence it was that a tax of the fifteenth, tenth, or sometimes a much larger proportion of all the movables of the subject was frequently laid without scruple, and is mentioned with much unconcern by our ancient historians, though now it would justly alarm our opulent merchants and stockholders." Notwithstanding what Blackstone says, it is difficult to believe that such heavy taxation could prove otherwise than extremely oppressive to men of small means, and perhaps especially to merchants and traders. These classes may have had little voice or influence in Parliament.

A late instance of a reference to tenths and fifteenths is to be found in an extract from a deed (apparently dated 1701) relating to West Teignmouth Church, quoted by Mr. W. F. C. Jordan in the *Transactions of the Devonshire Association*, Vol. xxxvi. (1904), page 271—"to pay and discharge all such tenths, dismes and quindisimes as now are or anciently were paid or payable to the Kings and Queens of England, or now Great Britain."

Farthing of Land.—There is a difficulty in determining with certainty the area referred to by this name from the fact that the word “farthing” was used for areas differing very widely in extent. A common use of the expressions farthing, farthing-deale, farthing-dole, farundell, and fardle was to designate an area of land which we should now call a rood, that is a parcel of land equivalent in area to a strip eight furrows of the plough in width (or a rod, pole, or perch) and in length a furrow-long or furlong (40 rods, poles or perches). In the statute-acre the rod measures $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards, but by local custom the length of the rod might be 6, $6\frac{1}{2}$, 7 or 8 yards. The same terms, farthing, etc., were also frequently used for the fourth part of a virgate or husband-land. In this case the area was equivalent to 30 of the farthing-or quarter-acre strips of 8 furrows wide and a furrow long = $7\frac{1}{2}$ acres. Perhaps this is the measure referred to in the extracts relating to East Down. One fourth part of a hide was also styled a farthing. In Cornwall, according to Morden, the term was applied to an area of 30 statute acres which constituted the ninth part of a Cornish acre.

It is interesting to note that all the places named in the extracts furnished by the Rev. J. Frederick Chanter (with the exception of Cawell, which may be Coil Cross) are to be found in the large-scale ordnance maps, and it seems not impossible that the various areas might be identified with the assistance of local knowledge and a further investigation of the parish records. What is printed as Barotte should, I think, be Beccotte; Vyreham should be Vyveham, and Clystowne is obviously Clyftowne. As Nicholas Stanbery is named as the tenant of Wiggemer, the word “parson,” which Mr. Chanter has queried, should probably be “person.”

These early parish accounts are of great interest and importance, and it is desirable that those which are most ancient, or otherwise have peculiar value, should be carefully transcribed, and, if possible, published in extenso. One would like to know what treasure of this description is in existence, and in whose care it lies. Perhaps the indefatigable Editors of *Devon Notes and Queries* might be induced to take steps to ascertain this.

T. W. RUNDELL.

171. FIFTY DOLE AND FIFTEENTHS (III., p. 82, par. 70 ; p. 103, par. 89).—I am equally interested with the Rev. J. F. Chanter and the Rev. F. Wintle in the elucidation of the term "Fifty Dole," for it occurs in the Churchwardens' accounts of South Tawton, which I am preparing for publication, and from which I here offer the following instances :

1540-41, "Compot' Ric'i pollyslond, icustod' instaur' S^{ci} Andree Ap^{li} de Suthtautone xxxv^s solut' to the fyfty doyle"

1558, "Account of Stephen Donnyn beyng Hed Warden payed to iij men for Ryding to excet' for the Kynges subsidy mony iij^s."

1559, "Account of John Baron hed Warden paid for the xv Doole unto ye queyns maiesty unto tethen men" [defective.]

1560, "Acc^t of Robert Wonston, Hed Warden paid unto ye vicar to helpe paye his subsidye and tenth unto the quenys maieste xx^s."

1564, "Acc't of Henry Wethebrok, Hedwardyn payment of the ffyfte dolle of the same" [defective.]
[A loose sheet undated] ". . . . to Rychard Wykes for the ffyfty dole iij^s vi^d."

In another division of the book, devoted to the accounts of the wardens of divers Saints' "Gilds"* and "Instaur'" I find :—

1556 (young men's Guild) "Paid unto John Baron senior for ye fyfty Doole xl^s."

1564 (young men ?) "We made of our alle [*i.e.*, 'Church ale'] and gathering [collection] xl^l viii^s viii^d. Item, pay'd for the ffyfty dolle to Richard Estbrocke, Harry Wethebrocke, and Rychard Wyckes, † iij^{li} ix^s iv^d. Also payd for a nother ffyfte doll to Rychard Wycks lx^s."

1567, "Imp'mis paid unto Mr. Battyshill and Richard Wyck for ffyfte dolle iiiij^{li} xii^s x^d."

Accounts of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries yield no further examples.

I have resorted in vain to *Subsidy Rolls*, *Statutes of the Realm*, many printed Churchwardens' accounts, Ecclesiastical Glossaries, and other promising sources for any reference to the "Fifty Dole." The latter word one generally associates

* Lay subsidies, as will be seen, were leviable not only on individuals, but upon Corporations, fraternities and Gilds.

† Richard Wike, Vicar of S.T., had died 1562 (see *Trans. Devon. Assoc.*, xxxiv., p. 606.) This is, I think, Richard Wike, weaver, his nephew, and heir to his lands in "Sessland, Collybeare, Allison, Courtbeare, E. and W. Spittell, Tin Works at Ford in Throwleigh, half Manor of Brodewithcombe in Chagford, Common on Shilston Downe, etc."

with the idea of an alms. The *N.E.D.*, for instance, quotes from a work of 1640,

"That day shall be doled to fifty poor men fifty loaves,"

but the entries before us evidently do not relate to gifts in kind.

In a Special Commission* of 13 Charles I., I have noted an allusion to

"a portion of tithes called the *Mary Dole* in the parish of Marlboro', belonging to the Rectory of Totnes."

The *N.E.D.*, under "Fifty," gives a quotation dated 1558, in which "*Fyfti day*" occurs as an equivalent of "Wyt Sonnday." This might suggest some connection with "Whitsun Ales," but is unsatisfactory. "Fifty" was constantly used for "fiftieth" in the 16th century, just as "fifteen" was used for "fifteenth"; and it doubtless indicated, in the case in question, the proportion of a rate on property either personal or landed. An illustration in the *N.E.D.*, dated 1545,

"To Master Meyre in money to make oute *the fyften*, five pounds,"

is closely analagous to the item under 1560 in the S.T. accounts (the payment of 20s. to the Vicar to help him to pay his subsidy and tenth to the Queen.)

In (or about) 1589 (*vide Trans.*, xxx., p. 436) Roger Wyke, then patron of the Rectory, etc., made stae of some part of the wages of the Curate of the parish because he being a stipendary preest chargeable to pay subsidue to her Ma^{tie} did not pay the some.

An idea that the term *Fifty Dole* might possibly have originated in a colloquial corruption of *Fifteenth Dole* has been suggested to me by the following considerations:—(i.) In no tax or subsidy that I have met with has the proportion of one-fiftieth been assessed. (ii.) In Mr. Wintle's account the difference of proportion between one-fiftieth and one-fifteenth should produce a striking difference between the sums total of 1603, 1611, in payment of "Fifty Dole," and the sum total of 1625 in payment of "tenntes and ffiftens"; whereas, in fact, we find the amount 20s. (disregarding a few pence) the same in each case. (iii.) In the S.T. accounts we get the expression "*The xv dolle*."

* In *Exchequer Q.R.*, No. 5420, Devon, at Record Office.

But there are counter-considerations, one being that I have not found subsidies granted by Parliament* in all the years in which the Fifty Dole is mentioned.

An answer to Mr. Wintle's query respecting the nature of "Fifteenths" may perhaps throw more light on the primary question. To glean from the article in *Blackstone's Commentaries* (vol. I., 275-7), Tenths and Fifteenths were temporary aids granted to the Crown by Parliament and issuing out of personal property. The amount was originally variable, but in 8th Ed. III., when, by virtue of the King's Commission, new taxations were made of every township, borough and city in the kingdom, and recorded in the *Exchequer*, the rate was fixed at the fifteenth part of the value of every such township, borough, etc., and though with the progress of time the value of the cities altered, yet whenever of later years the Commons granted the Crown "a Fifteenth," every parish in England immediately knew its own proportion—*i.e.*, the same identical sum that was assessed by the same aid in 8 Ed. III., and thereupon "raised it by a rate among themselves" and returned it into the Royal Exchequer."

"Subsidies" were introduced about the time of Ric. III. and Hen. IV. These were a tax not immediately imposed upon property, but upon persons in respect of their reputed estates, after the nominal rate of 4s. in the £1 for lands and 2s. 8d. for goods. But this assessment was also according to an ancient (and very moderate) valuation. It was anciently the rule never to grant more than one "subsidy" and two "fifteenths" at a time, but in 1588 Parliament gave Elizabeth two subsidies and four fifteenths.

The grant of scutages, talliages or subsidies by the Commons did not extend to *spiritual preferments*, those being usually taxed by the clergy themselves in Convocation, which grants of the clergy were confirmed in Parliament. A subsidy granted by the clergy was after the rate of 4s. in £1, according to the valuation of their livings in the King's books. The last subsidies thus given by the clergy were those confirmed by statute 15th Car. II., cap. 10.

* I have not, however, had an opportunity to examine the Statutes very thoroughly. Sometimes a subsidy was granted to be made in several payments extending over one, two, or even—as in the grant of 3 James I., cap. 26—three years.

Mr. Wintle quotes from the Churchwardens' accounts (of Beer Ferrers, I take it) :

"1625, Item p'd to the Constable the 28th of March for the last payment of three entire paym^{ts} of the tenths and ffiftens granted to his Ma^{ty} the last Parliament xx^s."

The last Parliament before the date of this entry met 19 Feb., 1623-4, and in the printed Statutes of the Realm will be found the Act (21 Jas. I., cap. 33) for the paym^t of three Subsidies at the rate of 2s. 8d. in £1 on goods, and at the rate of 4s. in £1 on lands (above the value of £20) of every person born within the realm, and of every Fraternity, Guild, Corporation, Mistery, Brotherhood, and Commonalty, corporated or not corporated (spiritual persons to be charged upon their lay possessions at the same rate as lay-men) and three whole Fifteenes and Tenths on personalty throughout the realm, to be levied (like the Subsidies) at three several payments, *i.e.*, on or before 10 July and 10 Dec., 1624, and 10 May, 1625; the occasion being the expenses connected with the dissolution of the treaties of Marriage with Spain and for restitution of the Palatinate and probable war in consequence thereof.

The sums respectively yielded in accordance with the above Act by the (named) inhabitants of Beer Ferrers will be found recorded in *Lay Subsidy Roll*, Devon ($\frac{10}{4} \frac{2}{2}$).

Another class of taxes was introduced by the Act of 27 Hen. VIII., cap. 25, which beyond decreeing the punishment of sturdy vagabonds and beggars, authorised churchwardens to *gather voluntary alms* every Sunday and Holy day, with boxes, etc., for the maintenance of aged and impotent paupers. The bailiff, constable, churchwardens, and other collectors of the said alms were to have wages allowed them* out of the collection for their trouble. (Does this explain the "sublars to the Tything man for his acquytance" in the Fifty Doles of Churchill and Eastdowne?)

The flow of voluntary charity proving apparently inadequate, the statute of 14 Eliz., cap. 5, enacted that justices of the peace should register the aged and impotent poor of

* In Elizabeth's reign the allowance was 6d. in the pound, divided, if I understand aright, into 2d. for the High Collectors, 2d. for the Particular Collectors, and 2d. to the Commissioners.

their districts, settle them in convenient habitations, ascertain the weekly expenses and *assess such amount on the inhabitants*, and that collectors and an overseer of the poor should be appointed. The justices were further to assess parishes to the relief of prisoners in the county jails. The Act of 43-44 Eliz., cap. 2, again authorises the overseers of the poor (*i.e.*, the churchwardens of the parish and two, three or four substantial householders, nominated yearly) to raise by taxation of every inhabitant, parson, vicar, occupiers of lands, houses, tithes, etc., "such competent sums of money as they shall think fit" to provide a stock of materials on which to set poor people to work and towards the relief of the lame, blind, etc. Other somewhat similar acts were passed in the same reign for the relief of sick and maimed soldiers.

The "Fifty Dole" would in some respects appear to correspond with one of these charity-rates, but the difficulty would have to be overcome that the term under discussion appears as early as 1540, when the alms giving was still merely voluntary, so that no proportion of one-fiftieth could have been fixed.

I hope that other contributors may be able to bring forward more definite information on the subject.

ETHEL LEGA-WEEKES.

172. DEVON ENTRY IN THE BRADFORD (YORKS.) CHURCHWARDENS' ACCOUNTS.—In the Bradford (Yorks.) Parish Churchwardens' Accounts, the following items occur:—

March 11th 1686-7. Given to Mrs Ellen^r Hoyle widow
and her 4 children come from Kenton in Devonshire
who has sustained ye loss of 95th 1^s 6^d

In 1688 John Courtney of the West Indies had a donation given him.

June 3rd 1688. Given to Mr W^m Courtney and Mr John
Dukes with their families who had been officers in Ire-
land and were travelling to Scotland, their wives and
children being fallen sick by the way 10^s

17th May 1691. Collected 14^s 9^d upon Letters
Patent granted to ye inhabitants of Teignmouth and Saldon in
ye County of Devon

In 1690 a donation was given to John Christian who had sustained
£1000 loss by an inundation of the sea in Wool in Devonshire.

21st Aug. 1692. Collected 11^s 3^d upon His Majesty's Letters
Patent to the inhabitants of Chagford in Devonshire.

11th March 1704. Brief for loss by fire at South Molton. Sum not
inserted.

1713 Aug 15th. Collected for Shipwash Church etc . . . 10^s
 1715 Oct 9th. For St Mary Church 9^s 4^d (? Devon or Glamorgan).
 Jan 27th 1716-7. Collected upon brief for Ottery St. Mary
 in Com. Devon. Loss by fire 10^s 6^d
 Another item dated May 1686 is 3^s given to Katherine Coortney, Elizabeth Pollard and their three children having sustained the loss of 1900^l and travelling to Dunbar.

These Churchwardens' accounts have not been published, and I am indebted to Mr. Herbert Wood for allowing me to cull the above items from the transcript which he has made.

J. HAMBLEY ROWE, M.B.

173. HERALDRY OF GREAT EAST WINDOW, EXETER CATHEDRAL (III., p. 1, par. 1; p. 38, par. 30; p. 182, par. 136).—The objection to shield 7 being assigned to Mary de Bohun was fully met by the paragraph on p. 38, where it is already assumed to belong to Duke Humphrey, conditionally on his having substituted a plain bordure for the enrailed one.

Concerning shield 10, "C.S.F." states on p. 182 that it "cannot belong to John, Duke of Bedford, for his arms were distinguished by the *label of five points, per pale ermine and azure semy de lis*, borne by his father Henry IV."—presumably the writer means prior to his accession. But as two distinct persons would not bear precisely the same arms during each other's lifetime, it is still possible that shield 10 may represent John, Duke of Bedford, in his earlier career, any subsequent change of his label notwithstanding. The writer further refers to this shield as having the label charged with six *torteaux*, but these charges are distinctly drawn on the shield now in the Chapter House, and figured on p. 5 as *annulets*. It is not possible to get at the truth if we choose to ignore altogether what constitutes a radical difference of design.

An engraving of the above mentioned shield with the label of five points is given in Boutell's *Heraldry*, Aveling's edition, p. 281, as that of Henry Plantagenet of Bolingbroke, 1399, and Willement in his *Heraldic Notices*, pp. 13 and 88, blazons these same arms as appearing on a boss in the porch at Canterbury Cathedral, and on another in the cloisters, assigning them as above to John, Duke of Bedford; but an old authority, Guillim, in his *Display of Heraldry*, 6th edition,

1724, p. 451, has the following :—"The file of five lambeaux, saith Leigh, is the difference of the heir whilst his grandfather liveth, but his grandfather being deceased, then he leaveth this and taketh that of three, which was his father's difference." Now John, Duke of Bedford, was the third son of Henry of Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV., and his eldest brother's son outlived him many years. How could he, therefore, have been heir?

Unfortunately all these royal shields belong to a period long anterior to the founding of Heralds' College, so that absolutely reliable and positive information on the subject is hardly obtainable. Can any reader state where the very earliest information concerning them can be gleaned?

Shield 30 is referred to on p. 183 as *argent, a cross patonnee between four crescents gules*. In the blazon given on p. 3, the kind of cross not being specified, it should be understood to be a plain St. George's cross, reaching to the edges of the shield, and not *patoncé*.
R.G.

174. HERALDRY OF EAST WINDOW, EXETER CATHEDRAL (III., pp. 1-7 and 182).—On p. 2 the blazon of 7, and on p. 5, C.S.F. must take note that the bordure is 'engrailed,' and is quite as likely to be Henry IV. when Earl of Derby, as Humphrey his son, or even early Henry V. On p. 2, the blazon of 10, and on p. 5, C.S.F. must take note that the points of the label are each charged with two annulets (in outline on p. 2). Very often annulets seem to stand for roundles, and although the annulet is the cadency mark for fifth son, it is quite possible that this might represent Humphrey, the fourth son, the label not being taken into consideration.

On p. 2, No. 4 is encircled with the Garter; this might well be Richard II., and if so, No. 5, Austria and Bohemia quarterly, would most likely refer to his Queen.

F.W.

175. WILL AND INVENTORY OF JOHN SPARKE.—Abstract of Will (nuncupative) and copy of Inventory of John Sparke, of Plympton Morris, gent.

To Elizabeth, his wife, all his lands during her life for her

jointure, also all his goods and chattels to same, and to his his son, John Sparke equally, they to be executors.

Witnesses: Michaell Dollinge and Mary Dollinge.

Proved 4th May, 1609:—

An Inventorie of the Goods and Chattles of John Sparke, of Plympton Erle in the Countye of Devon gent Deceased valued and prised by Fraunces Durant Nicholas Meane (? *Mayne*) and John Martyne the 31th of Maye Anno Dm 1608.

Imprimis his wearinge apparrell	-	-	v ^{li}
Two standinge bestede	-	-	xv ^s
Itm two fether bedde	-	-	v ^{li}
Itm two fether boulsters and two pillowes of fethers	-	-	xx ^s
Itm four white rougges	-	-	iiij ^{li}
Itm fiue Curtaines	-	-	vj ^s viij ^d
Itm three Trunkes	-	-	xxx ^s
Itm one Round table with a frame	-	-	v ^s
Itm on litle Coffe	-	-	ij ^s
Itm three Brasen Pannes on (<i>one</i>) Cauldren of brasse	-	-	xxv ^s
Itm two great Candle stickes of brasse	-	-	v ^s
Itm on great Crocke	-	-	xiiij ^s iiij ^d
Itm on bason of brasse	-	-	iiij ^s iiij ^d
Itm two Chamber Pottes	-	-	xij ^d
Itm tenne plates of tynne and on bason of tynne	-	-	xvj ^d
Itm on pomet and on skillet	-	-	v ^s
Itm on water pott	-	-	j ^d
Itm on paire of Iron Crookes and on pott hangine	-	-	xx ^d
Itm on Countinge Cubberd w th a frame	-	-	x ^s
Itm on ved lip	-	-	iiij ^d
Itm two gudde	-	-	xij ^d
Itm two flocke bedde	-	-	vj ^s viij ^d
Itm on Diap board cloth	-	-	vj ^s
Itm on Callacowe board cloth	-	-	xv ^s
Itm six diap napkins	-	-	iiij ^s iiij ^d
Itm on dosen of Canves napkins	-	-	vj ^s
Itm on touell of holland	-	-	ij ^s
Itm on paire of holland sheete	-	-	xiiij ^s iiij ^d
Itm fouer paire of Canves sheete	-	-	xx ^s
Itm on Cubbord Cloth	-	-	ij ^s
Itm on paire of pillowe of callacowe	-	-	iiij ^s iiij ^d
Itm on paire of pillavers of holland	-	-	ij ^s
Itm on laund sheete for a childe	-	-	vj ^s viij ^d
Itm whittle of taffatome	-	-	xiiij ^s iiij ^d
Itm on Camericke Kerchiffe for a child	-	-	iiij ^s iiij ^d
Itm on litle Coffe and fouer boxes	-	-	xij ^d
Itm on Chaire and on Crocke	-	-	vj ^s
Itm two stoning piggstroffe	-	-	vj ^s
Itm three brusses	-	-	ij ^s
Itm the lease of ye Castle and Castle Diche for on life	-	-	vj ^{li}

Itm eleven China Dishes	-	-	-	xj ^s
Itm one picke	-	-	-	ij ^s
Itm 3 headpeeces of armor	-	-	-	iijs ^s vjd ^d
Itm 3 breastplates and two backes of armor and 3 gorgettes	-	-	-	x ^s
Itm on Muskete and bandelire	-	-	-	vjs ^s viijs ^d
Itm three Callivers and on flaske and Tucheboxe	-	-	-	vjs ^s
Itm fouer skin bordes and three feer bordes	-	-	-	iiils ^s
Itm on tableborde w th a frame one large forme on benche	-	-	-	x ^s
Itm on Cubbord on square table	-	-	-	xxjs ^s
Itm two Bordes of feer on iron barre	-	-	-	ij ^s
Itm 7 shelves one Ambree on bunting huch and two olde tubbes	-	-	-	iijs ^s iiij ^d
Itm one Chuste (<i>cheese</i>) wringe on old cubbord	-	-	-	v ^s (?)
Itm two greate plankes two seltinge tubbs	-	-	-	v ^s
Itm on chest w ^{thout} a couer on presee Cubberd on Cradle	-	-	-	xv ^s
Itm on table w th a frame	-	-	-	xx ^s
Itm on forme and two benches	-	-	-	iijs ^s iiij ^d
Itm one cubborde	-	-	-	x ^s
Itm one great Chest	-	-	-	xxvjs ^s viij ^d
Itm one painted Cloath and one lokinge Glasse	-	-	-	viijs ^d
Itm one greene carpet and two window cussinges	-	-	-	xiijs ^s iiij ^d
Itm one short table w th a longe benche	-	-	-	v ^s
Itm on great cheste	-	-	-	xx ^s
Itm on bedsteed w th a valance	-	-	-	xxx ^s
Itm on painted cloath	-	-	-	ij ^s
Itm fouer shelves	-	-	-	vjd ^d
Itm 3 bedsteede	-	-	-	xx ^s
Itm on cheste	-	-	-	iijs ^s
Itm on bason and yeore (<i>Ewer</i>)	-	-	-	v ^s
On litle stoole	-	-	-	iiij ^d
Itm all the bookes	-	-	-	x ^s
Itm one horse combe	-	-	-	x ^d
Itm drinkinge glasses	-	-	-	ij ^s
	Sma			xlvj ^{li} js ^s 3 ^d

J.B.R.

176. POLSLOE PRIORY (III., p. 142, par. 109).—Whether Scipio Squier was a herald or not, since I cannot find his name in Dallaway's List, the blazon as given is false; the Carew Scroll gives the blazon as '*gules, a sword erect in pale between two Catherine wheels argent,*' which is most probably correct. I should think the shield was most likely carved in stone without tinctures, so the error may be Squier's or his printer.

F.W.

RICHARD PEEKE OF TAVISTOCK

&c. &c.



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RICHARD PEEKE

of Tavistock

His

THREE TO ONE

THE COMMENDATORY VERSES

and the Play of

DICK OF DEVONSHIRE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

by J. Brooking Rowe

EXETER

JAMES G COMMINS

1905

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INTRODUCTION.

Some years ago I brought under the notice of the members of the Devonshire Association the early seventeenth century tract *Three to One*, and gave an account of the author—the Tavistock man, Richard Peeke—and his performances at Xeres. The information was new to a great many, and aroused a certain amount of interest, and I received several letters in connection with the subject. In 1883 Mr. A. H. Bullen published, in the second volume of his collection of *Old English Plays*, a play contained in the Egmont MS., Brit. Mus., 1994, entitled *Dick of Devonshire*, in which the adventures of Richard Peeke are dramatized. In the *Saturday Review* of 4th Oct., 1884, was published an article drawing attention to my paper, and also to the play. I now propose to print the whole of the literature of the seventeenth century—so far as I know it—connected with Peeke's exploits, viz. :—(1) The Tract itself; (2) The Verses printed with it; and (3) *Dick of Devonshire*. In writing this introduction, I have to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. Bullen's preface to his volume, and to the article in the *Saturday Review*, and I have used freely my own paper in the eleventh volume of the *Transactions of the Devonshire Association*. I have also to thank Mr. Bullen for allowing me to reprint the play from his privately printed volume.

In the early part of the seventeenth century the pirates of the African shores of the Mediterranean were a scourge and a terror, not only to the crews of the trading vessels of European nations, but also to the populations of the towns and villages on the sea-board. Algerine corsairs made prizes even off our coasts, and many English and Irish were carried away as slaves.

In 1621 King James resolved to make an effort to put a stop to these depredations, and proposed to the chief Christian powers that steps should be taken to destroy the stronghold of the pirates, Algiers, and Spain readily agreed to co-operate. Preparations were made, and a fleet made ready, the command of which was given to Sir Robert Mansell. Before, however, the arrangements were complete, Spain refused to do as she had promised, and the King, while fearing to abandon altogether the expedition on account of the expectations that had been raised, did a much worse thing, and sent it out with a small force imperfectly equipped, and with especial instructions to the commander, that on no account was the safety of the ships to be risked.

Among the volunteers accompanying Sir Robert Mansell was a gentleman of this county, Richard Peeke, evidently one who, if he had not fought with them, had inherited, in common with many of his companions, the traditions of Drake, Hawkins and Raleigh. He describes himself as "a Westerne man, Devonshire my cuntry, and Tauestoke my place of Habitation."

I am unable to obtain any information as to the family or antecedents of this bold man, and unfortunately the parish registers at Tavistock do not commence until 1620.

We have no account of his exploits during the time he served under Mansell. The fleet reached Algiers, surprised the enemy, and, attacking the ships and galleys in the port, set them on fire. Neglecting to follow up the advantage gained, Mansell appears to have done nothing further, and the Algerines recovering from the panic into which they had been thrown, and aided by, as one account says, "a great cataract of rain which hindered the working of the English fireworks," were able to extinguish the fires, and mounting batteries upon the shore, not only succeeded in driving off their assailants, but recovered the whole of their ships but two. Mansell, it may be concluded, adhered pretty closely to his commission and did not risk very much, for he lost only eight men and brought the whole of his ships home in safety.

Such a foolish display was, as might be expected, productive of the most serious consequences. The pirates,

exasperated against England, and despising her as an enemy, resolved to inflict as much injury as possible upon her commerce, and in a few months succeeded in taking no less than thirty-five English merchant ships with their cargoes and crews, selling the latter as slaves. The whole country was stirred with anger at the failure of this ill-planned and ill-conducted expedition and its results.

Peeke returned with the rest of the crews and, as he says, "somewhat more acquainted with the world, but little "amended in Estate: My Body more wasted and weather-beaten, but my purse never the fuller nor my pockets thicker "lyned."

The adventure and experience gained seem to have contented him for some little time, and he remained at home at Tavistock and probably married, for when he went from home again in 1625 he left behind him a wife and children. He soon, however, became restless, and notwithstanding the hardships he had endured and the poor results to his person and his purse,

"The Drumbe beating vp for a New Expedition in which, many "noble Gentlemen, and Heroicall Spirits, were to venture their "Honors, Liues and Fortunes: Cables could not hold me, for away "I would, and along I vowed to goe, and did so."

This expedition was the one projected by King Charles against Spain, which was fitted out at so great a sacrifice, and which ended so disastrously. It sailed from Plymouth, probably the second week in October, as it reached Cadiz on the 22nd of that month; and although Peeke does not complain, other accounts speak of its encountering rough weather. The fleet consisted of 80, 90, or 110 (the numbers vary to this extent) sail of all kinds; some only colliers, and a great many being Dutch vessels. On board these was an army of 10,000 men, but neither men or ships were well-armed or well-equipped. The command was given—the country in general much doubting the wisdom of the choice—to Sir Edward Cecil, grandson of Lord Burleigh, whose military experience had been gained in the service of Holland, and who had won a reputation in the Netherlands, and who, in anticipation of his success, was to be made a peer on his return. The Earl of Essex, afterwards the Parliamentary general, was the second

in command. An interesting account of the voyage will be found in *Glanville's Journal*, printed for the Camden Society in 1883, and there are further particulars in Dalton's *Life of Cecil, Lord Wimbledon*, and in Gardiner's *History of England*, vol. vi., chap. 55, 1896 ed.

One of the King's ships was the *Convertine*, the Captain being Thomas Porter, and in it went Richard Peeke, who really appears to have been the only man in the whole fleet who came out with anything like credit from the affair.

The *Convertine*, with Peeke on board, reached Cadiz (throughout the tract called Cales) on the 22nd October, 1625, about three o'clock in the afternoon, and the same evening sixteen Dutch ships and about ten White Hall men (called, Peeke says in England, Colliers) were commanded to attack the fort of Puntal, which after a severe fight surrendered to the Earl of Essex, who had landed troops on the evening of the following day. What can be the meaning of calling the coal ships White Hall men?

We need not follow the doings of the little army, as Peeke did not accompany it, and apparently knew nothing of its fortunes until after his return to England. Suffice it to say that the attack upon Cadiz was a miserable failure. A rapid march was made towards the bridge of Suazzo, but the men finding cellars of wine, indulged to excess, and broke out into mutiny. Their commander, timid and irresolute, became frightened, and although no considerable force of the enemy had been seen, hurriedly gave orders for a return to the ships, and following out his other instructions, went in search of a rich Spanish fleet from the West Indies. This fleet, however, succeeded in eluding Wimbledon, and after cruising about in ineffectual search for nearly three weeks, failing provisions compelled a return; and in wretched plight, with the loss of a thousand men from disease, and with the plague, the expedition returned to Plymouth. "To the King this disgraceful result was a source of the keenest anguish; the council examined the Commander-in-Chief"—who received the nick-name of *Sit-Still*, a play upon his family name—"and his inferior officers; but their statements were discordant, their complaints reciprocal, and after a long

“investigation it was deemed,” Lingard says, “expedient to bury the whole matter in silence.”

The return of the fleet caused great discontent in other ways; for, for want of money to pay them, the troops were kept embodied, and they were billeted in private houses which was a cause of great annoyance, more especially to the inhabitants of Plymouth.

Peeke did not go with the army, but one afternoon went on shore and soon met some Englishmen with oranges and lemons. Desiring also to obtain some of these fruits, he proceeds further and his troubles begin; and he is made prisoner and taken to Cadiz—“*an owle not more wondred and hooted at, a dog not more cursed.*” The tract narrates his adventures, and although there is not in the telling so much modesty as we might expect from so brave a man, his spirit and fearlessness stood him in good stead, and procured him his release, and he was sent by the Marquis to Madrid to be presented to the King, by whom and the Queen and the Infanta Don Carlos, he was received on Christmas Day.

The story is cleverly told in good, nervous English. Dick shows himself a most interesting character, with a good deal of humour and a disposition to make the best of everything, even under the most adverse conditions, and throughout the tract there are various little vivid touches which make it very good reading.

On his return to England, having landed at Fowey 23rd April, 1626, he was presented to Charles I., to whom it would seem he showed the manuscript of his tract “*these his unhandsome papers.*” This tract was shortly after published, and it and its story aroused considerable attention.

But Peeke had not quite done with fighting. In a private letter dated 19th May, 1626, to the Rev. Joseph Mead, Dr. Meddus writes: “Yesterday, being Holy Thursday, one Pyke, a common soldier, left behind the fleet at Cadiz, delivered a challenge to the Duke of Buckingham, from the Marquis of , brother-in-law to the Conde

“d’Olivares, in defence of the honour of his sister, affirming “moreover that he had wronged Olivares, the King of Spaine “and the King of England, and therefore he would fight with “him in any part of France. This Pike, a Devonshire man, “being presented to the Duke of Medina, he would fain have “him fight at rapier or dagger with a Spaniard, supposing he “would not stand him two thrusts, but Pyke by a dextrous “sleight presently disarmed the Spaniard of his rapier without “hurting him, and presented it to the Duke.”—Vide *Life and Times of Charles the First*, by the author of *Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea, Consort of George I.*, vol. i., p. 104.

As regards the literature of the matter :—

1. The first thing published was no doubt the tract. There was only one edition and of this I can trace but three copies—(a) the first in the British Museum, imperfect, wanting the title page, a facsimile of it by Caulfield being inserted ; (b) the second in the Bodleian—this also wants the title page, but the rest of the pamphlet is as large (8 ins. × 6) and fresh, with the leaves uncut, as when it came from the press ; and (c) the copy in my possession, which, although the top edge has been cut into and is not in very good condition, is quite perfect. The unfortunate mutilation is shown in our reproduction of the title page. The tract is not paged, but it evidently, when perfect, contained forty pages in all, signatures A, B, C, D and E, of four leaves, eight pages, each. In my copy the last leaf completing signature E has been cut out, and there was a half title page completing signature A which is gone. P. 3—Title ; p. 4—blank ; p. 5—Dedication to King ; pp. 7 to 35—Three to One ; p. 36—Verses.

In James Caulfield's *Portraits and Memoirs of Remarkable Characters*, there is an account of Peeke, taken from *Three to One*, with a copperplate engraving of the title page and illustration. I believe this engraving and the facsimile in the British Museum copy were both taken from my copy, more especially as it at one time belonged to the Irelands, who were associated with Caulfield. On the title page is the autograph of the younger Ireland, *S. W. H. Ireland*.

About 1876 Mr. William Pike, of Glendarary, Achill Sound, Westport—who will have the name to be Pike or Pyke, and who claims descent from a relationship with Richard Peeke—printed the greater part of the tract in octavo form from the Bodleian copy; and in 1877 Mr. Arber reprinted the whole of the pamphlet from the copy in the British Museum, but without making any attempt to preserve the spelling of the original. In 1879 my paper appeared in the *Transactions of the Devonshire Association*, and I had a few copies of this reprinted in small quarto size, with a facsimile of the title page and wood block for private circulation. It is curious that the attention of three persons should have been drawn to this little story at about the same time.

2. The "Certaines Verses written by a Friend in commendations of the author Richard Peeke," which appear with the tract, have not been found elsewhere. The initials "J.D." I suggested might stand for John Davies, but the dates do not fit, so that some other author must be found. The lines are very much of the halfpenny street ballad style.

3. The third piece, completing the trio of prose tract, verse ballad, and drama, is the play of *Dick of Devonshire*, printed from the Egmont MS., as before stated, by Mr. A. H. Bullen in the second volume of his privately printed collection of *Old English Plays*. It is a curious and characteristic thing, as the writer of the *Saturday Review* article says, how the writer of this play brings in the adventures of Peeke to give title and English interest to a romantic drama with which they have scarcely the remotest connection.

In "A Panegyrick Poem, or Tavestock's Encomium," printed by Mrs. Bray in her book, *The Borders of Tamar and Tavy* [ed. 1836, vol. iii., pp. 65-68; ed. 1879, vol. ii., pp. 238-240] are the following lines:—

"Get also 'mongst Great Mars his thundering crew,
And all his warlike champions overview,
Search whether can be found again the like
For noble prowess to our TAV'STOCK PIKE,
In whose renowned, never-dying, name,
Live England's honour, and the Spaniard's shame."

This poem was, Mrs. Bray heard, the composition of one Long, a schoolmaster, who lived in Tavistock about the end of the reign of Charles II.

In the *Illustrated Magazine* for March, 1894, appeared a long poem, giving the adventures of Peeke, by Mr. Rennell Rodd, with illustrations by Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright. It is entitled "The Ballad of Richard Peake," and it commences:—

"This is the tale of Richard Peake,
Of Tavistock in Devon,
And the fight he made in Xeres town,
God rest his soul in Heaven!"

As to the name of the author. On the title page of the tract we find *Richard Peecke*; he signs his Epistle Dedicatory *Richard Peeke*; and the verse maker calls him *Richard Peeke*. I consider this conclusive. Certainly Dr. Meddus writes the name *Pyke* and *Pike*, and the author of the play has Dick *Pike*, and to get a rhyme for like, Long, the Tavistock schoolmaster, writes "Tav'stock *Pike*," in his *Tavestock's Encomium*, but these, I think, do not count. Peek, Peak, Peke, Pike and Pyke had all probably nearly the same pronunciation at that time, but members of different families appear to have kept to the same spelling, whether Peeke or Peek, Pyke or Pike or Peak or Peake.

We know nothing of Peeke's life after his return to England, whether he returned to Tavistock or remained in London. A Richard Peeke was Churchwarden of Tavistock in 1638, a wife of Richard Peeke, Abigail, was buried in 1643, and a Richard Peeke the younger in 1635. In 1658 a Richard Peeke's wife's daughter was buried, and a Richard Peeke 13th June, 1690. All these the Rev. D. P. Alford (*The Abbots of Tavistock*, p. 303) would like to connect with our hero. I wish to think that Richard Peeke, buried at Lamerton 12th Sept., 1678, was our man, and it may be that Elizabeth Peeke, buried on the 30th of the same month and in the same year and at the same place, was his widow.

I HILL TO OIL

Being, An English-Spanish Combat,

performed by a *Westerne Gentleman, of Taustoke in Denonshire,*
with an English Quarter-Staffe, against Three Spanish
Rapiers and Poniards, at *Sberries in Spaine,*

The fiftene day of November, 1625.

In the Presence of Dukes, Condes, Marquesses, and other Great
Dons of *Spaine*, being the Council of Warre.

The Author of this Booke, and Actor in this Encounter, *Richard Pecke.*



Printed in London for J. T. and are to be sold at his Shoppe



TO
THE KINGES
MOST EXCELLENT
Maiestie.

GRATIOVS SOVERAIGNE,

IF I were againe in *Spaine*, I should thinke no happinesse on Earth, so great, as to come into *England*, and at your Royall Feete, lay downe the Story of my Dangers and Peregrination; Which I tell, as alate Seawrackt Man, (tos'd and beaten with many Misfortunes;) Yet, setting my weary Body at last on a Blessed Shore: My Handes now lay hold upon your Altar, which is to me a Sanctuary: Heere I am safe in Harbor.

That Psalme of Kingly *David*, which I sung in my *Spanish Captiuitie*, (*When as wee sate in Babilon, &c.*) I now haue changed to an other Tune; saying, (with the same Prophet), *Great is thy Mercy towards me (O Lord,) for thou hast delivered my Soule from the lowest Graue.* And, as your Maiesty hath bene graciously pleased, both to let your poore Soldier and Subiect, behold your Royall Person, and to heare him speake in his rude Language; So if your Maiesty vouchsafe a cast a Princely Eye on these his vnhandsome Papers; New Sun-beames shall spread over him, and put a Quickning Soule into that Bosome, which otherwise must want Life, for want of your Comfort. Those Graces, from your Excellent Clemency, (already receiued) being such, that I am ashamed, and sorry, not to haue Endur'd, and to haue done more in Forreigne Countries, for the Honor of Yours; When from so High a Throane, my Souereigne Deignes to looke Downe, on a Creature so unworthy, whose Life, he prostrates before your Highness.

*Ever resting, Your Maiesties
most Humble and Loyall Subiect,*

RICHARD PEEKE.



THREE TO ONE :

Being

An *English-Spanish* Combat.



LOUING *Countreymen* ; Not to weary you with long Preambles, unnecessary for you to reade, and troublesome for me to set downe; I will come roundly to the matter ; intreating you, upon my Actions, not rashly to condemne them, or to stagger in your Opinions of my performance, sithence I am ready with my life to Iustify what I set downe ; the Trueth of this Relation being Warrented by Noble Proofes, and Testimonies not to be questioned,

I am a *Westerne Man*, *Deuonshire* my Country, and *Taunestoke* my place of Habitation.

I know not what the Court of a King meanes, nor what the fine Phrases of silken Courtiers are: A good Shippe I know, and a poore Cabbin and the Language of a Cannon : And therefore, as my Breeding has bin Rough, (scorning Delicacy :) And my Present Being consisteth altogether vpon the Soldier, (blunt, plaine, and vnpollished) ; so must my Writings be, proceeding from fingers fitter for the Pike then the Pen : And so (kinde *Countreymen*) I pray receaue them.

Neither ought you to expect better from me, because I am but the Chronicler of my owne Story.

After I had seene the Beginning and End of *Argeires* Voyage, I came home, somewhat more acquainted with the World, but little amended in Estate ; my Body more wasted and weatherbeaten, but my Purse neuer the fuller, nor my Pockets thicker lyned.

Then, the Drumbe beating vp for a New Expedition, in which, many Noble Gentlemen, and Heroicall Spirits, were to venture their Honors, Liues, and Fortunes: Cables could

not hold me, for away I would, and along I vowed to goe, and did so.

Cales

The Dissigne opening it selfe at Sea for *Cales*, proude I was to be employed There, where so many Gallants, and English Worthies, did by their Examples, encourage the Common Soldier to Honorable Darings.

The Shippe I went in, was called *Conuertine* (one of the Nauy Royall:) The Captaine, *Thomas Portar*.

October 22
The Fleets
came to
Cales

On the two and twentie day of October, being Saturday, 1625. our Fleete came into *Cales*, about three of the clock in the afternoone, we being in all, some hundred and ten Sayle.

Fight at
Puntall

The Saturday-night, some sisteene Sayle of the *Hollanders*, and about ten *White-Hall-Men* (who in *England* are called *Colliers*), were commanded to fight against the Castle of *Puntall*, standing three miles from *Cales*, who did so accordingly, and discharged (in that Seruice) at the least one thousand six hundred Shott.

Earle of
Essex

On the Sunday morning following, the Earle of *Essex* going vp very early, and an hower at least before vs to the Fight, commanded our Shippe (the *Conuertine*, being of his Squadron) to follow him: The Castle playing hard and hotly vpon his Lordship.

Captain
Portar

Captaine *Portar*, and the Master of our Ship (whose name is *M. Hill*) hauing vpon sight of so fierce an Encounter, an equall desire to doe something worthy themselues, and their Countrey, came vp so close to the Castle, as possibly Men in such a danger either could, or durst aduenture, and there fought brauely: The Castle bestowing vpon vs a hotte salutation (and well becomming our approach) with Bullets; whose first Shot killd three of our Men, passing through and through our Shippe, the second killd foure, and the third two more at least, with great spoile and battery to our Shippe. The last Shotte flying so close by Captaine *Portar*, that with the winde of the Bullet, his very Hands had almost lost the Sence of feeling, being struck into a suddaine numbnesse.

Vpon this, Captaine *Portar* perceiuing the danger wee, and our Shippe were in, commaunded a number of vs to get vpon the vpper Deck, and with our Small Shotte to try if we could force the Cannoneers from their Ordnance.

Wee presently aduanced ourselues, fell close to our worke, and plyed them with Pellets, in which hotte and dangerous

Service, one Master *William Jewell*, behaved himselfe both Manly and like a Noble Soldier, expressing much Valour, abillity of Body, and readinesse; with whom and some few more, I (amongst the rest) stood the brunt, which continued about three houres.

Our Ship lay all this while with her Star-bord side to the Fort, who beating vs continually with at least two hundred Muskets, whose Bullets flew so thick, that our Shrowdes were torne in pieces, and our Tacklings rent to nothing; and when she came off, there were to be seene fve hundred Bullets (at the least) sticking in her side: I, for my part (without vaine glory be it spoken) discharging at this time, some threescore and ten Shotte, as they recounted to me who charged my Peeces for me.

In the heate of this Fight, *Sir William Sentliger* (whether cald vp by my Lord of *Essex* or comming of himselfe, I know not) seeing vs so hardly besett, and that we had but few Shotte vpon our Deck, in regard of the Enemies number, which played vpon vs, came with a Valient and Noble Resolution out of another Shippe into ours, bringing some fortie Soldiers with him, who there with vs renued a second Fight as hotte or hotter then the former: Where in this Fight one of our Bullets was shotte into the mouth of a *Spanish* Cannon, where it sticketh fast, and putteth that Roarer to silence.

Vpon this Brauery, they of the Fort began to wax calmer, and cooler: And in the ende, most part of their Gunners being slayne, gae ouer shooting, but yielded not the Fort vntill night.

Whilst this Skirmish continued, a company of *Spaniards* within the Castle, by the aduantage of a Wall, whose end lettig out they still as they discharged, retired behinde it, sauing themselues, and extreemely annoying vs; I remooued into the Fore-Castle of our Shippe, and so plyed them with Haile-shotte, that they forsooke their stand.

What men on our part were lost (by their Small Shotte) I cannot well remember, but sure I am, not very many: Yet the Spaniards afterwards, before the Gouvernour of Cales, confest they lost about fifty, whose Muskets they cast into a Well, because our Men should not vse them, throwing the dead Bodies in after.

My Hurts and Bruises here receiued, albeit they were neither many, nor dangerous, yet were they such, that when

the Fight was don, many Gentlemen in our Shippe for my encouragement gaue me Money.

During this Battaile, the *Hollanders* and *White-Hall-Men*, you must thinke, were not idle, for their Great Peices went off continually, from such of their Shippes as could conueniently discharge, because our Shippe lay betweene them and the Fort; and they so closely plyed their worke, that at this Battery were discharged from the Ordnance, at least foure thousand Bullets.

4000 Bullets
at the
Battery
of the Fort

Earle of
Essex his
Regiment
Landed

Spaniards
ran from
the Castle

The Castle being thus quieted, (though as yet not yielded) the Earle of *Essex*, about twelue at noone, landed his Regiment close by the Fort, the *Spaniards* looking ouer the Walles to behold them. Vpon sight of which, many of those within the Castle (to the number of sixe score) ran away; wee pursuing them with showtes, hollowings, and lowde noises, and now and then a Peice of Ordnance ouertooke some of the *Spanish Hares*, and stayed them from running farder.

Castle of
Puntall
yelded

Part of our men being thus landed, they marched vp not about a slight shotte off, and there rested themselues. Then about sixe at night the Castle yeilded, vpon composition to depart with their Armes, and Collours flying, and no man to offend them; which was performed accordingly.

Bustamante
and his men
put ouer to
Port Reall

The Captaine of the Fort, his name was *Don Francisco Bustamante*, who presently vpon the deliury, was carried aboard the Lord Generalls Shippe, where he had a Soldierly Welcome; And the next day, He, and all his Company were put over to *Port Reall*, vpon the mayne Land because they should not goe to *Cales*, which is an Iland.

Monday, October 24.

On Monday
all our
Forces
Landed

On the Monday, hauing begun early in the morning, all our Forces, about noone were landed, and presently marched vp to a Bridge between *Puntall* and *Cales*; In going vp to which, some of our Men were vnfortunately and vnmanly surprised, and before they knew their owne danger, had their Throates cutte; Some hauing their Braines beaten out with the stockes of Muskets; others, their Noses slic'd off; whilst some Heads were spurned vp & downe the Streets like Footeballs, and some Eares worne in scorne in *Spanish Hattes*: For when I was in Prison in *Cales*, (whether some of these *Spanish Picaroes* were brought in, for flying from the Castle,) I was an eye witsesse, of *English Mens* Eares worne in that despitfull manner.

What the Forces being on Shore did, or how farre they went vp, I can not tell, for I was no Land Soldier, and therefore all that while kept aboard: Yet about twelue of the clock, when they were marched out of sight I (knowing that other *English* Men had don the like the very same day,) venterd on Shore likewise, to refresh mselfe, with my Sword only by my side, because, I thought the late stormes had beaten all the *Spaniards* in, and therefore feared no danger.

On, therefore, I softly walked, viewing the desolation of such a Place, for I saw no body: Yet farre had I not gon from the Shore, but some *English* Men were come euen almost to our Shippes, and from certaine Gardens had brought with them many Oranges and Lymons.

The sight of these, sharpened my stomach the more to goe on, because I had a desire to present some of those Fruites to my Captaine. Hereupon, I demanded of them, what danger there was in going? They sayd None, but that all was husht, and not a *Spaniard* stirring.

We parted, they to the Shippes, I forward: And before I had reached a mile, I found (for all their talking, of no danger) Three *English*-Men starke dead, being slayne, lying in the way, it being full of deepe Sandy pittes, so that I could hardly finde the passage, and one, some small distance from them, not fully dead.

The groanes which he vttered, led me to him; and finding him lying on his belly, I called to him, and turning him on his back, saw his woundes, and sayd; Brother what Villaine has done this mischief to thee? He lamented in sighes and dolefull lookes, and casting vp his eyes to Heauen, but could not speake. I then resolued (and was about it) for Christian Charities sake; and for Countries sake to have carried him on my back to our Shippes, farre off though they lay, and there (if by an possible meanes it could haue bin done) to have recouered him.

But my good intents were preuented; for on a sodaine, came rushing in vpon me, a *Spanish*-Horseman, whose name, as afterward I was informed, was *Don Iuan of Cales*, a Knight; I seeing him make speedily and fiercely at me, with his drawne weapon, suddenly whip'd out mine, wrapping my cloake about mine Arme: Fiue or sixe Skirmishes wee had, and for a pretty while, fought off and on.

A Fight
betweene
a Spanish
Horseman
and an
English
Footman

At last, I getting with much adoe, to the top of a sandy Hillock, the Horseman nimbly followed vp after; By good Fortune to me (though bad to himselfe) he had no Petronell or Pistolls about him; and therefore capping Spurres to his Horse sides, his intentt as it seemed, was, with full careere to ride ouer me, and trample me under his Hoofes feete: But a Prouidence greater than his Fury, was my Guard.

The
Horseman
dismounted

Time was it for me to looke about warily, and to lay about lustely, to defend a poore Life so hardly distressed: As therefore his Horse was violently breaking in vpon me I struck him into the eyes, with a flappe of my Cloake; vpon which, turning sideward, I tooke my aduantage, and as readily as I could stepping in, it pleased God, that I should pluck my Enemy downe, and haue him at my Mercy, for Life, which notwithstanding, I gaue him; He falling on his knees, and crying out in *French* to me: *Pardone moy Je vous prie, Je suis vn buon Chrestien.* Pardon me Sir, I am a good Christian.

I seeing him braue, and hauing a Soldiers minde to Rifle him, I searched for Iewels, but found onely fiue Pieces of Eight about him, in all, amounting to twenty shillings English; Yet he had Gold, but that I could not come by; For I was in hast to haue sent his *Spanish* Knight hood home on Foote, and to haue taught his Horse an *English* Pace.

Thus farre, my Voyage for Oranges sped well, but in the end, prooued sower Sauce to me. And it is harder to keep a Victory then to obteyne; So, here it fell out with mine.

For, fourteene *Spanish* Muskatiers, spying me so busy about one of their Countrey-men bent all their Mouthes of their Peeces to kill me, which they could not well doe, without endangering this *Don Iohns* life; so that I was inforced (and glad I scap'd so too) to yeild myselfe their Prisoner.

An
vngentle
vnworthy
base
Spaniard

True Valour (I see) goes not aluaies in good Cloathes; For, He whom before I had surprised, seeing me fast in the snare, and (as the euent prooued) disclaiming that his Countrey-men should report him so dishonored, most basely, (when my handes were in a manner bound behind me) drew out his Weapon, (which the rest had taken from me, to giue him) and wounded me through the Face, from Eare to Eare, and had there killed me, had not the fourteene Muskatiers rescued me from his Rage.

Vpon this, I was led in Triumph, into the Towne of *Cales*: An Owle not more wondered and hooted at, a Dog not more cursed.

In my being ledde thus along the Streets, A *Flemming* spying me, cryed out aloud; Whither doe you leade this *English* Dogge. Kill him, kill him, hee's no Christian. And with that, breaking through the Croude, in vpon those who held mee, ranne me into the Body with a Halbert, at the Reynes of my Backe, at the least foure inches.

One *Don Fernando*, an antient Gentleman, was sent downe this Summer, from the King at *Madryll*, with Soldiers; But before our Fleete came, the Soldiers were discharged; They of *Cales*, neuer suspecting that we meant to put in there.

Before him, was I brought to be examined, yet few, or no questions at all, were demanded of me, because, he saw I was all bloody in my Cloathes, and so wounded in my Face and Iawes, that I could hardly speake: I was therefore committed presently to Prison, where I lay eighteene dayes: The Noble Gentleman, giuing expresse charge, that the best Surgeons should be sent for, least, being so badly hurt and handled by Cowards, I should be demanded at his hands.

I being thus taken on the Monday, when I went on Shore, the Fleete departed the Friday following from *Cales*, at the same time when I was there a Prisoner.

Yet, thus honestly was I vsed by my worthy Friend Capitaine *Portar*; He aboue my deservuing, complayning that he feared he had lost such a Man: My Lord Generall (by the solicitation of Master *John Glamile*, Secretary to the Fleete) sent three Men on Shore, to inquire in *Cales* for me, and to offer (if I were taken) any reasonable Ransome: But the Towne, thinking me a better Prize then (indeede) I was, denied me, and would not part from me.

Then came a Command to the Teniente, or Gouvernor of *Cales*, to haue me sent to *Sherrys*, (otherwise called *Xerez*,) lying three Leagues from *Cales*.

Wondrous vnwilling (could I otherwise haue chosen) was I to go to *Sherrys*, because I feared I should then be put to Tortures.

Haung therefore a Young-man, (an *English* Man, and a Merchant, whose name was *Goodrew*,) my fellow Prisoner, who lay there for Debt: and so I thinking there was no way with

me but one, (That I must be sent packing to my long home)
Thus I spake vnto him.

Country-man, what my Name is, our Partnership in Misery hath made you know; And with it know that I am a *Deuonshire* Man borne, and *Taunestock* the place of my once-abiding. I beseech you, if God euer send you Liberty and that you saile into *England*, take that Country in your way: Commend me to my Wife and Children, made wretched by me, an infortunate Father, and Husband: Tell them, and my Friends, (I intreate you, for Gods cause) that if I be (as I suspect I shall be) put to death in *Sherris*, I will dye a Christian Soldier, noway, I hope dishonouring my King, Country, or the Iustice of my Cause, or my Religion.

Pike
Prisoner
in *Sherrys*

Anon after, away was I conveyed with a Strong Guard, by the Governour of *Cales*, and brought into *Sherrys* on a Thurseday, about twelue at night.

On the Sunday following, two Friers were sent to me (both of them being *Irish* Men, and speaking very good *English*;) One of them was caled *Padre Iuan*, (Father *John*). After a sad and graue Salutation; Brother (quoth he) I come in Loue to you, and Charity to your Soule, to Confesse you: And if to us, (as your Spirituall Ghostly Fathers) you will lay open your Sinnes, wee will forgiue them, and make your way to Heauen, for to morrow you must dye.

Two Friers
sent to
Confesse
him

I desired them, that they would giue me a little respite, that I might retire into a priuate Chamber, and instantly I would repaire to them, and giue them satisfaction: Leauē I had; Away I went, and imediately returned; They asked me, if I had yet resolued, and whether I would come to Confession: I told them I had been at Confession already: One of them demaunded, with whome? I answered with God the Father: And with nobody else (sayd the other?) Yes, (quoth I,) and with Iesus Christ, my Redeemer, who hath both power and will, to forgiue all Men their Sinnes, that truly Repent; Before these Two have I falne on my knees, and Confest my grievous offences, and trust, they will giue me a free Absolution and Pardon.

Pike at
Confession
but with
no Frier

What thinke you of the Pope? sayd Father *John*; I answered, I knew him not: They hereupon, shaking their heads, told me, they were sorry for me, and so departed.

Whilst thus I lay in *Sherrys*, the Captaine of the Fort (*Don Francisco Bustamente*) was brought in, Prisoner for his Life, because he deliuered vp the Castle; but whether he dyed for it, or no, I cannot tell.

My day of Triall being come, I was brought from Prison, into the Towne of *Sherrys*, by two Drumbes, and a hundred Shotte, before three Dukes, foure Condes, or Earles, foure Marquesses, besides other great Persons; the towne hauing in it, at least fise thousand Soldiers.

At my first appearing before the Lordes, my Sword lying before them on a Table, the Duke of *Medina* asked me if I knew that Weapon; It was reached to me; I tooke it, and embraced it in mine armes and with teares in mine eyes, kist the Pomell of it. He then demaunded how many Men I had kild with that Weapon? I told him, If I had kild One, I had not bene there now, before that Princely Assembly for when I had him at my foote, begging for Mercy, I gaue him Life, yet he then very poorely, did me a mischief: Then they asked *Don Iohn* (my Prisoner) what Woundes I gaue him; He sayd, none: Vpon this he was rebuked, and told; That if vpon our first Encounter, he had rund me through, It had beene a faire and Noble Triumph but so to wound me, being in the hands of others they held it Base.

Then sayd the Duke of *Medyna* to me; Come on *English* Man, What Shippe came you in? I told him, The *Conuertine*: Who was your Captaine? Captaine *Portar*: What Ordnance carried your Shippe? I sayd, forty Peices. But the Lords looking all this while on a Paper, which they held in their hands: Duke *Medyna* sayd, In their Note, there was but thirty eight.

In that Paper (as after I was informed, by my two *Irish* Interpreters) there was set downe, the Number of our Shippes, their Burden, Men, Munitiion, Victuall, Captaines &c. as perfect, as wee our selues had them in England.

Of what Strength (quoth another Duke) is the Fort at *Plymouth*? I answered, very Strong. What Ordnance in it? Fifty sayd I: That is not so, sayd he, there is but seuen-teene: How many Soldiers are in the Fort? I answered two hundred: That is not so, (quoth a Conde) there is but twenty.

Marquesse *Alquenezes* asked me, Of what strength the little Iland was before *Plymouth*. I told him, I knew not: Then (quoth he) wee doe.

Is *Plymouth* a Walled Towne? Yes my Lords: And a good Wall? Yes sayd I, a very good Wall: True sayd a Duke, to leape ouer with a Staffe. And hath the Towne, sayd the Duke of *Medyna* strong Gates? Yes: But quoth he, there were neither Wood nor Iron to those Gates, but two dayes before your Fleete came away.

Now, before I goe any farther, let me not forget to tell you, that my two *Irish* Confessors, had beene heere in *England* the last Summer and when our Fleete came from *England*, they came for *Spaine*, Hauing seene our King at *Plymouth*, when the Soldiers there shewed their Armes, and did then diligently obserue what the King did, and how he carried himselfe.

How chance (sayd Duke *Giron*) did you not in all this Brauery of the Fleete take *Cales* as you tooke *Puntall*? I replied, that the Lord Generall might easily haue taken *Cales*, for he had neere a thousand Scaling Ladders to set vp, and a thousand men to loose; but he was loath to rob an Almes-house, hauing a better Market to goe to: *Cales*, I told them, was held Poore, Vnmand, Vnmunitioned: What better Market, sayd *Medyna*? I told him, *Genoa*, or *Lisbone*, and as I heard there was instantly upon this, an Army of sixe thousand Soldiers sent to *Lisbone*.

Then, quoth one of the Earles, when thou meetst me in *Plymouth*, wilt thou bid me welcome? I modestly told him, I could wish they would not too hastily come to *Plymouth*, for they should finde in another manner of place, then as now they sleight it.

Many other questions were put to me by these great Dons, which so well as God did enable me, I answered, they speaking in *Spanish* and their words interpreted to me, by those two *Irish* Men before spoken of, who also relate my seuerall answers to the Lords.

And by the Common People, who encompast me round, many jeerings, mockeries, scornes and bitter iestes, were to my face throwne vpon our Nation, which I durst not so much as bite my lippe against, but with an inforced patient care stood still, and let them runne on in their Reuilings.

At the length, amongst many other reproches and spightfull Names, one of the *Spaniardes*, called *English Men Gallinas*, (Hennes), At which, the great Lords fell a laughing: Herevpon

one of the Dukes (poynting to the *Spanish* Soldiers) bid me note how their King kept them ; And indeed, they were all wondrous braue in Apparell, Hattes, Bandes, Cuffes, Garters, &c. & some of them in chaines of Gold : And asked farther If I thought these would prooue such Hennes as our *English*, when next yeare they should come into *England* ? I sayd no : but being somewhat imboldned by his merry Countenance, I told him as merily, I thought they would be in one degree of *Hennes* : What meanst thou by that, sayd a Conde ? I replyed, they would prooue *Pullets*, or *Chickens*. Darst thou then (quoth Duke *Medyna*, with a brow halfe angry) fight with one of these *Spanish Pullets*.

O my Lord, sayd I, I am a Prisoner, and my Life at Stake, and therefore dare not be so bold to aduenture vpon any such Action. There were heere of vs *English*, some foure-teene Thousand, in which Number there were about twelue Thousand, better & stouter Men then euer I shall be ; Yet, with the license of this Princely Assembly, I dare hazard the breaking of a Rapier ; And with all told him, He was vn-worthy the Name of an *English* Man, that should refuse to Fight with one Man of any Nation whatsoever. Herevpon my Shackells were knockt off and my Iron Ring and Chayne taken from my Neck.

Roome was made for the Combatants. Rapier and Dagger the Weapons : A *Spanish* Champion presents himselfe, Named *Signior Tiago* ; When after wee had played some reasonable good time, I disarmed, as thus.

I caught his Rapier betwixt the Barr of my Poniard, and there held it till I closed in with him, and tripping up his Heeles, I tooke his Weapons out of his hands, and deliuered them to the Dukes.

I could wish, that all you, my deere COUNTRYMEN, who reade this Relation, had either bin there, without danger, to haue beheld vs ; Or, that he with whome I fought, were heer in Person to iustifie the issue of that combat.

I was then demaunded, If I durst Fight against an other ? I told them, my heart was good to aduenture ; but humbly requested them, to giue me pardon if I refused.

For, to my selfe I too well knew, that the *Spaniard* is Haughty, Impatient of the least affront ; And when he receiues but a Touch of any Dishonor, Disgrace, or Blemish

(especially in his owne Countrey, and from an *English Man*) his Reuenge is implacable, mortall, and bloody.

Yet being by the Noblemen, pressed agen and agen, to try my Fortune with an other I (seeing my Life in the Lyons paw, to struggle with whome for safety, there was no way but one, and being afrayd to displease them) sayd, That if their Graces, and Greatnesses would giue me leaue to play at mine Owne Countrey Weapon, called the *Quarter Staffe*, I was then ready there, an Oppsite, against any Commer, whome they would call foorth; and would willingly lay downe my Life before those Princes, to doe them Seruice prouided my Life might by no foule meanes be taken from me.

Herevpon, the head of a Halbert, which went with a Screw, was taken off, and the Steall deliuered to me; the other But-end of the Staffe hauing a Short Iron Pike in it. This was my Armor, and in my place I stood, expecting an Opponent.

At the last, a hansome and well Spirited *Spaniard* steps foorth, with his Rapier and Poniard: They asked me, what I sayd to him? I told them, I had a sure Friend in my Hand that neuer failed me, and therefore made little account of that One to play with, and should shew them no Sport.

Then, a Second (Arm'd as before) presents himselfe: I demaunded, if there would come no more? The Dukes asked, how many I desired? I told them, any number vnder Sixe. Which resolution of mine, they smiling at, in a kind of scorne, held it not Manly, (it seemed) nor fit for their owne Honors, and Glory of their Nation, to worry one man with a Multitude; and therefore appointed Three onely, (so Weapond) to enter into the Liste

Now Gentleman, if here you condemne mee, for plucking (with mine owne hands) such an assured danger, vpon mine owne head; Accept of these Reasons for excuse.

To dye, I thought it most certaine, but to dye basely, I would not: For Three to kill One, had bin to Mee no Dishonor; To Them (Weapons considered) no Glory; An Honorable Subiection, I esteemed better, then an Ignoble Conquest. Vpon these Thoughts, I fell to it.

The Rapier Men trauerst their ground, I mine; Dangerous Thrusts were put in, and with dangerous hazard auoyded: Showtes echoed to Heauen, to encourage the *Spaniards*; Not

The
Quarter
Staffe
against
three
Rapiers

a Shoute, nor hand, to hearten the poore *English Man* ; Onely Heauen I had in mine Eye, the Honor of my Countrey in my Heart my Fame at the Stake, my Life on a narrow Bridge, and death both before me and behind me.

It was not now a time to dally, they still made full at me ; And I had beene a Coward to my Selfe, and a Villane to my Nation, if I had not called vp all that weake Manhood which was mine, to guard my owne Life, and ouerthrow my Enemies.

Plucking vp therefore a good heart, seeing my selfe faint and wearied, I vowed to my Soule, to doe something, ere she departed from me : And so setting All vpon One Cast It was my Good Fortune (it was my God did it for Mee) with the But-end where the Iron Pike was to kill one of the three ; and within a few Boutes after, to Disarme the other two, causing the One of them to fly into the Armie of Soldiers then present, and the Other for refuge fled behind the Bench.

I hope, if he brauing *Spaniards* set vpon *England* (as they threaten) we shall euery One of vs, giue the repulse to more then Three ; Of which good Issue for the Publique I take this my Priuate successe to be a Pledge.

Now was I in greater Danger, being (as I thought) in Peace, then before, when I was in Battaile ; For, a generall Murmure filled the Ayre, with Threatenings at me, the Soldiers especially bit their thumbes, and how was it possible for me to scape ?

Which the Noble Duke of *Medina Sidonia* called me to him, and instantly caused Proclamation to be made, that none, on paine of death, should meddle with mee ; And by his Honorable Protection I got off ; And not off, onely with Safety, but with Money. For by the Dukes and Condes, were giuen me in Gold, to the value of foure Pounds tenne shillings sterling ; and by the Marquesse *Alquenezes* himselfe, as much ; He embracing me in his Armes and bestowing vpon me, that long *Spanish* Russet Cloake I now weare, which he tooke from one of his Mens backs ; And withall furnished me with a cleane Band and Cuffes ; It being one of the greatest Fauours, a *Spanish* Lord can doe to a meane Man, to reward him with some Garment, as recompence of Merrit.

After our Fight in *Sherris*, I was kept in the Marquesse *Alquenezes* House, who one day (out of his Noble affability) was pleasant in speech with me ; And by my Interpreter

desired I would Sing: I willing to obey him (whose goodnesse I had tasted,) did so and sung this Psalme: *When as we sate in Babilon, &c.* The meaning of which being told he saide to me, *English Man*, comfort thyself for thou art in no Captiuitie.

Pecke sent
to the King
at *Madrid*

After this, I was sent to the King of *Spaine*, lying at *Madrill*; My Conduct being foure Gentlemen of the Marquesse *Alquenezes*; He allowing vnto me, in the Iourney, twenty Shillings a day when wee Trauelled, and ten Shillings a day when we lay still.

At my being in *Madrill*, before I saw the King; My Entertainment (by the Marquesse *Alquenezes* appointment) was at his owne House, where I was lodged in the most sumptuous Bedde that euer I beheld, and had from his Noble Lady, a Welcome farre aboue my poore deseruing, but worthy the Greatnesse of so excellent a Woman; She bestowing vpon me, whilst I lay in her House a very faire *Spanish* Shirt, richly Laced, and at my parting from *Madrill*, a Chayne of Gold, and two Iewells for my Wife, and other pretty Things for my Children.

A Noble
Spanish
Lady

And now that her Noble Courtesies, together with my owne Thankfullnes, leade me to speake of this Honorable *Spanish* Lady; I might be very iustly be condemned of Ingratitude, if I should not remember, with like acknowledgement another rare Patterne of Feminine goodness, to me, a distressed, miserable Stranger: And that was, the Lady of *Don Iohn* of *Cales*; She out of a Respect she bare me, for sauing her Husbands Life, came along with him to *Sherrys*, He being there to giue in Euidence against me; And as before, when I lay Prisoner in *Cales*, so in *Sherrys*, she often relieued me with Money and other Meanes; My Duty and Thankes euer wayte vpon them both.

Another

Vpon *Christmas-day*, I was presented to the King, the Queene, and *Don Carolo* the *Infante*.

Being brought before him, I fell (as it was fitt) on my Knees: Many Questions were demanded of me, which so well as my plaine witte directed me, I resolued.

In the end, his Maiesty offered me a Yearely Pention, (to a good Vallew) if I would Serue him, eyther at Land or at Sea; For which his Royall Fauors I confessing my selfe infinitely Bound, and my Life indebted to his Mercy, most humbly intreated, that with his Princely Leaue, I might be suffered to

returne into mine owne Countrey, being a Subject onely to the King of *England*, my Souereigne.

And besides that Bond of Allegiance there was another Obligation, due from me, to a Wife and Children; And therefore mose submissiuely beg'd, that his Maiesty would be so Princely minded, as to pittie my Estate and to let me goe: To which he at last granted; Bestowing vpon me, one hundred Pistoletts, to beare my Charges.

Hauing thus left *Spain*, I tooke my way through some part of *France*; Where, by occasion, happening into Company of seuen *Spaniards*, their tongues were too lauish in Speeches against our Nation; Vpon which some high words flying vp and downe the Roome, I leaped from the Table, and drew.

One of the *Spaniards* did the like (none of the rest being Weaponed, which was more than I knew.)

Vpon the noise of this Bustling, two *English* Men more came in, Who vnderstanding the Abuses offered to our Countrey, the (*Spaniards* in a short time, Recanted on their Knees) their Rashnesse.

And so hoysing Saile for *England*; I Landed on the three and twenty day of Aprill, 1626, at *Foy* in *Cornewall*.

And thus endeth my *Spanish* Pilgrimage: With thanks to my good God, that in this extraordinary Manner preserued me, amidst these desperate Dangers.

Therefore most gracious God, (Defender of Men abroad, and Protector of them at home.) How am I bounden to thy Diuine Maiestie, for thy Manifold Mercies?

On my Knees I thanke thee, with my Tongue I will praise thee, with my Handes Fight in thy Quarrell, and all the daies of my Life serue thee.

Out of the Red-Sea, I haue escaped; From the Lyons Den, bin deliuered, I rescued from Death, and snatcht out of the Iawes of Destruction, onely by Thee, O my God; Glory be to thy Name, for euer, and euer. *Amen*.



Certaine Verses, Written by
a Friend, in Commendations of the
Author *Richard Peeke*.

Seldome doe Clowdes so dimne the day,
But *Sol* will once his Beames display :
Though *Neptune* driues the surging Seas
Sometimes he giues them quiet ease.
And so few Proiects speed so ill,
But somewhat chaunceth at our will.

I will not instance in the Great,
Placed in Honors higher Seate ;
Though Vertue in a Noble Line
Commends it, and the more doth shine ;
Yet this is procu'd by Sword and Pen,
Desert oft dwells in priuate Men.

My prooffe is not farre hence to seeke,
There is at hand braue *Richard Peeke*,
Whose worth his Foes cannot revoke,
Borne in the Towne of *Taunystoke*
In *Deuon* where *Minerva* sitts
Shaping stoute Hearts, and pregnant Witts.

This well resolu'd and hardy Sparke,
Ayming at Fame, as at a Marke,
Was not compell'd against his Will
In *Mars* his field to try his Skill :
As Voluntary he did goe
To serue his King against his Foe.

If he had pleased he might haue spent
His daies at home, in safe content :
But nurcing Valour in his brest
He would adventure with the Best,
 Willing to shed his dearest blood,
 To doe his Prince, and Countrey good.

Thus bent he added Winges to Feete,
Departed with the *English* Fleete :
There was no rub, nor stay at all,
The Shippes sail'd with a pleasant Gale
 In setting forth by their hap,
 Seemed lul'd in *Amphitrites* lap.

At length they did arriue at *Cales*
Where restless *Peeke* against the Walles
Made fourescore Shot toward the Shore,
Making the Welkyn wide to rore :
 He kept his standing in this strife,
 Setting a straw by losse of life.

Into a Vineyard afterward
He marcht, and stood upon his guard ;
There he an Horseman did dismount,
By outward port of good account
 But did on him compassion take,
 And spar'd his life for pitties sake.

The next assault, vneuen he felt,
For with twelue *Spaniards* he dealt
At once, and held them lusty play,
Vntill through odds, theirs was the day :
 From eare to eare they pearc'd his head,
 And to the Towne him Captiue led.

In Prison they him shut by night,
Loaden with Chaines of greiuous waight
All comfortlesse in Dungeon deepe,
Where Stench annoys, and Vermines creepe :
 He grouel'd in this loathsome Cell,
 Where gastly frights and horrors dwell.

Three to One: Being

Yet nothing could his courage quail,
 Hunger, nor thirst, nor wound, nor layle:
 For being brought before a *Don*
 And askt, Why *England* did set on
 A scraping, not a pecking *Hen*,
 He answered, staine not *Englishmen*.

That *England* is a Nation stoute,
 And till the last will fight it out:
 Myselfe would prooue by Chiuallrie,
 If for a Captiue this were free:
 Why, (quoth a Duke) darst thou to fight
 With any of my Men in sight.

Of thousands whom in Warre you vse,
 Not one (quoth *Pecke*) doe I refuse:
 A chosen Champion then there came,
 Whose heeles he tript, as at a game,
 And from his Hand his Rapier tooke,
 Presenting it vnto the Duke.

Then three at once did him oppose,
 They Rapiers, he a long Staffe chose,
 The vse whereof so well he knowes,
 He conquered them with nimble blowes:
 One that beside him play'd his round
 He threw as dead vnto the ground.

The Noble Duke who this did see
 Commended *Pecke*, and set him free;
 He gaue him Guifts, and did commaund
 That none should wrong him in their Land;
 So well he did him entertayne,
 And sent him to the Court of *Spayne*.

There he was fed with no worse meate,
 Then which the King himselfe did eate;
 His Lodging rich, for he did lie
 In furniture of Tapestry:
 The King what of him he had heard
 Did with his Treasure well reward.

Our then Ambassador was there,
Peeke's Pike and praise he doth declare :
At *Spanish* Court whiles he attends
He thriues for Vertues sake : as Friends
Foes sent him in triumphant sort
Home from a Foe and Forreigne Port.

If thus his very Foes him lou'd,
And Deeds against themselues aproou'd ;
How should his Friends his loue embrace,
And yield him countenance and grace,
The praise and worth how can we cloke
Of manly *Peeke* of *Tauystoke* ?

J.D.

FINIS.

THE PLAY
OF
DICK OF DEVONSHIRE.
A TRAGI-COMEDY.

Hector adest secumque Deos in praelia ducit.

DRAMMATIC PERSONÆ.

<i>The Duke of Macada</i>	}		Four Grandies.	
<i>The Duke of Girona</i>				
<i>The Duke of Medina</i>				
<i>The Marquesse d'Alquevezzes</i>				
<i>Don Pedro Gusman</i>	...		An Ancient Lord.	
<i>Manuell</i>	}	His Sons.
<i>Henrico</i>				
<i>Don Fernando</i>	...		Governor of Cadiz Towne.	
<i>Teniente</i>	A Justiciar.	
<i>Bustamente</i>	...		Captaine of Cadiz Castle.	
<i>Dick Pike</i>	...		The Devonshire Soldier.	
<i>Don John</i>	A Colonel.	
<i>Buzzano</i>	...		Servant to Pedro Guzman.	
<i>Eleonora</i>	...		Daughter to Fernando.	
<i>Catalina</i>	...		Wife to Don John.	
<i>A Gentlewoman.</i>				
<i>An English Captaine.</i>				
<i>Mr. Jewell.</i>				
<i>Mr. Hill.</i>				
<i>Secretary.</i>				
<i>Mr. Woodrow.</i>				
<i>A Jaylor.</i>				
<i>Two Fryers.</i>				
<i>A Guard.</i>			<i>English Soldiers, Spanish Soldiers.</i>	

The Play of Dick of Devonshire.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENE I.

Enter Don Pedro Gusman, Henrico and Manuell, his sons : Don Fernando and Eleonora, his daughter, and Teniente.

Pedr. Gentlemen, y'have much honourd me to take
Such entertainment, but y'are welcome all.
'Twas my desire to have your company
At parting : heaven knows when we shall meete againe.

Ten. You are for *France* then too ?

Man. I wayte on my father.

Pedr. *Henrico.*

Ferd. *Eleonora.*

Ten. But how chance, *Manuell*, your younger brother
Is at the Goale before you ? What, no Lady
To please your eye ?

Man. I am not

Yet weary of my freedome. May *Henrico*
Meet Joy in his Election : Yet I know not
One I would sooner choose to call a sister
Than *Eleonora*.

Pedr. At my returne from *France* all things shall bee
Consummate : in meanetime let your owne hearts
Knitt with the strongest tye of love, be merry
In mutuall embraces, and let your prayers
Fill our departing sayles. Our stay will not
Bee long, and the necessity of my affaires
Unwillingly doth take me from you.

Hen. Though I could wish your stay, my duty bids me
Expect the enjoying of my happines
Till your return from *France*. Your blessing.

Eleo. How ever heaven dispose of *Eleonora*,
Pray write me in your thoughts your humblest daughter,
That shall make it a part of her devotions
To pray for you.

- Fer.* Well, sir, since your designe
Pulls you away, may your good Angell guard you.
- Ten.* The like wish I *Don Pedro*.
- Fer.* *Manuell*, I hope
You will not long breath out of *Spanish* ayre.
Farewell!
- Pedr.* My thanks to all. Stay! [*peeces discharged*.]
- Fer.* The Captaine of the Castle come to interpret
That language to us? What newes?

Enter Bustamente.

- Bust.* Such as will make all *Spaine* dance in Canary.
The *Brasile* fleete ——
- Pedr.* Arriv'd?
- Bust.* Is putting into harbour, and aloud
Calls for a Midwife: she is great with gold
And longs to be delivered.
- Pedr.* No he *Spanyard*
Is not a true reiocyer at the newes:
Be't a good omen to our Journey.
- Ten.* So we wish all.
- Pedr.* May we at our return meet no worse newes
Than now at parting. My noble *Don Fernando*.
And *Teniente*, once more farewell, (my daughter I hope)
Eleonora, *Henrico*.—Nay your good newes deserves a farewell.
- Bust.* A soldier's farewell, a fast hand and heart:
Good fate to both.

[*Ex. Pedr. and Man.*]

- Hen.* Come, *Elinor*, let them discourse their Joys
For the safe fleete: in thee all my delights
Embark themselves. [them
- Bust.* Tush, lett' em come: our shippes have brought with
The newes of Warre.
- Fer.* What is that, Gentlemen?
- Ten.* I am speaking of a fleete of Enemyes.
- Fer.* From whence?
- Ten.* From *England*.
- Fer.* A Castle in the ayre.
- Ten.* Doe you not believe it?
- Fer.* I heard such a report
But had no faith in't: a mere potgun!

Bust. Nay, sir,

'Tis certaine there hath bene great preparation,
If our Intelligence be true to us :
And a mighty Navy threatens the sea.

Fer. What is that to us ?

How long hath it bene a voyce they were at sea !
I have ventured to discharge the soldiers
Which to keepe here in pay upon the rumour
Of a great fleete a comming, would both pester
The Towne and be unnecessary charge
To the King our Master.

Ten. But how if they intend us ?

Fer. 'Tis not probable :

The time of yeare is past, sir, now : more than
The middle of October. Had they meant us
We should have heard their message in loud Cannon
Before this time.

Bust. I am of that opinion.

Ten. But *Don Fernando* and *Bustamente* call to mind
The time hath bene, when we supposed too
The season past, they have saluted us
With more than friendly Bullets ; tore the ribbs
Of our Towne up, made every house too hott
For the Inhabitants : had a spoyle of all
Spight of our hearts.

Fer. One Swallow makes not Summer : because once
Our city was their prize, is't of necessity
It must be so againe ?

Bust. Or were the Navy
Greater as fame gives out it is the fayrest
That ever danced upon these Seas, why yet
Should we suspect for this City :

Fer. Because we dreame soe.

Ten. If you did dreame it may be as neare truth :
I wish the contrary, but know them daring *Enemies*.

Fer. The world, we doe acknowledge, cannot boast
More resolution than the *English* hearts
Seasond for action.

Ten. *Francisco Bustamente* how is the Castle ? what strength ?

Bust. A fort impregnable, wanting neyther soldiers nor
ammition.

Ten. Well, looke to't.

Fer. Howere

That will be necessary: the fort lyes in
The mouth of danger, and it will become
You to discharge that duty, *Bustamente*.

Bust. With my best care.

Ten. I wish you all well, and that you had not yet
Discharg'd your companyes *Don Fernando*.

Fer. Come, come; putt of your Jelousy,
Drinke downe the remembrance. We forget
Our fleetes arrivall: send your feares away:
Nothing but wine and mirth should crowne this day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.

Enter two Devonshire Merchants, as being in Sherryes.

1. Heare you the newes?

2. Yes, that an English fleete
Is making up to *Cales*.

1. Our *Sherryes* Merchants,
Though few of us be heere, shall soundly pay
To the furnishing of this Navy.

2. Nay, I assure you
Our shippes wilbe fast bound by *Spanish* charmes
Not to get hence in hast.

1. The Divell allready
Is furling up the sayles: Would all the sakes
Which we have bought for *England* were in *Devonshire*.
Turned to small Beere, so were we but in *Tavistocke*
To see it drawne out: were it nere so thin
I'de drink a health to all the Dons in *Sherryes*
And cry a pox upon 'em.

2. That word heard
By any lowsy *Spanish* Picardo
Were worth our two neckes. I'll not curse my *Diegoes*
But wish with all my heart that a faire wind
May with great Bellyes blesse our *English* sayles
Both out and in: and that the whole fleete may
Be at home delivered of no worse a conquest
Than the last noble voyage made to this Citty,
Though all the wines and merchandize I have here
Were ith' Sea's bottome.

1. Troth, so would I mine.
2. I nere could tell yet from what roote this huge
Large spreading Tree of hate from *Spayne* to us,
From us agayne to *Spayne*, took the first growth.
1. No ? then Ile tell you : let us season our sorrow
With this discourse.
2. With all my heart I long for't
1. You shall not loose your longing : then, sir, know
The hate a *Spanyard* beares an *Englishman*
Nor naturall is, nor ancient ; but as sparkes,
Flying from a flint by beating, beget flames,
Matter being neere to feed and nurse the fire
So from a tinder at the first kindled
Grew this heart burning twixt these two great Nations.
2. As how, pray ?
1. Heare me : any *Englishman*
That can but read our Chronicles can tell
That many of our Kings and noblest Princes
Have fetcht their best and royallest wives from *Spayne*,
The very last of all binding both kingdomes
Within one golden ring of love and peace
By the marriage of *Queene Mary* with that little man
(But mighty monarch) Phillip, son and heire
To *Charles* the Emperour.
2. You say right.
1. Religion
Having but one face then both here and there,
Both Nations seemd as one : Concord, Commerce
And swete Community were Chaynes of Pearle
About the neckes of eyther. But when *England*
Threw off the Yoake of *Rome*, *Spayne* flew from her :
Spayne was no more a sister nor a neighbour,
But a sworne Enemye. All this did but bring
Dry stickes to kindle fire : now see it burne.
2. And warme my knowledge and experience by't.
1. Spaine's anger never blew hott coales indeed
Till in *Queene Elizabeths* Raigne when (may I call him so)
That glory of his Country and *Spaynes* terror,
That wonder of the land and the Sea's minyon
Drake, of eternall memory, harrowed th' *Indyes*.
2. The King of *Spaynes* west *Indyes* ?

1. Yes. When his Ilands
Nombre de Dios, Cartagena, Hispaniola,
 With *Cuba* and the rest of those faire Sisters,
 The mermaydes of those Seas, whose golden strings
 Give him his sweetest musicke, when they by Drake
 And his brave Ginge's were ravishd : when these red apples
 Were gather'd and brought hither to be payrd—
 Then the *Castilian* Lyon began to roare.
2. Had he not cause, being vexd soe ?
1. When our shippes
 Carrying such fire drakes in them that the huge
Spanish Galleasses, Galleons, Hulkes and Carrackes
 Being great with gold, in labour with some fright,
 Were all delivered of fine red cheekt children
 At *Plymouth, Portsmouth* and other English havens
 And onely by men midwives : had not Spayne reason
 To cry out, oh Diabes Ingleses !
2. It had not spoke such *Spanish* else.
1. When we did sett our feete even on their Mynes
 And brought their golden fagotts, their Ingotts
 And silver wedges : when each ship of ours
 Was able to spread sayles of silke ; the tacklings
 Of twisted gold : when every marryner
 At his arrivall here had his deepe pockets
 Crammd full of Pistoletts ; when the poorest ship-boy
 Might on the *Thames* make duckes and drake with pieces
 Of eight fetchd out of Spayne : These were the Bellows
 Which blew the *Spanish* bonfires of revenge :
 These were the times in which they calld our Nation
 Borachos, Lutherans, and Furid del Inferno.
2. Would we might now give them the selfe same cause
 To call us soe.
1. The very name of *Drake*
 Was a bug bear to fright children : Nurses still'd
 Their little *Spanish* Nynnyes when they cryde
 "Hush ! the Drake comes."
2. All this must needs beget
 Their mortall hate to us.
1. It did ; yet then
 We lov'd them beyond measure.
2. Why ?

1. Why, did not
Spaine fetch gold from the *West Indies* for us
 To spend here merrily? She planted vines,
 We eate the Grapes: she playd the *Spanish* pavine
 Under our windowes, we in our beds lay laughing
 To heare such Mynstrely.
2. How then turned the windes?
 Why did this beauteous face of love in us
 Put on so blacke a Visour of hate to them?
1. Oh, sir, doe but looke backe to Eighty Eight,
 That *Spanish* glasse shall tell you, shew each wrinkle.
England that yeare was but a bit pickd out [Cooke's?
 To be layd in their Kinges trencher. Who were their
 Marry, sir, his Grandees and great Dons of *Spaine*
 A Navy was provided, a royall fleete,
 Infinite for the bravery of Admiralls,
 Viceadmirall (*sic*) Generalls, Colonells and Commanders
 Soldiers, and all the warlike furniture
 Cost or experience or man's witt could muster
 For such a mayne designe.
2. Stay: Eighty Eight,—
 Thirty eight years agoe: much about then
 Came I into the world.—Well, sir, this fleete?
1. Which made the Sea fish wonder what new kingdome
 Was building over theirs, beate downe the Billowes
 Before them to gett thither. 'Twas such a monster
 In body, such a wonder in the eyes
 And such a thunder in the eares of Christendome
 That the Pope's Holynes would needes be Godfather
 To this most mighty big limbd child, and call it
 Th' Invincible Armado.
2. That's to say
 A fleete of shipps not to be overcome
 By any power of man.
1. These were the Whales,
 These were the huge levyathans of the Sea
 Which roaring came with wide and dreadfull Jawes
 To swallow up our Kingdom, Shipps & Nation.
 The fame of this Armado flew with Terrour
 Riding on Envyes wing: the preparation
 Was wayted on with wonder; and the approach

Shewd the grim face of horreur : yet gainst all these
Our Country and our Courages were armd.

2. *St. George for England!*

1. And *St. George* we cryde,
Albeit, we heard the Spanish Inquisition
Was aboard every ship with torture, torments,
Whippes strung with wyre and knives to cutt our throates.
But from the armed winds an hoast brake forth
Which tare their shippes and sav'd ours.—Thus I have read
Two storyes to you : one, why Spayne hates us,
T'other why we love not them.

Oh, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 3.

Ent. Teniente, Don John, Henrico.

Ten. I ever feard some ill fate pointed at
This Citty.

Jo. Makes the fleete this way?

Hen. *Buzzano!*

Ten. I did dreame every night of't, and the Ravens
With their unlucky throates never leave croaking
Some danger to us all.

Wheres *Buzzano*? Villaine!

Jo. Be not discomforted.

Ten. Don *Fernando*, too,
Hath cut our strength off, taken away our swords
Should save our throates. I did preiudicate
Too rashly of the *English*; now we may
Yield up the Towne.—Sirra get you up to th' highest

Enter Buzzano.

Turret, that lookes three leagues into the Sea,
And tell us what you can discover there.

Buz. Why I can tell you ere I goe.

Hen. What?

Buz. Why there are fishes and shippes too in the sea : they
were made for that purpose.

Ten. The fellow doates! climbe quickly, sirra, and tell us
Whither any bend to this place : theres a fleete
Abroad : skud rascall.

Hen. Villayne, away : and cast your eyes into the Sea

Buz. Ile be hangd first : some wiser than some :

Mine eyes into the Sea ? I see no reason for't.

Ten. Why stayest thou ? this slave is without sence.

Get up and see, and report the truth.

Buz. That's another matter : I will orelooke you all presently.

Jo. What were I best to doe ? I do not like these Navyes.

Hen. Tis past question,

If they were kenn'd this way, that they intend

To make another meale of this Citty.

Ten. The first was but a Breakfast: they have shrewd stomakes.

Oh for a lusty storm to bury all

Their hopes in the waves now ! one good swelling gust

Would break their ribbs in pieces.

Jo. No witches abroad ?

Buz. I see, I see, I see !

Enter Buzzano above.

All What ?

Buz. Nay, I cannot tell what yet :

Something it is : I thinke it be a Towne.

Hen. Some Iland in the Sea !

Buz. It swims on the water.

Jo. 'Tis the fleete : come they this way ?

Buz. Yes, th'are ships : I know 'em by their foule linen ;
now I see them plainly : they come, they come, they come !

Hen. How far off ?

Ten. Speake, sirra.

Buz. If you would peace I might heare what they say ;
the wind serves to bring every word they speake : they make
towards, yes towards this Citty. A great fleete ! stay, stay,
look to your selves, Don: they spitt fire allready, and have hung
up a thousand flaggs of defyance. They are at the fort, the
Castle, at the Castle: would I were pelted to death with
Oranges and Lymons.

Ten. Here comes *Don Fernando*, what newes ?

Enter Fernando with Eleonora.

Fev. Assured danger, gentlemen, for all our men

Already are in a palsye and doe flye

They know not whither. They are *English* :

The Citty's allmost desperate.

Ten. Don John, come with me
And helpe to encourage the ramaying soldiers.

Fer. New supply shall quickly cheare you hearts.—
Henrico!

Hen. Sir?

Fer. In this confusion, when a thousand feares
Present themselves & danger with full face
Lookes on the Generall Towne, let me locke up
This Treasure in your armes, so, for you have
At least an equall interest with mee
In *Eleonora*, in your father's house
She may hope more security, being of strength:
For this storm cannot last. But in your love
She hath a stronger guard,

Hen. This act of confidence
Binds me for ever to Fernando: come,
Halfe of my soule, for we two must not bee
In life devided. Though the Citty lye
At mercy of the Enemy, yet from
Don Pedro Gusman's house not all mankind
Shall take thee from me.

Enter Buzzano and Spanyards flying.

Buz. They come, they come, they come!

Fer. Committing this my Jewell to your trust
I must unto my charge: my blessing!

Eleo. Oh doe not leave me, sir, for without you
What safety can I have? You are my father:
Pray, stay you with me.

Fer. Oh, my Girle, I cannot,
Dare not be so unfaithful to the trust
His Maiesty put me on, though I would stay.

Ele. I feare if you goe hence all will not long be well.

Hen. Distrust you me, *Eleonora*?

Ele. No indeed:
You ever had with me th' opinion
Of a most noble gentleman.

Fer. What then?

Ele. I know not what besides my feare: and that
Beggs I may share your fortune, since you may not
Take up such safety here as I have.

Fev.

Come

You are to blame : this heaven that now looks on us
With rugged brow may quickly smile againe
And then I shall revisite my *Eleonora*.

So, fare well.

[*Exit.*

Hen.

Till then with greater care than were the Dragons
Supposed to watch the Golden Apples growing
In the Hesperides, shall Henrico wayte
On his best loved. Oh, my *Eleonora*,
I would to heaven there were no war but here
To shoote love darts ! each smile from this fayre Eye
May take an Army prisoners : let me give
My life up here unto those lipps, and yet
I shall, by the sweetness of a kisse, take back
The same againe. Oh thou in whom alone
Vertue hath perfect figure, hide not day
In such a Cloud : what feare hath enterd here ?
My life is twisted in a Thread with thine ;
Were't not defenced, there could nothing come
To make this cheeke looke pale, which at your Eye
Will not fall dead before you.—

Enter Buzzano.

Sirra, let all your care and duty bee
Employed to cheere this lady : pray be merry.

Buz. Oh, sir, yonders such doings.

Hen. Hell on your bawling ! not a sillable to affright her
or I shall tune your instrument there.

Buz. Hele breake the head of any instrument !

Why, sir, weoman are not affraid to heare of doings.

Hen. Still jarring ?

Buz. When the whole towne is altogether by th' eares you
might give me leave to jar a little my selfe :—I have done sir.

Hen. Putt on thy merryest face *Buzzano*.

Buz. I have but one face, but I can make a great many.

Hen. My best *Eleonora*, I shall soone returne :

In the meane time be owner of this house,
The possesour. All danger, sweet, shall dwell
Far off : Ile but enquire the state of things
In the Citty, and fly back to thee with loves wings.

[*Exit.*

Ele. I prithee call him backe.

Buz. Signor Henrico

She has something more to say to you. [*Redit.*

Hen. To me, sweetest ?

Ele. *Henrico*, doe you love me ?

Hen. By this faire hand.

Ele. And will you leave me, too ?

Hen. Not for the wealth of *Spaine*.

Ele. Since I must be your prisoner let me have
My keeper's company, for I am afraid
Some enemy in your absence, like a wolfe
May sieze on me. I know not whither now
I ere shall see my father : doe not you
Ravish yourselfe from me, for at the worst
We may dye here, *Henrico* : and I had rather
Fall in your eye than in your absence be
Dishonord : if the destinyes have not
Spun out a longer thread, let's dye together.

Hen. Oh doe not racke my soule with these sad accents.

Am I *Henrico* ? there is not any place
Can promise such security as this
To *Eleonora*. Doe not talk of dying,
Our best dayes are to come : putt on thy quiet,
And be above the reach of a misfortune.
Ile presently wayte on thee by this kisse.

Buz. Would I might keepe your oath : so please
You, lady, *Buzzano* will swears too.

Hen. What ?

Buz. That you'le be there and here agen presently.

Hen. Attend here, Sirra.

Buz. If you must needes goe, pray, sir, keep yourselfe out
of Gun-shott.

Hen. Mind you your charge.

Buz. You shall heare a good report of my piece I warrant
you. Take heed you be not sent to heaven with powder : a
company of hott shotts are abroad, I can tell you.

Ele. If you will goe may your successe be faire.

Hen. Farewell : heaven cannot choose but heare your prayer.

[*Exit.*

Buz. Now what please you, madam ? that I shall amble,
trott, or walke ?

Ele. Any pace.

Buz. Yet if you would referre it to me, I'de use none of them.

Ele. What wouldst doe ?

Buz. Why I would gallop or run, for I think long till I be at home in our Castle of Comfort. If it please you Ile lead you a hand gallop in the plaine ground trott uphill with you and racke downwards.

Ele. Talke not of rackes prithee : the times present too many.

Buz. Ride me as you will then ; I am used both to curbe and snaffle.

Ele. I prithee tell me, *Buzzano*,—so I heare thy master call thee—

Buz. He may call me at his pleasure, forsooth.

Ele. Dost thou know the nature of the English ?

Buz. Both Men and Women : I travelled thither with an Embassadour. For the Men Ile not misse you a haire of their condition : and for the Women I know 'em as well as if I had been in their bellies.

Ele. Are they not cruell ?

Buz. As Tygers, when they set on't : no mercy unless we aske them forgiveness.

Ele. That's somewhat yet.

Buz. But not to you : that's only to men : for lett the women fall downe afore 'em never too often they'le rather fall upon them. Nay, some of them are so spitefull they'le breake their owne backes before they let 'em rise againe.

Ele. Foole, I meane not your way.

Buz. Keepe your owne way, madam : I mean the playne way.

Ele. Are they not unmercifull in their natures to such as are in their power, their Enemyes as we may be ?

Buz. Their enemyes as we may be in their power ! I had rather be cramm'd into a cannon and shott against their ship than that you should prove a witch and tell true now. The *Tartar* is not halfe so grim : not a *Turke* would use us so like *Jewes* as they will. If it came to that once that they take the *Towne* you will see *Spanish* Dons heads cryed up and downe as they doe our *Orenes* and *Lymons* : and the woemens heads shall off, too,—not a maydenhead of gold shall scape 'em.

Ele. It is no valour to use Tyranny

Upon the conquerd : they have been reported

A noble nation : and when last the pride
 Of this Citty adorn'd their victory, by command
 Of their brave Generall, no outrage ever
 The soldiers durst committ upon our persons :
 Though all our wealth ran in full streames upon them
 Our honours were preserved, or fame belys them.

Buz. No matter what fame sayes, perhaps I know more
 than she does : and yet, now you talk of valour, they are not
 comparable to us.

Ele. How ?

Buz. Why, valour is but the courage of a man : courage
 is, as they say, the spirit of a man : and the spirit of a man is
 the greatnes, as we call it, of his stomake. Now tis well
 knowen to the whole world they feed better and eate more
 than we : ergo, we have better stomackes than they. But,
 see ! we have talk't ourselves at home already, and the point
 (*port*?) is open. Will't it please you enter, or shall I enter
 before you ? I am your man, madam.

Ele. You know the way best :—whilst abroad they are
 At fight, twixt hope and feare at home I warre.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

SCENE I.

Alarum : as the soft musicke begins a peale of Ordnance goes off ;
 then Cornetts sound a Battaile ; which ended Captaine,
 Master of a ship, Dick Pike, with musketts.

Capt. Fought bravely, countrymen ! Honour all this while
 Sate in a Throne of smoake with sparckling eyes
 Looking upon your courage and admiring
 Your resolutions, and now rewards your sweat
 With victory. The castle groans at heart :
 Her strongest ribbs are bruizd with battering cannons,
 And she hath tane into her bowells fire
 Enough to melt her.

Ma. My Lord came bravely up to her and shewd a spirit
 That commands danger : his honorable example
 Gave us new hearts.

Sol. Faith give the *Spanyards* their due : they entertaind
 us handsomely with hott meat : 'twas no cold welcome.

Pike. But I would not willingly swallow their plums : they would rise shrewdly in a man's stomacke.

Cap. At the first shott, when the *Convertine* came in, 3 men were killd.

Ma. At the second 4, was't not ?

Cap. At the third two more : one salutation

Came so close that, with the very wind,

My hands have almost lost the sense of feeling.

Jewell. Thou mad'st thy muskett spitt fire bravely.

Ma. And my *Devonshire* blade, honest *Dick Pike*

Spared not his sugar pellets among my *Spanyards*.

Cap. He did like a soldier, as he that chargd his muskett told me : in this service he hath dischargd 70 bullets.

Pike. I did my part, sir, and wish I had been able to have layd 'em on thicker : but I have lynd somebodies gutts, much good doe 'em with it ; some of them have wished well to me.

Cap. Art hurt ?

Ma. Where ?

Pike. No where ; one of my flanckes itches a little : if a piece of lead have crept in to hide it selfe cowardly I am not much in debt for't.

Cap. Let my Surgeons search it

Pike. Search a pudding for plums : let my flesh alone : perhaps it wants souldering. Shall we to't agen : I have halfe a score pills for my *Spanyards*—better than purging comfitts.

Enter a Soldier.

Cap. What news ?

Sol. The fort is yielded.

Pike. They have been speechlesse a good while : I thought they'de yield up the Ghost shortly.

Sol. But on condition to march away with flying colours, which was granted.

Cap. What's become of the Captaine of the fort ?

Sol. *Don Francisco Bustament* is carryed aboard our Generall's ship, where he had a soldier like welcome, but he and all his company are put over to *Port Reall* upon the maine land because they should not succour the City.

Cap. Unles he will swim to th' Iland.—And how fares the *Convertine* ?

Sol. Her shroudes are torne to pieces and her tacklings to raggs.

Cap. No matter she carries the more honour.

Sol. 5 hundred Bulletts sticke in her sides.

Pike. Tis well they scaped her heart, lying all the fight little more than pistoll shot from 'em; her Starboard still to the fort and at least 200 Musketts playing upon her. I wish'd heartily some of our London roaring Boyes had bene in the heate of 't.

Sol. Wouldst have 'em twice burnt.

Pike They should have found a difference betwixt the smoake of Tobacco and of a muskett: another manner of noise than dam me & refuse me which they vomitt dayly. It might have done some of 'em good, for by that meanes they might have prayd heartily once in their lives.

Cap. The Whitehall men did good service.

Ma. Who? The Collyers?

Sol. 4000 Bulletts their ordnance and the *Hollanders* discharged upon the Castle.

Cap. 'Twas well done of all sides Bullyes: but since our forces are landed let it be your care to looke well to the Ships: and honest *Dick of Devonshire* be not too carelesse of your hurts: he meanes to fight againe that provides for his recovery soonest. Hold thee, here is something to pay the Surgeon, and to wash your wound withall.

Pike. My noble Captaine, Ile have care of my owne and drinke your health with it.

Ma. Thou deservest more than common encouragement, prithe, remember me too.

[*Exeunt Capt. and Mast.*]

Pike. Why, now I am sorry I have no more hurt, gentlemen: but I took it as earnest to receive more if occasion bee. I have but a barrel to bestow among my Dons: while that lasts let 'em come and welcome,—the drinke shall be spicd to their hands. Their complexions are blacke they shall want no Balls to wash their faces: if any doe light in their bodies they may chance be scourd all over.

Sol. 2. We may hap to be in the Sddes ourselves.

Pike. There will be charges savd then: for my part I am but one, and there are shotts enough.

Sol. 2. More by a score then I hope will be payd these two days.

Pike. Talk not of paying : here's more than a month comes to. Well, if our service be done, and there be any other liquor to be gott, wele drinke no salt water as long as this lasts.

Sol. 2. Come, let's have a dish to our countrymen and let's remember *Tavestock*.

Pike. God-a-mercy for that, boy. A match, a match !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.

Enter Henrico, Gusman, his sword drawne, and Eleonora.

Hen. Yet the Citty is safe enough : feare not, *Eleonora* :
The Bullets make no noyse here : if the Towne
Should yield her strength up to th' invader, thou
Art locked up like a spirit in a Christall :
Not an enchanted Castle, held up by
Strong charme, is halfe so safe. This house, though now
It carry but the figure & faire shape
Which the first workeman gave it, eating Time
Having devoured the face of't, is within
A Sanctuary, and hath so much cunning
Couched in the body not a Laborinth
Is so full of Meanders.

Ele. Sir, your presence
Confirnes me in opinion of my safety :
Not of my life so much, for that's a thing
I owe to Nature & should one day be
A weary of it : like to Innes we take
Our houses up, having but here a place
Of Lodging, not of dwelling :—but of honour
You give me my assurance, for in such
A time of thick confusions I much feare
That might be hazarded. And who knows what
The soldier that hath no law but that
Of cruelty and rapine, when like a Bird
Of prey his Tallents are possessd of one
So weake as I am——

Hen. He that durst offend
Thee with a sillable or but fright that blood
Out of thy Cheekes to seeke another place,
Not daring to be seen there where it now
Is of itselfe sufficient to ravish

A mortall that with first eyes can looke on it,
 Had better be a divell. But a haire,
 The poorest part of thee and in this excellent
 Because 'tis thine, should any dare to ravish
 From these his soft companions, which the wind
 Would be for ever proud to play withall,
 H' had better dig his mother's coffin up
 And with his teeth eat what the wormes have left.

Ele. I know you will defend me,

Hen. Will defend thee!

Have I a life, a soule that in thy service
 I would not wish expird! I doe but borrow
 Myselfe from thee.

Ele. Rather you put to Interest
 And for that principall you have credited
 To *Eleonora* her heart is paid backe
 As the iust Usury.

Hen. You undoe me, sweet,
 With too much love: if ere I marry thee
 I feare thou'lt kill me.

Ele. How?

Hen. With tendring me too much, my *Eleonora*:
 For in my conscience thou'lt extreame-ly love me,
 And extreames often kill.

Ele. There can be no extreme of love, Sir.

Hen. Yes, but these may: and some say Jealousy
 Runs from the Sea, a rivolet but deducted.
 From the mayne channell.

Ele. This is a new language.

Hen. Have you not heard men have been killd with joy?
 Our grieffe doth but contract the heart, and gladnesse
 Dilate the same; and soo too much of eyther
 Is hott i' th' fourth decree.

Ele. Sir, your discourse
 Is stuff of severall pieces and knitts not
 With that you usd but now: if we can practize
 A vertuous love there's no hurt to exceed in't
 —What doe you, Sir?

Hen. Looke on thee.

Ele. Why doe you eye me so and this is not usuall.
 Are you well?

Hen. Well, never better.

Ele. Pray heaven it bode me no unhappinesse !
How doth my father ?

Hen. He's very well, too ; feare not.

Ele. Still I read in your eyes——

Hen. What Babyes, pretty one ? Thy owne face,
Naught else :
I receive that way all this beauty into
My heart, and 'tis perhaps come backe to looke
Out at the window. Come I'le winke againe,
It shall not trouble you : hence my trayterous thoughts.

Ele. Indeed you are not well.
Indeed I am not : all's not well within me.

Why should I be a villaine ? *Eleonora*
Do not looke on me : turne those eyes away,
They would betray thee to thy sorrow : or
Lett me by parting carry along with me
That which to know undoes thee.

Ele. Are you not hurt ?

Hen. Yes.

Ele. Good heaven defend ! I have a soveraigne Balme.

[*Exit.*

Hen. Vanish, you ugly shapes & with her presence
Quitt your sharp stings ! into what monstrous creature
Feele I myselfe a-growing ! yet I cannot
Force backe the streame, it comes so fast upon me :
I cannot.

Enter Eleonora.

Ele. Here, good Henrico, let me see your wound.

Hen. No, I am well againe ; thanks my best love.
Come, let us walke and talke : I had a fancy
But 'tis no matter :—Buzzano !

Enter Buzzano.

Buz. Did you call ?

Hen. Yes, the Balme here——

Buz. What shall I doe with it ?

Hen. Lay it up safe : 'tis good for a greene wound
But mine's a blacke one :—and d' you heare, sirra,
Draw up the bridge, give entrance unto none.

Buz. All my fellows are abroad, sir : there's nobody at home but I.

Hen. No matter, let none enter : were my father
Brought with a whirlwind backe, he finds all shutt
Till I have done.

Buz. Well, sir :—madam, all this is that you should not
b'afraid : you now see what a kind man he is,—he will suffer
none to enter but himselfe.

[*Exit.*

Ele. If all this proceed out of your care of me, how much
am I bound to acknowledge you. Sir, methinks you minde
me not.

Hen. Yes I doe nothing else but thinke of thee, & of my
father, too, *Don Pedro.*

Ele. Ha ! I hope he's well.

Hen. I wish he were returned, my *Eleonora*, for both
our sakes.

Ele. The same wish I, sir.

Hen. That then our Joys, which now like flowers nipped
With frost, hang down the head as if the stalkes
Could not sustaine the toppes, they droope too muche :
At his return th'art mine.

Ele. I am yours now
In holyest contract.

Hen. That's the ground we build on :
Faith, since all ready the foundation's layd,
Let's work upon't. Y'are mine, you say, already—
Mine by all tearmes of Law, & nothing wanting
But the possession : let's not then expect
Th' uncertainty of a returne from France
But be all one ymediately.

Ele. I understand you not.

Hen. Since y'are a Tree reservd for me what now
Should hinder me from climbing ? All your apples
I know are ripe already : tis' not stealth,
I shall rob nobody

Ele. You'le not be a divell ?

Hen. No, I will but play the man with you : why,
You know 'tis nothing.

Ele. Will you enforce mine honour ? oh Henrico,
Where have you left your goodnesse ? sure you cannot

Be so ignoble, if you thinke me worthy
To be your wife at least, to turne *Eleonora*
Into a whore.

Hen. Pish, some hungry Landlords would have rent before
The Quarterday,—I doe no more : by faire meanes
Yield up your fort ; the Tenement is mine owne
And I must dwell in't.

Ele. My feares pointed wrong.
You are no enemy, no Wolfe : it was
A villaine I disturbed : oh, make me not
Find in your presence that destruction
My thoughts were so affrighted with.

Hen. We shall have such adoe now !

Ele. Your father's house will prove no castle to mee
If you at home doe wound mee. 'Twas an Angell
Spoke in you lately not my cheeke should bee
Made pale with feare. Lay not a lasting blush
On my white Name : No haire should perish here
Was vowed even now :—Oh let not a black deed,
And by my sworn preserver, be my death,
My ever living death. *Henrico*, call
To mind your holy vowes : think on our parents,
Ourselves, our honest names : doe not kill all
With such a murthering piece. You are not long
T'expect, with the consent of men and angells,
That which to take now from me will be losse,
A losse of heaven to thee. Oh, do not pawne it
For a poore minute's sin.

Hen. If't be a worke, madam, of so short time
Pray let me beg a minute's privacy :
'Twill be soon done.

Ele. Yes, but the horrour of
So foule a deed shall never : there's layd up
Eternity of wrath in hell for lust.
Oh, 'tis the devill's exercise ! *Henrico*,
You are a man, a man whom I have layd up
Nearest my heart : in you 'twill be a sin
To threaten heaven and dare that Justice throw
Downe Thunder at you. Come, I know you doe
But try my vertue, whether I be prooffe
Against another's Battery : for these tears——

Hen. Nay, then I see you need will try my strength :
My blood's on fire, I boyle with expectation
To meet the pleasure and I will.

[*He forces her in.*]

Ele. Helpe, helpe!

Enter Buzzano.

Buz. Helpe? What nightingale was that? did one cry out for helpe? There's no Christian Soule in the house but they two and my selfe; and 'twas not mine I know by the smallnes of the voice: twas some woman cryde out, and therefore can be none but my young Lady,—it was she as sure as I am hungry: he's with her. But why, having one man did she cry out for more? oh our Spanish ovens are not heated with one Bavva. Well I must say nothing: my younge Cocke has been treading. Ile tread softly and see what they doe:—but, see!

Enter Henrico and Eleonora, loose haired and weeping.

Hen. What doe you looke after.

Buz. Why, sir, I looke after a voyce that appeared to me even now, crying "helpe,"—a very small one.

Hen. If what thou seest or heard'st be ever muttered by thee
Though in thy sleep, villaine, Ile pistol thee.

Buz. Hum, it will not be safe to dreame of a knave shortly. Are you so good at a gun? if you use this too often your birding piece will scarce carry a yard level.

Hen. Come dresse your hayre up and be wise at last:
No more, I have done.

Buz. So I think in my conscience,—he hath done with her.

Hen. If you can be so simple to proclaim it, I can be impudent.

Ele. Yet dar'st thou live? and doe I live to see
My selfe the shame of weomen? have I not
Wept teare enough to drowne me? then let fire
Enthroned itselfe within me and beget
Prodigious Cometts, that with flaming haire
May threaten danger to thee!

Hen. Nay, nay, if you be so hott Ile brave you:
like wine thats burnt you must be set lightly, and then you'll
come to a temper.

[*Exit.*]

Ele. Oh, help me out of hell!

Buz. Sh' has bene at Barleybreake—Madam, I must say nothing :—there is a pistol and so forth :—but if you have occasion to use one, try mee : if I doe not prove an honest man to you than my Master, would my Codpiece point were broake. I know what I know, and yet Ile tell no tales ;—but if ever I come to speake once—I say nothing.

Ele. Oh that I could not breathe ! how can I have

A joy in life whose honour's in the grave.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 3.

Enter Pike with his sword in his hand, a cloake in his Arme.

Pike. The freshnes of this Ayre does well after the salt-nes of the Sea. A pleasant Country, too, to looke upon, & would serve well to live upon if a man had it and knew how to place it out of this hott clymate ! I would I had a Matter, or a Mannour, indeede, of a 1,000 acres of these woodlands and room to set it in *Devonshire*. I would compare with any prince between *Tavistoke* and *Parradice* for an Orchard. But I could wish I were not alone here in this Conceit, dreaming of Golden Apples, lest they prove bitter fruite. Whether are our land soldiers straggeld, troe ? I would fain sett eye on some of them : Ile venture a little farther : *Devonshire* Dick was never afraid yet.—How now, my hearts ? upon a retreat so soone ?

Enter Three Soldiers.

1. I, to the ships : We can have our loades here of the best merchandise we can find in this Quarter.

2. Will you taste a Lymon ? excellent good to coole you.

Pike. And they are goodly ones : whence got you them ?

3. A little above here in an Orchard, where we left some of our company.

Pike. But may one goe safe, without danger ?

1. As safely as ever you gatherd nutts in *England* ;

The *Spaniards* are all fled.

2. Not soe much as the leg of a *Spaniard* left to squayle at their owne apple trees.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Pike. Ile have a pull at these pom-citrons for my noble Captaine ; and if I had a porter's basket full of 'em I would count them no burthen in requitall of some part of the love he hath shewen me.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE 4.

Enter 3 other Soldiers.

1. They cannot be far before us, I am sure.
2. But for the hedge we might descry them within two muskett shott.
3. Pray God the enemy be not within one musket shott of us behind their hedges : for I am sure I saw an Harquebuse whip ore the way before us but even now. Oh, oh

Three or four shott dischargd.

2 soldiers slaine, the other falls on his belly.

Enter Pike.

Pike. Are you bouncing? Ile no further. Sure these can be no Crowkeepers nor birdscarers from the fruite! What rascalls were my Countrymen to tell me there was no danger! —alas, what's here! 3 of our soldiers slaine! dead, shott through the very bowells! So, is this quite dead too? poore wretches. You have payd for your Capon sauce.

3. Oh, oh!

Pike. Here's some life in yt yet : what cheare? how is't, my heart of gold? speake, man, if thou canst; looke this way: I promise thee 'tis an honest man and a true Englishman that speakes to thee. Thou look'st away as if thou did not trust me—I prithee speake to me any thing. Ile take thy word and thank thee too. Alas, I feare he's past it; he strives and cannot speake.—'Tis good to shift this ground: they may be charging more hidden villany while I stand prating heere.—He breathes still: come, thou shalt not stay behind for want of leggs or shoulders to beare thee. If there be surgery in our ships to recover the use of thy tongue, thou mayst one day acknowledge a man & a Christian in honest *Dick of Devonshire*. Come along:—nay now I feare my honesty is betrayd: a horseman proudly mounted makes towards me, and 'tis a Don that thinkes himself as brave as *St. Jaques*. What shall I doe? there is no starting: I must stand th' encounter.—Lye still a while and pray if thou canst, while I doe my best to save my owne & the little breath thou hast left. But I am in that prevented too: his breath's quite gone allready, and all the Christian duty I have now left for thee is to close thy eyes with a short prayer: Mayst

thou be in heaven, Amen.—Now Don Diego, & Don Thunderbolt, or Don Divell, I defye thee.

Enter Don John arm'd. Pike draws and wrapps his cloake about his arme.

Jo. Oh Viliaco, diable, *Anglese.* [*They fight.*]

Pike A pox upon thee, *Hispaniola!* Nay, if you be no better in the Reare than in the Van I shall make no doubt to vanquish, & vanquish you, too, before we part, my doughty *Don Diego.*

He hath him downe & disarmes him.

Jo. Mercy, *Englishman,* oh spare my life! pardonne moye je vous pre.

Pike. And take your goods? is that your meaning, Don, it shall be so: your horse and weapons I will take, but no pilferage. I am no pocketeer, no diver into slopps: yet you may please to empty them your selfe, good *Don,* in recompense of the sweet life I give you: you understand me well. This coyne may passe in *England:* what is your Donship calld, I pray.

Jo. *Don John,* a knight of *Spaine.*

Pike A knight of *Spaine!* and I a Squire of *Tavestock:* well, *Don John,* I am a little in hast & am unmannerly constreynd to leave your *Castilian* on foote, while my *Devonshire* worship shall teach your *Spanish* Jennett an *English* gallop. Adios, signior.

Enter 12 Muskietiers.

Oh what a tyde of Fortunes plight am I
Now to swim through! beare up yet Jovyall heart
And while thou knowest heavenly mercy doe not start.
Once more let me embrace you, signior.

1. I say he is an *Englishman:* letts shoote him.

2. I say the other is a *Spanyard* and Don John: & we dare not shoote the one for feare of killing th' other.

Jo. Oh hold and spare us both, for we are frends.

1. But by your leave we will part your embraces: so disarme, disarme.

Jo. I thank you, Countrymen: I hope you'le trust my honour with my armes.

1. Yes take them signior: but you will yield the *Englishman* our prisoner?

Jo. Yes, with a Villaines marke.

[*He wounds him.*]

1. A Villaine's mark, indeed! wound a disarmed souldier!

Jo. He triumphd in the odds he had of me,
And he shall know that from the *Spanish* rase
Revenge though here so bloody, is not base.
Away with him
A prisoner into th' Citty!

Pike Where you please,
Although your Law's more merciles than Seas.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 5.

Enter Don Ferdinando, the Teniente with attendants: Bustamente brought in with a Guard.

Fer. *Francisco Bustamente*, late Captaine of the Castle
Stand forth accused of Treason against his Maiesty.

Bust. It is a language I not understand
And but that by the rule of loyalty
Unto my king and country I am made
Attendant to the Law, & in this honourd
Presence, the Governour & *Teniente*,
Under whose jurisdiction I hold place,
I would not beare nor hear it.

Fer. I'de be glad
You could as easily acquitt your selfe
Of guilt as stand up in your owne defence;
But, *Bustamente* when it doth appeare
To law & reason on which law is groundd,
Your great offence is daring to betray
The Spanish honour unto Infamy,
In yeilding up the fort on such slight cause,
You can no lesse than yield yourselfe most guilty.

Bust. Far be it from your thought, my honourd Lord,
To wrest the hazardous fortune of the warre
Into the bloudyer censure of the Law.
Was it my fault that in the first assault
The Canoniers were slayne, whereby our strength,
Our mayne offensive strength, was quite defeated
And our defensive part so much enfeebled
That possibility to subsist was lost,

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JOHN S AMERY and J BROOKING
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APPENDIX.

RICHARD PEEKE of Tavistock, His THREE TO ONE and
DICK OF DEVONSHIRE, pp. 55—97; Contents and Index.

JAMES G COMMINS

230 High Street

EXETER

FOR SALE
D 10 13 1351

NOTICE.

On the completion of the third volume of DEVON NOTES AND QUERIES, the Editors desire to express their thanks to the Contributors and to all who have assisted in the work connected with the Magazine. It is hoped that the interest in the publication will continue, both on the part of writers and subscribers. With the Editors the labour is purely one of love. No gain except the success of DEVON NOTES AND QUERIES accrues to them, and they can, therefore, appeal more strongly for a continuance of the support hitherto afforded them. For the forthcoming volume many interesting communications have been promised; among others, a history of the Exeter Vicars' College by Chancellor Edmonds; Ford House, by Mr. Roscoe Gibbs; Aveton Gifford Church, by Mr. Maxwell Adams; Notes on North Devon Churches, by Mr. Thomas Wainwright.

For the Supplementary Volume, Principal Clayden has placed at our disposal the revised manuscript of his lectures on THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF DEVONSHIRE SCENERY. This will be largely illustrated, and is a new departure, which we do not doubt will be appreciated by our readers. Following this we hope to print the Devon Chantry Rolls, which Mr. H. Michell Whitley has been good enough to transcribe for us from the originals at the Record Office, and which will be annotated by the Editors.

BINDING: *The present part completes Vol. III.* Subscribers who desire to have this volume bound to match the former volumes should send their numbers to MR. JAMES G. COMMINS, 230, High Street, Exeter, who has arranged for binding them as before in art linen.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION are SIX SHILLINGS and SIX PENCE per annum post free; an ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS will be sent to any address at the request of a subscriber. Their interest in this direction is solicited in order that the usefulness of the Magazine may be extended.

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BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS should be sent to the PUBLISHER, 230, HIGH STREET, EXETER.

Dated October 1st, 1905.

177. WIDECOMBE STORM, 1638.—Years ago I visited this beautiful church and valley, and ever since then have taken notes of any references in print to this storm. I now send them as an addition to the Introduction of J.B.R., which appeared in the July (1905) number of *Devon Notes and Queries*.

The tract on the "Hurry-cano or whirlwind" at St. Christopher's, with "the relation in verse of the late accident" at Widecombe, which was registered by the Stationers' Company on 4th December, 1638, is, of course, by John Taylor, the Water Poet. The title of this tract, as given by Mr. Hazlitt, is so much more detailed than the entry in the registers as to show that it was published. His information was probably derived from a sale catalogue.

The storm attracted so much attention in London that Archbishop Laud wrote to Hall, Bishop of Exeter, for an authentic statement of the occurrence. His answer dated 10th Nov., 1638, and endorsed by Laud as received on 13th Nov., is printed in full in Hall's works, ed. Wynter, 517-19. It is worth printing from the original, which is said to be in the Record Office. Bishop Hall refers to this storm in his meditation on the "Invisible world discovered to spiritual eyes," book 1, section vi. (works, ed. Wynter viii., 158-9) as one of "several tempests and thunderstorms which to the unspeakable terror of the inhabitants were in time seen, heard, felt in the western parts, wherein the translocation and transportation of huge massy stones and irons of the churches, above the possibility of natural distance, together with the strange preservation of the persons assembled, with other accidents sensibly accompanying those astonishing works of God, still fresh in the minds of many, showed them plainly to be wrought by a stronger hand than nature's." A footnote indicates "the churches of Foye, Totnesse and Withycomb."

It is clearly referred to, though not by name, among the churches "especially in the lower parts of Devonshire" that were struck by "terrible lightning," when nearly all other places were left untouched, in John Trapp's *Commentary on the New Testament* (ed. Webster, 1868) under the "Revelation of St. John the Divine," chap. i., verse 16. The passage is

not in the original edition (1647) of Trapp's work, but Webster's reprint is from the author's last edition (1656).

The occurrence is mentioned in Baxter's *Saints' Everlasting Rest*, chap. iv., part III., section 10, and in the diary of Sir Henry Slingsby, the royalist (ed. of 1836, p. 28) sub anno 1638, where he sets out the "great winds" of that whole year both by sea and land and the "great thunders and lightning y^e last winter." He adds "in Devonshire at a town called Withicomb (in October last) there happen'd such a thunder and lightning y^t y^e people wth in y^e church (being upon a Sunday) could not be preserv'd from y^e mischief of it, but some it did smite down wth out doing y^m any other hurt; others had their cloaks burnt, others had their skins scorch'd, and one man had his branes dash'd out against y^e wall."

A very full account, taken from the printed "relations," is given by J.V. [*i.e.*, John Vicars, the Puritan writer] in his tract on *Prodigies and Apparitions* (1643)." This is the first volume in which I have found the illustration of the burnt church, which is reproduced by J.B.R. at the end of his Introduction. It occupies page 30 of the work of Vicars, but the six lines beginning "Protectors, Parliaments," etc., at the head of the illustration as given by J.B.R., are not in Vicars'. This poetaster, however, does print on page 31 of his tract sixteen lines of verse on the event.

About 1656 Samuel Chidley issued an undated tract "to his Highness the Lord Protector, &c., and to the Parliament of England" on the iniquity of steeples, with a postscript on the abominations of the Cathedral at Gloucester. The pictorial representation given by Vicars is reproduced by Chidley, and he prefixes on the same page in the manner reproduced by J.B.R. the six lines of verse beginning "Protectors, Parliaments, and all, see, hear." The tract of Chidley, with the picture, is mentioned by Mr. Davidson in his *Bibliotheca Devoniensis*, p. 59, but though he specifies a copy as being in the British Museum, he apparently had not seen it, for he was ignorant of the author's name.

A description of the storm is given in Nehemiah Wallington's *Historical Notices of Events chiefly in Reign of Charles I.* (I., 41-5), which was edited by R. Webb [*i.e.*, Miss Rosamond Anne Webb] in 1869. Wallington, in words slightly altered from those in Vicars, calls Widecombe "a very fair church,

newly trimmed, having a very fair tower, with great and small pinnacles, one of the famous towers in the west part of England."

Thomas Hearne in July, 1718, paid a visit to his very erudite friend Richard Dyer, Fellow of Oriel College, at Headington, near Oxford. Dyer was a Devonian, belonging to the family which owned the estate of Yarde in Malborough, and he produced at this visit a manuscript by Walter Pollarde, of Plymouth, from which Hearne made some curious extracts which should be reproduced for your readers (*Hearne Collectanea*, vol. VI., p. 312 *et seq.*; see also pp. 68-9).

Dyer also brought out from his treasures "a description of the parish of Widecombe in the Moore, shewing the situation of the place, the ancient tinworks formerly in the same," and a good many other things which I omit for the present. Hearne prints the title in full, and the "lines in Meeter composed by one Mr. Richard Hill, schoolmaster there, and part of them set up in two tables in the said church and now truly copied out as followeth" (*Adami de Domerham, historia 1727, vol. II. of Hearne's ed. of William of Malmesbury on the antiquity of Glastonbury Church*). Title and lines are on pp. 676-81, and the verses are many more than those printed in Mr. Robert Dymond's *Widecombe in the Moor*. These pages should be reprinted in full in *Devon Notes and Queries*.

I need only add that a narration of the storm is introduced into Blackmore's *Christowell*. It will be found in the chapter entitled "Seeking Refuge," numbered xvii. in vol. III. of the original edition.

W. P. COURTNEY.

[We are greatly obliged to Mr. Courtney for his valuable note. We hope to be able to deal further with the matter, and to act on his suggestions.—EDS.]

178. A KNAPMAN SHIELD OF ARMS (II., p. 73, par. 53).—I think I can throw a little light upon this much discussed panel of arms. It is evidently a jumble of misplaced heraldry on the dexter side. It purports to be the bearing of William Knapman, of Drewsteignton, for his wife's arms are given as an impalement—viz., those of Coode of Cornwall quartering Shilstone of Devon, &c. (as shewn in *Vivian's Devon Visitations*, p. 518). This William Knapman married Elizabeth, daughter of William Coode, Esq., of Cornwall, though how Coode

became entitled to quarter Shilstone I am not able to ascertain.

So far, however, all is plain enough. It is only when we consider the various quarterings on the dexter side of the shield that any difficulty arises, and this difficulty, indeed, can only be got over by supposing that the artist, in his ignorance of correct heraldry, has intended by these coats to commemorate various marriages of the Knapman family, whether of the senior or junior branches. Thus he has given the alliance with Hore of Rushford, Whyddon of Whyddon, Wrey—doubtless a mistake for Wyke of Northwyke, Wrey and Wyke being descended from a common ancestor, Upcot of Upcot, whose correct coat, however, is *Argent, on a chevron between three porcupines (not boars) sable, three roses of the field*, and some other bearings which I cannot safely identify at present.

One thing, however, is certain. Miss E. Lega-Weekes is in error as to the arms of Powell. Powell of Tiverton bore *Azure, a chevron with 2 chevronels (i.e., cottised) between 3 garbs argent*.

But the coat of Strode also calls for notice. It is that of Barbara Strode, who married Alexander Knapman of Wonson in Throwleigh, head of the family; marriage settlement dated 22 James I., 1625. They died s.p., and the representation of the family then passed to his next brother William, whose only child and heiress married my ancestor, William Northmore, 6th April, 1675, who thus acquired Wonson. It only remains for me to add that the last quartering, *Argent, on a fess sable 3 stags' heads caboshed or*, is that of Hutton of Northlew. William Northmore above named married in 1688 Anne, daughter of the Revd. William Hutton, Rector of Northlew, she thus becoming stepmother to Mary, heiress of Wonson.

JOHN NORTHMORE.

179. REV. JOHN PENROSE (III., p. 207, par. 161).—I cannot tell you the name of the Exeter bookseller or his wife who are assumed to have been the parents of John Penrose, Rector of Sowton, 1737. He was born in 1713, educated at the High School, Exeter, under Reynolds, graduated from Exeter Coll., Oxon; was ordained to the curacy of Malling in Kent; was afterwards Curate of Shobrooke; 1737, Rector of Sowton; 1741, Vicar of S. Gluvias; married Elizabeth,

daughter of Rev. J. Vinnicombe, of Exeter, by whom he had five daughters and two sons. The elder John was born at S. Gluvias, educated at the Truro Grammar School under Conon, graduated from Exeter Coll., Oxford; was ordained to the curacy of Camborne, and was successively Rector of Cardynham and of Perranuthnoe. In 1786 he became Curate of Constantine; in 1801 Rector of Fledborough, Notts; died there 1829; married Jane Trevena. His younger brother was in the Navy, and became Admiral. His eldest son, the third John, was educated at Tiverton, and proceeded to Exeter Coll., Oxford; migrated to C.C.C., where he won an Exhibition; ordained to the Chaplaincy of Marazion; Bampton Lecturer; married Elizabeth Cartwright (Mr. Markham); father of John (the fourth master of the school at Exmouth), Charles (Trin. Coll., Camb.), and Francis. This is all I have to say in answer to Mr. Hambley Rowe, except that 'the third John' was an intimate friend of my father. It is probable that others have given him more full and more trustworthy information than this.

ROBERT K. KESTELL-CORNISH, *Bishop.*

180. REV. JOHN PENROSE (III., p. 207, par. 161).—The Rev. John Penrose, Rector of Fledborough and Vicar of Thorney in Notts, died in September, 1829, aged 76 (his father was Vicar of S. Gluvias). He resided for some years at Constantine. He went from Truro to Exeter College, took his degree B.C.L. in 1778, and was presented to Fledborough in 1783, and to Thorney in 1803. His son, John Penrose, was of C.C.C., Oxford; M.A., 1802; Bampton Lecturer, 1808; Vicar of Bracebridge and Langton (Lincoln). Sir Charles Vinnicombe Penrose was his younger brother, and died at Etby, aged 70. His eldest son was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; his youngest son was Master of Exmouth School in the fifties. Edward Arnold was a master under him.

ROBERT K. KESTELL-CORNISH, *Bishop.*

181. REV. JOHN PENROSE (III., p. 207, par. 161).—There is a fifth Rev. John Penrose. He is now Vicar of West Ashton, Trowbridge, Wilts, and is the only son of the late Rev. John Penrose, who was resident in Uffculme in 1875.

W. B. HEBERDEN.

182. GEORGE PENROSE (III., p. 207, par. 161).—George Penrose, clerk, was instituted to Westleigh V., Co. Devon, dio. Exeter, 28th March, 1661, but he did not appear at the Episcopal Visitation of the Rural Deanery of Barnstaple held 12th Nov., 1662, and the note "vacua est" was afterwards added to the entry in the Register of Visitations. The next institution was on 9th Nov., 1665, when John Pugsley, clerk, was admitted on the death of George Penrose. W.E.M.

183. ANSTIS AND COLYTON.—In *Colytonia*, by G. E. Evans, the statement is made that the Rev. George Anstis, Vicar of Colyton, died in 1764. In the *Bibliotheca Cornubia*, p. 1030, he is said to have died at Axminster 14th Oct., 1758 (*Gent's Mag.*, xxviii., p. 504).

Mr. Evans omits mentioning in his notes on Mathew Anstis, for a short time minister of George's Meeting at Colyton, that he was the author of two essays printed in the *Monthly Repository* for 1808, viz., "The Lord's Supper" and "The Judgment of the World by Jesus Christ." These articles were both signed P.K., but according to Boase and Courtney they were by this Mathew Anstis. J.H.R.

184. ADMIRAL BARTHOLOMEW JAMES (III., p. 175, par. 125).—Replying to query of G.S.W.M. asking for biographical particulars of this fine sailor, "The Navy Records Society" published in 1896 the Admiral's journal, which is full of quaint and interesting reading. J. G. HICKS.

185. HENRY BAIRD (III., p. 184, par. 138).—The edition of the works of "Nathan Hogg," published in 1888, contained a biographical sketch of the author, written by the late Mr. R. Dymond, in which Baird was noted as "a native of Exeter." But Mr. S. H. B. Glanville (late Editor of the *Western Times*) records in a letter of Aug. 20th, 1894: "I learnt from him (Baird) that he was a native of Starcross, his parents having been engaged, as I understood, in farming" (quoted in Wright's *West-Country Poets*, 1896, p. 17).

Being much interested in the matter, I wrote to the Rector of Powderham (the Hon. and Rev. H. H. Courtenay), who kindly examined the Parish Registers for me, but was unsuccessful in finding any reference to the Baird family. I applied also to the Rev. W. P. S. Bingham, the Vicar of

Kenton, who has been good enough to send me the following extract from the Baptismal Register of that parish:—

“Henry Baird, son of John and Susannah Baird, of Exeter, Book-binder, was baptised here May 22, 1836.

G. J. R. Thompson, Curate.”

To this entry is added:

“This child is stated to have been born the 21 July, 1827, and my opinion the child has the appearance of being that age.”

T. N. BRUSHFIELD, M.D.

186. JOHN FORD, DRAMATIST.—Can anyone supply information as to what became of the brothers and cousins and their descendants of John Ford, the dramatist?

John Ford, of Bagtor, who died in 1539, left two sons, George and John, who were half-brothers. The younger son, John Ford, married Mary, daughter of Hugh Pomeroy, and was the father of Thomas Ford, of Ashburton; John Ford, of Totnes; Francis Ford, of Ashburton; William Ford, Vicar of East Coker; and Richard Ford, some of whom certainly had children.

George Ford, the elder son of John Ford, of Bagtor, was born in 1521 and died in 1569. His eldest son was Thomas Ford, of Bagtor (died 1610), who married Elizabeth, niece of Chief Justice Popham, and who had four sons—Henry, of Ilsington (died 1617), John the dramatist, Thomas (died 1664) and Edmund.

John Ford, the dramatist, had cousins, George Raleigh, son of his aunt Susan, and John Ford, of Gray's Inn, son of his uncle Richard. What became of their descendants and also of the descendants of his brothers? Did the dramatist ever marry? In *Trans. Devon Association*, vol. viii., p. 420, John Ford, of Devon, who married Mary Claverton, is suggested as being John Ford, dramatist. Has this been proved? Where and when did he die?

KATE ST. CLAIR FORD.

187. YARDE FAMILY (III., p. 175, par. 127).—In reply to the query of your correspondent F.W., I have been unable to refer to *Tuckett's Pedigrees*, but from extracts I have obtained of the pages he refers to, both branches of the family are only brought down to the year 1620, *i.e.*, nearly 100 years before Gilbert Yarde, who married Elizabeth Champenowne, was born. This Gilbert was the son of Gilbert Yarde, of Stoke Gabriel, and matriculated at Hart Hall, Oxford, 2nd July,

1722, aged 18. His father Gilbert was the son of Francis Yarde, of Stoke Gabriel, and was baptized at Stoke Gabriel in 1674, in which parish the marriage of his father, Francis Yarde, appears to have been solemnized on Oct. 15th, 1672.

I can throw no light upon the query regarding the supposed Dean of Bristol. It is, however, an interesting fact that Sir William Courtenay, whose letter to Gilbert Yarde, of Bradley, d. 1st Sep., 1674, is given in Vol. II., p. 6, par. 6, was the great grandfather of the above-mentioned Elizabeth Yarde (*née* Champenowne). J. G. HICKS.

188. DEVON CLOCK MAKERS (III., p. 155, par. 114 ; p. 200, pars. 150, 151).—The following may be added to the list :—

Woodbury Churchwardens' accounts :

“ 1563-4, paid to the clockmaker of Buddeleigh
for his fee ij^s.”

East Budleigh Churchwardens' accounts :

“ 1656-6, paid to Follett of Sidmouth for mendinge
the Clocke 01.00.00.”

“ 1783. Memorandum it is this Day agreed upon by and
Between James Blackmore, Clockmaker of Sidmouth in
the County of Devon with the Churchwardens of the
Parish of East Budleigh in the said County whereas
The said James Blackmore received of the Church-
wardens of Budleigh aforesaid one pound and one
shilling on this Day for the repair of the Parish Clock
of Budleigh aforesaid ; Now the said James Blackmore
does agree to keep the said Parish Clock in good and
sufficient repair for one whole year from the Day of the
Date hereof without any manner of Charge to the
Surving [*sic*] Churchwardens or their Successors ; and
after the said year is expired from the Date Hereof the
said James Blackmore further agrees to keep the said
Parish or Church Clock in good and Sufficient repair
for the Sum of five shillings a year for Seven years
successive.

Witness my Hand the 13th Day of may 1783.

Ja^s. Blackmore.

Witness Hereto Tho^s. Branscombe

Charles Teed.”

T. N. BRUSHFIELD, M.D.





Bidlake.

189. THE BIDLAKEs OF BIDLAKE (from documents found in a chest at Bidlake).—The Bidlakes traced their descent from Ralph of Combe, Bridestowe. He seems to have been one of a family known as le Riche, for by an undated deed William Talbot granted a furlong of land of his manor of Sourton to Henry le Riche, and among the witnesses are Hugh le Riche and Ralph le Riche of Combe.

In 1268 *Ralph of Combe* purchased of Warren de Siccaville (whose heir was Kelly of Kelly) all his land in Bidlake with its mill and wood and venfield rights; and in 1272 the same Ralph had of James de la Ponne a lease of his third part of Bidlake, known as Ponnaland, and this was afterwards released to him for ever. A field at Bidlake called Pond Meadow (in which there is no trace of a pond) probably owes its name to James de la Ponne.

In 1311 *Nicholas of Combe*, son and heir of Ralph of Combe, purchased of Nicholas de Veteri Ponte (hence probably 'Point Wood' near Combow Bridge), lord of the manor of Thrushelton (spelt Chrychelton), a tenement called Thrushelton. Nicholas of Combe died without issue, his heir being his brother William, son of Ralph of Combe, who granted this tenement to his son John of Bidlake.

In 1339 this John of Bidlake granted the tenement of Thrushelton to John Wrey Chaplain and to Alice his sister. There is a farm called Wreys in the parish of Thrushelton, the property of the Hon. Mrs. Tremayne.

William of Combe had three sons, William and Ralph, who both died without issue, and the above mentioned John. In 1341 William of Combe granted to his son Ralph of Combe all his wood of Lydecombe at the annual rent of one double rose. In 1372 this Ralph, by the name of Ralph of Bidlake, purchased of Robert Chyhecote his lands in Wyke and Cowysdon, in the parish of Sourton.

John of Bidlake, son and (eventually) heir of William of Combe, had issue *Geoffrey of Bidlake*, who had issue *John Combe*, alias *John Bidlake*. This John Bidlake married, first, Matilda, daughter of Nicholas de Luffincott, and secondly, in 1408, Alice, daughter and heir of Richard of Combe, Bradstone. The Bidlakes thus obtained a little property in that parish.

In 1454 *John Bidlake*, son and heir of the last named John Bidlake, had of the Pope's Legate a dispensation to

make lawful his marriage with his fourth cousin, Joan Combe. On this his great grandson, another John Bidlake, has left the following note :—" It should seme that this William (son of Ralph of Combe) had another brother from whome Joane Combe the wief by dispensation of Jo. Bidlake ye 3d, and her twoe sisters, married to Courtenay and Wether, came; and that they were daughters and heirs of one that came from him . . . for to him must that John and Joane come (as I take it) to be cousins equally of ye 4th degree."

It is probable that this brother of William of Combe was called Reginald, for a Reginald of Combe witnessed the purchase deed of Bidlake in 1268. In the foregoing note the later John Bidlake made a slip which he corrects in another. One of the sisters of Joan Combe, married to Wether, carried Allere (now called Alder), in Thrushelton, to the heir of Wether; and the other, married (not to Courtenay but) to Shilston, inherited Combe. Her daughter and heir, Elizabeth, was married to Sir Peter Courtenay, and had issue Edward. Edward Courtenay seems to have died before his mother, for her heir was her nephew, Shilston Calmady. The present Mrs. Calmady Hamlyn has a portrait of this Lady Elizabeth Courtenay, who held the Combe property in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

It appears that John Bidlake was a widower when he married his cousin Joan. According to the *Visitation of Devon*, he married Johanna, daughter and heir of John Wolcot, and their property, Wollacott, Blacklands and Gatecombe, belonged to the Bidlakes in 1531, as appears from the Inquisition taken on the death of Thomas, son and heir of this John Bidlake. In 1464 John Bidlake purchased Kesford in Bridestowe of Richard atte-Wode of Northcott, son of William atte-Wode. It is described in the deed of purchase as " sometime the lands of Alice, who was the wife of William atte-Wode, daughter and heir of Thomas Burgette."

The later John Bidlake has left the following notes :—" John Bidlake, sonne of John Bidlake, died Ano. 1484, as appeareth upon a tombe stone in the p'ishe church of Brydestowe yn which p'ishe his ancestors before him and his heirs since have dwelled by the space of 346 years at least in their owne lands as appeareth by their ancient deeds." Again, in a letter to his son dated 26th August, 1620, he

says:—"This is the printe of the seale w^{ch} I seale withall formed like the escuchion w^{ch} standeth in a windowe of Bridesto Church whereunto ther is sett John Bidlake, being the name of my great grandfather's father or his son whoe lie buried under a faire stone yet to be seen . . . I take it to be three white martletts in a red field."

The rental of "John Bidlake, son of John" is still in existence, and shows that he held:—In Bradstone, "Combe, Waytehyll, Spridell, Holond, Maggellond, Braston, Sandyparke, the waste 'sub Baucomb,' Stonyhome and Bemefordhame." In Thrushelton, "Thrushelton (tenement) and Wollecot." In Sourton, "Wyke, Rouadon and Chouysdon." In Bridestowe, "Ferneworthy, Crasforda." In Broadwood, "Wetherdon and Northeysdownys." In Boyton (Cornwall), "Southe Wescott." Bidlake does not appear as it was held by him in demesne.

Thomas Bidlake of Bidlake, son and heir of John Bidlake, also married twice. In 1502 a lease was granted by Thomas Bidlake and Elizabeth his wife. In 1523 he married Katherine, daughter of Thomas Hadde of Kent and Elizabeth his wife, a sister of John Roper (or Roop), the King's Majesty's Attorney General. Thomas Bidlake had four children, John and Edmund (who died young), Alice, and his heir,

Henry Bidlake, who (his father having died in 1531) "at his age of four years or thereabout was taken ward by George Rolle (grandfather unto Sir Henry Rolle the elder, knight), who most honestly brought him up among his sons at school and in his house fifteen years or thereabout, and then granted the wardship of him" "unto Roger Denys of Lodsworth, in ye county of Sussex, gent., whose daughter called Anne Denys, the same Henry Bidlake married and dwelt in Sussex 2 yers, immediately after w^{ch} time he came into Devonshire and dwelt in his land called Whetherdon (yn Brodwood Widger) untill An^o 1 and 2 Phillipp and Marie being An^o Dni 1555, at what time by the assent of the said Katheren (his mother) the said Henry dwelt at Bidlake."

This Katherine, widow of Thomas Bidlake, married "with John Cooke of Thorn in St. Mary Ottery Esq'er, and after his death with Will^m Trente of Ottery aforesaid," and after his death "long time lived a vertuous widdo and died in Aylesbere, where she lieth buried under a tombestone engraved

with her name yn the chancell of the churche of Aylesbere." Henry Bidlake, her son, died 20th April, 1604.

In 1565 this Henry Bidlake purchased of Thomas Stoddon of Stoddon, in Bratton Clovelly, yeoman, for £8, all his watercourse called Lywe (the Lew River) through all his land of Churndon in the parish of Bridestowe, in order to secure the water for Bidlake mill, and in the same year the "leate was finished and the myll reedified." In 1575 the "windowes and chymney in ye newe parlour and chamber over it were made of moore stones, as appeareth by the figures on ye chief stone of that parlour window."

This refers to work done on the dwelling house at Bidlake, which is what is called Elizabethan in style. The eastern wing, on which Henry Bidlake did his work, is very much the oldest part, and was probably once a 'hall' or one-roomed dwelling. In the course of recent alterations two very ancient granite windows were removed from this wing and inserted elsewhere. The porch and central portion of the house was probably added by Thomas Bidlake, to form a 'parlour.'

In an assignment made by Philippa Bidlake to her grandson in 1693, mention is made of "the kitchen, the dairy, the brewhouse, the new house or wash house, and chambers over; the hall, the greate parlour, and chamber over the sayd greate parlour, the chamber over the little parlour, the malthouse, the larder and the little house att the higher end of the sayd malthouse, and chambers over the same."

What Henry Bidlake did in 1575 seems to have been to make a parlour and chamber over it, by partitioning off the end off the old hall. In this upper chamber may still be seen some very old beams forming an arched roof. When Bidlake was let as a farm, about the end of the eighteenth century, Henry Bidlake's chimney was done away with and the fireplaces built up, as the two rooms were used as a dairy and servant's bedroom. The chimney has now been rebuilt and the old fireplaces reopened.

Among the Bidlake papers, and in Henry Bidlake's handwriting, is a copy of "the charge and payments of the p'ishe of Brydstowe by Henry Bydlake, John Adam and John Wilyams of Bremleham and Leonard Ebsworthy, the iiij men therefrom chosen St. Katheren's Daye 1596." Payments were made, among other things for "gaole rent, Chrystyde,"

"Irland soldyers," "clensyng of ye comon armor," "shype money," and "crests for the tower." Henry and Anne Bidlake had one son, 'John,' and five daughters.

John Bidlake, Henry's son and heir, was the writer who has been already quoted at intervals. He supplies various notes about himself, thus: "Jo. Bidlake fil. et h. Henrici An^o Ætatis mei 70 A.G. 1617." He married Elizabeth, daughter of Roger Langford of Germansweek, where he lived. He says: "I never dwelt at Bidlake, but at Week, seven miles from it. He settled his second son, John, at Witherdon, and gave Bidlake to his eldest son William, who in 1610 married Agnes, daughter of Richard Sture of Morley, and niece of Sir Edward Giles of Bowden. John Bidlake died in 1625 in the 78th year of his age.

William Bidlake and Agnes his wife got themselves involved in several disputes, including one with the parson of Bridestowe, whom they accused of preaching "that John Baptist and Mary Magdalen wear married in a citie called Cana in Galilee" and of "setting out the church yard" and suffering "the horses and sheepe to feed there, and the sheepe to use the church porche as a common folde, the smell being very loathesome to the parishioners."

Old John Bidlake did not approve of quarrels and law suits, and wrote to his son begging him to "seeke peace and ensue it," and warning him that "suits of law . . . are as variable as the turnings of a woadcock."

William Bidlake died the same year as his father, in 1625, leaving his widow with (apparently) four children—Anna, wife of John Taverner; Thomas, who died young; and probably William, who married Tabatha Rundle, and had a long family; and

Henry Bidlake the Royalist, about whom many stories are told. On his coming of age in 1633 this Henry Bidlake married Philippa, daughter of William Kelly of Kelly. Her portrait may be seen at Kelly House. His mother Agnes lived on at Bidlake till 1641, when she retired to the South of Devon and seems to have indulged in more costly law suits, and died in 1651.

Henry Bidlake, while yet young, joined the army of King Charles, and in 1643 was made a Captain of Horse under Colonel Sir Thomas Hele, Baronet. In 1645 he was

one of the defenders of Pendennis Castle, and a copy of the Articles for its surrender is preserved among the Bidlake papers. It appears that the Articles were signed on August 18th, and the besieged went forth. From that time misfortune after misfortune befell Henry Bidlake. On 18th Jan., 1646, the Standing Committee of Devon "ordered upon perusall of the inventory of the goods of Mr. Henry Bidlake amounting to Thirtie pounds that upon payment of fower and Twentie pounds unto the Treasurer or his Deputie by Mr. William Kelley, the sequestration of the said goods shall be removed and taken off, and the other six pounds is to be allowed to Mrs. Bidlake for her sixth part." In 1647 Henry Bidlake was summoned to appear before the same Committee in Exeter. In 1651 a fine of £300 was put upon him, and his estates were sequestrated to the Commonwealth until it should be paid. Among the Bidlake papers are "copies of orders at Haberdashers' Hall" "concerninge Mr. Bidlake Esqre." In fact, he had a bad time of it. He had to borrow money from his friends in order to pay his fine. Money was lent him by Nicholas Rowe of Lamerton, by Daniel Hawkins of Sydenham, by David Hore of Coryton, by Prudence Lile of Lifton, by Richard Edgecombe of Milton Abbot, by John Baron of Lawhitton, and by John Cloberry of Bradstone. His mother-in-law, Philippa Kelly of Kelly, seems to have repaid these friends, or paid the interest due to them, so, as security, Henry Bidlake alienated, bargained and sold to her all his goods and chattles, only excepting his wearing apparel. He was left with nothing but his clothes! He got back his property in 1654, but his account with the Parliament seems never to have been quite settled. As late as December, 1658, he received a summons purporting to come from Richard, Lord Protector, to appear with his wife in the "Chantry Court" at Exeter "to do and receive what the said Court" should "consider of on this behalfe. And this under ye paine of what ye shall in no wise omitt."

On December 20th, 1659, Henry Bidlake, gent., and John Powell, churchwardens of Bridestowe, made a rate for the repairing of the church. It must have been Henry Bidlake's last act. Before the year was out he had died in the 48th year of his age. His second son was Charles Bidlake, a solicitor at Crediton, whose four children died without issue.

His son and heir was *William Bidlake*, baptised 29th Sep., 1629, buried 22nd Nov., 1670. That he was much straitened owing to his father's misfortunes is evidenced by a letter to his relative Elizabeth Taverner, who lived at Combe, Bradstone, dated 20th Dec., 1669. It begins:—"Kind Coz,—I had provided a small parcell of money for some occasions which I had att Plymouth where I must ride to-morrowe, but I was yesterday att Tavistock . . . and there I was enforced to pay it away, and for my life I know not what to do if you cannot help me fifty shillings or three pounds." He had done what he could to repair the shattered fortunes of the family. In 1661 he married Elizabeth, only child of Anthony Furlong of Carbeel, in the parish of Anthony, Cornwall, and granddaughter of Thomas Furlong of the same place. There he lived for a time, as a lease dated 1666 shows. But old Anthony Furlong outlived him, and so did his wife Elizabeth. She married again in 1677, and before her marriage conveyed her lands to her future husband, thereby barring her issue by William Bidlake.

William Bidlake left two sons, Thomas, who died young, and his son and heir, *Henry Bidlake*, who married, first, Mary Ann, daughter of Edward Greenwood and widow of Edward Kneebone, by whom he had two daughters; and, secondly, Ann, daughter of Edward Seddon, Rector of Throwley, by whom he had three daughters and one son. The two daughters of the first marriage (Mrs. Beare of Sourton, and Mrs. Warne of Bridestowe) died without issue. His son and heir *William* died at the age of three years, so the Bidlake property (what was left of it) came to the other three daughters, Mrs. Herring of Langstone, Mrs. Hiern of Great Torrington, and Miss Philippa Bidlake, who never married. The heir of the three sisters was Mrs. Hiern's daughter Mary, who married Col. Thomas Wollocombe.

The will of the last Henry Bidlake was proved in 1718. In 1733 a Sir Richard Bidlake, Baronet, appeared as a claimant for the Bidlake estates. His real name is said to have been Becklake. He was the son of a weaver, and was baptized at Crediton, the register of which parish he seems to have altered, making himself to be entered as Richard Bidlake, son of Thomas Bidlake of Bridestowe. He was at one time a gentleman's servant, and was clearly a very clever man. In

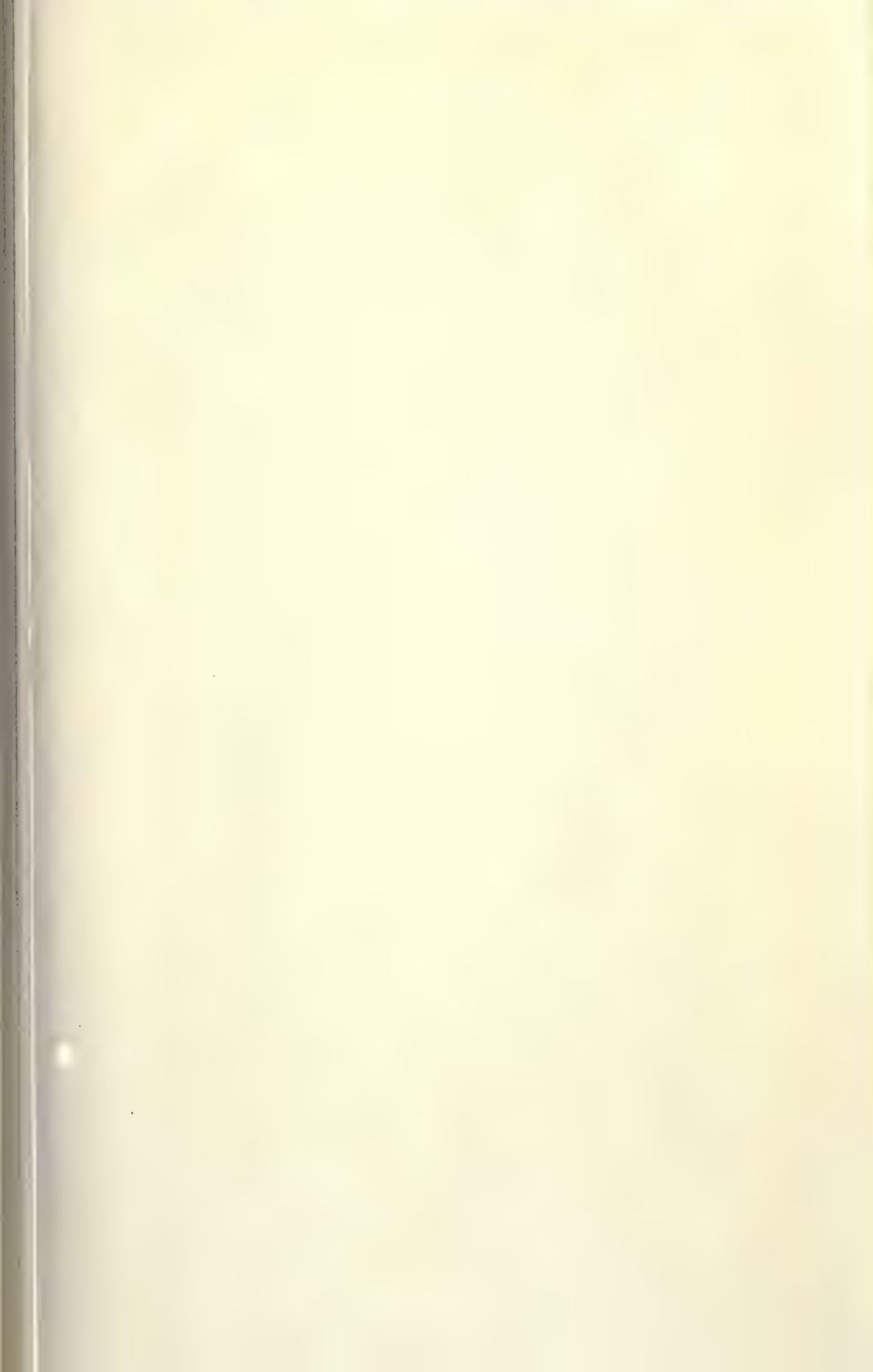
1733 he filed a bill in Chancery against the daughters of the last Henry Bidlake, laying claim to the property and praying a discovery of a certain settlement on which he based his claim. The co-heirs allowed him to inspect the family deeds and settlements, which were such that had he been the person he claimed to be, he could not have disputed their title to the estates. He took copies of the documents, and did not proceed with the case, but suffered it to be dismissed with costs, which he paid. From his copies of the deeds he forged (it seems) another set of deeds, including an additional settlement in favour of himself, and in 1747 he levied a fine and suffered a recovery of the Bidlake estate. On the strength of this he borrowed various sums of money, but one of those from whom he desired to borrow suspected that the deeds were not genuine, and he was tried for forgery. He was, however, acquitted (though the Court was satisfied the deeds were forged) on the ground that the jury were not convinced that he *knew* the deeds to be forged.

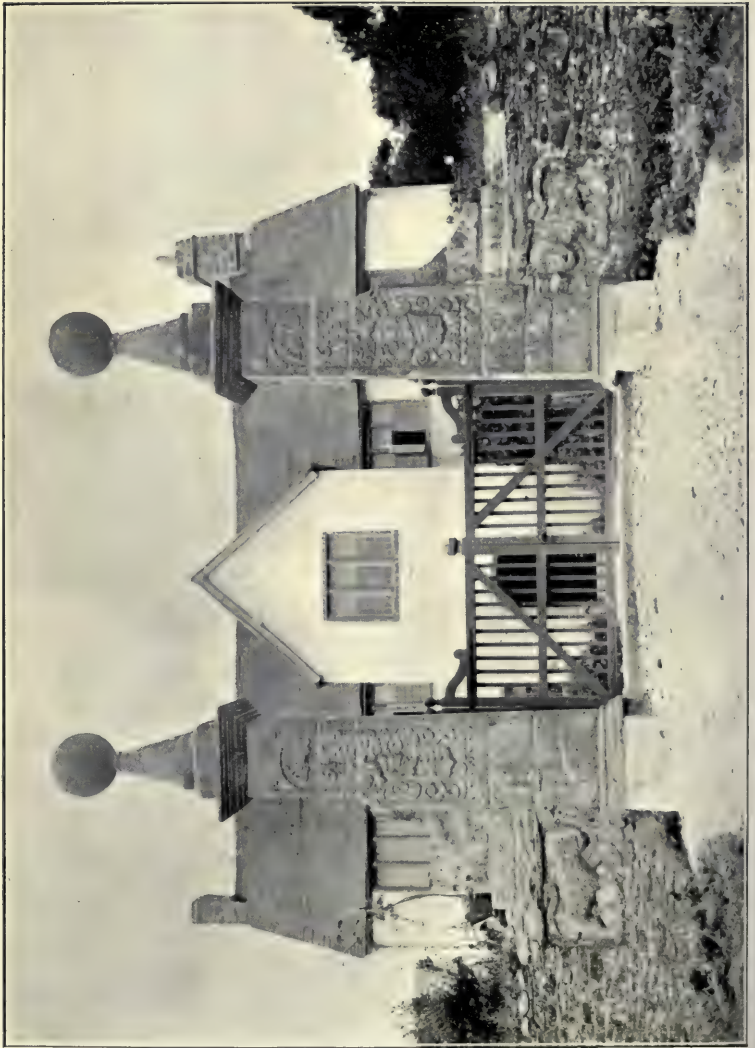
J. H. B. WOLLOCOMBE.

190. JOHN TAYLOR (III., pp. 190 and 191, par. 142).—John Taylor, *alias* Cardemaker, priest, was instituted to the vicarage of Branscombe, co. Devon, dio. Exeter, 16th February, 1539-40, on the presentation of the Dean and Chapter of Exeter, and on 25th September, 1554, Master Gregory Bassett was instituted to the same vicarage, it being then "in a certain manner vacant," on the presentation of the said Dean and Chapter; but Master Bassett did not hold the benefice long, for on 28th August, 1557, the vicarage being then vacant by his resignation [his name was then spelt "Basset,"] Sir John Vele, clerk, was instituted thereto (*Registers of the Bishops of Exeter*, vols. xiiij and xvj., Old Series, folios 100 a and 29 b).

W. E. MUGFORD.

191. MOHUN AND MADDOCK FAMILIES.—Amongst my family deeds, papers, etc., I have some evidences respecting the Mohun family which I find does not appear in the *Extinct and Dormant Peerage*. Perhaps they may be of value. Warwick, third Lord Mohun of Okehampton, had a daughter, the Honble. Isabella Mohun, who married Mr. Samuel Maddock, merchant, of Plymouth (his seal impaling Mohun is now in my possession). The issue of this marriage was James, Matthew and Catherine Maddock. James Maddock





died in 1727. His brother Matthew married against his father's consent and was disinherited. Catherine died 1712, and was buried at Tamerton Folliot, where also her parents were interred. Ann, Matthew's wife, came of a poor but respectable family. Their son Jonathan (named after the Trelawny family, in some way in which the Maddock family was connected) was born in 1712, and married a Miss Dorothy Evans, a daughter of a clergyman, and had issue four sons and two daughters, of whom Joseph, the youngest (b. 1753) married Elizabeth, daughter of John Sullivan, gent., and had (1) Joseph Maddock, a midshipman in the R.N., died s.p.; (2) William Maddock, b. 1783, Civil Service Pay Office, London, m. and left issue (a granddaughter of his is Lady Hickman (wife of Sir A. Hickman, Bart., M.P.)); (3) John Maddock, b. 1787, Paymaster R.N., m. and left issue; (4) Anne Maddock, m. 1796 Thomas Searle, Rear-Admiral, c.B., who left issue; (5) Elizabeth Maddock m. Captain R. Balfour, R.N., and left issue. In 1827 two members of the Maddock family commenced proceedings to recover what they considered their share (or at least their grandfather Matthew's share) of the Mohun and Maddock property, but the suit fell through owing to the death of one of them. I have a number of old letters, papers, parish register certificates, and other evidences bearing upon the matter, and I thought perhaps these few items respecting the Mohun and Maddock marriage and the descendants from it, so far as it represents this branch of the Maddock family, might be worth recording in your valuable and interesting *Devon Notes and Queries*.

J. M. MADDOCK.

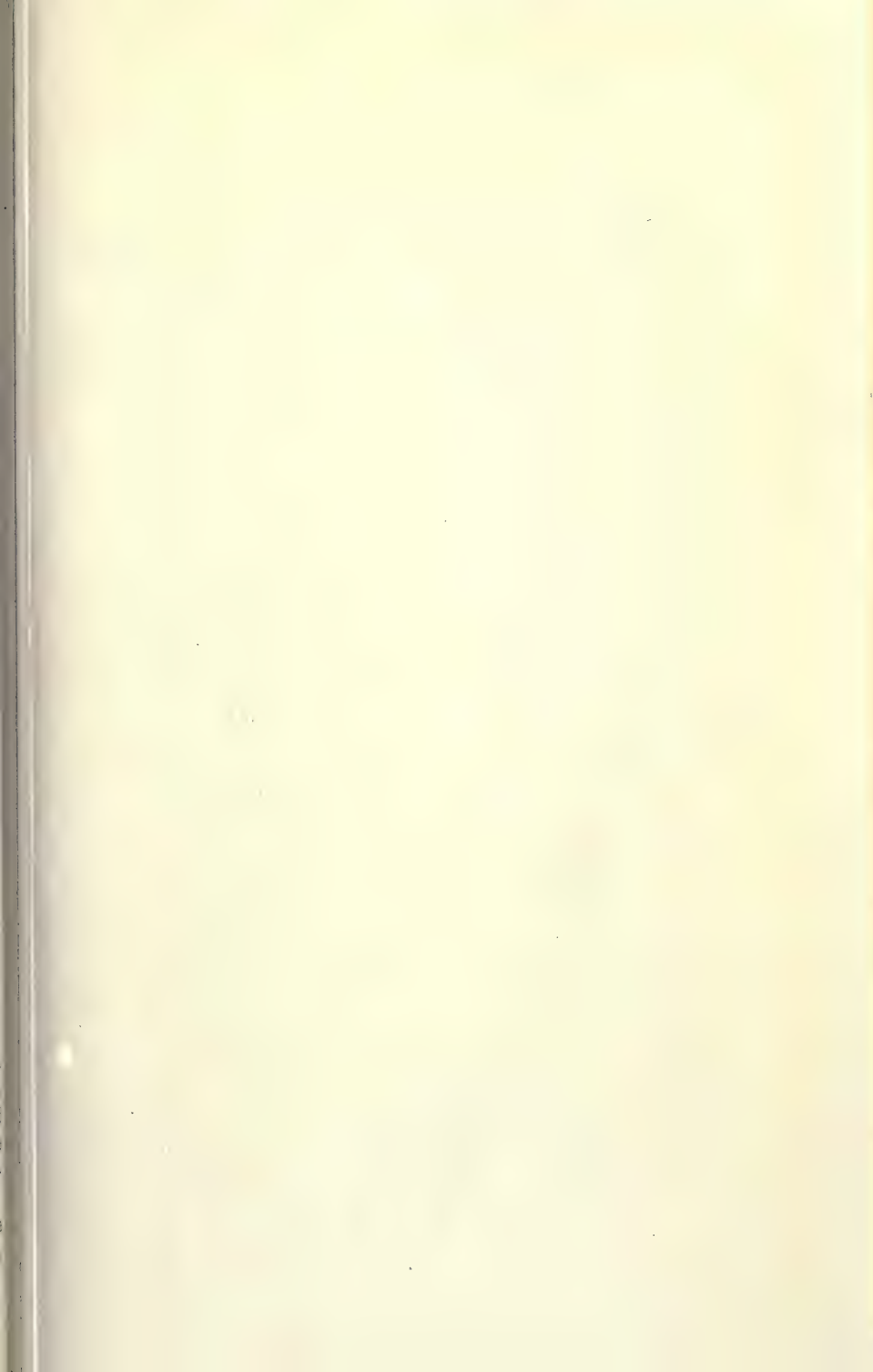
192. SOME DARTMOOR FARMHOUSES.—“The primitive type of farm . . . was an inclosed courtyard, entered through a gate. Opposite the gate is the dwelling-house, with a projecting porch, with an arched granite door and a mullioned window over it. On one side of the entrance is the dwelling-room, on the other the saddle and sundry-chamber. The well, which is a stream of water from the moor conducted by a small leat to the house, is under cover; and the cattle-sheds open into the yard, so as to be reached with ease . . . without exposure to the storms.” Such is a description of the ideal but vanishing moor-farm, and few or none now come up to it in its entirety, the natural battering of time and decay ensuring

many sacrifices at the shrine of cheap modernity, to the due glory of galvanised iron and absurder brick. At the same time, though uncertain memory increasingly usurps—and must usurp—the place of actuality, bygone dignity is still eloquent in many an accidental relic now incongruously set: in one place, a heavy dripstone over a mullioned barn-window, or, in another, tall granite gateposts suddenly looming in an awinding lane, strangely detached, inglorious survivors on sufferance, tell a tale scarcely of tragedy so much as of passive descent.

Collectively, the first place in historic and æsthetic dignity is, of course, held by the ancient tenements of the forest. These have been adequately honoured by Mr. Robert Burnard, in the third book of his *Pictorial Records*, so that it suffices to give his list of 35, which is as follows:—Runnage; Warner; Pizwell (3); Hartland; Ridon; Babenay (3); Brimpts (3); Huccaby (4); Dury; Hexworthy (3); Sherberton (3); Dunnabridge (5); Brownberry; Princehall; Belliver (3); Lower Merripit. Such of these as are left, stout fortresses of peaceful purport, have no stylistic pretensions whatever, but—what is in most ways better—an obvious congruity and adaptation to their circumstances, a solid determination towards comfort irrespective of the rudest Dartmoor blasts. Old buildings remain, either wholly or in part, at Belliver, Brownberry, Dunnabridge, Hartland, Lower Merripit, Pizwell, and Great Sherberton.

The farms higher in the scale of elaboration, and sometimes of display, are naturally those in more sheltered and luxuriant positions on the borders. Many look back on days of greater pride as mansions or manor-houses, according to the summary witness of the O.S. maps, silent in particulars; most are enduring dishonoured age, for so long a time as it will be cheaper not to replace them (and in the meantime the stray enthusiast must be subject to the pitying correction of the tenant-farmer: “to my mind, ’tis a rotten old place”); a few are in a fair state, careless of either attention or neglect; while one or two only bear definite evidence of interest and care. Pretending to no exhaustiveness, the following are notes on some of the farms that have—or have had—associations beyond those at present superficially apparent.

Cornwood.—South Hele and Wisdom, the former once owned by a branch of the Hele family, passed to the Rogers,





of whom John Rogers, then of Wisdom, was created a baronet in 1698. Both were farmhouses in Lysons' time (*Hist. Dev.*, ii., 140). There are no specially noteworthy remnants of ancient state, which indeed was never great.—Cholwich Town, verging on the moor 2 miles N.W. of Cornwood, is stated (*Crossing, Stone Crosses*, edition, 1902, p. 36) to be internally a good example of an old moor-building, though the out-buildings are mostly recent, and the once-existent chapel is represented only by its site. Polwhele refers to this, and to the family of the same name which originally possessed it, under the variant "Cholditch." In Lysons' time it was "the property of their descendant, J. B. Cholwich, Esq., of Farrington House, near Exeter."—Fardel, 1½ miles S.S.E. of Cornwood, is a picturesque farm well-known as a former house of the Raleghs, though only connected with Sir Walter himself by the supposition that he spent portions of his early days in it. Its successive descents are recorded in *Lysons*, ii., 2, 140, down to Mr. John Spurrell Pode, a predecessor of the present owner, Mr. J. D. Pode. The whole still retains much of its character, with its long enclosing wall, its pillared entrance, the deep-gabled porch, and the chapel. The latter, previously used as a cider cellar and a hayloft, has recently been piously restored. It measures 38 ft. long and *cir.* 15 ft. wide, and is lighted by a large three-light window east, with quatrefoils in the upper tracery; there is a piscina and credence-shelf on the south side, and a large trefoiled recess on the north side of the altar. There were two other windows, north and south respectively. This chapel was erected by the widow of John Ralegh, by licence of Bishop Lacey dated 10th August, 1432.

Dean Prior.—Dean Court, descended through the families of Giles, Yarde, and Yarde-Buller, has been tenanted by farmers at least since the early 19th century. The "remains of a mansion" consist mainly of the old hall, with oak doors and panelling. Moorshead, 1 mile west of the church, is an interesting farm of a modest type, now abandoned. In the 16th century it was the home of the Furse family, yeomen who rose to the position of considerable landowners in process of time—mainly by judicious marriages. An abstract of a family history written by Robert Furse in 1593 is printed in *Trans. Devon Assocn.*, xxvi., 169.

Harford.—Hall, half mile W.N.W. of the church, is—or was—a manor-house. It has been a farm for at least a century. It owes its chief interest to the fact that, before it was bought by the Rogers family (of Wisdom and Blachford), it was owned by the Chudleighs, and was the seat of Colonel Thomas Chudleigh, whose daughter Elizabeth, subsequently Duchess of Kingston, was tried for bigamy at Westminster in 1776, and condemned after a trial of five days. She fled to the Continent and died in 1788. (Cf. Baring-Gould's *Historic Oddities*).

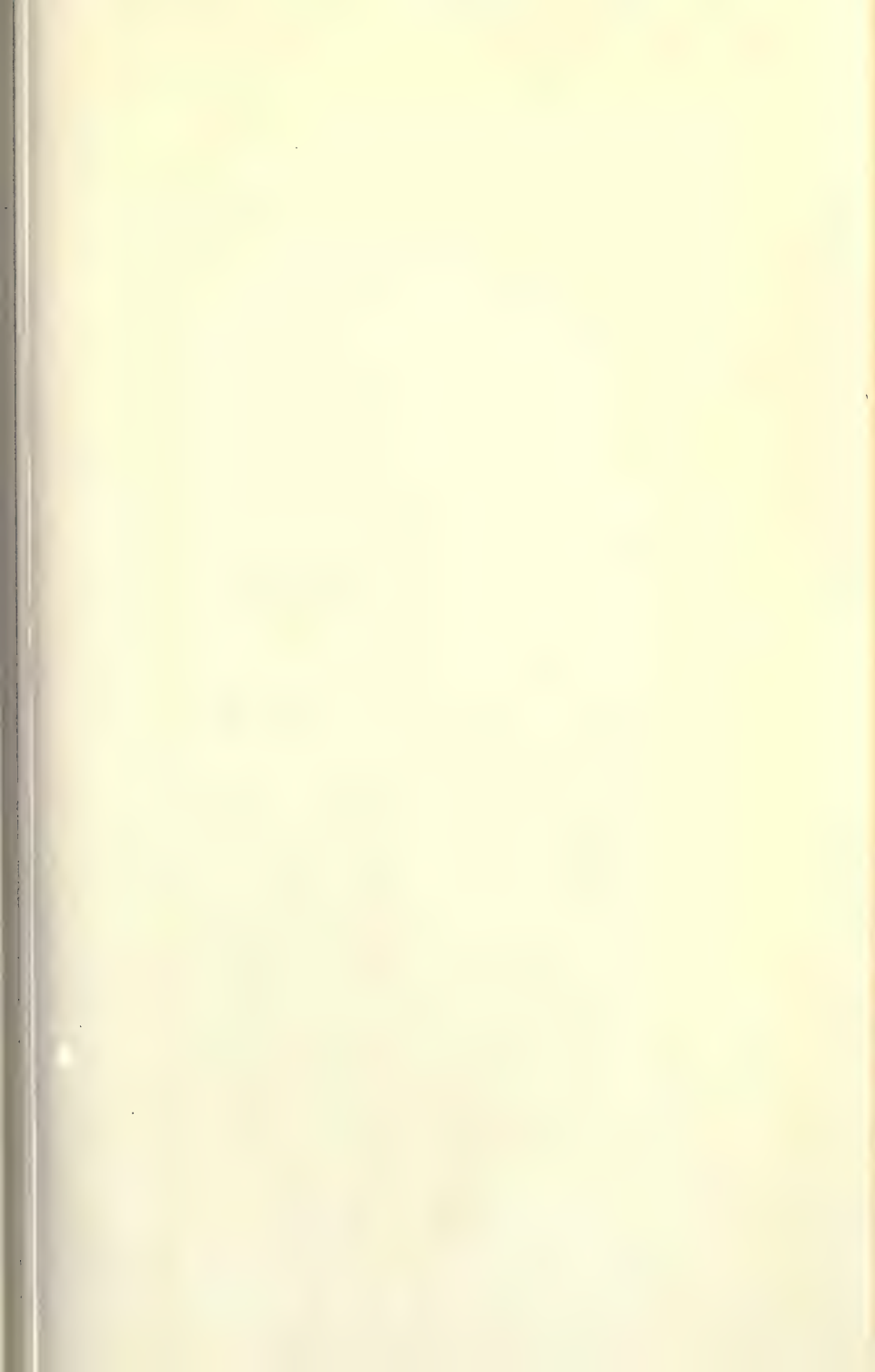
Plympton S. Mary.—West Steart, half mile S.W. of Cornwall Station, though a little beyond the Dartmoor area, more than deserves the infrequent notice it receives—not so much on account of its historical association with the Drake family as for its dignified proportions and general artistic merit. It is one of the few mentioned above as being in appreciative

hands—those of Mr. J. D. Pote, of Slade, who also has Fardel. The armorial gateposts, dated 1674, are a somewhat unusual example of detailed carving in intractable granite, success being attained in spite of the material. The quaint panelled monsters at each side add to the effect, at a distance.



S. Tawton.—West Week, $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles E. of S. from the church, is an interesting farm-

house, somewhat declined from its early Tudor style. It was sold about 1550 by a Wyke to the Battishill family,





Morshead, Dean Prior.



Wonson, Throwleigh.

whose arms (*Az., a cross-crosslet saltier-ways, between 4 owls, argent*) surmount the embattled granite gateway, dated 1656. Near one of the windows of the house is the date 1585. (If I remember rightly, Baring-Gould's "John Herring" is concerned with West Week in part).

Throwleigh.—Wonson, three-quarter mile S.S.E. of the village, a manorhouse, was the property of the Knapman family, settled there for five generations in 1620 (*Lysons, i., 203*). For some details relating to them, cf. *D.N. & Q.*, July, 1902, p. 73, and for their pedigree, cf. *Vivian's Visitation*, p. 518. According to a reference in the *Western Antiquary*, ii., 250, this estate "passed from the Knapmans by a turn up of the ace of diamonds." (Baring-Gould's "*Old English Home*" has its scene here).

These, of course, by no means exhaust the list. Other farms, briefly catalogued, of some more than average interest—whether as decayed manor-houses, bartons, or merely on the site of such—are: North Warne and Wringworthy, in Marytavy, the former in Lysons' time the property of "Arthur Edgecumbe and others," the latter the old yeoman house of the Oakes; Gratton and Callisham, in Meavy, and also the farm-building immediately west of the church; Willsworthy (which had a chapel, the conversion of which into a cowhouse seems to date from a century or so ago), Cudlippton (which as "Chodlype" paid a foreign rent of 5d. to the Forest in 1502, and, as a manor, is stated to have passed from the families of Rolle, Sawle, and Fellowes, to the Rev. E. A. Bray, who held it in Lysons' time), and Coxtor (the old yeoman house of the Parsons)—the last three all in Petertavy; Hall, adjoining Sampford Spiney village-green, a picturesque gabled farm and manorhouse inscribed over the doorway "R.A. 1607 C.A.;" Coldstone and Fernhill, in Shaugh, the latter apparently referred to as early as 1291 in a charter of Isabella de Fortibus; Knowle, in Walkhampton; and Lower Collaton, in Whitchurch. The Widecombe district also has several farms of fair age and character, *e.g.*, Ash, Bittleford (porch inscribed 1705 and R.T.), Chittleford (has the date 1686), Cordonford (has the date 1718 and the initials R.W.), and Lake, with the initials T.H. and the date 1661—doubtless the Thomas Hamlyn named in Hamlyn wills of 1663 and 1678.

T. A. FALCON.

193. HALLETT'S AND THE MINT MEETING.—Is there any published account of the ministers of the Mint Meeting House built at Exeter in 1719 for James Pierce? Who was Joseph Hallett who was minister there just previous to 1744? I am led to infer that he was the third minister of that name at that place. Is that so? J.H.R.

194. CUNNINGHAM FAMILY.—In answer to the request by a correspondent for "any information regarding the family of Cunningham of Okehampton prior to 1720," in the accompanying chart pedigree I have tried to give this information.

The Devonshire family of Cuningham, who spelt their name with one n and not with two as most people imagine, first resided at Okehampton about the year 1664, when Ambrose Cuningham, who is described in the marriage Registers at Okehampton as "Ambrose, son of Arthur Cuningham of Tavistock," married there Mary, the daughter of Thomas Carter. He purchased lands called Broadmoor and Upcott in Okehampton, and became Mayor of that borough in 1682.

In 1693 he bought "Lukesland" in the parish of Witheridge, where he lived in his last years. He died and was buried there in 1695.

In the will of Arthur Cuningham which was proved 23 July, 1693, and is at Exeter, he is described as "Arthur Cuningham, Junior," proving that at the time he made his will there was an elder Arthur living, but what relation to him I do not know, as there is no will preserved under that name at Exeter. In it he mentions his brother Francis, son Arthur, and daughters Elizabeth and Grace, but does not mention his son Ambrose.

Ambrose Cuningham and Mary his wife had nine children. She in her will, proved 1731, mentions her four daughters, but neither of her sons. Their eldest son, Thomas Cuningham, who was baptised at Okehampton in 1667, became a mercer, lived at Okehampton and was Mayor of that Burrough in 1698. He married in 1691 Mary, daughter of Edmund Triggs of North Tawton, his father Ambrose being one of those who signed their marriage settlement. Thomas Cuningham died in 1710 and there is a fine old carved stone tomb to his memory in Okehampton churchyard. He and his wife

Mary (she died in 1718) had nine children. The eldest son Christopher, who was one of the capital burgesses of Okehampton, seems to have been responsible for the Court Rolls to the then lords of the Manor for a good many years, as I have his signature on a great many of the Rolls about the years 1740-50, which are in my possession. In 1721 he married at Okehampton, Rebecca the daughter of Joseph Goodman, and had seven children. (See accompanying chart).

Christopher Cuningham had four brothers who all died in infancy, also four sisters; the youngest died in infancy, the others, Grace married in 1712 John Lethbridge, of Okehampton, a surgeon; Mary, who married in 1719 John Luxmoore, attorney-at-law, who resided at Northmore House (now in 1905 the Town Hall), and was the eldest son of John Luxmoore of "Witherdon" in the parish of Broadwoodwiger and succeeded his father in 1742; and Jane, who married ——— Elworthy, mentioned in the will of her father.

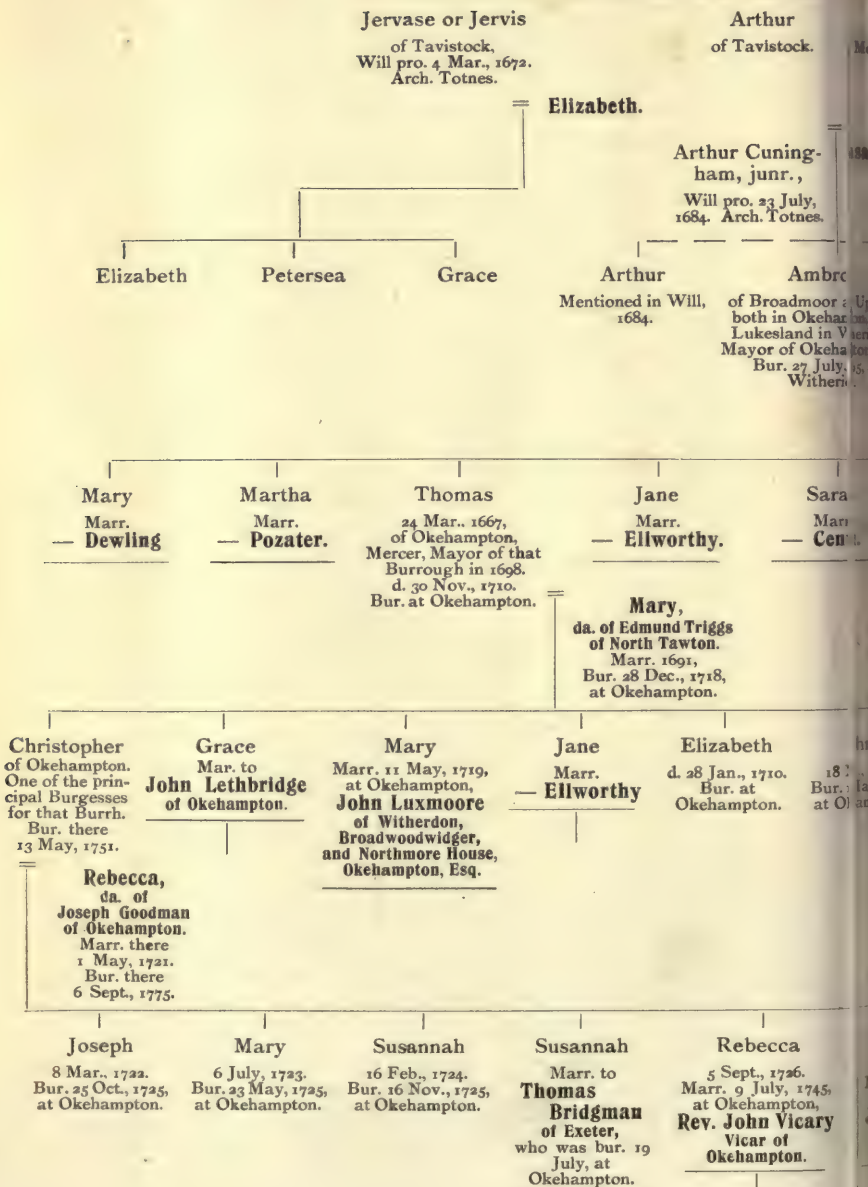
In Bridge's *Okehampton*, ed. 1889, p. 241, is given a pedigree showing "descent of the families of Bridgman, Vicary, Luxmoore, Glubb, Lethbridge and others, from William, 8th Earl of Glencairn," making his third son Alexander Cuningham (who was born in 1613), father of Christopher Cuningham. This was simply a tradition which is now exploded, as I have every proof that Christopher was the son of Thomas, the latter being the son of Ambrose of Okehampton and Witheridge and grandson of Arthur Cuningham of Tavistock.

Whether Arthur Cuningham or any other member of this family of Tavistock or elsewhere in Devon was related to the Scotch family of Cuningham I cannot say. But certainly there was a Devonshire family of Cuningham residing in Devon before the already mentioned Alexander was born (*i.e.* 1613). Gervase Cuninghame, who I presume was the father of Arthur of Tavistock, also of Gervase of Tavistock, although so far I have been unable to discover his will, was married in 1610 and resided at Bovey Tracey. I have his signature on a deed dated 1615 in my possession relating to lands in Sheepwash.

Any information relating to the Devonshire family of Cuningham prior to 1650 would be interesting, especially of Bovey Tracey and Tavistock. CHAS. F. C. LUXMOORE.

PEDIGREE OF CUNINGHAM

Gervase Cuninghame
of Bovey Tracey.
Alive 1615 on a Deed
12 Jas. I., Sheepwas
Paige to Fforde.



CHAM OF DEVON.

Grace Gowman
of Whitchurch.
Marr. 17 April, 1610.

Exeter Licenses.

Francis
in his brother's
will 1684.

John
of Tavistock.
Will pro. 1723. Arch. Totnes.
Aged 90 years.

— — Not absolutely proved.

ake.

Elizabeth **Grace**
Mentioned in Will, 1684. Mentioned in Will, 1684.

- o In my possession.
- * In the Marriage Register he is described as son of Arthur Cuninghame of Tavistock.

Mary
da. of Thomas Carter
of Okehampton.
Marr. there 24 Nov., 1664 *
Bur. 12 April, 1731,
at Okehampton.

John
25 Jan., 1673.
Bur. 25 Dec., 1677,
Okehampton.

Joseph
23 July, 1676,
of Okehampton.

Ambrose
19 Aug., 1683.
Bur. 16 Aug., 1683,
at Okehampton.

Ambrose
30 Sept., 1684.
Mentioned in his
father's will.
Alive in 1712.

John
Bur. 16 Sep., 1705,
at Okehampton.

Thomas
22 Mar., 1704-5.
Bur. 28 May, 1705,
at Okehampton.

Thomas
29 Mar., 1705-6,
died in infancy.

Arthur
21 Aug., 1699.

Joseph
17 Oct., 1703.

Elizabeth
Bur. 12 Jan.,
1797, at
Okehampton.

Mary
1728.
Bur. 24 Y., 1750,
Okehampton,
in xmoore
Place,
Okehampton.

Elizabeth
21 April, 1730.
Marr. 30 Dec., 1756,
at Okehampton.
Thomas Glubb
of Dulverton.

195. THE HONOUR OF HENRY DE TILLI IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY (III., pp. 182, 219, pars. 136, 168).—Henry de Tilli had a fee of $14\frac{3}{4}$ knights in Devon, besides a fee of $14\frac{3}{4}$ knights in Somerset, in 6 Richard I. (*Trans. Dev. Ass.*, xxxiii., 368; xxxvi., 416, 420). Who was he and what was his fee? By the aid of an extract from the Pipe Roll of 7 John (supplied by Miss E. Lega Weekes), *Testa Nevil*, and other sources, it is possible to attempt a partial answer to these questions, which possibly others may supplement.

(1). Henry de Tilli was the son of William, son of John (*Cal. Rot. Chart.*, p. 75) steward of Normandy, whom *Risdon* p. 113 calls William de Tilli, by his wife Dionisia (*Trans.*, xxxvi., 427), the daughter (*Testa*, 1356, p. 194b) or granddaughter according to the charter of 8 John quoted by *Batten*, p. 120, of that Geoffrey II. de Mandevil upon whom Henry I. bestowed the manor of Wonford (*Testa*, 1356, p. 194b). William son of John was presumably the same William son of John who in 1166 held 10 fees of the Honour of Gloucester (*Lib. Nig.*, 161), but at any rate he was not the William de Tilli son of Ralph de Tilli who in 1180 owed £60 for his father's land (*Massingberd's Lincoln Charters*, p. 11). His father-in-law Geoffrey II. de Mandevil was a son of Geoffrey I., the Conqueror's companion (*Batten's Somerset*, p. 120), and the uncle of Geoffrey de Mandevil, first Earl of Essex (*Round Geoffrey de Mandevil*, p. 392), and of his sister Beatrice, the wife of William de Say, whose descendant Geoffrey son of Piers also called de Mandevil became the second husband of Isabella Countess of Gloucester after she had been divorced by King John.

Testa Nevil only records the grant of Wonford to Geoffrey II. de Mandevil, but is silent as to how he obtained the Devon estates belonging to the fee of Marshwood. All these estates together with those belonging to the Honour of Bampton had been in Domesday held by Walter de Dowai, whence it may be inferred that if Mandevil was a grantee of part of them, Robert de Bampton, who had the other part, was a grantee also and not the son of Walter de Dowai (*Devon Notes and Queries*, III., 206). The Marshwood estates, together with some others of which he was only sub-tenant, passed from Geoffrey II. de Mandevil to his granddaughter Dionisia's husband, William, son of

John, who was living in 1166 (*Black Book*, p. 161); and on William's death to his son, Henry de Tilli. The charter of 24th May, 8 John, quoted by *Batten*, sets forth that the elder Geoffrey [*i.e.*, Geoffrey II.] "as it is alleged" had a son Robert [de Mandevil of Coker] by his first wife, and afterwards a son Ralph by his second wife, which Ralph had a daughter, Dionisia, Henry de Tilli's mother. In 1194 Henry de Tilli's title was called in question by Geoffrey de Mandevil of Coker, the son of Robert de Mandevil of Coker [*Batten*] who "fined in 100 marks to have the judgment of the King's court touching his inheritance in England and Normandy whereof he was deforced by Henry de Tilli" (*Trans. Dev. Ass.*, xxxvi., 427). Geoffrey's claim was pursued by his son, Robert II. de Mandevil, and his grandson, Robert III. The last-named succeeded in establishing it, but not until after the death of Henry de Tilli; for a charter of 1200 (*Trans.*, xxxvi., 427) awarded the fief to Tilli, and *Testa*, 1356, p. 194b, states that Henry de Tilli held it all his life. Tilli, however, must have died before 1205, seeing that in that year his fief was in the King's hand (*Trans.*, xxxvi., 427). Then in 1208 it was given to Robert III.

(2). According to the Pipe Roll of 7 John, supplied by Miss Lega Weekes, the 14 $\frac{3}{4}$ fees of Henry de Tilli consisted of the following:—

- [1] $\frac{1}{2}$ fee held by Henry de Blois [son of Alan, who had besides a fee of 7 knights in Cornwall (*Trans.*, xxxvi., 428)]
- [2] 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ fees held by Hugh, son of William
- [3] $\frac{1}{2}$ fee held by Richard le Bret
- [4] 1 fee held by Baldwin de Raddon
- [5] 2 fees held by William de Morceaux
- [6] $\frac{1}{2}$ fee held by William de Servington [son of Robert, who is stated in the Pipe Roll of 6 John to hold 1 fee of the fee of Henry de Tylli (*Trans.*, xxxvi., 420)]
- [7] 1 fee held by Philip de Baunton
- [8] $\frac{1}{2}$ fee in Cheleworde and Wike (*Trans.*, xxxvi., 421)
- [9] 1 fee held by Robert de Satchvil
- [10] 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ fees held by Richard the Fleming
- [11] 1 fee held by William, son of Stephen

- [12] $\frac{1}{2}$ fee held by Roger de Tani [for the land of Wike
(*Trans.*, xxxvi., 439)]
- [13] $\frac{1}{4}$ fee held by Robert de Hiwis

Total $14\frac{3}{4}$ fees, of which, however, No. 4 was a Mortain fee=
 $\frac{2}{3}$ ordinary fee.

Testa, No. 1026, p. 188a (in *Trans.*, xxix., 501), states that Robert de Mandevil [the successor to Henry de Tilli] contributed to the aid levied in 1234 on 11 fees, these 11 being the fees which appear in *Testa*, p. 183a, as fees in Devon belonging to Geoffrey de Mandevil's Honour of Marshwood, consisting of the following:—

- [831] $\frac{1}{2}$ fee held by Ivo de Servinton in [West] *Spurway*
- [832] $\frac{1}{2}$ fee held by Richard Beufiel [Beaupel] 's heir in *Knowstone* [*Beaupel* of de Brit as middle lord (*Feudal Aids*, p. 325)]
- [833] 1 fee held by Mathew de Bauton in *Combe* [*Baunton* of Mohun as middle lord (*F. Aids*, p. 319)]
- [834-5] 3 fees held by Reginald de Mohun in *Ottery* [*Mohun* or Fleming] and *Holditch* (*F. Aids*, p. 319)
- [836] $\frac{1}{2}$ fee held by Robert de Blakeford [heir of Robert de Satchvil (*Testa*, 1546, p. 198b, and *Trans.*, xxxiii., 369)] in *Dunsford*.
- [837] 1 fee held by Robert de Mortellis (Morceaux) in *Godelingthon* and members (*Testa*, 1265, p. 192b; *F. Aids*, p. 317)
- [838] $\frac{1}{2}$ fee held by William de Wydeworth in *Lustleigh* (*F. Aids*, p. 339)
- [839] 2 fees held by William de Mohun in *Stokes* [Fleming] (*F. Aids*, p. 331)]
- [840] 1 fee held by Gilbert, son of Stephen, in *Northon* [*Dawnay* held of Morceaux as middle lord (*F. Aids*, p. 331)]
- [841] $\frac{2}{3}$ fee held by Baldwin de Roddon in *Raddon* a Mortain fee
- [842] $\frac{1}{4}$ fee held by Robert de Molehiwis in *Molehywis* [*Moulissh*]

Total $10\frac{1}{2}$ fees as the quota for assessment, though No. 841, being a Mortain fee, they would be ordinarily described as $11\frac{1}{4}$ fees.

All the above, excepting the two last, had been held in Domesday by Robert de Dowai (*W.*, 709-726); Raddon in Shobrook alone was a Mortain fee (*W.*, 306), and Moulsh was in Domesday the land of a King's thane Saulf (*W.*, 1120).

Besides these 11 fees belonging to the Honour of Marshwood, we gather that the Mandevils held as overlords, but under other honours, the following in 1286:—

Of the Honour of Plymton :

- [26] $\frac{1}{2}$ fee held by Richard de Novant of Simon de Montacute, and by him of Walter le Denys in Wonford and Halsford (*F. Aids*, p. 313), the gift of Henry I. (*Testa*, 1356, p. 194b)]
- [27] 1 fee held by Francheiny and the Valletorts of Simon de Montacute, and by him of Walter le Denys in Clist Girard (*F. Aids*, p. 333)
- [28] 1 fee held by Roger de Daynesberi in Ashbury (*F. Aids*, p. 328)
- [29] $\frac{1}{2}$ fee held by John de Ashleigh of John de Chauceaux, and by him of William le Pouere in Sprey (*F. Aids*, p. 321)

Of the Honour of Okhamton :

- [30] $\frac{1}{2}$ fee held by William de Servynton in Sowton, Dunsford (*F. Aids*, p. 314)

Of the Honour of Barnstaple :

- [31] 1 fee held by Robert de Blakeford [*Testa*, 72, p. 176a; heir of Robert de Satchvil, *Testa*, 1545, p. 198b] in Rew of the Honour of Tilli (*Trans.*, xxxiii., 369)
- [32] 1 fee held by Roger de Acastre and John de Reigny (*Testa*, 66, p. 175b) in Combe [of the Templars, *alias* Templeton] which had belonged to Henry de Tilli (*Testa*, 1548, p. 199a)

Also at one time, according to the Pipe Roll of 7 John, Tilli's, *i.e.*, the Mandevil, fee must have included:—

- [33] $\frac{1}{2}$ fee held by Ralph de Bray (*Red Book*, p. 559) in Cheleworthy and Wick (above No. 8), by which Chilsworthy is clearly meant, seeing that it is elsewhere described as land in Holsworthy (*Trans.*, xxxvi., 441) and

- [34] $\frac{1}{2}$ fee held by Roger de Toni in Wick, the locality of which has been discussed by Miss Lega Weekes (*Trans.*, xxxvi., 442). Can it have been Teign, *alias* High Week, which was afterwards Burdon's? or Wick in Shobrook which, like Rad-don, was in Domesday a Mortain land (*W.*, 304)?

Total $6\frac{1}{2}$ fees, making, together with $11\frac{1}{4}$ fees, a grand total of $17\frac{3}{4}$ fees. Three of these fees cannot, therefore, have belonged to Tilli's fee, though held by the Mandevils in the thirteenth century.

(3). In attempting from these materials to locate the $14\frac{3}{4}$ fees of Tilli's Devonshire Honour, it is easy to identify Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10 and 13. At present I can only offer conjectures for Nos. 1, 2, 9, 11 and 12.

No. 3 the $\frac{1}{2}$ fee held by Richard le Bret is *Knowstone Beaupel* (*W.*, 709), held by Robert Beaupel of John le Brit in 1286 for $\frac{1}{2}$ fee (*F. Aids*, p. 325; *Testa*, 832)

No. 4 the 1 [Mortain] fee held by Baldwin de Raddon is Raddon in Shobrook (*W.*, 306; *Trans.*, xxxv., 281; *Testa*, 841)

No. 5 the 2 fees held by William de Morceaux are Gurrington and Brownston in *Woodland* 1 fee (*W.*, 715; *Testa*, 837 and 1265, p. 192b) and *Norton Dawnay* (*W.*, 722b) and *Townstal* (*W.*, 726) fee, held by Richard, son of Stephen of Warin de Morsels in 1286 (*F. Aids*, p. 331 and 393; *Testa*, 840)

No. 6 the $\frac{1}{2}$ fee held by William de Servinton is *West Spurway* (*W.*, 713; *Testa*, 831 and 1133, p. 189b). Servynton also held $\frac{1}{2}$ fee in Sowton, Dunsford [No. 30] of Mandevil of the Honour of Okhamton

No. 7 the 1 fee held by Philip de Banton is *Combe Baunton alias Combe Raleigh* (*W.*, 721; *Testa*, 833), reduced to $\frac{1}{2}$ fee when held by John de Baunton of William de Mohun's heirs and by William de Mohun's heirs of John de Mohun's heirs in 1286 (*F. Aids*, p. 319)

- No. 8 the $\frac{1}{2}$ fee in Cheleworde and Wick is *Chilsworthy* in *Holsworthy* (*W.*, 1071), and Wick may be *Northwick and Woodicot* in Thornbury (*W.*, 1069), both being thanes' lands
- No. 10 the $4\frac{1}{2}$ fees held by Richard the Fleming, together with $\frac{1}{2}$ fee of some other tenant, make up the 3 fees of Holditch and Ottery Fleming *alias* Mohun (*W.*, 716, 717; *Testa*, 834) and the 2 fees of Stoke Fleming (*W.*, 722; *Testa*, 839), reduced to $1\frac{3}{4}$ of Ottery, $\frac{1}{2}$ of Holditch (*F. Aids*, p. 319) and 1 fee of Stoke (*Ibid.*, p. 331) when held in 1286 by John de Mohun's heirs or their under-tenants.
- No. 13 the $\frac{1}{4}$ fee of Robert de Hiwis is the $\frac{1}{4}$ fee of South Moulsh in Kenton (*Testa*, 842; *F. Aids*, p. 389, 487)

In the sphere of conjecture:—

- No. 1 Can the $\frac{1}{2}$ fee held by Henry de Blois possibly represent the $\frac{1}{2}$ fee of Lustleigh? (*Testa*, 838).
- No. 2 Can the $1\frac{1}{2}$ fees held by Hugh, son of William, represent Wonford and Clist Girard? (Nos. 26 and 27 above).
- No. 9 The 1 fee held by Robert de Satchvil consists, I suspect, of Dunsford (*Testa*, 836 and 1546) and Rew (No. 31 above).
- No. 11 Can the 1 fee of William, son of Stephen, represent the 1 fee of Ashbury? (No. 28 above).
- No. 12 The $\frac{1}{2}$ fee of Roger de Toni is certainly a Wick, but a Wick which as yet has not been certainly localised (see No. 34 above).

Criticism is invited on these identifications? Also how does Tilli fee appear in the *Black Book*?

It may be concluded from the above that the family of de Mortellis or Morceaux are successors in title to Ralph, the Domesday tenant of Walter de Dowai, not to the fitz-Stephens as stated in *Trans.*, xxxvi., 371; for the fitz-Stephens and their successors, the Dawnays, were only sub-tenants under the Morceaux. John de Mohun's heirs appear also to be successors in title to Hermer as well as to Ludo, both Domesday tenants of Walter de Dowai, and to Ludo in succession to the Flemings.

OSWALD J. REICHEL.

196. RELIGIOUS CENSUS, DIOCESE EXON, 1676.—This is from a document in the Episcopal Registry of Exeter, copied by the Rev. Herbert Reynolds. The figures are curious—manifestly wrong in some instances and in others requiring explanation.

			DECANATUS PLYMPTON.		
			CONFORMISTS.	PAPISTS.	NONCON.
St. Charles, Plymo,	1800		300
Plymouth	3000		600
St. Budiaux	260		
Cornewood	437		
Modbury	1400	I	100
Ugborough	700		I
Kingston	200		5
Hartford	100		
Halberton	615		23
Newton Ferris	324		
North Huish	200		I
Yalimpton	291		8
Revelstoke	160		I
Plympton St. Mary	500		
Plympton Morrise	510		12
Plympstock	805		19
Wembury	236		
Brixton	400		45
Shaw (?)	201		
Ermington	570		22

Parishes adjoining.

			CONFORMISTS.	PAPISTS.	NONCON.
Tamerton	200		6
Meavey	122		
Buckland Monachorum	423		12
Walkhampton	240		
Bickleigh	120		
Shittestor	68		
Beereferris	547	5	
Marie Tavy	174		
Peter Tavy	128		
White Church	300		
Eggbuckland	250		I
Stoak Damerell	60		
Okehampton	800	I	7
Tavistock	1788		67
Lamerton	473		
Totnes	1950	I	150
Dartmouth	2500		400
Buckfastleigh	1170		3
Wollborough	600		10
Tormohun	140	II	
Bovey Tracey	1600		23
Newton St. Cyres	345	16	I
Ottery St. Mary	1894	4	16
Pinhoo	274	10	3
Broadclyst	3000		2
Powderham	160	I	
Tiverton	10000		500

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ERRATA.

- P. 102, line 13 from bottom, for *Garratt* read *Jarrett*.
 P. 125, line 5-6 from bottom, for *Kingswill* read *Kingsmill*.
 P. 201, line 4 from top, for *Parracombe* read *Martinhoe*.

Or by resistance to preserve one life ?
While there was sparke of hope I did maintayne
The fight with fiery resolution
And (give me leave to speak it) like a solder.

Ten. To my seeming your resolution
Was forwardest to yeild than to repell :
We had else stood longer out.

Bust. We stood the losse of most of our best men,
And of our musketiers no lesse than fifty
Fell by the adverse shott : whose bodyes with their armes
Were cast by my directions downe a well
Because their armes should neyther arm our foes
Nor of our losse the sight give them encouragement.

Fer. That pollicy pleades no excuse : you yet
Had men enough, had they bene soldiers,
Fit for a leader's justification.
And do not we know that 6 score at least
Of these base picaros with which you stuff'd
The fort, to feed, not fight,—unworthy of
The name of *Spanyards*, much lesse of soldiers—
At once ran all away like sheep together,
Having but o'er the Walls descryde th' approach
Of th' Enemy ? Some of the feare-spurr'd villaines
Were overturn'd by slaughter in their flight,
Others are taken and are sure to find
Our lawes as sharpe as either Sword or Bullet.
For your part, *Bustamente*, for that you have
Done heretofore more for your Countryes love
You shall not doubt of honourable tryall,
Which in the Court of Warre shall be determined,
At *Sherris*, whitherward you instantly
Shall with a guard be sent.—See't done : away.

Bust. The best of my desire is to obey.

[Exit with a guard.]

Enter Don John, Pike (with his face wounded) a guard of musketts.

Fer. Whence is that soldier ?

1. Of England.

Jo. Or of hell.

1. It was our chance to come unto the rescue
Of this renowned Knight, *Don John*,

Who was his prisoner as he now is ours.
Some few more of his mates we shott and slew
That were (out of their English liquorishness)
Bold to robb orchards of forbidden fruite.

2. It was a fine ambition : they would have thought
Themselves as famous as their Country-man
That put a girdle round about the world,
Could they have said, at their returne to *Englande*,
Unto their sons, " Looke Boyes : this fruit your father
With his adventurous hands in *Spayne* did gather."

Fer. Tis a goodly fellow.

1. Had you not better have gone home without
Lymons to eat Capons with your frends than to stay
here without Capons to taste Lymons with us that
you call Enemyes ?

Pike. I could better fast with a noble Enemy than
Feast with unworthy frends.

Fer. How came he by these woundes ?

Pike. Not by noble Enemyes : this on my face
By this proud man, yet not more proud then base :
For, when my hands were in a manner bound,
I having given him life, he gave this wound.

Fer. 'Twas unadvisd.

Ten. The more unmanly done :
And though, *Don John*, by law y'are not accusd,
He being a common Enemy, yet being a man
You in humanity are not excusd.

Jo. It was my fury & thirst of revenge.

Fer. Reason & manhood had become you better :
Your honours wounded deeper than his flesh.
Yet we must quitt your person & committ
The *Englishman* to prison.

Ten. To prison with him : but let best care be taken
For the best surgeons, that his wounds be look'd to.

Pike Your care is noble, and I yield best thankes ;
And 'tis but need, I tell your Seigniories,
For I have one hurt more than you have seene,
As basely given & by a baser person ;
A *Flemming* seeing me led a prisoner
Cryde, " Whither doe you lead that *English* dog,
Kill, kill him ! " cryde hee, " he's no Christian "

And ran me in the bodie with his halbert
At least four inches deepe.

Fer. Poore man, I pittie thee.—But to the prison with him.

Ten. And let him be carefully lookt to.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACTUS TERTIUS.

SCENE I.

Enter Captaine, Hill, Secretary, Jewell.

Cap. Our Generall yet showd himselfe right noble in offering ransome for poore Captive *Pike*.

Sec. So largely, too, as he did, Captaine.

Cap. If any reasonable price would have been accepted it had bene given, Mr. Secretary, I assure you.

Jew. I can testify that at our returne, in our Generall's name & my owne, I made the large offer to the Teniente who will by no meanes render him. Sure they hold him for some great noble purchase.

Sec. A Barronet at least, one of the lusty blood, Captaine.

Cap. Or perhaps, Mr. Secretary, some remarkable Commonwealth's man, a pollitician in Government.

Sec. 'Twere a weake state-body that could not spare such members. Alas, poore *Pike*, I thinke thy pate holds no more pollicy than a pollax.

Hill. Who is more expert in any quality than he that hath it at his finger ends; & if he have more pollicy in his braines than dirt under his nayles Ile nere give 2 groats for a calve's head. But without all question he hath done some excellent piece of Villany among the Diegoes, or else they take him for a fatter sheep to kill than he is.

Cap. Well, gentlemen, we all can but condole the losse of him: and though all that we all come hither for be not worth him, yet we must be content to leave him. The fleete is ready, the wind faire, and we must expect him no longer.

Hill. He was a true *Devonshire* blade.

Sec. My Countryman, Sir: therefore would I have given the price of a hundred of the best Toledoes rather than heare the misse of him at home complayned by his Wife and Children.

Jew. Your tenderness becomes you, sir, but not the time, which wafts us hence to shun a greater danger.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.

Enter Pike in shackles, night cap, playsters on his face: a Jaylor.

Pike. The fleete is gone & I have now no hope of liberty: yet I am well refreshd in the care hath bene taken for my cure. But was ever *English* horse thus *Spanish* billed and bossd!

Jay. Sir, the care of your keeper, by whom this ease hath bene procured, requires remuneration.

Pike. Heres for you, my frend.

Jay. I assure you, the best surgeons this part of *Spaine* affords, though my care taken of you; & you may thanke me.

Pike. What an arrogant rascall's this!—Sir, I thought my thankes herein had chiefly appertaind to the humanity of the Governour, & that your especiall care had bene in providing these necessary shackles to keepe me from running into further danger: these I tooke to be the strong bonds of your friendship.

Jay. Sir, I hope they fitt you as well as if they had bene made for you. Oh, I am so much your servant that I doe wish 'em stronger for your sake.

Pike. 'Tis everwell as it is, sir.

Jay. You are most curteous.

[*Exit.*]

Pike. A precious rogue! If the Jaylors be so pregnant what is the hangman, troe? By the time my misery hath brought me to climbe to his acquaintance I shall find a frend t' the last gaspe. What's here, a lady? are the weomen so cruell here to insult ore Captive wretches.

Enter Catelyna & Jaylor.

Cat. Is this the English prisoner?

Jay. Yes, Madam.

Cat. Trust me, a goodly person.

Pike. She eyes me wistly: sure she comes not to instruct herselfe in the art of painting by the patternes of my face

Cat. Indeed I cannot, but must needs acknowledge myselfe beholding to you.

Pike. This I must beare :

I will doe soe and call't my sweet affliction.

Cat. Will you heare me, sir? I am the Lady——

Pike Yes, I doe heare you say you are the Lady; but let me tell you, Madam, that Ladyes, though they should have tenderest sence of honour & all vertuous goodnesse, & so resemble Goddesses as well in soule as feature, doe often prove dissemblers & in their seemely breasts beare cruelty & mischiefe. If you be one of those, oh, be converted: returne from whence you came & know 'tis irreligious, nay divelish to tread & triumph over misery.

Cat. How well he speakes, yet in the sence bewraying
A sence distracted : sure his captivity,
His wounds, & hard entreaty make him Franticke!
Pray hear me, sir, & in two words Ile tell you
Enough to win believe : I am the Lady
Of the Knight vanquished by you, *Don John.*

Pike. Y'have said enough, indeed : pitty of heaven,
What new invented cruelty is this!
Was't not enough that by his ruthlesse basenes
I had these wounds inflicted, but I must
Be tortured with his wife's uniuertuous reioycings!
'Twas well his politicke feare, which durst not come
To glory in his handy worke himselfe,
Could send your privedg'd Lady ship.

Cat. Indeed you much mistake me : as I live,
As I hope mercy & for after life,
I come for nothing but to offer thanks
Unto your goodnes, by whose manly temper
My lord and husband reassum'd his life :
And aske your Christian pardon for the wrong
Which by your suffering now pleads him guilty.
Good sir, let no mistrust of my iust purpose
Crosse your affection : did you know my love
To honour and to honest actions,
You would not then reiect my gratulations.
And since that deeds doe best declare our meaning
I pray accept of this.
This money and these clothes and my request
Unto your keeper for best meats and wines
That are agreeable to your health and taste.

And, honest friend, thou knowst and darest, I hope,
Believe me I will see they payd for all.

Jay. Yes, my good lady. Loe you, sir, you see
Still how my care provides your good: you may
Suppose the Governour's humanity
Takes care for you in this, too.

Pike. Excellent Ladye I doe now believe
Virtue and weomen are growne friends againe.

Enter Don John.

Jo. What magicall illusion's this? tis she!
Confusion seize your charitable blindness!
Are you a prison visiter for this,
To cherish my dishonour for your merit?

Cat. My lord, I hope my Charity workes for your honour,
Receiving him whose mercy spared your life.

Jo. But that I'me subject to the law & know
My blowes are mortall, I would strike thee dead.
Ignoble & degenerate from Spanish blood,
Darst thou maintaine this to be charity?
Thy strumpett itch & treason to my bed
Thou seekst to act in cherishing this villaine.

Cat. Saints be my witnesses you doe me wrong!

Jo. Thou robbst my honour.

Pike. You wound her honour and you robb yourselfe,
And me and all good Christians, by this outrage.

Jo. Doe you prate, sir?

Pike. Sir, I may speake: my tongue's unshackled yet,
And were my hands and feete so, on free ground
I would maintayne the honour of this Lady
Against an Hoast of such ignoble husbands.

Jo. You are condemnd already by the Law
I make no doubt: and therefore speake your pleasure.
—And here come those fore whom my rage is silent.

Enter Ferdinando, Teniente, Guard.

Fer. Deliver up your prisoner to the *Teniente*.
I need not, sir, instruct you in your place
To beare him with a guard as is appointed
Unto the publicke tryall held at *Sherrys*.

Ten. It shall be done.

Fer. How long hath he bene your prisoner.

Jay. 18 days.

Fer. You & the Surgeons out of the Kings pay
Ile see dischargd.—You have according to the Order,
Conveyd already Bustamente thither
To yeild account for yeilding up the Castle ?

Ten. 'Tis done, my Lord.

Fer. Don John, you likewise in his Maiesties name
Stand chargd to make your personall appearance
To give in evidence against this prisoner.

Jo. I shall be ready there, my Lord.

Pike. To *Sherrys* ? They say the best sakes there.
I mean to take one draught of dying comfort.

Cat. I hope you'le not deny my company
To waite on you to *Sherris* ?

Jo. No, you shall goe to see your frend there totter.

Pike. I have a suite, my Lord : to see an *Englishman*
A Merchant, prisoner here, before I goe.

Fer. Call him : that done you know your charge

Ten. And shall performe it. [*Exit Jaylour.*

[*Ex. Fer., John, Catalina.*

Enter Jaylor & Woodrow.

Pike. Oh, Mr. Woodrow, I must now take leave
Of prison fellowship with you. Your fortunes
May call you into *England*, after payment
Of some few money debts : but I am calld
Unto a further tryall : my debt is life,
Which if they take not by extortion,
I mean, by tortures, I shall gladly pay it.

Wo. I have heard, & thought you by what I had heard
Free from feare's passion : still continue soe,
Depending on heaven's mercy.

Pike. You do instruct me well : but worthy Countryman,
Once more let me give you this to remember,
And 'tis my last request :—that when your better stars
Shall guide you into *England*, youle be pleased
To take my Country *Devonshire* in your way :
Where you may find in *Taverstoke* (whom I left)
My Wife & Children wretched in my misfortunes.
Commend me to them, tell them & my friends

That if I be, as I suspect I shall be,
 At Sherris putt to death, I dyed a Christian soldier,
 No way, I hope, offending my iust King
 Nor my religion, but the Spanish lawes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 3.

Enter Don Pedro, reading a letter, & Manuell.

Man. Dear Sir, let me have power to recall
 Your graver thoughts out of this violent storme
 Of passion that thus o'erwhelmes your mind.
 Remember what you are, and with what strength,
 What more than manly strength, you have outworne
 Dangers of Battaile, when your warlike lookes
 Have outfac'd horroure.

Pedro. Oh, my son, my son,
 Horroure itselfe upon the wings of Death,
 Stretcht to the uttermost expansion
 Over the wounded body of an Army,
 Could never carry an aspect like this
 This murdering spectacle, this field of paper
 Stricke all with Basiliskes eyes. Read but this word,
 "The ravisht Eleonora!" Does't not seeme
 Like a full cloud of blood ready to burst
 And fall upon our heads?

Man. Indeed you take too deepe a sence of it.

Pedro. What? When I see this meteor hanging ore it,
 This prodigy in figure of a man,
 Clad all in flames, with an Inscription
 Blazing on's head, "Henrico the Ravisher!"

Man. Good sir, avoid this passion,

Pedro. In battailes I have lost, and seene the falls
 of many a right good soldier: but they fell
 Like blessed grayne that shott up into honour
 But in this leud exploit I lose a son
 And thou a brother, my *Emanuel*,
 And our whole house the glory of her name:
 Her beauteous name that never was distayned,
 Is by this beastly fact made odious.

Man. I pray, sir, be your selfe and let your judgement
 Entertaine reason: From whome came this letter?

Pedr. From the sad plaintiffe *Eleonora*.

Man. Good!

And by the common poast : you every weeke
Receiving letters from your noble frendes
Yet none of their papers can tell any such tidings.

Pedro. All this may be soo, sir.

Man. Why is her father silent ? has she no kindred,
No frend, no gentleman of note, no servant,
Whom she may trust to bring by word of mouth
Her dismall story.

Pedro. No, perhaps she could not
Text up his name in proclamations.

Man. Some villaine hath filld up a Cup of poyson
T' infect the whole house of the *Guzman* family :
And you the greedyest first to take it downe.

Pedro. That villaine is thy brother.

Man. Were you a stranger.

Armd in the middle of a great Battalio
And thus should dare to taxe him, I would wave
My weapon ore my head to waft you forth
To single combatt : if you would not come,
Had I as many lives as I have hayres,
I'de shoot 'em all away to force my passage
Through such an hoast untill I met the Traytour
To my dear brother.—Pray doe not think so, sir !

Pedro. Not ? When it shall be said one of our name
(Oh heaven could I but say he were not my son !)
Was so dishonorable,

So sacrilegious to defile a Temple
Of such a beauty & goodnes as she was !

Man. As beauteous is my brother in his soule
As she can be.

Pedro. Why dost thou take his part so ?

Man. Because no dropp of honour falls from him
But I bleed with it. Why doe I take his part ?
My sight is not so precious as my brother :
If there be any goodnes in one man
He's Lord of that : his vertues are full seas
Which cast up to the shoares of the base world
All bodyes throwne into them : he's no drunkard ;
I think he nere swore oath ; to him a woman

Was worse than any scorpion, till he cast
His eye on *Eleonora*: and therefore, sir,
I hope it is not so.

Pedro. Was not she so?

Man. I doe not say, sir that she was not so,
Yet women are strange creatures: but my hope
Is that my brother was not so ignoble.
Good sir, be not too credulous on a Letter.
Who knowes but it was forgd, sent by some foe
As the most vertuous ever have the most?
I know my Brother lov'd her honour so
As wealth of kingdoms could not him entice
To violate it or his faith to her.
Perhaps it is some queint desire of theirs
To hast your journey homeward out of *France*,
To terminate their long-desired marriage.

Pedro. The language of her letter speakes no such comfort,
But I will hasten home: & for you are
So confident as not to thinke his honour
Any way toucht, your good hopes be your guide
Auspiciously to find it to your wish.
Therefore my counsaile is you post before,
And, if you find that such a wrong be done,
Let such provision instantly be
Betwixt you made to hide it from the world
By giving her due nuptiall satisfaction,
That I may heare no noise of't at my comming.
Oh, to preserve the Reputation
Of noble ancestry that nere bore stayne,
Who would not passe through fire or dive the mayne.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 4.

Enter Fernando & Eleonora.

Fer. Cease, *Eleonora*, cease these needles plaints,
Less usefull than thy helpe of hand was at
The deed of darkness,—oh, the blackest deed
That ever overclouded my felicity!
To speake, or weepe thy sorrow, but allayes
And quenches anger, which we must now cherish

To further iust revenge. How could I wish
But to call backe the strength of twenty years!

Ele. That I might be in that unborne againe, sir.

Fer. No, *Eleonora*, that I were so ennabled,
With my owne hands to worke out thy wronge
Upon that wretch, that villaine, oh, that Ravisher!
But though my hands are palsyed with rage,
The Law yet weares a sword in our defence.

Enter Henrico.

Ele. Away, my Lord! Father! see the monster
Approaching towards you! Who knows but now
He purposeth an assassinate on your life,
As he did lately on my Virgin honour?

Fer. Fury, keepe off me!

Hen. What life, what honour meane you? *Eleonora*,
What is the matter? Who hath lost anything?

Ele. Thou impudent as impious, I have lost ——

Hen. Doe you call me names?

Ele. The solace of my life, for which ——

Hen. A fine new name for a Maydenhead!

Ele. May all the curses of all injured weomen
Fall on thy head!

Hen. Would not the curses of all good ones serve?
So many might perhaps be borne; but, pray,
Tell me what moves you thus? Why stand you soe
Aloofe, my Lord? I do not love to bee
Usd like a stranger: welcome's all I looke for.

Fer. What boldnesse beyond madnesse gives him language!
Nothing but well-bred stuffe! Canst see my daughter
And not be strooke with horreur of thy shame
To th' very heart? Is't not enough, thou Traytour,
To my poore Girle's dishonour to abuse her
But thou canst yett putt on a devill's visour
To face thy fact and glory in her woe?

Hen. I would I were acquainted with your honour's
meaning all this while.

Fer. The forreine Enemy which came to the City
And twice Dancd on the Sea before it waving
Flags of defyancc & of fury to it,
Were not before nor now this second time

So cruell as thou. For when they first were here
 Now well nigh 40 years since, & marched through
 The very heart of this place, trampled on
 The bosomes of our stoutest soldiers,
 The woemen yet were safe. Ladyes were free
 And that by the especial command
 Of the then noble Generall: & now being safe
 From common danger of our enemyes,
 Thou lyon-like hast broake in on a Lambe
 And preyed upon her.

Hen. How have I preyd?

Fer. Dost thou delight
 To heare it named, Villaine, th' hast ravisht her.

Hen. I am enough abusd, & now 'tis time
 To speake a litle for myselfe, my lord.
 By all the vowes, the oathes & imprecations
 That ere were made, studied, or practised,
 As I have a soule, as she & you have soules,
 I doe not know, nor can nor will confesse
 Any such thing, for all your Circumvention:
 Ile answer all by Law.

Ele. Oh, my Lord, heare me
 By all that's good—

Fer. Peace, *Eleonora*; I have thought the course.
 If you dare justify the accusation
 You shall to *Sherrys*, and then before the Judges
 Plead your owne cause.

Hen. And there Ile anon answer it.

Fer. There if you prove the Rape, he shall be forced
 Either to satisfy you by marriage
 Or else to loose his periurd head.

Hen. I am content.

And instantly I will away to *Sherrys*
 There to appeal to the high Court of Justice.
 'Tis time I thinke such slanderous accusations
 Assayling me; but there I shall be righted.

Fer. You shall not need to doubt it:—come, *Eleonora*.

[*Exeunt.*]

Hen. What will become of me in this, I know not:
 I have a shrewd guese though of the worst.
 Would one have thought the foolish ape would putt

The finger in the eye and tell it daddy
 'Tis a rare guift mong many maides of these dayes;
 If she speed well she'le bring it to a Custome,
 Make her example followed to the spoyle
 Of much good sport: but I meane to looke to't.
 Now, sir, your newes?

Enter Buzzano.

Buz. The most delicious, rare, absolute newes that ere
 came out of *France*, sir!

Hen. What's done there? have they forsaken the Divell
 and all his fashions? banishd their Taylors & Tyrewomen?

Buz. You had a father and a brother there: and can you
 first thinke upon the Divell and his Limetwiggs.

Hen. Had, *Buzzano*? had a father & a brother there?

Have I not so, still, *Buzzano*?

Buz. No, sir, your elder Brother is ——

Hen. What, speake *Buzzano*: I imagine dead.

Buz. Nay, you shall give me something by your leave.

You shall pay the poast:—good newes for nothing!

Hen. Here, here, *Buzzano*: speake quickly, crowne me
 with the felicity of a younger brother: is he dead, man!

Buz. No, he's come home very well, sir; doe you thinke
 I goe on dead men's errands.

Hen. Pox on thee, beuzzard! how he startled my blood.

Buz. But he is very weary & very pensive, sir, talke not
 at all, but calls for his bed:—pray God your Father be not
 dead! and desires when you come in to have you his Bed-
 fellow, for he hath private speech with ye.

Hen. Well, sir, you that are so apt to take money for
 newes beware how you reflect one word, sillable or thought
 concerning *Eleonora*: you knowe what I meane?

Buz. Yes, & meane what you know, sir.

Hen. What's that?

Buz. Ile keepe your Counsaile

Hen. My life goes for it else.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS QUARTUS.

SCENE I.

Enter Henrico (as newly risen)

Hen. Buzzano! Slave! Buzzano!

Enter Buzzano with Cloak & Rapier.

Buz. Signior, what a buzzing you make, as if you were a fly at Bartholomew-tyde at a Butcher's stall: doe you think I am deafe?

Hen. No, but blind: do'st sleepe as thou goest?

Buz. No, but I goe as I sleepe, & that's scurvily.

Hen. Call my brother *Manuell*.

Buz. Brother *Manuell*!

Hen. How? pray (goodman rascall) how long have he & you bene Brothers?

Buz. I know not: may be ever since we were borne, for your father used to come home to my mother, & why may not I be a chipp of the same blocke out of which you two were cutt? Mothers are sure of their children, but no man is able to sweare who was his father.

Hen. You are very lusty.

Buz. I eat eringoes and potchd eggs last night.

Hen. Goe & call him.

Buz. What?

Hen. You hound, is he up?

Buz. No, he's in bed, and yet he may be up too; Ile goe see.

Hen. Stay and speak low.—How now?

Buz. falls downe.

Buz. I can speake no lower unlesse I creep into the Cellar.

Hen. I'me glad you are so merry, sir.

Buz. So am I: my heart is a fiddle: the strings are rozend with ioy that my other young Mr. is come home, & my tongue the sticke that makes the fiddle squeake.

Hen. Come hither, leave your fooling & tell me truely: didst sleepe to-night or no?

Buz. Sleepe? Not that I remember. Ile sweare (& my eyes should come out as 2 witnesses) that I nere slept worse; for what with your Spanish flyes (the pocky stinging musquitoes) & what with your skip Jack fleas, the nap of my sleepe was worne off.

Hen. Didst hear nothing ?

Buz. Not in my sleepe.

Hen. Collect thy senses: when thou wert awake didst thou heare nothing ?

Buz. Nothing.

Hen. Twixt 12 and one ?

Buz. 12 and one ? Then was I in my dead sleepe cursing the fleas.

Hen. Or about one & two.

Buz. That's Three :—Now the Beetle of my head beates it into my memory that as you & your brother *Manuell* lay in the high bed, & I trondling underneath, I heard one of you talke most stigmatically in his sleepe—most horriferously.

Hen. Right, now thou com'st to me,—so did I.

Buz. And then once or twice the sleepy voice cryde out,
“Oh it was I that murdered him ! this hand killd him !”

Hen. Art sure thou heardst this ?

Buz. Am I sure these are my eares ?

Hen. And dar'st thou swears thou heardst it ?

Buz. Lay downe 20 oathes, and see if Ile not take them.

Hen. And whose voice was it did appeare to thee ;

Buz. Whose voice was it ? Well said, young Master !
Make an asse of your father's man !

Hen. Come, come be serious: whose voice ?

Buz. Whose voice ? why then, if your wind pipe were slitt now and opend, there should the voice be found. I durst at midnight be sworne the Ghost of your voice appeared before me.

Hen. No: me it frightened too: up stood my haire stiffe & on end.

Buz. As a catt's does at sight of a dog.

Hen. A cold sweat pearld in dropps all ore my body :

For 'twas my Brother's voice, and were I calld

Before a thousand Judges I must swears

It could be no man's els.

Buz. Why then, I must swears so, too.

Hen. “Oh it was I that murdered him ! this hand killed him !”

[*Within, Man*] *Buzzano !*

Hen. He's up.

Man. *Buzzano !*

Buz. I come.

Hen. Helpe to make him ready, but not a word on thy life.

Buz. Mum.

[*Exit.*]

Hen. So let it worke : thus far my wheelles goe true.

Because a Captaine, leading up his men

In the proud van, has honour above them,

And they his vassiales : must my elder brother

Leave me a slave to the world ? & why forsooth ?

Because he gott the start in my mother's belly,

To be before me there. All younger brothers

Must sitt beneath the salt & take what dishes

The elder shoves downe to them. I do not like

This kind of service : could I by this tricke,

Of a voice counterfeited and confessing

The murder of my father, trusse up this youker

And so make myself heire & a younger brother

Of him, 'twere a good dayes worke. Wer't not fine
angling ?

Hold line and hook : Ile puzzle him.

Enter Manuell and Buzzano.

Man. Morrow, brother.

Hen. Oh, good morrow : You had slept soundly.

Man. Travellers that are weary have sleepe led in a string.

Buz. So doe those that are hanged : all that travell &
are weary do not sleepe.

Man. Why, Mr. *Buzzano*, why ?

Buz. Midwives travell at night & are weary with eating
groaning pyes, & yet sleepe not : shall I hooke you ?

Man. Hooke me ? What meanst ?

Buz. These Taylors are the wittiest knaves that live by
bread.

Hen. And why witty, out of your wisdome ?

Buz. In old time gentlemen would call to their men and
cry "Come trusse me," now the word is "Come hooke me;" for
every body now lookes so narrowly to Taylors Bills (some for
very anger never prying them) that the needle lance Knights
in revenge of those prying eyes, put so many hookes & eyes
to every hose & dubblet.

Man. Well, sir, Ile not be hookd then now.

Buz. 'Tis well if you be not.

[*Exit.*]

Hen. France is an excellent country.

Man. Oh, a brave one.

Hen. Your Monsieurs gallant Sparks.

Man. Sparkes? Oh, sir, all fire,

The soule of complement, courtship & fine language:
Witty & active; lovers of faire Ladies,
Short naggs & *English* Mastives: proud, fantasticke,
Yet such a pride & such fantasticknes,
It so becomes them other Nations,
(Especially the English) hold themselves
No perfect gentleman gentlemen till frenchified.

Hen. Tush, *England* breeds more apes than Barbary.—

How chance my father came not home with you?

Man. He was too hard tyed by the leg with busines.

Hen. What business?

Man. 'Tis but stepping into *France*,

And he perhaps will tell you.

Hen. Perhaps? tis well:

What part of *France* did you leave him in?

Man. What part? why I left him at *Nancy* in *Lorraine*.

No, no, I lye, now I remember me 'twas at *Chadlous* in
Burgundy.

Hen. Hoyda, a most loving child that knows

That knows not where he left his father, & yet
Comes but now from him! had you left in *France*
Your whore behind you, in your Table Bookes
You would have sett downe the street's very name,
Yes and the baudy signe, too.

Man. Hum, you say well, sir.

Now you are up to th'eaes in Baudery,
Pray tell me one thing, Brother: (I am sorry
To putt forth such a question) but speake truly,
Have you not in my father's absence done
A piece of worke (not your best master piece)
But such an one as on the house of *Guzman*
Will plucke a vengeance, & on the poor old man
(Our noble father) heape such hills of sorrow
To beate him into his grave?

Hen. What's this your foolery?

Man. Pray heaven it prove soe; have you not defac'd
That sweet & matchles goodnes, *Eleonora*,
Fernando's daughter?

Hen. How defacd her ?

Man. Hearke, sir, playd Tarquin's part and ravisht her.

Hen. 'Tis a lie.

Man. I hope so too.

Hen. What villaine speakes it.

Man. One with so wide a throat, that uttering
'Twas heard in France : a letter, sir, informed
My father so.

Hen. Letter ? from whom ?

Man. A woman.

Hen. She's a whore.

Man. 'Twas *Eleonora*.

Hen. She's, then, a Villanous Strumpet so to write,
And you an asse, a coxcomb to beleeve it.

Man. Nettled ? then let me tell you that I feare
I shall for ever blush when in my hearing
Any names *Henrico Guzman* for any brother.
In righte of vertue & a woman's honour
(This deare wrongd Ladies) I dare call thee Villaine.

Hen. Villaine !

They fight : enter Ferdinando and attendants.

Fer. Part them, part them !

Hen. Let me see his heart
Panting upon my weapon's point : then part us.
Oh, pray, forbare the roome.

Fer. Fy, Fy ! two brothers,
Two Eagles of one noble Aery,
Pecke out each other's eyes ! Welcome from *France* !
How does your honourd father ?

Man. Well, my Lord :
I left him late in *Paris*.

Hen. So, so, in *Paris* !
Hath he 3 bodies ? *Lorraine, Burgundy & Paris* !
My Lord, his Highness puts into your hand
A sword of Justice : draw it forth, I charge you
By th' oath made to your King, to smite this Traytour
The murtherer of my father !

Man. I ?

Hen. Yes, thou :
Thou, slave, hast bene his executioner.

Man. Where? When?

Hen. There, there; in *France*.

Man. Oh heavenly powers!

Hen. Oh intollerable villaine! parricide!

Monster of mankind! *Spaniard's* shame!

Fer. Pray heare me:

Are you in earnest.

Hen. Earnest?

Fer. Be advised.

Hen. Lay hold on him, the murtherer of my father:

I have armd proof against him.

Man. An armd devill,

And that's thyselpe! Produce thy proofes

Hen. I will, sir:

But I will doe't by law.

Fer. You are up already

Too deepe, I feare, in Law.

Hen. If you can, sett then

Your foote upon my head & drowne me, your worst:

Let me have Justice here.

Fer. Well, sir, you shall.

Manuell. I can no lesse than lay upon you

The hand of my authority. In my caroach

You shall with me to *Sherris*, 3 leagues off,

Where the Lords sitt to-morrow: there you must answer

This most unbrotherly accusation.

Man. And prove him a false caytiffe.

Fer. I will be both your guard, sir, and your bayle

And make no doubt to free you from this Viper.

Hen. Viper!

Fer. Y'are bound to appeare at *Sherris*, sir;

And you were best not fayle.

I have a certaine Daughter there shall meete you.

Come.

[*Exit Fer., Man. &*

Hen. Thither I dare you both, all three,—*Buzzano*!

Buz. Sir,

Hen. Saddle my Janet! Ile to *Sherris* presently.

Buz. And I?

Hen. And you: but I must schoole you, sirra.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE 2.

Enter Pike, shackled, & his Jaylour.

Jay. Boon Coragio, man! how is't?

Pike. Not very well & yet well enough, considering how the cheating dice of the world run.

Jay. I dare not, though I have a care of you, ease you of one Iron unless I desire such Gyves my selfe

Pike. Las, if they were all knockt off I'me loaden with Gyves Shackles, and fetters enough for the arrantest theefe that ever lay in my owne country in Newgate.

Jay. Shackles, gyves, and fetters enough! I see none but these at your heeles, which came on without a shoeing horne.

Pike. Yes, at my heart I weare them—a wife and children (my poore Lambes at home:) there's a chaine of sighes and sobbes and sorrow harder than any iron: and this chaine is so long it reaches from *Sherrys* to *Tavestock* in *Devonshire*.

Jay. That's farre enough in Conscience.

Pike. Could I shake those Chaines off I would cutt Capers: poor Dick Pike would dance though Death pip'd to him; yes, and spit in your Hangman's face.

Jay. Not too much of that nayther: some two days hence he will give you a choake peare will spoyle your spitting.

Pike. Pheu!

Jay. For, let me see, to-day is Sunday: to-morrow the Lords sitt, and then I must have a care—a cruell care—to have your leggs handsome and a new cleane ruff band about your necke, of old rusty iron; 'twill purge your choller.

Pike. I, I, let it, let it: Collers, halters, & hangmen are to me bracelets and frendly companions.

[Knocking within.

Jay. So hasty? Stay my leasure.— *[Enter 2 fryers*

Two fryers come to prepare you. *[Exit*

1. Hayle, Countryman! for we, though fryers in *Spaine*,
Were borne in *Ireland*,

Pike. Reverend Sir, y'are welcome

Too few such visitants, nay none at all,
Have I seen in this damnable Limbo.

2. Brother, take heed: doe not misuse that word
Of Limbo.

1. Brother Pike, for so we heare
Men call you, we are come in pure devotion
And charity to your soule, being thereto bound
By holy orders of our Mother Church.

Pike. What to doe, pray, with me.

1. To point with our fingers [shallowes,
Out all such rockes, shelves, quicksands, gulfes, &
Lying in the sea through which you are to passe
In the most dangerous voyage you ere made :
Eyther by our care to sett you safe on land,
Or, if you fly from us your heavenly pilotts
Sure to be wrackt for ever.

Pike. What must I doe ?

2. Confesse to one of us what ranke and foule impostumes
Have bred about your soule.

1. What Leprosies
Have run ore all your Conscience.

2. What hott feavers
Now shake your peace of mind.

1. For we are come
To cure your old corruptions.

2. We are come
To be your true and free Physitians.

1. Without the helpe of gold to give you health.

2. To sett you on your feete on the right way.

1. To *Palestine*, the *New Jerusalem*.

2. Say
Will you unlocke the closet of your heart
To one of us ? chuse which, & be absolvd
From all your blacke crimes on a free confession

1. To him or me for you must dye to-morrow.

Pike. Welcome !

To-morrow I shall be in another country
Where are no Examiners, nor Jaylers,
Nor bolts, nor barres, nor irons. I beseech you
Give me a little respite to retire
Into the next roome & I will instantly
Returne to give you satisfaction.

[*Exit.*

Ambo. Soe, brother.

1. A goodly man !

2. Well limbd & strong of heart.

1. Now I well view his face did not we two
At our last being in *Plymouth*, in disguise,
When that the King of *England* rode about
To see the soldiers in their musterings.
And what their armes were, first before this fleet,
Sett out, did we not see him there ?
2. May be we did, I know not if he were there,
'Tis now out of my memory.

Enter Pike.

1. Are you resolv'd ?

Pike. Yes.

2. To confesse.

Pike. I ha' don't already.

1. To whom ?

Pike. To one who is in better place

And greater power than you to cure my sicke
Infected past, though maladies as infinite
As the sea sands, the grassy spears on earth,
Was the drops of raine and stars in the firmament
Stucke on me he can clear all, cleanse me thoroughly.

2. You will not then confesse ?

Pike. No, confesse I will not.

1. We are sorry for you :

For Countryes sake this Counsaile do I give you :
When y'are before the Lords rule well your tongue,
Be wary how you answer, least they tripp you :
For they know the whole number of your shippes,
Burthen, men & munition, as well
As you in *England*.

Pike. I thanke you both.

2. Prepare to dye.

[*Exeunt Fryers.*]

Pike. I will so,—Prepare to dye! An excellent bell & it sounds sweetly. He that prepares to dye rigges a goodly ship: he that is well prepar'd is ready to launch forth: he that prepares well & dyes well, arrives at a happy haven. Prepare to dye! preparation is the sauce, death the meate, my soule & body the guests: & to this feast will I goe, boldly as a Man, humbly as a Christian, & bravely as an *Englishman*. Oh my children, my Children! my poore Wife & Children!

Enter Jaylour & 3 Spanish Picaroes chayned.

Jay. Here's a chearfull morning towards, my brave blouds!

1. Yes, Jaylor, if thou wert to be hanged in one of our rooms.

Jay. On, on: the Lords will sitt presently.

2. What's hee?

Jay. An *Englishman*

3. A dog!

1. A divell!

2. Let's beat out his braines with our Irons.

Jay. On, on; leave rayling, cursing, & lying: had you not run from the Castle the hangman & you had bene "hayle fellow! well met:" On!

All. Crowes pecke thy eyes out, English dog, curre, toad, hell hound!

[*Exeunt.*

Pike. Patience is a good armour, humility a strong head-piece, would I had you all three, I know where.

Enter Bustamente shackled, & Jaylor.

Bust. Whither dost lead me?

Jay. To a roome by yourselfe: 'tis my office to have a care of my nurse children.

Bust. I have worn better Spanish gaiters: thus rewarded for my service!

Jay. See, Capt. *Bustamente*; doe you know this fellow?

Bust. No.

Jay. The Englishman brought prisoner into the City, & from thence hither.

Pike. Oh, Captaine, I saw you at the fort performe the part of a man.

Bust. And now thou seest me acting the part of a slave. Farewell, soldier. I did not hate thee at the first, though there we mett enemyes: and if thou & I take our leaves at the Gallowes, prithee lett's part friends.

[*A table out, sword & papers.*

Jay. Come along, you too.

Pike. Hand in hand, if the Captaine please: noble *Bustamente*, at the winning of the fort we had a brave breakfast.

Bust. True, but I doubt not we shall have worse cheer at dinner.

Jay. When was ever any meat well dressd in the hangman's kitchen?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 3.

Enter Fernando, bare headed, Talking with the Duke of Macada ; Duke Gyron, Medyna, Marquesse d'Alquevezas : 2 Gen. one with Pike's sword, which is laid on a table : Jaylour, Teniente : Clarke with papers.

Mac. Where's the *Teniente*?

Clarke. The Duke calls for you.

Ten. Here, my Lord.

Mac. 'Tis the King's pleasure that those fugitives
Which basely left the fort should not be honourd
With a judiciall tryall, but presently
(Both those you have at home & these in *Sherrys*)
To dye by martiall law.

Ten. My Lord, Ile see it done.

Mac. Dispatch the rest here.

Jay. Yes my Lord ; Ile bring them carefully together to end the business.

Gyr. Bring *Bustamente* in.

[*Exit Jaylour.*]

Mac. My Lords, here's *Don Fernando* relates to me
Two stories full of wonder : one of his daughter,
Fam'd for her vertues, faire *Eleonora*,
Accusing *Don Henrico*, youngest sonne
To noble *Pedro Guzman*, of a rape :
Another of the same *Henricos*, charging
His elder brother *Manuell* with the murther
Of *Pedro Guzman*, who went late to *France*.

Gyr. Are all the parties here?

Fer. Yes.

[*Exit Fernan.*]

Enter Jaylour, Bustamente, Guard.

Gyr. Bring them in.

Mac. *Bustamente*,

The King, our Master, looking with sharpe eyes,
Upon your trayterous yielding up the fort,
Putts off your Tryall here : you must abide
Longer imprisonment.

Bust. I have allready quitted
My selfe, my lord, of that which you call Treason
Which had in any here (he doing the like)
Bene a high point of honour.

Alq. These braves cannot serve you

Gyr. You must not be your own Judge.

Mac. You gave the *English*
More glory by your base ignoble rendring
The fort up than our Nation gott from them
In all our undertakings.

Bust. Here me, my Lord.

Mac. Sir, sir, w'have other anviles : *Bustamente*,
Prepare yourselfe for death.

Bust. For all my service !

All. Take him away !

Bust. You are Lyons & I your prey

[*Exit with Jaylour.*]

Mac. Which are *Don Pedro's* sons ?

Enter Fernando, Henrico, Manuell.

Fer. These two.

Mac. Which youngest ?

Hen. I, my Lord.

Enter Jaylour.

Mac. You charge this Gentleman, your elder brother,
With Murther of your father.

Hen. Which I can prove.

Mac. And hither flies a ravisht Ladies voice
To charge you with a Rape ; the wronged Daughter
Of this most noble Gentleman.

Hen. Let them prove that.

Mac. These accusations & the proofes shall meete
Here face to face in th' afternoone. Meantime
Pray, *Don Fernando*, let it be your care
To see these gentlemen attended on
By a strong guard.

Fer. The wrongs done to my selfe
Work me, my lord, to that.

Man. I would your Grace would heare me speake a little.

All You shall have time.

Med. Take them away,
And at their Tryall have the Lady here
[*Ex. Fer., Hen., Man., & Jaylour.*]

Gyr. Where is the *Englishman* ?

Clarke. The *Englishman* !

Alq. What do you call him ? *Dick of Devonshire* ?

Med. Because he is a soldier let him have
A soldier's honour: bring him from his prison
Full in the face of the whole Towne of *Sherrys*,
With drums & musketts.

Mac. How many soldiers are in the Towne ?

Clarke. 5000

Med. Let 200 march hither along with him as his guard :
where's the *Teniente* ?

Ten. Here, my Lord.

Med. Pray see this done & in good order.

Ten. I shall.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Don John below.

Gyr. What makes *Don John* here ? Oh now I remember :
You come against the *Englishman*.

Jo. Yes, my Lord.

Enter his Lady and a Gentlewoman above.

Mac. Give me the note there of the *English* advertize-
ments.

[*They all conferre.*]

Lady. Here may we see & heare : poore *Englishman* !

Sadnes ! I cast on thee a noble pitty,
A pitty mixt with sorrow that my Husband
Has drawne him to this misery, to whom
The soldier gave life being at his mercy.

Gent. Twas bravely done, no doubt he'le speed the better
for his mind.

Lady. I visited him in prison,
And did with much adoe win from *Don John*
This journey, for I vowed to see the event.
How they will deale with him.

Gent. I hope most fairely.

Enter 2 drums, Teniente, divers musketts, Fernando with Pike, (without band, and Iron about his necke, 2 chaines manackling his wrists, a great chaine at his heeles): Jaylour, 3 or 4 halberts, A Barre sett out.

Clarke. Silence!

You see how much our Spanish soldiers love you.
To give this brave attendance: though your Nation
Fought us and came to hunt us to our deathes.

Pike. My Lords, this which in shew is brave attendance
And love to me is the worldes posture right,
Where one man's falling downe sett up another.
My sorrows are their triumphes: So in kings courts,
When officers are thrust out of their roomes,
Others leape laughing in while they doe mourne,
I am at your mercy.

Mac. Sirra, Englishman.

Know you that weapon?—reach it him.

Pike. Yes, it

Was once mine: and drawes tears from me to think
How 'twas forcd from me.

Mac. How many Spanyards
Killd you with that sword?

Had I killed one
This Barre had nere bene guilty of my pleading
Before such Princely Judges. There stands the man.

Gyr. Don John, sett he on you or you on him?

Jo. He upon me first.

Pike. Let me then be torne
Into a thousand pieces.

Lady. My Husband speaks untruth.

Alq. Sette he on you first? More coward you to suffer an
enemy be aforehand.

Pike. Indeed in *England* my countrymen are good at bidd-
ing stand; but I was not now upon a robbery but a defence,
sett round with a thousand dangers. He sett upon me; I had
him at my feete, sav'd him, and for my labour was after basely
hurt by him.

Fer. This was examined by me, my Lords;
And *Don John*, thus accusd, was much ashamd
Of his unmanly dealing.

Gyr. He may be now soe.

- Lady.* I blush for him my selfe.
- Alq.* Disgrace to Spanyards!
- Mac.* Sirra, you *English*, what was the ship you came in?
- Pike.* The *Convertine*.
- Mac.* What Ordnance did she carry?
- Pike.* 40 peeces.
- Gyr.* No, sir, but 38: see here, my Lord.
- Alq.* Right, no more than 38.
- Mac.* Your fort at Plymouth strong?
- Pike.* Yes, very strong.
- Mac.* What Ordnance in't?
- Pike.* 50 peeces.
- Gyr.* Oh fye, do not belye your Country, there's not so many.
- Alq.* How many soldiers keep you in that fort?
- Pike.* 200.
- Mac.* Much about such a number.—
There is a little island before *Plymouth*:
What strength is that of?
- Pike.* I do not know.
- Gyr.* We doe, then.
- Alq.* Is Plymouth a walld towne?
- Pike.* Yes, it is walld.
- Mac.* And a good wall?
- Pike.* A very good strong wall.
- Gyr.* True, tis a good strong wall, and built so high
One with a leape staff may leape over it.
- Mac.* Why did not your good navy, being in such bravery,
As it tooke *Puntall* seize Cales?
- Pike* Our Generall
Might easily have tane it, for he had
Almost a thousand scaling ladders to sett up;
And without mayme to's army he might loose
A thousand men: but he was loath to robb
An almes-house when he'd a richer market
To buy a conquest in.
- Mac.* What was that Market?
- Pike* *Genoa* or *Lisbon*: wherefore should we venture
Our lives to catch the wind, or to gett knockes
And nothing else.

[*They consult.*]

Mac. A poast with speed, to Lisbon,
And see't well mand.

Ten. One shal be sent my Lord.

[*Exit, the Soldiers laugh.*]

Alq. How now, why is this laughter ?

Fer. One of the soldiers, being merry among themselves, is somewhat bold with the *English*, and sayes th'are dainty Hennes.

All [*Alq.?*] Hens ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Mac. Sirra, View well these soldiers,
And freely tell us, thinke you these will prove
Such hens as are your *English*, when next yeare
They land in your owne Country.

Pike I thinke they will not,
My lord, prove hens, but somewhat neere to hens.

Mac. How mean'st thou ?

Pike. Let my speech breed no offence :
I thinke they would prove pulletts.

Dar'st thou fight

With any one of these our *Spanish* pulletts ?

Pike. What heart have I to fight when 'tis beaten flatt
To earth with sad afflictions ? Can a prisoner
Glory in playing the Fencer ? my life's at stake
Allready : can I putt it in for more ?

Our army was some 14,000 men
Of which more than 12,000 had spirits so high
Mine never shall come neere them : would some of them
Were here to feed your expectations !
Yet silly as I am, having faire pardon
From all your Graces and your greatneses,
Ile try if I have strength in this chayned arme
To break a rapier.

Mac. Knock off all his gyves.

And he that hath a stomacke for *Spaine's* honour
To combate with this *Englishman*, appeare.

Pike. May he be never calld an *Englishman*
That dares not look a divelle in the face,

[*One steps forth.*]

Come he in face of man, come how he can.

Mac. Your name ?

Tia. Tiago.

All. Well done, Tiago.

Mac. Let drums beate all the time they fight.

Lady. I pray for thee.

Gent. And I.

[*They fight* : Pike disarms and tripps him downe.

Pike. Only a Devonshire hugg, sir :—at your feete
I lay my winnings.

Tia. Diab!e!

[*Exit biting his thumb* : the soldiers stampe.

Gyr. Wilt venter on another ?

Pike. I beseech you
To pardon me, and taske me to no more.

Alq. Come, come, one more : looke you, here's a
Young Cockerell
Comes crowing into the pitt.

[*Another steps in.*

All. Pry thee, fight with him.

Pike. I'me in the lyon's gripe and to get from him
There's but one way ; that's death.

Mac. *English,* What say you ? Will you fight or no ?

Pike. Ile fight.

All. Give 'em room ! Make way there !

Pike. Ile fight till every Joynt be cutt in pieces
To please such brave spectators : yes Ile fight
While I can stand, be you but pleas'd my Lords,
The noble Dukes here, to allow me choice
Of my owne Country weapon.

All. What ?

Pike. A Quarter Staff—this, were the head off.

Mac. Off with the head & roome !

How dost thou like this Spaniard ?

Pike. Well he's welcome.

Here's my old trusty frend : are there no more ?

One ! what, but one ? why I shall make no play,

No sport before my princely Judges with one.

More sacks to the Mill ! come, another ! what no more ?

Mac. How many wouldst thou have ?

Pike. Any number under six.

All. Ha, ha, sure he's mad

Mac. Dar'st cope with Three.

Pike. Where are they? let 'em shew their faces, so; Welcome!

Mac. How dost thou like these chickens?

Pike. When I have drest them

With sorrel sopps Ile tell you

Lady. Now guard him heaven!

[*Drums, They fight, one is killed the other 2 disarmed.*]

1. Hell take thy Quarter Staffe!

2. Pox on thy quarters!

Mac. The matter? Why this noyse?

[*A noyse within of Diable Englese.*]

Jay. The soldiers rayle, stamp stare, and sweare to cutt
His throat for all the Jaylor's care of him.

Mac. Make proclamation, my lord *Fernando*
That who soever dares but touch his finger
To hurt him, dyes.

Fer. I will, sir.

Lady. This is done nobly.

Mac. Here give him this gold

Ten. The Duke *Macada* gives you this gold.

All. And this.

Ten. The Duke of Medina this: Duke Gyron this; &
looke you, the Marquesse *Alqueveza* as much as all the rest.

Alq. Where's any of my men? Give him your cloake, sirra.
Fetch him cleane Band and Cuffs. I embrace thee, *Pike*.
And hugg thee in my arms: scorne not to weare
A Spanish livery.

Pike. Oh, my Lord, I am proud of't.

Mac. He shalbe with a Convoy sent to the King.

Alq. 4 of my gentlemen shall along with him:
Ile beare thy charges, soldier, to *Madrid*,
5 peeces of 8 a day in travell &
Lying still thou shalt have halfe that.

Pike. On my knees

Your vassaile thanks heaven, you and these princes.

Mac. Breake up the Court till afternoon: then the 2
Guzmans tryall.

All. Come, *Englishman*.

Med. How we honour valour thus our loves express:
Thou hast a guard of Dukes and Marquesesses.

[*Exeunt all.*]

ACTUS QUINTUS.

SCENE I.

Enter Teniente & Henrico.

Ten. The Lords are not yet risen : let us walke and talke
 Were you not better yield to marry her
 Than yield to suffer death ? know you the law ?

Hen. Law ! yes : the spider's cobweb, out of which great
 flyes breake, and in which the little are hanged : the Tarrier's
 snaphauce, lime twiggs, weavers shuttle & blankets, in which
 fooles and wrangling coxcombes are tossd.

Ten. I know't now or not ?

Ten. If of the rape she accuse you 'tis in her choise
 To have you marry her or to have you hangd,

Han. Hangd, hangd by any meanes ! marry her ? had I
 The King of *Spaines* 7 Kingdomes,
Gallicia, Navarre, the 2 Castiles,
Leon, Arrogan, Valentia, Granada,
 And *Portugall,* to make up 8 Ide lose them.
 All to be rid of such a piece of flesh.

Ten. How ? such a piece of flesh Why, she has limbes.
 Mad out of wax

Hen. Then have her to some faire.
 And show her for money.

Ten. Is she not sweet complexiond ?

Hen. As most Ladyes are that studye painting.

Ten. What meate will downe your throat, when
 You scorne pheasant, partridge, woodcocke & coney ?
 Would I had such a dish.

Hen. Woodcocke and coney take to you, my *Don Teniente* :
 Ile none, and because you keepe such a wondering why
 my stomach goes against the wench (albeit I might find better
 talk, considering what ladder I stand upon) Ile tell you,
 signior, what kind of wife I must have or none.

Ten. Pray let me see her picture.

Hen. Draw then this curtaine :

Give me a wife that's sound of wind and limbe :
 Whose teeth can tell her age : whose hand nere felt
 A touch lascivious : whose eyes are balls

Not tossd by her to any but to me : [kisse

Whose breath stinkes not of sweetmeates : whose lipps

Onely themselves and mine : whose tongue nere lay
 At the signe of the Bell. She must not be a scold,
 No, nor a foole to be in love with Bables ;
 No nor too wise to think I nere saile true
 But when she steares the rudder. I'de not have
 Her belly a drum, such as they weave points on,
 Unles they be tagged with vertue : nor would I have
 Her white round breasts 2 sucking bottles to nurse
 Any Bastard at them.

Ten. I believe you would not.

Hen. I would not have her tall, because I love not
 To dance about a May pole : not too lowe
 (Litle clocks goe seldome true) : nor, sir, too fatt
 (Slug shippes can keepe no pace) : no, nor too leane
 To read Anatomy lectures ore her Carcas.
 Nor would I have any wife exceeding faire,
 For then she's liquorish meate : & it would mad me
 To see whore masters teeth water at her,
 Red haird by no meanes, though she would yield money
 To sell her to some Jew for poyson. No,
 My wife shall be a globe terrestriall,
 Moving upon no axel tree but mine ;
 Which globe when I turne round, what land soever
 I touch my Wife is with me, still Ime at home.

Ten. But where will you find such a wife on earth ?

Hen. No, such a wife in the Moone for me doth tarry :
 If none such shine here I with none will marry.

Ten. The Lords are come.

Hen. I care neyther for Lords nor Ladies.

*Enter the nobles as before : Fernando, Manuell, Clarke,
 Jaylor.*

Mac. Where are these gentlemen ? Sett 'em both to a Barre.
 And opposite face to face : a confrontation
 May perhaps daunt th' offender & draw from him
 More than he'de utter. You accuse your brother
 A murtherer of your father : where's the prooffe ?

Hen. First call my father's man in.

Clark. What's his name ?

Hen. Buzzano.

Clark. Call Buzzano in !

Enter Buzzano.

Buz. Here I am, here.

Clark. Stand out :—Whither goe you ?

Buz. To stand out.

Clark. Stand there.

Mac. Now what can he say ?

Hen. First, my Lord, heare mee :

My brother & I lying in one bed together,
And he just under us——

Buz. I in my fleabitten Trundle bed

Clark. Peace, sirra.

Hen. About midnight I awaking,

And this *Buzzano* too, my brother in his sleepe
Thus cryd out, “ Oh ’twas I that murderd him,
This hand that killd him ! ”

Gyr. Heard you this, sirra ?

Buz. As sure as I heare you now.

Alq. And you’le be sworne ’twas he that so cryde out ?

Buz. If I were going to be hangd Ide sweare.

Clark. Forbeare the Court.

[Exit Buzzano.]

Mac. All this is but presumption : if this be all
The shott you make against him your bullets stick
In a mud wall, or if they meete resistance
They back rebound & fly in your owne face.

Med. Bring your best forces up, for these are weak ones.

Hen. Then here I throw my glove & challenge him
To make this good upon him : that at coming home
He first told me my father dyed in France,
Then some hours after that he was not dead
But that he left him in *Lorraine* at *Nancy*,
Then at *Chadlous* in *Burgundy*, & lastly
He said to *Don Fernando* he was in *Paris*.

Fer. He did indeed.

Mac. What then ?

Hen. Then, when in’s chamber we were going to bed,
He suddenly lookd wild, catchd me by the hand
And, falling on his knees, with a pale face
And troubled conscience he confessed he killed him,
Nay swore he basely murderd him.

Mac. What say you to this ?

Alq. Now he comes close up to you.

Man. He is my murtherer——

For I am none, so lett my Innocence guard me.
 I never spake with a distracted voice :
 Nere fell to him on my knees ; spake of no father,
 No murtherd father. He's alive as I am,
 And some foul divell stands at the fellowe's elbow,
 Jogging him to this mischefe. The Villaine belyes me,
 And on my knees, my lord, I beg that I
 And my white Innocence may tread the path
 Beaten out before us by that man, my brother.
 Command a case of rapiers to be sent for,
 And lett me meete his daring. I know him violent,
 But I am doubly armd, both with a Courage
 Fiery as his can be, and with a cause
 That spitts his accusation full in the face.

Mac. The combate in this case cannot be granted,
 And here's the reason : When a man accuses
 A frend, much more a brother, for a fact
 So foule as murther (murther of a father)
 The Law leapes straight way to the Challenger
 To take his part. Say that he doth accuse
 Should be decrepitt, lame and weake, or sickly,
 The other strong & lusty : thinke you a kingdome
 Will hazard so a subject, when the quarrell
 Is for a kingdome's right ? If y'are so valiant
 You then must call the law into the field
 But not the man.

Man. I have done ; let law proceed.

Mac. This cannot serve your turne, say he does belye you ;
 He stakes against your body his owne soule.
 Say there is no such murther, yet the Law
 Fastens on you ; for any man accusd
 For killing of his father may be rackd
 To draw confession from him. Will you confesse ?

Man. I cannot, must not, will not.

Mac. Jaylour, take & prepare him for the racke :
 Wele see it done here.

Hen. You are righteous Judges.

Man. Oh villaine, villaine, villaine !

[Exit with the Jaylor.]

Med. Where's the wrongd Lady

Alq. Stand you still at the Barre.

You are now another man, sir ; your scale turnes.

Fernando fetches in Eleonora.

Mac. Looke on the prisoner : doe you know him, Lady?

Ele. Would I had nere had cause to say I know him.

Mac. Of what do you accuse him ?

Ele. As the murtherer

Both of my name and honour—In the hurry,
When the Citty (they said) was ready to be taken,
I being betrothed to this young gentleman,
My father brought me to his father's house,
Telling me their dwelt safety.—There dwelt villainy,
Treason, lust, baseness! for this godlesse man
(The storme being ore) came in & forced from me
The Jewell of my virgin honour.

Hen. False!

Fer. I would not have thee thinke (thou graceles wretch)

She being contracted to thee, loving thee,
Loving thee far more dearly than her selfe,
Would wound her vertue so, so blott her fame
And bring a scandall on my house & me,
Were not the fact most true.

Hen. Most false by all that ever man can sweare by

We falling out, I told her once I nere
Would marry her : & soe she workes this mischief.

Gyr. You here stand charged for ravishing her, & you
Must marry her or she may have your life.

Mac. Lady, what say you ? Which had you rather have
His life or him ?

Ele. I am not cruell ; pay me my first Bond
Of marriage, which you seald to, & I free you
And shall with joy run flying to your armes.

All. Law you ?

Mac. That's easy enough.

Hen. Rackes, Gibbetts, Wheeles make sausages of my
flesh first! Ile be ty'd to no man's strumpet.

Alq. Then you muste look to dye.

Mac. Lady, withdraw.

Hen. Well if I do somebody shall racke.

Ele. Oh me, unfortunate Creature!

[*Exit.*

Enter Manuell to be rackt : Jaylour & Officers.

Med. Don Manuell Guzman ere you taste the tortures
Which you are sure to feele, will you confesse
This murder of your farther?

Man. Pray, give me privacy a little with my brother

All [*Alq.?*] Take it.

Man. O brother your owne Conscience knowes you wrong me
Ile rather suffer on the Gallow Tree.

Than thus be torne in pieces. Canst thou see mee
Thus worryed amongst hangmen? deare Henrico,
For heaven's sake, for thine owne sake pitty mee.

All [*Alq.?*] What sayes he?

Hen. Cunning, cunning, cunning Traytour!

In my eare he confesses all again and prayes me
To speake to you.

Mac. Will you openly confesse?

Man. No, no, I cannot. Caytiffe, I spake not soe:
I must not wound my Conscience to lay on it
A guilt it knows not. Ile not so dishonour
My father nor my ancestours before me,
Nor my posterity with such an earthquake
To shake our noble house.

Mac. Give him the law then.

Man. Ile meete a thousand deaths first.

Hen. Plucke, & plucke home, for he's a murtherous
villaine.

Man. Thou worse, a divell.

Mac. Racke him!

Man. Oh stay! for heaven's sake spread your mercy!
I doe confesse the murder; I killd my father.

All. Take him off!

Man. This hand stabbed him.

Mac. Where?

Man. Neere *St. German's*

In *Paris*, in a darke night, & then I fled.

Mac. Thy owne tongue is thy prooffe; take him away:
To-morrow looke to dye: send him a Confessour.

Jay. I'll have a holy care of him.

Exit Manuell, led by the Jaylour.

Hen. Who's now, my Lords, the Villaine ?

Enter Elenora and Buzzano

Ele. Oh Justice, here's a Witsesse of my Rape.

Mac. Did you see't, sirra ?

Buz. See't! no, sir, would I had: but when she was to labour I heard her cry out "helpe! helpe!" & the Gamboll being ended she came in like a mad women, ruffled & crumpled, her haire about her eares: & he all unbrac'd, sweating as if he had bene thrashing: & afterwards he told me, my lords, that he had downe diddled her.

Hen. I now am lost indeed, & on my knee

Beg pardon of that Goodnes, that pure Temple
Which my base lust prophan'd, & will make good
My wrongs to her by marriage.

Mac. What say you, Lady ?

Ele. He spurnd my mercy when it flew to him
And courted him to kisse it: therefore now
Ile have his life.

Fer. That life, so bad, redeemes
Thine & thy father's infamy. Justice! my Lords.

Hen. Cruel creature!

Mac. Take him away & lead him to his brother.
You both must die next morning.

Hen. I deserve it:
And so that Slave too, that betrayed his Master.

Buz. Why should not I betray my Master, when he
betrayed his Mistrise.

Ele. Get you gone, Sirra.

[Exeunt Henrico & Buzzano.]

Mac. You are dismissd Faire Lady.
You shall have law, your Ravisher shall dye.

Ele. Oh that my life from death could sett him free!

[Exit.]

Mac. Pray, *Don Fernando*, follow her & soften
Her heart to pittie the poore gentleman:
The crime is not so Capitall.

Fer. Ile doe my best

[Exit.]

Mac. That such a noble *Spanyard* as *Don Pedro*
Should be so curs'd in 's children!

Enter Buzzano, Don Pedro, Fernando & Eleonora.

Buz. Hee's come, hee's come, my Lord! *Don Pedro*
Gusman is still alive,—see, see!

Mac. Let us descend to meet a happinesse
Crownes all our expectations.

Pedro. Whilst I meet
A thunder strikes me dead. Oh, poore, wrongd Lady
The poysion which the Villaine pours on thy honour,
Runs more into my veines than all the Venome
He spitts at me or my deare boy, his brother.
My Lords, your pardon that I am transportd
With shame & sorrow thus beyond myselfe
Not paying to you my duty.

All. Your love, *Don Pedro.*

Mac. Conceale your self a while: your sons wele send for
And show them death's face presently.

Pedro. Ile play a part in't. [Exit.

Mac. Let them be fetcht & speake not of a father

Ten. This shall be done. [Exit.

Mac. Is your Compassion, Lady, yet awake?
Remember that the scaffold, hangman, sword,
And all the Instruments death playes upon,
Are hither calld by you; 'tis you may stay them.
When at the Barre there stood your Ravisher
You would have savd him, then you made your choyce
To marry him: will you then kill your husband?

Ele. Why did that husband then rather choose death
Than me to be his bride? is his life mine?
Why, then, because the Law makes me his Judge,
Ile be, like you, not cruell, but reprieve him:
My prisoner shall kisse Mercy.

Mac. Y'are a good Lady.

Med. Lady, untill they come repose your selfe.
[Exit Eleonora.

Mac. How now? so soone come back? why thus return?

Enter Pike & a Gentleman, with Letters.

Gen. Our Journey to *Madrid* the Kinge himselfe
Cutts off by these his royal letters sent
Upon the wings of Speed to all your Graces.
He lay one night since at your house, my Lord,

Where by your noble wife he had a wellcome
Fitting his greatness & your will.

Alq. I'm glad of't.

Mac. The King, our Master, writes heere, Englishman,
He has lost a subiect by you : yet referres
Himselfe to us about you.

Pike. Againe I stand heere
To lay my own life downe, please his high Maiesty
To take it : for what's lost his fate to fall
Was *fortune de la guerre*, & at the feete
Of his most royal Maiesty & at yours
(My princely Lords & Judges) low as th' earth
I throw my wretched selfe & begg his Mercy.

Mac. Stand up ; that mercy which you aske is signd
By our most royall Master.

Pike. My thanks to heaven him & your Grace.

Mac. The King further writes heere,
That though your Nation came in Thunder hither
Yet he holds out to you his Enemy
& friendly proffers : serve him in his dominions
Eyther by land or sea, & thou shalt live
Upon a golden pension, such a harvest
As thou nere reapst in England.

Pike. His kingly favours
Swell up in such high heapes above my merit,
Could I reare up a thousand lives, they cannot
Reache halfe the way. I me his, to be his Vassaile,
His Gally Slave, please you to chaine me to the vane ;
But with his highness pardon & your allowance,
I beg one Boone.

All. What is't

Pike. That I may once more
See my owne Country Chimneys cast out smoake.
I owe my life and service to the King,
(The king of *England*), let me pay that Bond
of my alleageance : that being payd,
There is another obligation,
One to a woeful Wife & wretched children,
Made wretched by my misery. I therefore beg,
Intreat, emplease, submissively hold up my hands
To have his Kingly pity & yours to lett me goe.

Alq. (*Alf?*) Let him ene goe.

Mac. Well, since we cannot win you to our service,
We will not weane you from your Countreyes love,
The king, our lord, commands us here to give you
A hundred pistolettes to beare you home.

Pike. A royall bounty, which my memory
Shall never loose: no, nor these noble favours
Which from the *Lady Marquesse Alequevesse*.
Raynd plenteously on me.

Alq. What did she to thee?

Gyr. How did she entertaine thee?

Pike. Rarely: it is a brave, bounteous, munificent, magnificent Marqueeza! the great Turke cannot tast better meat than I have eaten at this ladyie's Table.

Alq. So, so.

Pike. And for a lodging, if the Curtaines about my bed had been cutt of Sunbeames, I could not lye in a more glorious chamber.

Mac. You have something, then, to speake of our weomen when y'are in *England*.

Pike. This Box with a gold chaine in't for my Wife & some pretty things for my children, given me by your honourd Lady would else cry out on me. There's a *Spanish* shirt richly lacd and seemd, her gift too, & whosoever lays a foul hand upon her linnen in scorne of her bounty were as good flea the Divell's skin over his eares.

Mac. Well said: in *England* thou wilt drinke her health?

Pike. Were it a glasse as deepe to the bottome as a *Spanish* pike is long, an *Englishman* shall do't. Her health & Don John's wives too.

Enter Jaylour.

Jay. The prisoners are upon comming.

Mac. Stand by, *Englishman*.

Enter Teniente, Henrico, Manuell, Pedro (as a fryer): at another door Eleonora.

Mac. Give the Lady roome there!

Clar. Peace!

Mac. Your fact are both so foule your hated lives
Cannot be too soone shortned: therefore these Lords
Hold it not fitt to lend you breath till morning,
But now to cutt you off.

Both. The stroke is welcome.

Pedro. Shall I prepare you ?

Hen. Save your paynes, good father.

Man. We have allready cast up your accounts
And sent, we hope, our debts up into heaven.

Fer. Our sorrows and our sighes fly after them.

Med. Then your confession of the murther stands
As you yourself did sett it downe ?

Man. It does :

But on my knees I beg this marginall note
May sticke upon the paper ; that no guilt,
But feare of Tortures frighted me to take
That horrid sin upon me. I am as innocent
And free as are the starres from plotting treason
Gainst their first mover.

Pedro. I was then in *France*
When of your father's murther the report
Did fill all *Paris*.

Man. Such a reverend habit
Should not give harbour to so blacke a falshood

Hen. 'Tis blacke, & of my dying : for 'twas I
To cheate my brother of my father's lands
Layd this most hellish plott.

Med. 3 hellish sins, Robbery, Rape & Murther.

Hen. I'me guilty of all Three ; his soul's as white
And cleare from murther as this holy man
From killing me.

Pedro. Know, there's a thing about me
Shall strike thee into dust and make thy tongue
With trembling to proclayme thyselfe a Villaine
More than thou yet hast done :—See tis my Eye.

Hen. Oh, I am confounded ! [Falls.

Man. But I comforted
With the most heavenly apparition
Of my deare honourd father.

Fer. Take thou comfort
For two more apparitions, of a father
And a lost daughter, yet heere found for thee.

Man. Oh, noble sir, I pray forgive my brother.

Ele. See, sir, I doe : & with my hand reach to him
My heart to give him new life.

Fer. Rise, My *Henrico* !

Mac. Rise & receive a noble minded wife
Worth troupes of other weomen.

Hen. Shame leaves me speechless.

Pedro. Get thee a tongue againe, & pray, & mend.

Mac. Letters shall forthwith fly into *Madrid*
To tell the King the storyes of Two Brothers,
Worthy the Courtiers reading. Lovers take hands :
Hymen & gentle faeryes strew your way :
Our Sessions turnes into a Bridall day.

All. Fare thee well, Englishman.

Pike. I will ring peales of prayers of you all,
My Lords & noble Dons.

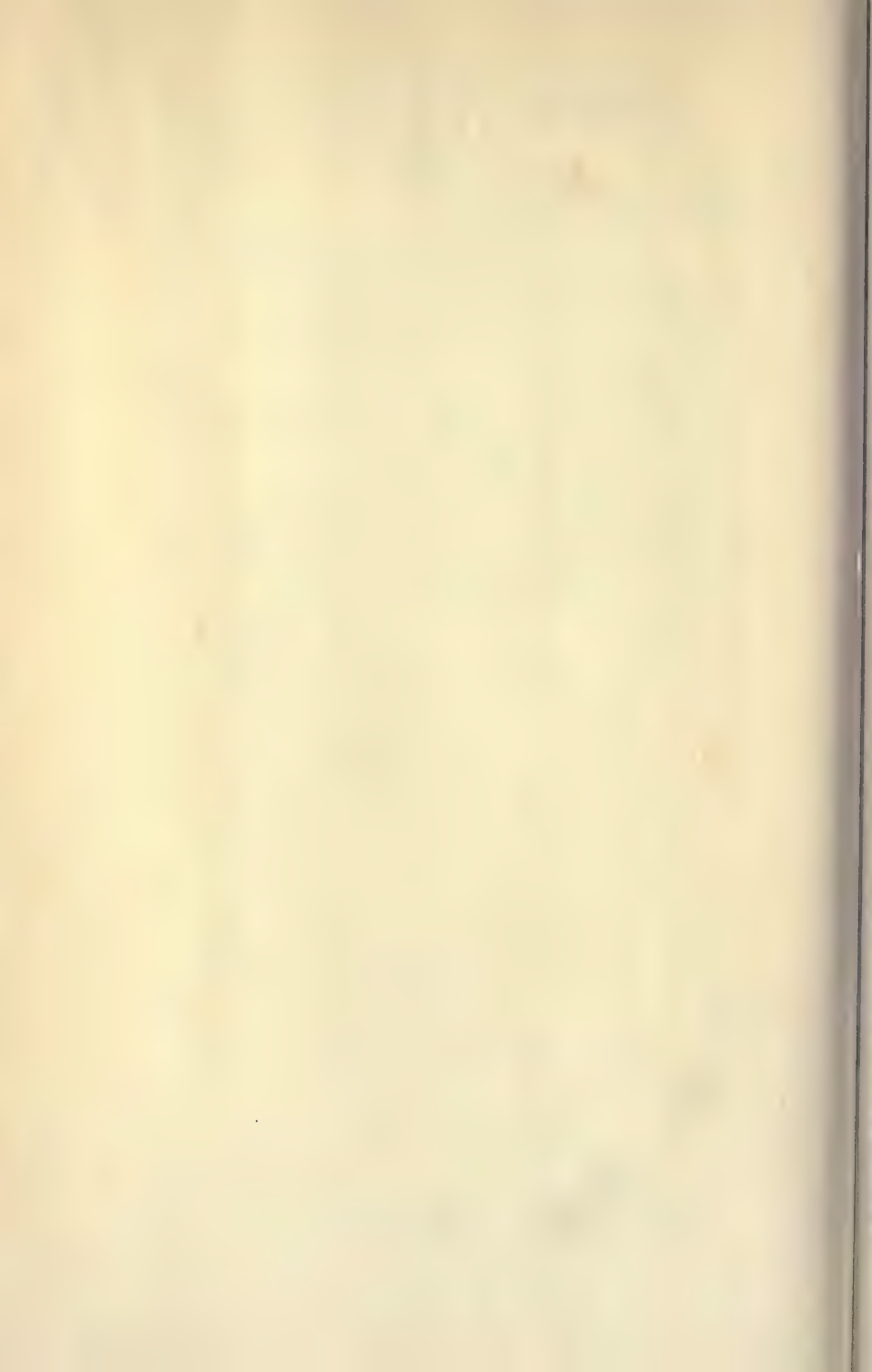
Mac. Doe soe, if thou hast iust cause : however,
When thy swift ship cutts through the curled mayne,
Dance to see *England*, yet speake well of *Spayne*.

Pike. I shall.—Where must I leave my pistolettes ?

Gent. Follow mee.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.



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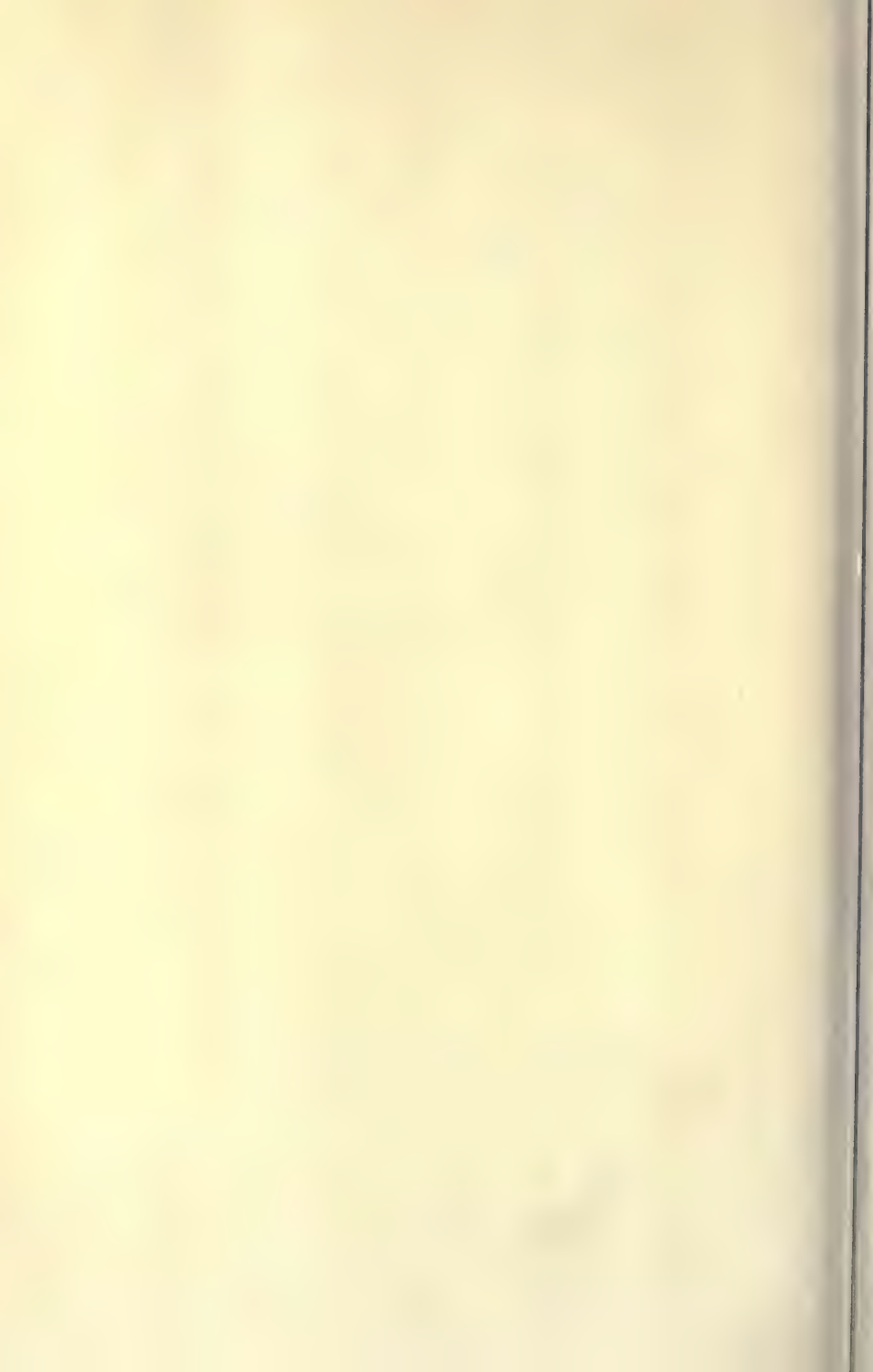
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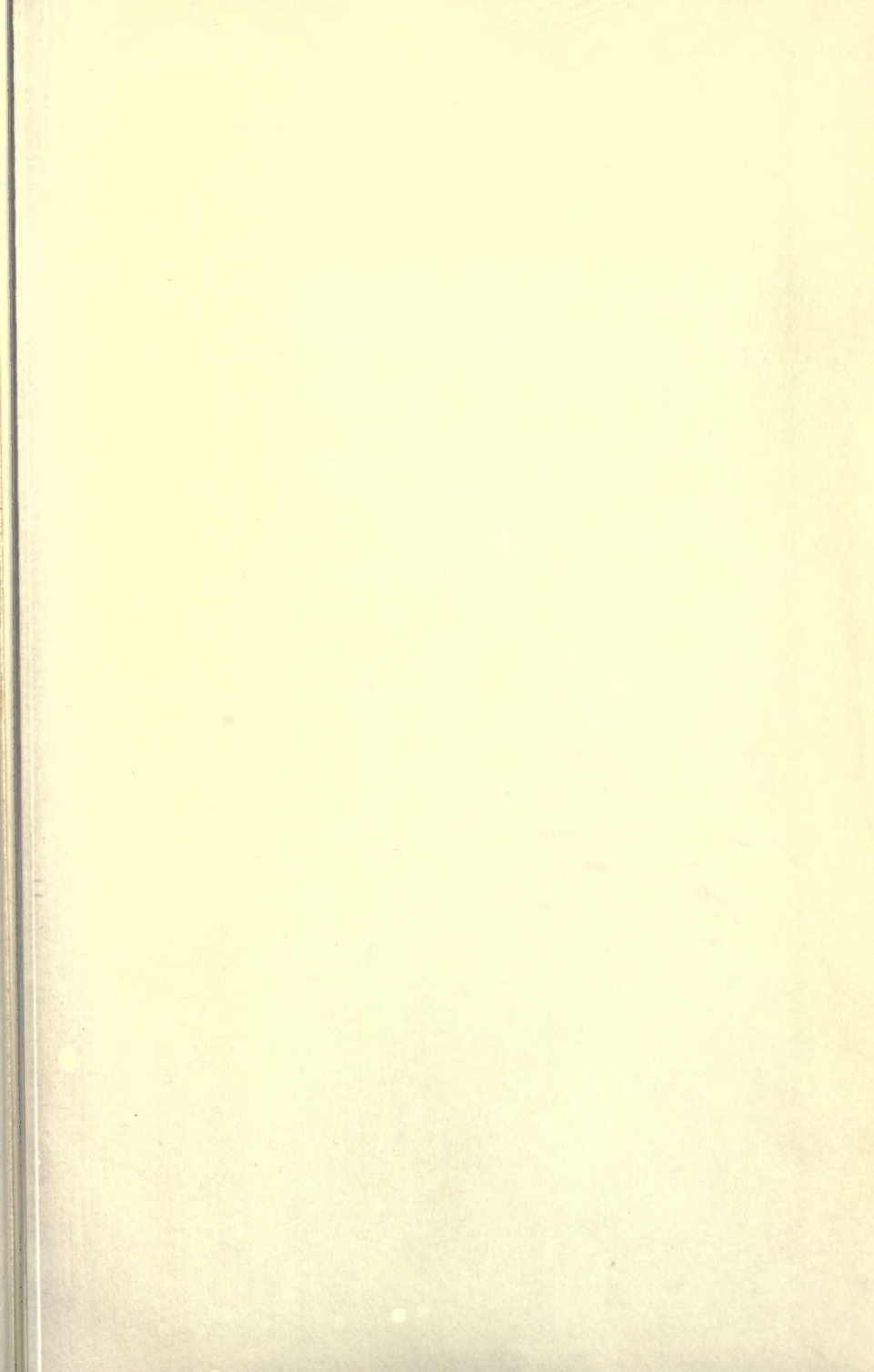
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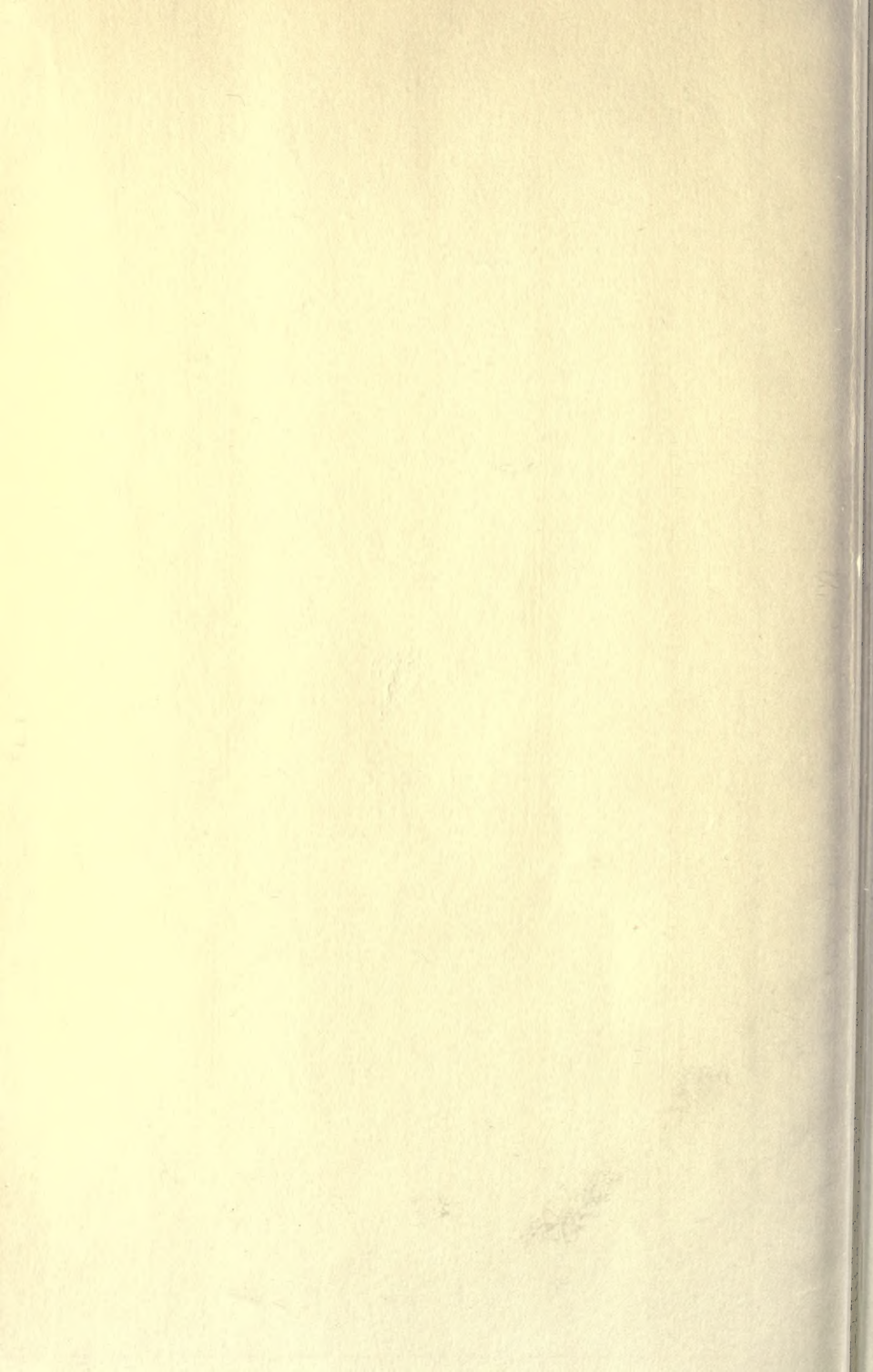
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