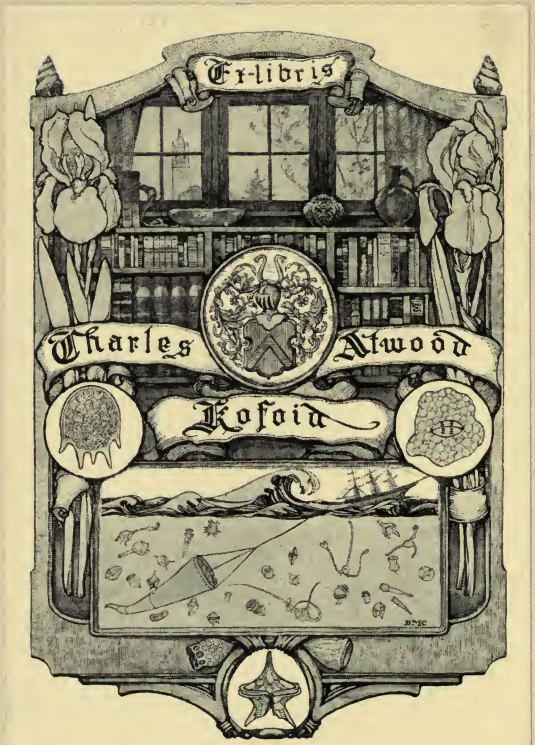
# GOODE OLDE COUNTREE

BY

CHARLES A. MACE


Ex-libris
Charles Atwood
Kofoid

# GOODE OLDE COUNTREE

*From Photo by G. Emberson, Junr., Cornhill, E.C.*

CH. A. MACE

# GOODE OLDE COUNTREE

BY

CHARLES A. MACE

LONDON:
THE ST. CATHERINE PRESS
34 NORFOLK STREET
STRAND

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| CHAPTER I. | THE HUNGERFORD FAMILY | *page* 1 |
| II. | DRIVING THROUGH THE COTSWOLD COUNTRY | 11 |
| III. | IN THE MIDST OF THE COTSWOLDS | 40 |
| IV. | AMONG THE COTSWOLD FARMERS | 79 |
| V. | SOME COTSWOLD PLACES | 93 |
| VI. | THE COTSWOLD GAMES | 100 |
| VII. | GOOD OLD BANBURY | 105 |
| VIII. | THE JOLLY GOOD OLD HARVEST HOME | 112 |
| IX. | OLD MICHAELMAS DAY | 123 |
| X. | GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES | 127 |
| XI. | THE DEATH OF AN OLD TRADITION | 147 |
| XII. | HISTORICAL PAGEANT OF PROGRESS | 150 |
| XIII. | ROLLS OF HONOUR | 157 |
| XIV. | GOOD OLD ENGLISH TALK | 168 |

# PREFACE

In Christmas, 1910, when spending the recess at home in Gloucestershire, I was telling my brother, Mr Arthur J. Mace, that the coming years 1911 and 1912 would be eventful and trying ones, and in many directions, 1911 being the Coronation year of our gracious and beloved King and his Consort (King George V and Queen Mary). My words proved to be true, for we have had, beside the Coronation, a good many strikes among the working men, such as the carmen, dockers, railwaymen, fishmongers, butchers, etc., etc., and also the "First Aerial Post," and many more events taking place during the time, and we nearly had a world-war, in fact, it is most memorable in recent history, for the years 1911 and 1912 have teemed with remarkable events of every description at home, abroad, in the air, and on the sea.

During my leisure hours I have made the very best use of them by writing this book, which has been a great pleasure to me, because I have now given in it some results of the notes which I have collected since my fourteenth birthday. I feel confident that those who read it will find much that is interesting and a great help in many directions; especially the chapters on the "Cotswold Hills," which will enable those persons who are anxious to know about that part of Good Old England to read facts, and the observations of one who knows and loves it.

For much in this book I am greatly indebted to my many friends in all parts of Gloucestershire and Oxfordshire for information given me at different times, for which they have been thanked personally; as also to my friends in London and other parts of the British Empire, and to Messrs. W. & R. Chambers of Edinburgh.

I also owe my very best thanks to "The Reference Library in the Guildhall, London," and more especially to "The Central Public Library, Fulham," for references to exact dates of the churches and the register dates as well as other general information, also to Mr W. H. Monk, of Burford, and Mr Richd. Holworthy, F.S.G. (Editor of "Gloucestershire Notes and Queries").

I also wish to thank Mr T. H. Mace of Great Rissington, The Revd. J. G. D. Willis, M.A., of Windrush Vicarage, for their kind assistance, and many more kind friends, too numerous to mention, but to give our good old country, England's Good Cheer and Prosperity for a Peaceful Nation.

For the illustrations I am greatly indebted to Mrs G. A. Davis, of Lechlade, Mr Chas. Powell, of Fairford, and Mr P. P. Cooper, of Langford, for kind permission to reproduce their excellent photographs.

C. A. MACE.

1914.

# CHAPTER I

## THE HUNGERFORD FAMILY

——— Man was marked
A friend in his creation to himself,
And may with fit ambition conceive
The greatest blessings, and the highest honours
Appointed for him, if he can achieve them
The right and noble way.
Assist yourself, and heaven will assist you
The master's eye doeth much.—MASSINGER.

DURING the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the name of Hungerford was well known on the Cotswold Hills, and through the kindness of some of my relations and of numerous friends, I am able to give something of the history of the Hungerford family; for some of them lived at Down Ampney Manor, which, since the eighteenth century, has been the home of the Earls of St Germans. Sir Thomas Hungerford, who purchased a charter of free warren in Down Ampney (8 R. 2), was first Speaker whose name appears in the Rolls of Parliament. It is said that Sir Peter de la Mare had filled the office previously. De la Mare is recorded as filling the post in 1377, while Sir Thomas Hungerford as certainly was elected to the office in the preceding year. He married first, Eleanor, daughter and heiress of Sir John Strug, of Heylesbury, and secondly, Joan, heiress of Sir Edmund Hussey, of Holbrook. By his second wife, who died on 1 March, 1412, he had a son and heir, Sir Walter Hungerford, Lord High Treasurer of England, and Baron Hungerford. Sir Walter married Catherine, one of the daughters and coheiresses of Thomas Peverel, and died (27 H. 6), leaving two sons, Robert and Edmond, of whom the latter married Margaret, daughter and heiress of Edmund Burnel, and died seized of this manor, and of Wicke near Hampton-Maysey (2 R. 3). Sir John Hungerford, his son and heir, seized of Down Ampney (16 H. 8), as did Sir Anthony Hungerford, son of Sir John, 1 Eliz. He was succeeded in this manor by John Hungerford, his son, whose son, Sir John Hungerford,

married Mary, the daughter of Sir Richard Berkeley, and died (10 Car.). Sir Anthony Hungerford, his son and heir, left his daughter, Bridget, as his only surviving daughter and heiress, who, being married to Edmund Dunch, Esq., carried this manor into that name and family.

Hungerford Dunch succeeded his father, Edmond, and was succeeded in this manor by his son, Edmond Dunch, who married the daughter of Colonel Godfrey, and was Lord of the Manor at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It passed afterwards, by purchase, to James Craggs, Esq., Secretary of State, whose two surviving daughters and coheiresses were married, the one to Lord Clare, the other to Mr Elliot, who was then the present Lord of the Manor.

Down Ampney Manor has an interesting history, and the house, built in the best Tudor style, with its fine gatehouse, is one of the features of the district. In the time of the Doomsday Survey, the manor was in the hands of the King, though it had been granted at the Conquest to the Bishop of Bayeux. In 1203, it was held by Ralph Tesun, Seneschal of Normandy, but as he adhered to the French side when Normandy was lost, his lands in England were forfeited. The manor passed to Warine FitzGerald, who had, at John's request, abandoned his Norman estates. This did not, however, prevent his joining the Baronial party in 1214, whereupon his estates were declared escheated to the Crown. In 1228, we find Down Ampney in the hands of Godfrey de Crawcombe, though it is still called escheat. Godfrey was allowed to cut the King's timber to build a house here, but about 1250 he died, apparently leaving no heirs, and Baldwin de Redvers, in right of his wife, the heiress of FitzGerald, recovered the estate. In 1285, the Manor was held by Nicholas de Walers, of Edmund, brother of the King, for " the service of a fourth part of one knight." Later, the property passed to the Knights of St. John. A carved slab in the chancel of the church, may possibly mark the tomb of a Prior of this Order. After the Reformation, the manor came into the possession of the Hungerfords, who built the gatehouse. The house itself is dated 1537, and part may be older. These Hungerfords had the north transept of the church as their family chapel, from which the fine tomb, with effigies of the time of Charles I, has been moved to the west end. The Hungerfords held the manor till Sir Anthony Hungerford was

succeeded by Bridget, his only surviving daughter and heiress, who, being married to Edward Dunch (created a peer by Cromwell), carried the manor into that name and family. The Dunches were lords of the manor till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it was purchased by Mr James Craggs, Secretary of State, in the time of George I. Mr Secretary Craggs appears to have left two daughters, Elizabeth and Harriet. The former of these ladies married Edward Elliot, who was succeeded by an only son, who died unmarried. The family estates then devolved on Richard Elliot, brother of Edward, who had married the second Miss Craggs, and left a son, Edward Elliot, who was elevated to the peerage as the first Lord Elliot, his son being advanced as the first Earl of St. Germans. It was by the Craggs marriages, therefore, that the Down Ampney estate was added to the fair Cornish property of the Elliots. By the way, Mrs Richard Elliot (*née* Harriet Craggs) on the death of her husband, married, secondly, the Hon. John Hamilton, by whom she became mother of James, first Marquess of Abercorn.

We are told that a well-known gentleman wrote to a local paper a letter in which he says:

> That the seventeenth century Hungerford tomb it is interesting to note has been restored to the Hungerford Chapel or north transept of Down Ampney Church. It now forms a sort of reredos beneath which is placed the seventeenth century altar table. The screen designed by Mr Ponting, which separates the chapel from the nave of the church, incorporates two panels, one bearing the name of Sir Anthony Hungerford, while on the larger and lower panel is carved the Hungerford arms. Some words carved on the screen would, I think, lead one to believe that these panels once formed part of a gallery in Down Ampney Church.
>
> A gentleman once told me [he continues] that these panels appear to have formed part of a gallery erected by Sir Anthony Hungerford in Cirencester Church, at the entrance of St. Catherine's Chapel, about 1640. The late Revd. Greville Phillimore, when vicar of Down Ampney, purchased a good deal of oak panelling from Cirencester Church removed at the renovation in 1866, and from

what I can gather these panels probably formed part of this woodwork brought from Cirencester. Sir J. Hungerford of Down Ampney bequeathed "£3 to the building of Cirencester Church," while Lady Hungerford left "her best black velvet gown for vestments to that church in which the Hungerford Shield is carved on the third pillar reckoning from east to west, in the north aisle." There was also a "Hungerford Charity" which has now been merged into the "United Charities." As I am writing, it may interest readers of *Country Week by Week*, to know that some sea-holly from Aldeburgh grows in my garden. I have given it some salt occasionally, but it has not been quite happy during this dry summer.

There were three Hungerfords in the Long Parliament: Sir Edward, who was Puritan member for Chippenham; Henry Hungerford, member for Bedwyn, and Anthony, original member for Malmesbury. The two first-named were turned out of the House of Commons when Cromwell made his celebrated *coup*, and Anthony was treated in an even more unworthy manner, for, having the misfortune to remain loyal to his King, he was cast into the Tower and made to pay a fine of £2,532, equal to £20,000 to-day. This unfortunate man was the owner of a mansion at Black Bourton. Curiously enough, although he appears to have been, in the first instance, very determined in his loyalty, yet in 1647, Cromwell is found writing to his friend, Colonel Richard Norton, respecting the marriage of his son, Richard, to a daughter of this same Anthony Hungerford. Here is a portion of the letter of Cromwell: "I had an offer of a very great proposition from a father of his daughter, yet truly I rather incline to this in my thoughts; because although the other be greater, yet I see difficulties and not that assurance of godliness—though indeed of fairness." The offer referred to, Carlyle, in his *Letters and Speeches of Cromwell*, conjectures, came from Anthony Hungerford, from the fact that a letter written to him later on by Cromwell contains the expression "Providence did not dispose other matters to our mutual satisfaction." It is pleasing to be able to say that Carlyle's conjecture was probably a correct one, since the register of marriages in Black Bourton Church shows that Anthony Hungerford had a daughter of marriageable age at the period

when negotiations were proceeding between him and the great Protector. The entry referred to is as follows: " 1653, Henry Cary, Lord Falkland, of Great Tewe, and Rachel Hungerford." This is the Falkland mentioned as follows:

> Callest thou thyself a Patriot? On this field
> Did Falkland fall, the blameless and the brave,
> Beneath the banners of that Charles whom thou
> Abhorrest for a Tyrant.

Southey's inscription for a column at Newbury shows the charm with which the image Falkland fascinates every purer eye. In that conflict of giants, each passion, each interest, finds its representative and type. Honour and genius elect Falkland as their own. . . . That which pre-eminently distinguished Falkland amongst the actors of his time, was his passion for justice. He was thus naturally the champion of the weak, and he could not endure the sight of oppression, and by a consistency of character which bears down all the petty inconsistencies in detail from which no man of ardent temperament is free, the same tendencies that made him oppose Charles when powerful and oppressive attracted him to espouse the cause of Charles when feeble and oppressed. Lytton, *Essays*. Pym *versus* Falkland.

Falkland, Viscount (1610-1643), was at first a supporter of the Parliamentary cause in the disputes between the popular representatives and Charles I, but refused to co-operate with them in their later demands, and later fought for the king. Was killed at the first battle of Newbury.

We should not take serious notice of the expression as to the lack of " godliness " respecting Anthony Hungerford. There is every reason to suppose that the Hungerfords were Roman Catholics, indeed, as late as 1745 the Churchwardens of Black Bourton " present " Edward Hungerford as being a Papist. Professing the Roman Catholic religion was, in itself, quite enough to induce the remark noted from such a bigot as Cromwell. It by no means follows, however, that Hungerford was anything but a most worthy man. It is certain that the Hungerfords differed in their religious opinions, for before this very time another Anthony Hungerford, who had been a Papist in his younger days returned to the Church of England,

and wrote from Black Bourton: "The Advice of a Son professing the Religion Established in the Church of England to his dear Mother, a Roman Catholic" (Oxford, 1639). He also wrote a book against Roman Catholicism, entitled *Canterbury's Doom.*

At this time the Hungerfords were, without doubt, extremely wealthy people, but the greater part of their wealth was dissipated by Sir Edward Hungerford at the Court of Charles II. The number of those attending this King, who were at all careful in monetary matters must have been extremely small, and yet this member of the Hungerford family, Sir Edward, was so notorious for his reckless expenditure that even in the company he kept, he was known as "the Spendthrift." To this man, who was created Knight of the Bath at the Coronation of Charles II, may be traced the poverty to which his family eventually sank. In a very small north aisle of Black Bourton Church, there is a freestone monument to the memory of Lady Elinar Hungerford, who died in 1591. The lady is represented in a recumbent position, her hands being clasped in prayer, and there is on her tomb a beautiful epitaph in Latin. There are other memorials to various members of the Hungerford family, including one to Anthony Hungerford, the friend of Cromwell.

Talking of Sir Edward Hungerford, "the Spendthrift," who was baptized at Black Bourton, and who flourished from 1632 to 1711, it should be noted that although he is said to have disposed of thirty manors in all, he was not without commercial instincts. His town residence, Hungerford House, near Charing Cross, was a huge mansion. It having been destroyed by fire in 1669, as described in Pepys's *Diary*, he attempted to restore his waning fortunes by obtaining permission, in 1679, to hold a market on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays on the site of the demolished Hungerford House and grounds. In 1682, a market-house was erected there, apparently from Sir Christopher Wren's designs. Over the market house was a large room called "The French Church," which was afterwards the charity school for St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, but in the year 1811 it was in a state of dilapidation. On the north side of the building was a statue of Charles II, and on the other side of the Strand, nearly opposite Hungerford Street is situated the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

It is interesting to learn that the "moral Gower"—contemporary of Chaucer—has left a charming picture of the mediæval Thames. He was passing one day in his row-boat when he accidentally met King Richard II coming down the stream in his tapestried barge. The monarch, on espying him, commanded him to the Royal craft, and there charged him to write some new thing that he might read. This was in the year 1390, for Gower produced the "Confessio Amantis," and in the Prologue described his audience on the water:

In our engglish I thankes make
A bok for King Richardes sake.

As it befel upon a tyde,
As thing, which scholde tho betyde,—
Under the toun of newe Troye,
Which tole of Brut his ferst joye,
In Temse, where it was flowende
As I be bote came rowende,
So as fortune her tymed sette,
My leige lord par chaunce I mette;
And so befel, as I cam nyh,
Out of my bot, when he me syh,
He had me come in to his barge.
And when I was with him at large,
Amongst othre thinges said
He hath this charge upon me laid
And bad me doo my besynesse
Some newe thing I scholde boke,
That he himself it mihte loke
After the forme of my writynge
And thus upon his comandynge
Myn herte is wel the more glad
To write so as he me bad.

But to return to the market. A bust of Sir Edward was placed on the north front, with an inscription stating that the market had been built at his expense with the King's sanction. In 1685, Sir Stephen Fox and Sir Christopher Wren, purchased the market and received the tolls. The market house was rebuilt in 1833, and was removed in 1860, when Charing

Cross railway station was built on the site. In 1864, the suspension bridge which had been erected across the Thames at th s point was also removed to make way for the railway bridge, and it was re-erected at Clifton, where it now spans the gorge of the Avon. Sir Edward Hungerford, however, derived little permanent benefit from this venture, for in his old age he became a " poor knight " of Windsor.

It is remarkable how the mention of an old family name will arouse an interest possessing many and wide ramifications, and some references to the Hungerfords, published in a local paper, induced some persons to send various curious items of information about other branches of the Hungerford family, who played no unimportant part in the history of the country. We are told first of all about George Hungerford, a relative of the family of the same name at Down Ampney, who also possessed property at Windrush which had formerly belonged to the great Abbey at Winchcombe, that the house in which his descendants lived for many years yet stands, being inhabited by a Cornish family. This piece of information possesses peculiar interest for me, I myself having been born in this very house, and my parents having occupied the farm before the Cornish family referred to went there. Therefore, it gives me very great pleasure to write or read the ancient history of my birthplace. It is true that the house had been shorn of much of its glory. But there are still to be seen there, carved stones built into the walls of this more modern house, which show clearly the connection it once had with the family about whom I am writing.

The south aisle of Windrush Church (in early days unquestionably the Lady Chapel), is yet known as the Hungerford Chapel, from the fact that this portion of the church was that in which the bodies of departed Hungerfords found a last resting place. Another branch of the Hungerford family was seated at Black Bourton, which is situated a few miles over the Gloucestershire border in Oxfordshire. This property, it is said, was a portion of that which had formerly belonged to the great Abbey of Osney, but had been sold at the dissolution of the religious houses.

It is said that the Hungerfords built a large and commodious house from the ruins of the house which had, from time to time, sheltered the members of the monastic body. Not one

single stone of this fine mansion, as it must have been, remains standing. It has gone completely, no doubt for the reparation of the farm buildings on the estate. To-day you can see the remains of the garden walls and a small lake, formerly of greater proportions, now called " Swan Pool." But this is all: and it has always seemed a very singular thing to everybody that although no more than a century and a half has passed since the mansion stood in all its beauty, its very site is absolutely unknown to the villagers, and to those whose ancestors had lived there for so long a time. Still, the coat of arms elegantly carved in stone may yet be seen (" how are these translated? ") over the village inn. The very name of Hungerford is forgotten to many persons, though a correspondent of mine was lucky enough to hear the following story. One of the Miss Hungerfords, the story runs, was engaged to be married to a Colston, one of the wealthy family who lived at Filkin's Hall, not far away. Her friends, though they possessed little of this world's goods, retained their pride and strongly objected to the alliance because the Colstons had been associated with trade. The poor lady on this account shut herself up in the mansion and resolutely refused food till death claimed her.

The Hungerford's of Black Bourton were scions of a very important family who lived at Farley Hungerford, in Wiltshire. The ruins of this old castle may still be seen on Farley Hill.

The Vicar of Windrush tells us the following account relating to the Hungerford family, which may interest many of our readers, viz.:

> It may be of interest to mention another link with this family, which Windrush Church possesses in addition to the Hungerford Chapel. There is a chalice presented to the Church in 1678, for sacramental use by Mary, daughter of Edward Hungerford of Windrush, wife of William Henry Dunch of Newington, Oxon. Presumably this lady was an adherent of the Church of England, whatever other members of the family may have been.
>
> The inscription on the cup renders the name of the parish in Latin as Windringesis, which no doubt accounts for the place having been known as Windridge, a name which may still, though very rarely, be heard.

Of course, there are many entries in the parish register relating to the Hungerfords.

Here is the reign of some of the family—

Hungerford, Sir Thomas (Speaker of the House of Commons) d. 1398.

Hungerford, Sir Walter (Lord Hungerford) d. 1449.

Hungerford, Robert (Lord Moleyns and Hungerford) 1431-1464.

Hungerford, Sir Walter (Lord Hungerford of Heylesbury) 1503-1540.

Hungerford, Sir Anthony (Controversialist) 1564-1627.

Hungerford, Sir Edward (Parliamentary Commander) 1596-1648.

Hungerford, Sir Edward (Founder of Hungerford Market) 1632-1711.

Hungerford, Sir Anthony (Royalist) 1657-1703.

Hungerford, John (Lawyer) d. 1729.

The Hungerford's were seated in Wiltshire in the 12th century, and Sir Thomas Hungerford sat for the county in Parliaments of 1331-6, and an Uncle Robert sat for the same county in 1316. Sir Thomas himself was first returned to Parliament in 1357, and was a member for over 20 years.

## CHAPTER II

### DRIVING THROUGH THE COTSWOLD COUNTRY

Before the good folk of this kingdom bee undone,
Shall Cotswold Hills stand in the midst
Of good old Gloucestershire.

BEING born and bred on the Cotswold Hills myself, I am anxious to give some details, not only of the beauties of the country that I love and know so well, but also of historic and memorable events and personalities there. I will begin with the village of " Windrush," which is a most pleasantly situated one standing midway between Little Barrington and Sherborne, and here again, as in all places situated near the famous quarries, there are evidences that the former inhabitants were skilled in the working of stone. Here and there a well-designed window, or a good example of a perpendicular doorway may be noticed, which show us that there was a time when life did not go on quite so rapidly as it does now, a time when there was leisure to attend to Art and kindred subjects. In the days when the lordly Roman resided in this country, Windrush saw something of him and of his mode of living, for in this parish, at its northern boundary, stands a camp, circular in form, as were all such fortifications, and here as time went on, relics of the stately conqueror have been discovered. This camp stood on no particular road—Akeman Street, the great Roman way to Bath, passed quite two miles to the north, and this stronghold was erected probably in this particular position on account of the wide stretch of country which can be seen from this spot.

When we get the first real glimpse of Windrush, through the medium of the Domesday Book, we find it called Wenrie, with regard to the derivation of which name there are two theories. Some authorities insist that it was given to the village on account of a battle which was fought among the rushes of the place, " rie " signifying " rush," in Saxon; others contend, with more reason that " Wen " was the name of a Saxon proprietor, and " rie " " a place," i.e., the particular spot where

he resided. Domesday Book tells us a little of the village as it was in the eleventh century. It was then, in the main, in the possession of the Great Abbey of Winchcombe—the gift of a Saxon named Bolle, who had previously owned the lands around. Although it is stated to be in the Hundred of Salamones (the ancient name of Slaughter), yet a jury which sat in respect of this decided that it should, for the future, be reckoned to be in the adjoining Hundred of Bernitone, or as we now call it, Barrington. From the eleventh century and for a long time onward, very little of importance can be found respecting Windrush. A certain John de la Mere held possessions here, in conjunction with the Monastic authorities, in the eighth year of the reign of Edward I, as did also a Benjamin de Bereford in the twenty-second year of Edward II, and in this man's family this possession continued till the third year of Henry VI. Then for some years we can glean nothing at all relating to the village, but towards the end of the sixteenth century, the manor was in the Crown, and later on—about 1600—it passed to Sir Ralph Dutton of Sherborne. Now, although Duttons have always held the manor since that period, there was another important proprietor—Mr George Hungerford—to whom a portion of the monastic properties may have come after the Abbey Authorities ceased to hold it, and he was a scion of the well-known family of that name who resided at Down Ampney.

Windrush Church, St Peter's, is chiefly remarkable for the richness of its Norman work, especially is this the case with regard to the elegant doorway on the south side. In the church stands what is now called Hungerford's Chapel, because several members of the family are buried within it; in earlier days it was unquestionably the Chapel of our Lady. There are many stones in the church to the memory of a family named Broad, who occupied important positions in the town and neighbourhood. The very beautiful Jacobean pulpit is also worthy of notice.

My great-grandfather, David Lane, occupied Windrush Manor early in the nineteenth century, having come thither from Poulton with three children, viz.: William Lane, Jane Lane and Mary Lane. Mary Lane married her cousin, the late Mr William Lane of Broadfield, the celebrated Cotswold ram breeder, and Jane Lane married Thomas Mace of Sherborne.

When Mr David Lane gave up the farm in the seventies, my father went to live there, going from Park Farm, Sherborne, to Windrush; and from there my parents removed to The Manor Farm, Eastleach, in 1879, and they have remained there ever since farming that farm with the Hill Barn Farm. Eastleach is a very pretty village and the country round it is very beautiful.

Eastleach Martin Church was built in the latter part of the eleventh century, and in the beginning of the twelfth, the founder being Richard Fitzpons, a son of Poncius, one of five brothers who came over with the Conqueror, the manor being held by Drago Fitzpons, another member of the quintette. Richard's deed of gift of the church to the Priory of Malvern is still preserved in the British Museum. The church was dedicated on the petition of the Prior and Monks of Malvern, the dedication being to St Michael and St Martin, and not to St Mary as was formerly erroneously supposed. Tradition assigns to the Cote Farm the site of a religious house, and beneath the road from Southrop to Eastleach there was formerly a large stone vault traditionally called the Monk's Cellar (the slope now called Cellar Hill) which was filled up, an entry having been made to that effect in the Parish Register, in October, 1748.

Separated from the Church of St Michael and Martin only by the River Leach and the roadway stands the sister church of St Andrew, Eastleach Turville, and both contain a considerable amount of Norman work. The De Laceys held the manor for some time after the Conquest. The Blomer family bought it in Queen Elizabeth's time, and hence the name Blomer's Mead, a meadow on the banks of the Thames at Lechlade which is still a portion of the Eastleach estate.

Both parishes were at times served by John Keble whose signature appears often in the register, and his beautiful "Evening Hymn" is claimed to have been composed in the Rectory gardens of Eastleach Martin. Keble lived at Southrop from 1823, when he permanently left Oxford, until October, 1825, when he settled at Hursley as curate. I know this village, having spent my boyhood there, and gone with my brothers and sisters to Eastleach School. For the benefit of my Eastleach friends I will give an account, that I should think they will find interesting, of three happy events, viz.: That

in the Diamond Jubilee year of Queen Victoria, 1897, when Sir Thomas Bazley gave his tenants and their friends a dinner in the fine large barn of Mr Thomas Mace. The company sat down at 1 o'clock, the time appointed, to a plentiful supply of the best, and happy faces glowed with delight at the admirable adornment of the walls, each device doing honour to the great Jubilee of Her Majesty's reign. After dinner, Sir Thomas Bazley proposing the health of the Queen, made a splendid speech, interspersed with amusing anecdotes of the Royal Family. A speech by the Revd. W. H. T. Wright, the rector of Eastleach (then curate in charge) followed, to which the late Mr Charles Barton of Fyfield and Mr Hoskins of Eastleach added returns of thanks to the giver of the feast. When the tables were cleared, the guests all hastened to a large field belonging to Mr Mace, where a friendly cricket match was freely played, enlivened by the sweet strains of music by the band from Shilton. Tea and cake were supplied to about 200 children during the afternoon. Much credit is due to Mr and Mrs Wright, and to Miss Porter, for the admirable manner in which the whole affair was carried out. Mr and Mrs McGowan of Ravenshill and other ladies and gentlemen lent their valuable help. A vote of thanks was justly given to Mr and Mrs Mace. This appeals to the music of my taste, viz.:

> Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell;
> That mind and soul according well,
> May make our music as before,
>
> TENNYSON.

And to Queen Victoria we say—

> Her Court was pure, her life serene;
> God gave her peace, her land reposed;
> A thousand claims to reverence closed
> In her as mother, wife and queen.
>
> ANONYMOUS.

A second event fresh in our memories is that of the Coronation festivities of King Edward VII. It was, as will be remembered, in accordance with the King's wishes that the country programme should be carried out, and at Eastleach the late

*From Photo by C. Reid*

SHORTHORN CATTLE ON MR THOMAS MACE'S FARM

*To face p.* 15.

Mr Charles Barton of Fyfield, entertained the whole of the men, women and boys on his farm. On the first day (Thursday) the women and children had a substantial tea, followed by amusements in the evening. On the Friday, the men, women and boys, forty-five in number, sat down to a splendid dinner with a good supply of home-brewed beer, made from barley grown on the farm, the beef and mutton having also been fed on the farm. During the afternoon, gramophone selections were given, which caused much amusement, and in the evening the Eastleach Band played dance and other music which gave great satisfaction. The health of the King and Queen were drunk and also that of Mr Barton and " The Ladies," who had done so much to conduce to the two days' successful festivities. Dancing was kept up with much spirit, and all went off " as merry as a marriage bell," and it will be many a long day before the feast given at Eastleach Turville will be forgotten. Every man was presented with a pipe with the head of the King and Queen on it. The song of "A fine old English Gentleman " hit its mark in the donor of the Coronation feast of 1902.

The third event was on June 27, 1911, the occasion of the Coronation of King George V and Queen Mary. A celebration was held in a large barn on the farm of Mr Mace. A capital dinner was given by various donors, and a long programme had been arranged, but unfortunately just after the dinner, the sad news came that the Lord of the Manor, Mr Gardner S. Bazley, had passed to his rest of eternal peace, and the programme was at once cancelled out of respect for the departed friend of all present. To Miss F. Mace great credit is due for making the barn look attractive and comfortable for the visitors.

Eastleach men are noted for long service on the farms in which they are engaged. On my father's farm, the Manor Farm, for instance, we have Henry Crook—who has been a good, faithful servant on that farm for over sixty years. For the past thirty-three years he has been with my father, and the remainder in the Edmonds' family, also Harry Baxter and George Williams have been in our family for over twenty years, and George Cox, who succeeded Francis Harding, has been there for nearly eighteen years, also Thomas Pitts, and many other good employees on the farm have done good and excellent service on the land.

Old, faithful servants whose names I delight in recording are also Amy Langford, Sarah Jones, James Hicks, Jane Cooper, William Legg, Francis Harding who have been called to their rest, and are awaiting the bugle call. Much to our regret, Eastleach lost their schoolmaster in Mr Charles Taylor, who passed peacefully away on March 5, 1901, after a long and painful illness; he left a wife and four sons to mourn his loss.

### Delights of the Country

Blest silent groves! O may ye be
For ever mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains:
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains.

Raleigh.

### Fields in the Country

Not all the sights your boasted garden yields
Are so lonely as my father's fields,
Where large increase has bless'd the fruitful plain,
And we with joy behold the swelling grain!
Whose heavy ears toward the earth reclined;
Wave, nod, and tremble to the whisking wind.

Mrs Leapor.

And see the country, far diffused around,
One boundless blush, one white impurpled shower
Of mingled blossom, where the raptured eye,
Hurried from joy to joy.

Thomson.

Go forth to the wind-swept hills
And you shall behold
The gleam of the daffodils,
And the cowslips' gold,
You shall hear the young larks sing
In the sun and rain,
And vagrant voices of spring
Shall be yours again.

But I, who too laugh and wept,
Will wait here and rest,
Where peace and a dream have slept,
In the brown earth's breast.
I shall not fare to the hills
For the joys that pass—
The gleam of the daffodils
In the wind-swept grass.

MC. LEIGH.

The flowers are nature's jewels, with whose wealth
She decks her summer beauty; primrose sweet,
With blossoms of pure gold; enchanting rose,
That like a virgin queen, salutes the sun,
Dew-diadem'd.

CROLY.

The church of St Mary in the parish of Eastleach Martin, is a building of stone erected about the latter part of the fifteenth century, and consists of a chancel, nave, transept, porch and a tower containing four bells. The register dates from the year 1538.

Fyfield is a small hamlet about one mile south. The National School for this parish and Eastleach Turville was erected in 1864, with master's residence to accommodate 120 children. The parish is situated on the River Leach with Eastleach Turville.

The church of St. Andrew is a building of stone in the early English style, erected about the thirteenth century, and consists of chancel, nave, transept, a very fine porch, and a tower containing two bells. The register dates from the year 1654. Here is a Primitive Methodist Chapel and also one for Plymouth Brethren. The only charity is twelve shillings yearly (Howes). The ancient Roman Icknield Road intersects the parish.

Passing the Eastleach parish clock, we go up the road until we get to Southrop, a village close by, also situated on the River Leach. Here the Church of St Peter is a building of stone in the Norman and early English styles, consisting of a chancel, nave, transept, porch and a bell turret containing two bells. The font, dating from between 1160 and 1180 is carved with

representations of " Virtue triumphing over Vice." There are several monuments to the Keble family. The Revd. John Keble, M.A., of Hursley was for some years in charge of this parish, and also in 1823 of the parishes of Eastleach and Bourtherop. The church was repaired in 1852. The register dates from the year 1656. In the year 1850 the school was built for 100 children. Leaving this village to go on to the town of Lechlade, where the Thames and Severn canal intersect the parish, and the church of St. Lawrence is a handsome edifice of stone in the perpendicular style erected, as it is supposed, towards the end of the fifteenth century by Conrad Neythen, vicar, and the inhabitants. It consists of chancel, nave, aisles, porch and a tower with spire containing five bells. The church was restored in 1882, at the cost of about £1,800, under the direction of Mr F. Waller, architect, of Gloucester, when the old pews and western gallery were removed and the whole interior reseated, and the area of the church covered with concrete in which the various monumental slabs were re-set. A stained window was inserted in the south aisle in 1882, by Mrs Hudd in memory of the families of Edmonds and Gearing. There is another in the south aisle to George Milward, late of Lechlade Manor. The register dates from the year 1686.

Lawrence Bathurst, Esq., by his will, dated Sept. 16, 1670, re-endowed the vicarage with the whole of rectorial tithes.

There is a Baptist Chapel here.

The charities amount to £120 per year, of which £83 is derived from Government three per cents, and the remainder from allotment grounds and cottages. One half of the income is applied to the support of the National School and the other to the Lechlade Provident Club. The school was built in the year 1874 for 200 children.

St. John's Bridge crosses the River Thames where the counties, Gloucestershire, Berkshire, Wiltshire and Oxfordshire adjoins.

Lechlade Manor House at the end of the town is a noble mansion in the Elizabethan style, and was erected in 1873. Clay Hill House is pleasantly situated at the end of a park studded with lofty elms.

From there we go on to Filkins; which has some interesting spots—but it has changed very much during the last 200 years

*From Photo by G. A. Davis, Lechlade*

LECHLADE

*To face p.* 19.

or so. We are told that two great commons almost surrounded the village. One was called " Upper Filkins Overton," and the other " Lower Filkins Netherton," and it is reported in our history of days gone by—and perhaps the statement may be true—that 500 cows were frequently to be seen grazing on these commons. Tradition again states that formerly there were over forty small farms near Filkins, and as the occupiers of these would certainly possess several cows, each cottager also owning others, the statement recorded here need not necessarily be an exaggeration. Filkins was for many years the home of the " Garne " family, because in this place Mr John Garne and his son bred many good shorthorn cattle, before they went to Fulbrook to live. When the late John Garne sold his shorthorns, in 1902, I was present at that sale: some good prices were realized and the sale was very largely attended.

Mr John Garne of Fulbrook, who died on October 2 in his eighty-seventh year, was one of the best known and most highly respected farmers in the district, and was a typical old English yeoman. For upwards of fifty years he had resided at Filkins, and was noted for his Cotswold sheep and shorthorn cattle. He was most beneficent to the poor of the parish and gave liberally to all deserving charities. Mr Garne was a member of the Board of Guardians of the Witney Union for a number of years, also Way-Warden for the parish of Filkins, until the Bampton West Highway Board was dissolved. He was also a churchwarden of Filkins about the time when the church was built, and he was a life member of the Royal Agricultural Society. About four years previously Mr Garne came to live at Fulbrook, and there enjoyed wonderful health until about three months before his death. His interests were chiefly agricultural, and he did a good deal to help the farmers of his district. The interment took place in the Fulbrook churchyard. The Revd. W. Cass again conducted another member of the Garne family to the graveside, Mr Garne's son, Mr John Garne, junior, who passed away to his rest on May 15, 1910. Mr Garne, junior, had been in failing health for some time, but the news of his death came as a great surprise and shock to some of his friends, who were not aware that he was worse than usual. He had followed the occupation of his father as a breeder and judge of shorthorns. The funeral took

place on the following Thursday in Fulbrook churchyard, and the coffin was of polished oak and with brass furniture, and was inscribed "John Garne, born March 15, 1846. Died, May 15, 1910" so that he was sixty-four years of age, and his sister Jane, who died in the following month, in June, was buried close by her father and brother.

One notices at the entrance of the village a high wall, and this encloses some picturesque grounds and the remains of a once stately house. Here, as we are told, resided a branch of the Colston family descended from Edward Colston, the munificent founder of so many charities in the City of Bristol. About the year 1831 a Mr William Vizard, a solicitor who had some considerable connection with the defence of that ill-starred woman, "Queen Caroline," resided there, and we are told that he furnished Lord Brougham with his first brief. Afterwards the Lord Chancellor, when at the very height of his fame, visited at Filkins Hall the friend of his earlier days.

This was at a period when the tide of reform was just beginning to flow. Alterations were unquestionably necessary, particularly in matters connected with the administration of the Poor Law. We are told that here at Filkins, as at other places, those so unfortunate as to fall on the parish for subsistence were farmed, i.e., they were placed under the power of the individual who contracted to keep them for the lowest sum! In the old workhouse at Filkins, at the time of Lord Brougham's visit, a poor man lay dying on a heap of straw, surrounded by circumstances as miserable as the mind can conceive, and Mr Vizard, in order, no doubt, to impress the necessity of some reform in the matter of the administration of the Poor Law upon the Lord Chancellor, took him up the ladder which it was necessary to ascend in order to gain access to the room in which the poor fellow lay. The remark made by his lordship after viewing the wretched state of things was: "We must change all this." As every one knows, soon after Union Workhouses with proper rules and regulations were established all over the country. Filkins Hall was almost destroyed by fire in the year 1876. The gabled house in the centre of the village, now in the possession of a Mr Clark, has on it the date 1626, and the initial letters TA, and a friend has told me details about the same. There is very little so far as the exterior, facing the road, is concerned, to entitle the house in question

to particular notice; there is, however, in connection with it one thing which will doubtless engage the attention of many people. A long list of ancient houses in the neighbourhood might be given which are commonly said to have subterranean passages attached to them, but in the great majority of instances there is no truth whatever in these statements; we are told that the making of a subterranean passage was always, as it would be now, a costly undertaking, and one, we imagine, not lightly entered upon. At the back of this house there is, however, what appears to be, without any question, a subterranean passage. The small field on the east side of the house was, in all likelihood, at one time a garden, for what seems to be the remains of flower beds can even now be traced, and at the further end of this field there is a spot grown over with trees and bushes of many kinds. When the visitor looks down through the tangled mass of leaves and branches, he will see well-built walls in the shape of two oblongs running at right angles to each other, enclosing water which is of considerable depth. Leading into this one can see a circular headed opening from a narrow passage, which runs underneath and close to the adjoining house. It is quite true that the entrance is blocked up now, but there are those now living who assert positively that an exit to this passage came from the house, and that the object of the tunnel was undoubtedly to afford a means of escape. Now, for instance, supposing that a fugitive had gained admission to this passage from the house, and that he was hotly pursued, and then again, supposing him to have been acquainted with the peculiarities of the structure, he was tolerably safe from capture. For in the midst and middle of it there was, and is, a deep well over which a piece of wood was originally placed. This the fugitive would withdraw, when he had passed over, leaving the pursuer an awkward gulf to negotiate, and even supposing that the latter crossed over in safety, at the end of the passage a boat was always in readiness, and a few vigorous strokes would take the fugitive through the water and round the second part of it before the pursuer. Then again, he might be a stranger who would not know where he was, for the whole place was, it is said, enclosed either with wood or stone and was consequently in total darkness, so that escape to the surrounding country on the part of the fugitive was, after this, a very easy matter. There is absolutely nothing to

guide us in determining what persons, in days gone by, used this means of escape. Was it used by those who worshipped in a manner opposed to the law of the land at that time, or did some zealous adherents of Charles I reside in the house near and construct the passage? Let me ask these questions, although unable to answer them, for the existence of such a place renders it a matter of great curiosity to discover for what purpose it was originally used, and my friend has given all the information he can about it. I am also told that now this house is a farm called the Peacock Farm, so named because there are two yew trees in the garden, which are trained in the shape of a peacock. The villagers tell us a story in connection with this house, that years ago the farm was hired by a Mr Jonas Bassett and his housekeeper, a woman named Betty Hill, who used to declare that a lady in the garb of other days frequently passed through the house. For years the apparition came, until one day some children by playing rather boisterously in the old house caused an old stocking to fall down from a place where it had been hidden away, and in this old stocking, the story continues, there was a knob of gold, which is said to have been of considerable value. It is satisfactory to be able to record that after this incident, nothing was ever afterwards seen of the unhappy lady who had haunted the Peacock Farm for such a long term of years. I must not forget to tell you about the church, which is a modern structure, having been designed by Strut, and that many can well remember that a house, connected with the Dees Farm, occupied the site on which the sacred edifice now stands.

Filkins although a large village was, until almost recently, merely a hamlet to Bradwell, which is not far away, and this fact will account for the non-existence, till these latter times, of a church in the place. For the same reason, the vicarage is also a modern house, and it is a curious fact that it was built originally for an inn, to take the place of another licensed house just near, known as the " Green Dragon." There was in front of the present vicarage, according to an old inhabitant, Mr Thomas Banting, who was eighty-three years old, a square place for the sign to be fixed in. My old friend, the late Mr John Garne, was a churchwarden to this parish for many years. Filkins is a very different place, so far as its amusements are

concerned, to what it was fifty years ago in Mr Garne's time. The disappearance of almost all rural recreations and enjoyments is a most serious feature of the present time, and one which accounts, in some measure, for the present unpopularity of village life. Formerly a bull was always baited at Filkins Feasts, and although one may not be sorry that so cruel a sport is indulged in no longer, it is a matter of genuine regret that back swords playing, wrestling, and other manly English sports—the former amusements—have all gone.

Away we go again, this time to Kelmscott, and there you will see that the church is a remarkably small structure, built mainly in the Norman and early English styles; the fine bell-cato in the latter style is worthy of notice. The church is dedicated to St. George. " The people hereabouts were invited to a ceremony by a public instrument under the hands and seales of all the Bishops then in England, and forty days' indulgence promised unto them that either then repaired thither, or should in after time observe the Festival of St. George, in the aforesaid Chappelle." (Dr Peter Heylin's *History of St. George*, Pt. III, p. 295.)

Kelmscott is noted for its " Oxfordshire Down Sheep." They have been bred here by Mr Robert Hobbs since the seventies, and he has since taken his sons, Messrs C. E. J. and R. B. Hobbs, into partnership, and sends ram lambs to all the principal fairs, viz.: Kelso, Northampton, Worcester and Cirencester. Mr Robert Hobbs is a brother to Mr James T. Hobbs, of Maisey Hampton, who is also a great " Shorthorn Cattle and Oxfordshire Down Sheep Breeder." Messrs R. W. Hobbs and Sons are also " Shorthorn Cattle Breeders," and keep an extensive herd at Kelmscott.

In the " Lower House " which is a good Elizabethan mansion there are ancient tapestries and good oak work. A description of the place may be found in *News from Nowhere*, by William Morris. Dante, Gabriel Rossetti and William Morris occupied this house jointly for some years, and it is said that the remarkable poem, or rather cycle of poems, entitled " The Earthly Paradise," was written there. In old documents the village is called " Kenelmscote," and its name signifies that it was the cottage of Kenelm, a man of note, probably in centuries that have passed and gone.

WILLIAM MORRIS

English Poet, 1834-1898

Morris our sweet and simple Chaucer's child,
Dear heritor of Spenser's tuneful reed,
With soft and sylvan pipe hath oft beguiled
The weary soul of man in troublous need.
And from the far and flowerless fields of ice
Hast brought fair flowers to make an earthly paradise.

OSCAR WILDE. *The Garden of Eros.*

Glory lauds unto thy name
All the lustre that is fame . . . .
God such singers wills to us,
High above the world's poor fuss
To lift up our rarer thought
Where the airs of heaven are caught . . . .
Lo, a new creation thou
Willest, wondrous singer, now,
Generations born to die
Thou, Columbus, from the night
Hast a new world sunned to sight,

Peopled full of shapes that awe,
Kin to those that Homer saw;
Brother thou, the fit eye sees,
Unto blind Mæonides; . . . .
Life with Spenser through the years,
Virgil, Milton, thy high peers;
In our memory, shalt thou dwell
When of Dante's Dream we tell . . . .

W. C. BENNETT. To William Morris (written in *Sigurd the Volsung*).

William Morris has a sunny slope of Parnassus all to himself.—

AUGUSTINE.

Birrell, *Obiter Dicta*, First Series.

On a bright and happy glorious day we take a drive around the Cotswold Country coming to Taynton, and here we find it to be a place of great interest. The name has been spelt variously at different times: Teinton, Teynton, Tainton and

Teighton, but it is according to the last mode that the place is mentioned in Domesday Book. In the Great Survey the village is entered as being in Lencard Hundred and the Manor at that time belonged to the Priory of Deerhurst, Gloucestershire. According to Domesday Book the parish was, in the eleventh century, of considerable extent, as it is to-day, for although its inhabitants only number 500, the parish is a particularly large one, reaching in fact in an easterly direction far into what was formerly Wychwood Forest, near Langley town. The place is mentioned again in the Hundred Rolls as belonging to the Priory of Deerhurst. Sir Maurice Berkeley was formerly Lord of the Manor of Taynton. Sir Maurice was one of the best men of his time, and the second son of Maurice Lord Berkeley, of Berkeley Castle; he early gave evidence of his ability in all warlike encounters, and for his services in this direction he had the grant of all " The Manors of Fulbrook and Westhall and of divers lands in Upton, Trinton and Swynebrooke." These estates had been formerly in possession of Sir Hugh le Despencer, the elder. At the dissolution of the monasteries, the manor was purchased by Edmund Harman, who at the same time bought the Priory in Burford, and built that portion of the old house which was in the form of the letter H. Edmund Harman, the old documents say, came from Ipswich; but, we are told, no trace can be found of them. Upon making inquiries in Suffolk, however, at a place called Rendlesham, there was found an ancient Hall in that village, on the site of which stands Lord Rendlesham's modern mansion, built by the Harman family. With these, in all likelihood, the Harmans who settled in Burford are connected, and it is interesting to note that Anthony A. Wood observes that Edmund Harman built, in addition to the Priory House at Burford, " Fifield Merrymonth." This latter is now an inn on the high road to Stow-on-the-Wold, and there are no evidences that the present house was ever a building of any particular note. The mention of this house by Wood is, however, sufficient proof that a building of some importance stood here in times gone by. Edmund Harman married Agnes Sylvester, who belonged to a very ancient family, some of whom are even now residing in Burford, and there is to his memory a curious tomb in the north aisle of Burford Church, which the author has seen several times.

Taynton Manor was occupied by my grandparents in the nineteenth century, and some of their children were born there. Before I tell you about Taynton Church, I may mention that there is an old house in the village (it may perhaps have been the old vicarage) which bears the date 1676, and inside the house there is a very good stone fireplace. Taynton Church is a good and interesting structure. It is built mainly in the decorated style, but with regard to this one or two remarks must be made. It is interesting to note in the Lincoln Register it is recorded, viz.: "1501 Magister John Gwill, A.M., Priest, presented to the Vicarage of the Church of Taynton."

According to the best authorities, the decorated style was principally in fashion from 1272 to 1377, and yet here we have a church erected, apparently without question, when the perpendicular style was mostly used, exhibiting, in a marked degree, all the peculiarities of the decorated style. One in particular, viz.: "The Ball Flower." I have, indeed, been assured that some of the windows were taken from older structures, and carefully re-inserted in the new church. What so likely, with respect to Taynton Church, as that the mason or builder, as he would be termed, was given the work of erecting the church in 1501. The tower of Taynton Church is in perpendicular style, and this part of the edifice is commonly said to have been erected by two sisters, but except for local traditions there appears to be absolutely nothing to warrant the assertion. The inner porch door is decorated with the ball flower—in fact, there are few churches to be found where this ornament is so frequent as in this one, and the abnormally large ornaments of this kind on the cornice round the north Aisle are particularly noticeable. The font is interesting, and it has been said that it resembled, in its perfect state, those which still remain to the memory of the Sylvesters in Burford Church. There is in this north aisle, at the east end, a particularly fine decorated window, and the entrance to the rood loft still remains in a singularly perfect condition. The art between the nave and the church belongs to the decorated style, and the chancel appears to be modern, but it is very good work and an excellent example of what can be done in these times.

In the churchyard, there are numerous tombs to the memory of the Pittaway family. The Pittaways seem to have

lived in Taynton for centuries. Their monuments tell too, that they were, in the main, stonemasons employed without doubt in hewing and working the stone for use in buildings all over the country. In these churchyards, no one can help noticing the number of really good headstones which remain, but this is by no means a wonder, because stone was here always readily obtainable, and skilled workmen were continually at hand. What so reasonable as that when even the poorest villagers had their dear ones taken from them by death, they should cause monuments to be erected to their memory of beauty and workmanship not easily to be equalled in rural places, like the tombs of the Pittaway family.

After leaving Taynton, we come on to Fulbrook, and here we are told that Eynsham Abbey formerly held two hides of land here. The manor belonged to Hugh le Despencer, Earl of Winton, but Edward III seized it and gave it to Sir Maurice Berkeley, and it was afterwards bestowed upon Edward Lord Brook, for services to the Yorkist cause.

The church is a distinctly interesting one, and the fine tombs indicative of an earlier age, when the village was a prosperous place, will be noticed in the churchyard. So, doubtless, will be the very fine yew trees which perhaps stood here when it was the custom for English bowmen to make their weapons from the yew trees which were ordered to be planted in all the churchyards throughout the country. The herring-bone work, on the exterior of the south wall of the nave, is worthy of notice, perhaps showing the remains of an earlier edifice. An excellent, early English decorated window is on the south. The outer porch is early English, and a very good specimen; the inner door is Norman, and quite plain.

Let me tell you that at the Restoration, which took place in 1893, two stone coffins were discovered partly in the porch and partly in the wall near; a portion of the hair shirt with which one of the bodies was perhaps covered may be seen in the Reading Room at Burford. A very late Norman arch stands between the chancel and the nave, and the painted east window is a very good specimen of modern art. Our Lord is represented in the centre with St. James (the patron saint) and St. John the Evangelist, on either side. And on the north wall of the chancel there is a plain marble monument to the memory of John Thorpe, who was Vicar of Burford, and Ful-

brook (1668-1701). He was the author of a MS. volume entitled, *Burford Book for the Vicarage Rights* (*History of Burford*, p. 33). The north transept has a good three-light window. The base of the tower is early English, the upper portion is perpendicular.

Some years ago a gentleman recorded in a book that the Revd. Christopher Glynne, who was Vicar of Burford from 1637 to 1668, had been a very great persecutor of the Quakers, and on this account the book tells us that he was struck with sudden blindness while preaching in Burford Church, and there you find an entry in the Register of Fulbrook, viz.: "Mr Glynne blind coming from Fulbrook we." Close by there is an old house of which here is an account, having myself spent many happy days there. It is called Westhall Hill Manor House, because there my uncle, Charles Mace, passed away to rest, having resided there for between thirty and forty years.

When I was spending my summer holidays down in Gloucestershire in August, 1907, I went over and stayed a few days with him, because it always gave me great pleasure to see him at his old home in Fulbrook, and to meet an old friend, in Mrs C. Arch, who was always a great help to my uncle in many directions; but later on in November, on the 3rd instant, it being a Sunday evening, he passed peacefully away to rest at the Manor Farm, Westhall Hill, in the seventy-third year of his age. He had been in excellent health until within a short time of his death, the cause of which was understood to be heart trouble. The deceased gentleman was a good neighbour and a kind-hearted man. He was one of the best judges of horses and cattle in the Midlands, and enjoyed a high reputation in this respect. The late Mr Mace was one of the best known and most highly respected agriculturists in the neighbourhood. He was a keen sportsman and was a familiar figure in the hunting field. The Manor House, in which he resided for many years, is an old building of considerable interest and formed a most attractive feature in the neighbourhood. The funeral took place at Fulbrook Church one Thursday afternoon, the 7th instant. The body was conveyed to the grave in one of the wagons in use on the farm, which had, for its purpose, been draped in black; the fine looking horses which drew this, and in which the deceased gentleman had always taken much pride, being led by the employees on

the farm. Behind walked the deceased's favourite horse partially draped in black, and carrying around its neck its master's hunting crops. Besides this there were numerous carriages containing the mourners, as well as other persons who followed on foot. The service was impressively conducted by the vicar, the Revd. William C. Emeris, and the Revd. Vincent Haddesley, son-in-law. "Charles Mace died Nov., 1907, aged seventy-three years."

> He will be
> A beautiful likeness the God that gave
> Him work to do, which he did so well.

The house was at one time the residence of the Bartholomews—several of whom are buried in the aisle named after them in Burford Church. John Bartholomew appears to have settled in the neighbourhood towards the middle of the sixteenth century and as the house under notice dates from about this period, it is likely that he caused the church to be erected. He died in the year 1643. Although the Bartholomews were, without question, engaged in the manufactures which flourished at Burford, they appear, from the entries in various parochial books, to have been regarded as of social position.

The present owner of the estate is Sir Richard B. Martin, Bart., of Overbury Court, Tewkesbury. Just before you get to the house facing you, you can get over a stile, if you wish to walk through the fields known as "Westhall Hill Fields," but in the early days they were the pleasure grounds attached to a mansion which stands not far away, and if you look to the right, in the first meadow up the hill, you can trace the terraces which were so fashionable in those by-gone ages, and in the second field the dishevelled condition of the ground shows the former existence of flower beds. The kennels remain, in some degree, to this day, although it is many years since hounds were kept there, and the road to the left is still known as "Dog Kennel Lane."

Passing into Burford, we here find a very ancient old Cotswold town noted for its history. I will not say much about it because its history has lately been so many times to the front, and perhaps it would be best for me to deal with it later on. Soon after descending the steep hill on which a part

of the town of Burford is situated, you see a substantial house on the north side of the junction of four cross roads. This was, in years gone by, a coaching inn known as the " Bird in Hand," and as many as twenty coaches, on their way to and from Cheltenham and Gloucester, were accustomed to draw up here, day by day. The house has now long been converted into a private dwelling place.

The farm opposite is known as Bury Barns. The lands around here were formerly in possession of William Lenthal, the speaker of the Long Parliament, who resided at the Burford Priory.* Dwale or deadly nightshade, has been found here. This is, as every one knows, one of the most deadly of British plants on account of its active poisonous properties. It is fortunately found growing principally in quarries and among ruins, and apart from the luxuriances of the grass country, mainly between Burford and Signett Hill which, with its bleak, bare uplands presents a singularly cheerless appearance. Time was when the greater portion of the land near Signett was common property, and these downs, instead of being as now, almost treeless were rendered picturesque by the growth of gorse upon them. Very different must the neighbourhood have appeared towards the end of the last century (the nineteenth), and just at this period, when the prosperous condition of agriculture occasioned the breaking up of most common lands such as this was.

### May-Song in the Cotswolds

Buttercups and daisies,
How the meadows glow!
Ankle-deep and knee deep,
So the children go!

Yellow blooms are hanging
From laburnum tree,
Golden chains of sunshine
Forged for you and me!

* William Lenthall (1591-1662), the Speaker of the "Long Parliament," whose refusal to answer the King's inquiry respecting the presence of the famous "Five Members," marked him as a person of strong character. At the Restoration he was a Royalist.

Hawthorn wreath of blossom,
White as winter snows,
Rosy as the flushes,
Which the morning knows.

Purple veil of bluebell,
Draped beside the stream,
Where the spring a moment
Stayed her fate to dream.

Starry creepers wander
At their own sweet will
Over old, grey houses
Nestling by the hill.

Fragrant scent of bean-field,
Lilac and of may;
Arms entwined of lovers
Down the chequered way.

Heavenly sheep are flocking
Over fields of blue,
All the world is waiting,
Love, for me—and you!

Life and love are calling,
Opening wide the gate;
Let us enter, dearest,
Ere it be too late.

Shadows soon will lengthen,
Flowery eyelids close,
Wan the tall sheep's parsley,
By the hedgerow shows!

J. M. KRANSE.

Labour's strong and merry children,
Comrades of the rising sun,
Let us sing some songs together
Now our toil is done:

Not desponding, no repining!
Leisure must by toil be bought,
Never yet was good accomplished
Without hand and thought.
For ever God's all holy labour,
Framed the air, the stars, the sun,
Built our earth on earth foundation,
And the world was won.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Toil on and work hard on the Cotswold Hills, breed some good cattle, sheep, pigs and horses, grow plenty of corn and hay; be British workmen, noble and true, for

Weave, brothers, weave, toil is ours;
But toil is the lot of man.

B. C.

About a mile from the hill, we come across the pretty little village of Signett, where Mr John P. Wakefield keeps a flock of Cotswold sheep and some good cattle. Here a small stream pursues its peaceful course through the quiet valley, a few miles further on joining the Thames. It is interesting to learn that some Roman coins and remains were found here more than a hundred years ago, and there is reason to think that a Roman byroad, connected with Akeman Street, which passes along, about a mile to the south, existed here.

Within a few minutes we come to one of the most thickly wooded parks throughout the County of Oxfordshire, nor would it be easy to find a more pleasant spot. It is Bradwell Grove. Akeman Street, to which I have just referred, crosses the country near the junction of the cross roads in the midst of Bradwell Grove Woods, and I am not quite certain if the Roman road is actually the one which comes in an easterly direction, from Shilton, but there is some evidence leading one to suppose that it crosses through the woods about 200 yards nearer Burford. However this may be, there can be no question at all that a little further on the west, not more than half a mile away, the Old Street forms part of the present road. Indeed, many of my old friends can well remember when it was the custom to drive up the cattle from Gloucester

and Cirencester this way, a proceeding which, we are told, was advantageous not only on account of the busy traffic on the high road, but because no tolls could be demanded on this road. Down this road, too, we may be sure many a chariot has rolled, centuries ago, carrying along sick, lordly Romans, on their way past Williamstrip and Cirencester to Bath, or—as it was then also called Akemancester, a name it is said to have acquired by reason of the qualities its waters possessed, which restored to health many an "aching" Roman, exhausted, perhaps, with revels or with the toils of statesmanship. As we pass through we come to the fine park, which extends some considerable distance, and through the trees the elegant towers and pinnacles of Bradwell Grove House can be seen. This is not the original mansion connected with this large estate, for two hundred years ago a house, we are informed, stood in the centre of the village of Bradwell, and in it lived Lord Inchinquin, then the owner of Bradwell, and of the land for miles round. This house, unfortunately, was destroyed by fire, and it was then wisely determined to build another mansion in a more beautiful and secluded part of the large estate. The Marquess of Thomond erected a small, but well-designed Jacobean residence, and a portion of that residence forms part of the present stately mansion, which was erected by Mr W. Hervey in the last century. The estates have passed through various hands, but in the year 1872 they came into the possession of the present owner, Mr W. H. Fox.

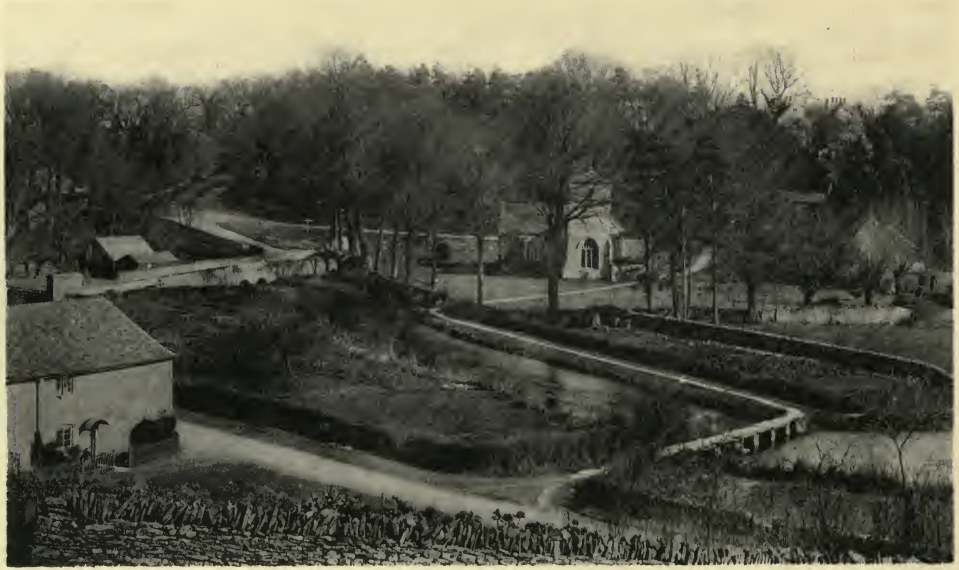
The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising,
There are forty feeding like one.

Like an army defeated
The sun has retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill,

The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon;
There's joy in the mountains,
There's life in the fountains,
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing,
The rain is over and gone!

WORDSWORTH.

By taking the road which runs a little to the left, after the signpost, which has on it "Bradwell is passed," we come to Holwell. On this road the crab-apple (*Pyrus Malus*), the wild pear (*Pyrus communis*) and the buckthorn (*Rhamnus catharticus*) are all plentiful. Holwell was probably in ancient times called "Holywell" and "Hollewell," though what particular well is referred to is a matter for speculation, and there you will see a large pond near the church, which perhaps was the water that in former days gave the village a name. The place was anciently a hamlet at Bradwell, but from Norman times it possessed a church which was, however, pulled down in the year 1842—an ugly erection taking its place. This, too, was demolished quite recently and as excellent an example of a modern church as it would be possible to find has been built on its site, at the expense of Mr W. H. Fox, the owner of the village. The structure is built entirely in the perpendicular style, and will serve as an object lesson to all those who are wont to declare that our modern workers in stone are not to be compared with those of yore. For everything in the church is new, except the panelling to the pulpit, and the place, I may say, is worthy of a visit, if only to show what our workmen can do in the present age. By cutting across the fields we come to the rural village of Westwell, which is a good specimen village devoted to agricultural pursuits. The Manor of Westwell was, according to Domesday Book, held by Walter, son of Pontz, but after this we get no mention of the place till the time of Edward II, and in the seventh year of his reign it was the lordship of John Philipert. Later, in the reign of Edward IV, it seems to have been the estate of Sir Edward Brooke, Lord Cobham, who left it to his son, and from the Brookes it came to Sir William Petre, Secretary of State, who, by exchange, passed it to Henry



*From Photo by P. P. Cooper, Langford*

A PRETTY COTSWOLD VILLAGE

*To face p.* 35.

VIII, and this monarch in turn gave it to Christ Church College, Oxford, in whose possession it still remains. There is in the village a handsome Manor House, formerly the residence of the Pophams. This mansion has, however, been modernized and its history is absorbed in obscurity. It was the residence of our friends, Messrs T. and A. Bagnall, whose father was there before them for a great many years. The church is somewhat small, but it is interesting. The outer porch door is perpendicular, but the inner door is Norman, and of good elevation, and in this part of the church there is also a stoup of holy water. The font is an excellent specimen of Norman work, a quatre-foiled and scalloped basin being supported by four massive, but plain, pillars, and on the North wall there is a curious tomb, to the memory of "Charles Trinter of Holwell," who died in 1657. His wife was the daughter of Henry Heylyn, of Burford, and without question a relative of the famous Dr Peter Heylyn who was born at Burford, in 1599. On the tomb, the father and mother are represented, with the six sons kneeling behind the former, and the eight daughters behind the latter. In the chancel there is an altar-tomb with the recumbent figure of a man in the dress of the period of Elizabeth, and the figure has the pointed beard peculiar to the time. In one hand he clasps a book and his head rests on a larger one. The figure is habited in what may be intended to represent a gown, and from this circumstance some have supposed it to be the effigy of an ecclesiastic. The greatest peculiarity in the church is the circular and cinque-foiled east window—a rare example. From here we walk on for some distance and come to a farm, Eastleach Downs Farm, and further on is Macaronic Downs Farm whence we come to Eastleach Buildings, part of my father's farms; and then, a little further on, to the Manor Farm, Eastleach for a while, before starting out again.

### Homes of England

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.

The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The free, fair homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall;
May hearts of native proof be rear'd
To guard each hallow'd wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

MRS HEMANS.

Westcote is a parish consisting of two villages (Church and Wether), although there is no distinction made in the address. It is the near road from Stow-on-the-Wold station on the Banbury and Cheltenham branch of the Great Western Railway, and three miles north-east from Chipping Norton Junction, in the eastern division of the county, and upper division of Slaughter hundred, Stow-on-the-Wold.

The Church of St. Mary is a building of stone, chiefly in the early English and perpendicular styles, consisting of chancel, nave, south porch, vestry, and an embattled western tower containing three bells and a sanctus bell; the east window is stained. The present church was built in 1876 in the early English style, under the direction of Mr Bonner of London, an architect; the nave and the font were rebuilt in the year 1886, chiefly in the early English style, the entire cost, including the chancel, was about £1,050. There are sittings for 100 persons. The register dates from the year 1650.

Here is an interesting account relating to the family of Mace's of Westcote from Phillimore's " Gloucestershire Parish Registers ":

" Registrum due Over Westcott in Com. Gloster Novemb 8°. Anno Domini 1630, Rectoro tune temporis Edwardo Loggue, Trin. Coll., Oxon., Socio, Eccl. Gardinius Thoma Smyth et Roberto Mace."

Johannes James duxit Aliciam Mure 27 May 1630.
Johannes Roche duxit Margarettam Mace 12 Jan. 1630.
Robertus Mace duxit Marthem Roche 20 Jan. 1633.
Johannes Mace & Sara Mace 3 Feb. 1635.
Richard Hathaway & Hannah Mace 8 Oct. 1669.
Haines Woodman p. (Clifton ?) & Elizabeth Mace 4 July 1705.

Before the present church was built in 1876; in the old church was some inscription relating to the family of Mace's, here are some which my pen will give you from Bigland's *History of Gloucestershire*, which may prove of interest to many readers.

Inscription in the Church on flat stones:

Here lyeth the Body of
Laurence Mace of Westcott
in the County of Gloucester
who dyed the 9th day June
in the year of our Lord 1707
and in the 70th year of his Age.

Here lyeth the Body of
Edith Mansell the wife of
Revd. Robert Mansell
of Charlton Kings in the County of
Gloucester, who dyed the 10 day of
March in the year of our Lord
1690 and in the 66th
Year of her Age.

Also Elizabeth Wife of
Laurence Mace and Daughter of
Robt. and Edith Mansell
who departed this life the
13th day of June A.D. 1720
Aged 74 years

Among the Gloucestershire wills from 1541 to 1650 and 1756, by the British Record Society, published in 1895, we find:

Mace, Robert, Westcott, 1591.
Mace, Robert, Westcott, 1612.
Mace, Thomas, Westcott, 1646.
Mace, Robert, Westcott, 1674.
Mace, Richard, Westcott, 1696.
Mace, Lawrence, Westcott, 1707.
Mace, Thomas, Compton Abdale, 1603.
Mace, Thomas, ,, ,, 1625.
Mace, Thomas ,, ,, 1685.
Mace, John, Gloucester Castle, 1621.
Mace, Leonard, Bleddington, 1642.
Mace, Thomas, Stockwell, 1665.
Mace, Margaret, Shipton Oliffe, 1674.
Mace, Francis, Bleddington, 1675.
Mace, Francis, ,, 1717.
Mace, Edward, Stroud, 1690.
Mace, Thomas, Broad Rissington, 1710.
Mace, Edward, Bawbridge Stroud, 1713.
Mace, Lawrence, Stow, 1729.
Mace, Helena, Stroud, 1712.
Mace, Thomas, Cirencester, 1733, p. 19.
Mace, Thomas, ,, 1734, p. 35.
Mace, Alexander ,, 1739, p. 79.
Mace, Charles, Winchcomb, 1737, p. 93.
Mace, William, Little Compton, 1749, p. 10.
Mace, William, Harlescombe, 1749, p. 16.
Mace, Wm. Stiles, Alderton, 1784, p. 83.
Mace, Ann, Little Compton, 1756, p. 90.

In the Calender of State Papers of notes of the sixteenth we find:

" VCIII, Oct. 1618.

" Oct. 2, John Mace.

" 5, Examination of John Mace of Dover. Set sail Sept. 23; knows not the names of his passengers, would not allow Jason West to search them, because he had no commission. Received no money to get the passengers away, and knows of no gold exported. The searcher searched all, none refusing to submit thereto."

" Vol. DI, Charles I, Ref. 35.

" March 7, 1645. To give order that John Mace be entered as carpenter of the ' Dove,' pink lately taken at sea and now to be employed in the states service."

" Vol. CXI.

" Dec. 21, 1619. 86, Examination of Hen. Stephenson and John Reynolds, both of Sandwich. Saw fifteen packs of wool or baize privately carried at night to the seaside on Feb. 23, 1617, exported by Peter Mace, Jasper Brames, and others, Dutchmen. Told John Clark of Deal an officer of it, but Mace had bribed him to keep it secret."

" Vol. CXII.

" Jan. 3, 1620.

" Dover Castle.

" 3, Rich. Marsh to Nicholas. Send the petition of Geo Lopdale, prisoner. A matter is discovered implicating Jasper Brames, who was lately made free from Sandwich and Peter Mace. Has entered process against them in the Admirality Court."

## CHAPTER III

### IN THE MIDST OF THE COTSWOLDS

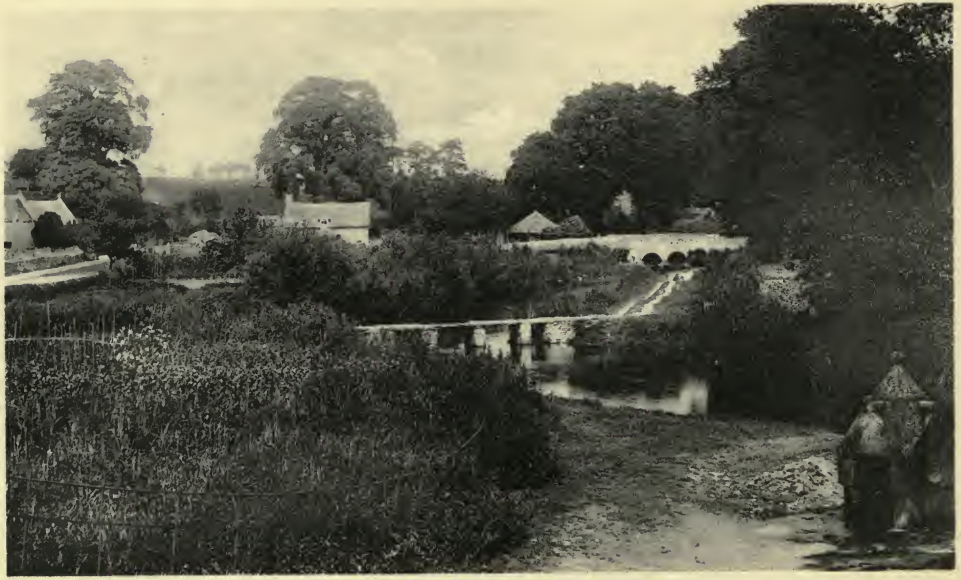
Hail thou my native soil, thou blessed plot,
Whose equal all the world affordeth not;
Show me who can so many crystals rill,
Such sweet clothed valleys or spring hills,
Such wood ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy mines,
Such rocks in which the diamond fairly shines.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

THE next day we pass a small hamlet, called Macaroni, and come to a village called Hatherop about three miles from Fairford.

The church was rebuilt in 1855, and is an edifice of stone in the perpendicular style. It is the Church of St. Nicholas, and consists of chancel, nave, and aisles, with a porch and a central tower, containing six bells, the gift of Sir John Webb, Bart., in 1715, and a clock with chimes presented by Sir Thomas S. Bazley, Bart., in 1868. There are twenty stained windows, and attached to the church is a beautiful mortuary chapel with a marble monument by Montie to Barbara, Lady de Manley, who died June 5, 1844, erected by her husband, William F. Spencer Ponsonby, first Lord de Manley, who also restored the church about 1850. He died 16 May, 1855. The carved font was the gift in 1856 of Mr William Longbourne in memory of the same Baron de Manley. The communion plate includes a chalice dated 1599. There are sittings for 230 persons, and the register dates from the year 1670.

Hatherop Castle, which is supposed to have been erected in the reign of Henry VII, is a remarkably fine edifice. It is surrounded by gardens and a picturesque park of 200 acres. It was formerly the residence of the Blomer family, and afterwards of Sir John Webb, Bart., whose third daughter, Anne Maria, married (James Radclyffe) third Earl of Derwentwater, beheaded on Tower Hill, February 24, 1716. Barbara, daughter of Sir John Webb, fifth baronet, married Anthony,



*From Photo by G. A. Davis, Lechlade*

KEBLE BRIDGE, EASTLEACH

*To face p.* 41.

fifth Earl of Shaftesbury, by which marriage, the estate ultimately passed to the first Baron de Manley, who restored the castle at a considerable cost in 1850. A few years ago it passed into the hands of Sir Thomas S. Bazley, Bart., whose family still reside there. Sir T. S. Bazley's only son was Mr Gardner S. Bazley of whom I make mention later on.

Quenington is close by. It is a pretty village on the River Coln. The Church of St. Swithin is a very small and plain edifice of stone consisting of a church nave, two porches and a western turret containing two bells. The north and south doorways are Norman, much enriched, and there is one stained window. The church was completely restored in 1882, the cost being principally defrayed by Sir T. S. Bazley, Bart., and Viscount St. Aldwyn. There are sittings for 150 persons. In this village there is also a Congregational Chapel and a room for the use of our Plymouth Brethren. The Hon. H. M. Hicks-Beach, M.P., is Lord of the Manor, and Sir T. S. Bazley's family are the principal landowners. From here we have a peep at Coln St. Aldwyns, another rural village in the neighbourhood. Its Church of St. John the Baptist is an ancient building of stone, in the Norman early English perpendicular style, consisting of a chancel, nave, with transept, south porch and a tower on the south side containing a clock and eight bells; there are several stained windows. The church was repaired in 1853 and has 250 sittings. The register dates from the year 1650. The Revd. John Keble, M.A., father of the author of *Christian Year*, was vicar here for fifty-two years. This fact alone lends interest to the village, for John Keble (1792-1866), English clergyman and poet, whose *Christian Year* was published in 1827, the son, is a man of epoch making significance in the history of literature and the Church. He also held the vicarage of Blewbury, Berks, 1781-1824, and died on January 24, 1835.

For its golden fraught
Of prayer and praise, of dream and thought,
Where poesy finds fitting voice
For all who hope, fear, grieve, rejoice,
Long have I loved, and studied long,
The pious minstrel's varied song.
Praed, To Helen, with Keble's *Christian Year*.

J. A. Froude says of Keble:

> High Churchmanship had been hitherto dry and formal; Keble carried into it the emotions of evangelicalism while he avoided angry collision with evangelical opinions. Thus all parties could find much to admire in him, and little to suspect. English religious poetry was generally weak—was not, indeed, poetry at all. Here was something which in its kind was excellent; and every one who was really religious, or wished to be religious, or even outwardly, and from habit, professed himself and believed himself to be a Christian, found Keble's verses chime in his heart like church bells.*

Williamstrip Park is the property of the Viscount of St. Aldwyn, P.C., of Coln St. Aldwyn, who is Lord of the Manor and principal landowner, and now resides at the "Manor House." It was erected at the beginning of the seventeenth century, but has since undergone many additions and improvements, and is a handsome building standing in a deer park and upwards of 200 acres.

After seeing these three villages, we come to the town of Fairford, of which I must give a good description. It is a market town, three miles from the Grand Canal which unites the Severn with the Thames, and is on the eastern bank of the River Coln, over which there are two arches. The town is lighted with gas, by a company, and supplied with water from private wells. The Church of St. Mary is a large and handsome edifice of stone in the late perpendicular style, consisting of church aisles and a fine central tower with pinnacles, containing a clock and eight bells. The chancels, aisles and chapels are embattled. The east end of the north aisle anciently formed the Lady Chapel, and that of the south aisle the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament: both are enclosed by very fine screens of oak of the same date as the church, besides which the ancient oak choir stalls also remain, and these have misereres carved with quaint devices. The reredos was erected, and the chancel refloored, at the cost of the Revd. Francis William, fifth Baron Dynevor, some time rector, who died

* *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, Vol iv. "Mr Keble, the 'sweet singer of Israel,' and a true saint, if this generation has sent one."—W. E. GLADSTONE. A chapter of Autobiography.

August 3, 1878. The church is chiefly remarkable for its beautiful stained windows, twenty-eight in number, the gift of Sir John Tame, a very wealthy woolstapler who erected the church in 1499. They are said to have been executed from the designs by the famous Albert Dürer, and represent the leading events in the history of our Lord. Beneath the screen dividing the Lady Chapel from the choir is a tomb of Purbeck marble with effigies, and the inscriptions in brass to John Tame, Esq., *ob.* May 8, 1500, and Alice his wife, *ob.* Dec. 20, 1471. The male figure is in armour, and at the angles and foot of the tomb are shields of arms of Tame and Twynihaw. On the floor in the same chapel is a blue marble slab with effigies and inscription to Sir Edmund Tame, Kt. *ob.* Oct. 1, 1534, and Agnes his wife, *ob.* July 26, 1506. The figures include that of the knight, in armour, his two wives and five children. On the wall near is a brass with kneeling effigies of the same, and another inscription including Elizabeth, his second wife. In this chapel is also an altar-tomb, with recumbent effigies in freestone, to Robert Lygon and Catherine his wife, and shields of arms Lygon impaling Dennys quartering Corbett, Russell, and due Georges. In the chancel is a memorial to William Oldisworth *ob.* Oct. 3, 1680, and to Mary (Austin) his wife, and also a marble tablet to the Revd. John Keble, M.A., mentioned above, and to other members of the family. In the church is a lectern with chair and padlock to which is attached an ancient copy of Calvin's *Institutes* and *The Whole Duty of Man*, dated 1725.

In 1889-91 the church was thoroughly restored and the window releaded at a cost of £4,750, it being defrayed by public subscription, including £25 given by Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria. There are sittings for 500 persons. The register dates from 1641. Here are also a Congregational Church with 270 sittings, a Primitive Methodist Chapel founded in 1662, seating 100 persons, a Baptist Chapel, also an old building seating a good many.

There are some curious local charities. Lady Mico gave a yearly rent of £5 4s. od. to be laid out in bread, and distributed under the direction of the Lord of the Manor. The Revd. Mr Huntingdon, a sum of ten shillings yearly to be given in six-penny loaves of bread to those who attended church and did not receive relief. Thomas Morgan gave £100 which, together

with £10 left by Robert Jenner and £105 by Alexander Colston, was invested some years since in the purchase of the Rest House, and other property, the rent of which are given to the poor widows and others. John Carter gave £350, the interest to be distributed to the poor in the month of December. Miss Luckman £98, the interest to be distributed in February, Colonel Olney £200, the interest to be expended yearly in coals, clothing and blankets. These charities produce about £92 yearly. By an order of the Charity Commissioners in March, 1867, these charities were amalgamated.

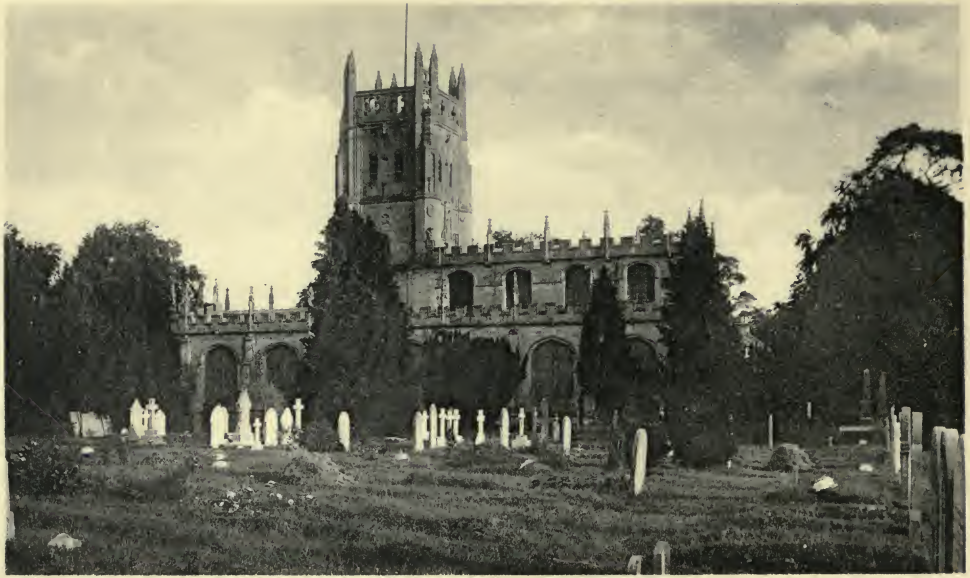
The hospital was established in 1867. The Fairford Retreat and Asylum is an establishment for the reception and care of persons of both sexes afflicted with mental disease, and has extensive grounds and gardens adjoining. Croft House also was established in 1867 as a lunatic asylum for ladies only.

Fairford includes one of the most celebrated trout fisheries in the West of England, and the "Bull" is the principal hotel where all information respecting angling can be obtained. Two annual fairs are held here on May 14 and November 12. The fair for cattle, etc., the second Tuesday in every month.

When I go for my summer holidays in Gloucestershire, we never fail to visit Fairford Church, and when I went there in 1909, we missed our old friend, Robert Kimber, the parish clerk, and upon making inquiries was told that he had gone to his rest; so I got an account from a local newspaper which so interested me that I reproduce it here:

### Death of the Parish Clerk

> One of Fairford's oldest inhabitants and also one of its most familiar figures passed away in the person of Robert Kimber, who, for nearly twenty-five years, held the office as parish clerk and sexton to the Fairford Parish Church. Mr Kimber had reached the ripe old age of eighty-five years, was only confined to his bed for a week and up till that time pursued his duties with a vigour and activity which belied his years. During the whole time he had held his office he never once missed a Sunday service, which of itself speaks of the good health he always enjoyed. Born at Fairford Park Lodge, of



*From Photo by C. Powell, Fairford*

FAIRFORD CHURCH

*To face p.* 44.

parents in the employ of the Barker family, he himself entered their service at a very early age, remaining in the employ of different members of this family for nearly fifty years. The many visitors to view the famous windows necessitated a great deal of his attendance, so that, practically speaking, nearly all his later years were spent in the church he loved so well, and of which he was so proud. His place in the choir (of which he was a member) was vacant for the first time on Sunday last, and his death has caused a void which will not soon be filled. It is not too much to say that not only will he be missed by the vicar and choir, but by the whole congregation. He was laid to rest on Monday last, the choir meeting the coffin at the churchyard gate and preceding it into church, where a good number of the parishioners were assembled. During the service two of his favourite hymns, " Jesu lover of my soul," and " There is a land of pure delight," were sung. Muffled peals were rung during the evening. The coffin was of polished elm with brass furniture Mr F. R. Baldwin, Fairford, being the undertaker. Several beautiful wreaths were sent by relatives and friends, and included the following: " To dear father, from his sorrowing children," " In loving memory from his sorrowing grandchildren," " In loving memory of a dear and true old friend, Rev., Mrs and the Misses Carbonell," " In loving memory of a well worker from the churchwardens," " With sincere regret from Mrs and the Misses Keble," " From the members of Fairford Church Choir in loving memory," " With sympathy from Mrs Read," " With deepest sympathy for an old and dear friend from Mrs Major and W.R.P.

Another correspondent writes and tells us that:

On Thursday last, there passed away at the ripe age of eighty-five years a well-known and highly respected inhabitant in Robert Kimber, for twenty-five years parish clerk. The funeral was at 3 p.m. on Monday, and the greatest respect was shown by those connected with the church and choir and many of the townspeople and friends. Born in Fairford he was in the service of the Barker family nearly all his life, with a short interim as

gardener to the late Vicar Canon Luxley, and it was his proud but grateful boast that he had never needed to seek a character, had never been out of work, and had never had a day's illness. He was fond of telling the joke how his wife was cautioned by a personal friend not to marry Robert Kimber, as he was considered consumptive, and unlikely to attain the age of twenty-five. His gentle manner gained him many friends and, alike by parishioners and visitors to the church, the familiar figure of the venerable grey-haired sexton will be remembered with esteem and respect. May he rest in peace under the shadow of the grand minster church in which he so long and faithfully served and worshipped.

I add the following " Epitaphs on Servants," which is from the churchyard here, and is apropos:

All you who came my grave to see,
Prepare yourselves to follow me;
Repent in time, make no delay,
For youth and age will soon decay.
Life is uncertain, death is sure;
Sin is the wound, but Christ the cure.

We pass on again and come to Maisey Hampton, which is noted for its " Oxfordshire Down bred Sheep," where our old friend Mr James T. Hobbs keeps a good herd of " Shorthorn Cattle and Oxfordshire Down Sheep," sending a large consignment of rams to Cirencester every year, and realizing some good prices. In some years, the rams made as much as 100 guineas each—indeed, I myself have seen one make over 150 guineas at one of Mr Hobbs's sales.

The church here, St. James's, is a building of stone in the Gothic style, consisting of a chancel with chantry, nave, north aisle and a tower with spire containing six bells. It was nearly rebuilt in 1850. The register dates from the year 1578, and in this parish there are Congregational and Primitive Methodist Chapels. The soil is sand, brash, subsoil, coal and pennant stone. The south side of the parish borders on the coal district of Kingswood and the north side, towards Downend, produces pennant stone. The remainder is agricultural.

Not far away is Poulton, which parish was at one time in Wiltshire, but was annexed to the county of Gloucester by the Acts 2 and 3, Wm. IV. cap. 65, and 7 and 8 Vict. cap 61. The old church of St. Michael stood about half a mile from the village, but, in consequence of its dilapidated condition, was pulled down in 1875 and a new church erected nearer to the village (partly with the old materials) at a cost of £1,800. The present structure is a building of stone in the early English style, consisting of chancel, nave, vestry, and a bell turret containing three bells. There are sittings for 300 persons.

It is well to remember that in the register marriages date from the year 1703, baptisms 1695, burials 1696.

The soil here is stone, brash, subsoil, limestone, and the neighbourhood is noted for its stone and slate quarries.

Close by is " Ampney Crucis " which is a pretty village, and the Church of the Holy Cross, or Sanctox Crucis, is a building of stone in the early English style, consisting of chancel, nave, transepts, south porch and an embattled western tower, containing five bells. There are several tablets to the " Pleydell and Blukwell " families, and four stained windows, the east window being a memorial to Robert Pleydell who died in 1719, the others being in memory of the Gifford family. The church retains a piscina, and in the north transept a piscina and marble altar tomb; the bowl of the font is early Norman. There are sittings for 200 persons, and the register dates from the year 1566. The soil is chiefly strong clay or limestone rock.

" Ampney St. Mary " is a parish not far from Cirencester. The village is called Askbrook, which district comprises many houses in Ampney Crucis parish. The Church of St. Mary is a small and ancient building of stone in the last Norman and early English styles, consisting of chancel, nave and a western bell-turret containing one bell dated 1747. It contains a very old font. The building is now disused and inhabitants attend the Church of Ampney St. Peter. The register of baptisms and marriages dates from the year 1602, burials 1605, and the soil is the same as that of the other parish, Ampney Crucis.

We now come to " Ampney St. Peter." The Church of St. Peter is a small building of stone, in the transition Norman style, consisting of chancel, nave, north aisle and south porch, and a vestry and organ chamber were added in 1879 at a cost of £1,200, from the plans of the late Sir G. G. Scott,

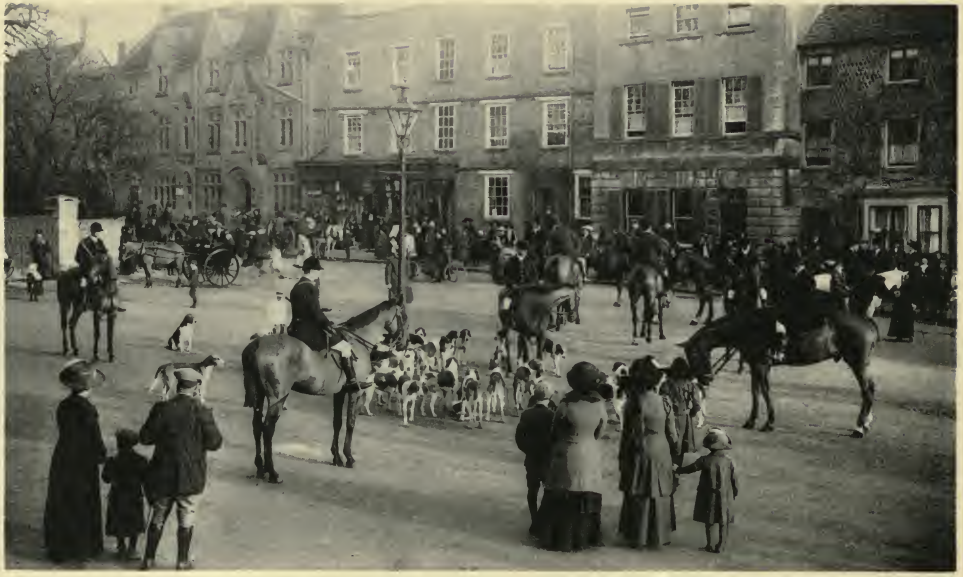
M.A., in order to give space for the inhabitants of Ampney St. Mary. The east window erected by the Rev. Giles Daubeney, M.A., is a memorial to the Revd. Edward Daubeney and his wife. The register dates from the year 1629. The soil is clay with gravelly subsoil.

Now we are speaking about the Ampneys here is some account of "Down Ampney," which is of special interest in relation to what has been said of its great house in an earlier chapter. The church, "All Saints," is an ancient and very interesting building of stone, in the early English and later styles, consisting of chancel, clerestoried cove aisles, south transept, south porch and a massive, embattled, western tower with pinnacles and spire, containing five bells in the south transept. Placed within an ornamental arch is an altar tomb with recumbent effigies of a knight in armour and a lady, representing Sir Nicholas de Villiers and his wife. The transept was built by the Earl of St. Germans, G.C.B., who also largely contributed to the restoration of the church in 1863, and the lych-gate was erected at the cost of Mrs Paul Butler, late of Down Ampney House in 1877. The register dates from the year 1603. A charity of two guineas yearly left in 1854 by a Mr Cook is applied to educational purposes.

There is a gateway leading to Down Ampney House, the seat of the Hungerford family. It was, as already explained, built by them in the reign of Henry VII, and is a fine specimen of the architecture of that period. A stone canopied cross was erected in 1877, at the west end of the village, by Mrs Paul Butler in memory of her husband. The Earl of St. Germans is Lord of the Manor, and sole landowner. The soil is loamy subsoil, clay and gravel.

The district through which we are passing is charming in the spring when all the meads are full of early blooms.

Spring! queen of blossoms,
  And fulfilling flowers,
With what pretty music
  Shall we charm the hours!
Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
Blown in the open mead?
Or to the lute give heed
  In the green bowers?



*From Photo by C. Powell, Fairford*

MEET OF V.W.H. HOUNDS AT FAIRFORD

*To face p.* 49.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,
Tame and free rivers;
Doubt not, thy music too
In the deep rivers;
And the whole plumpy flight
Wardling the day and night—
Up at the gates of light,
See, the lark quivers!

LORD THURLOW.

True happiness
Consists not in a multitude of friends,
But in their work and choice.

BEN JONSON.

By taking the motor-bus in the morning we pass through Fairford, Maisey Hampton, Poulton, the Ampneys, and then to Cirencester to go to see Stratton, which is a very small village bounded on the east by the River Churn. The Church of St. Peter is a building of stone, principally in the early English style, consisting of chancel, nave, north aisle and a small, central tower containing two bells; there is a stained window in the chancel. The register dates from the year 1601. Col. Chester Master, J.P., is Lord of the Manor and chief landowner. The parish is annexed to Baunton. The church of this parish, St. Christopher's, is a small building of stone, in the early English style, consisting of nave only, and a belfry containing two bells. It was restored in 1877, when a curious fresco of the patron-saint was discovered on the north wall of the nave. On either side of the chancel arch are painted canopies with turrets. The register dates from the year 1625.

Baunton was the home of the Porter family for over a century and half. A little farther on, we come to the parish of Daglingworth, and the church of the Holy Rood is a building of stone, originally Norman but now principally decorated style, consisting of chancel, nave, north aisle, vestry and an embattled tower containing four bells. The chancel retains an ancient altar and curious slabs with figures in bas relief. In the exterior wall, over the east window, is a crucifix; the broken shaft of a cross stands on a pedestal in the churchyard. The

east window is a memorial to Edward Haines, 1863. The register dates from 1561. The school was built in 1868, for seventy-two children. Earl Bathurst is Lord of the Manor and chief landowner.

Next we come to the ancient " old parish " of Bagendon with the Church of St. Margaret, a building of stone, principally in the perpendicular style, consisting of a chancel, nave of three bays, north aisle and a saddle-back tower at the west end, containing two bells. The nave and aisle were re-roofed in 1875; the arcade separating the nave and north aisle is Norman and dates from about 1150. The exterior exhibits insertions and additions of perpendicular character, probably dating from about 1470. The font is Norman and probably coeval with the earliest part of the structure. A stained east window has been erected to the memory of the Revd. William Dyke, late rector by his widow. There are sittings for 103 persons, and the register dates from the year 1630. The principal residence in the parish is Moorward House, where the Haines resided for a great many years. The National School was built in the year 1873 for fifty children.

Perrots Brook is a hamlet half a mile away, near which are portions of two lines of ancient entrenchments thrown up by the Britons in 556 A.D., as a defence against Cedric, King of the West Saxons. As we go along we see Duntisbourne Rouse, a pretty parish, and the Church of St. Michael is an edifice of stone in the early English and Norman styles, consisting of chancel, and nave, and a gabled tower of the twelfth century, containing two bells. There is a croft or crypt beneath the chancel and a font of the early English period. The church will seat seventy persons. The register dates from the year 1545. Middle Duntisbourne is half a mile north. Overley, one and a half miles west, was a Roman establishment. On the Heath is a barrow.

Then we ride on again, passing the village of Eastington, and come into the capital of the Cotswold Hills which is Cirencester. I know this town very well, having been apprenticed there, in the old market place, to the well-known firm of Messrs George Frazer & Son, tailors and general outfitters, from the year 1893 till 1898 in Mr Frazer's time. He died in the same year in which I left Cirencester. During my time there, we made clothes for the Royal Family, including the present

Queen Mary, then H.R.H. the Duchess of York, and her mother, the Duchess of Teck. In the shop, at that time, was an old friend of mine, Harry Roads, who is well-known in Cirencester and district as a singer and still continues singing his usual songs. He was in the Frazer family between thirty and forty years.

During the time of my business training in this town, I joined the Church Institute in Park Street, where I found many good comrades, a particular one in Mr Edwin J. Wallis, who gave me much good advice, and I am pleased to say that we still continue to show good fellowship and friendship to each other. While there we met another person, Mr George White, who is engaged in the grocery business, who, in the year 1898, induced me to join that well-known society in the district: "The Cirencester Division Conservative Association Benefit Society." My warm thanks are due to him for his kindness in this direction, and I may say that I still take an interest in the society's welfare and still continue to be an active member.

Cirencester has been a parliamentary borough since the thirteenth year of the reign of Elizabeth. By the Roman Act of 1832 the boundaries of the borough were made co-extensive with the parish, and by the Boundary Act of 1868, the parish of Stratton was included in the borough. It formerly returned two members, but the "Representation of the People's Act, 1867," reduced the representation to one only; and by the "Redistribution of Seats, 1885," it was disfranchised. Among the persons of note who represented this place may be named Sir Thomas Fairfax, Henry Powle, the Speaker of the Coronation Parliament in 1688, and Sir Robert Atkins, the historian of Gloucestershire. The town is governed by an Urban District Council.

Although a town of great antiquity, the chief business portion of Cirencester has, generally, a modern appearance. The Church of St. John the Baptist is a fine structure in the early English decorated and perpendicular styles, consisting of chancel with two north chapels and one on the south side, clerestoried nave, north aisle with chapel, south porch or gate house, and a western tower of perpendicular date, with pierced battlements and pinnacles, and containing a peal of twelve bells with a chiming apparatus which strikes the quarters, and plays the 113th Psalm at three, six, nine and twelve

o'clock. In 1870, a clock was placed in the tower, the bells rehung and other improvements were made. The nave, rebuilt in 1514, is of late and highly curched character, but the style is pure and not overloaded with ornaments. There are six lofty arches on either side, supported on clustered columns, and at the spring of the arches are figures bearing shields with the armorial bearings of the various contributors to the work. The tower opens to the nave by a very fine arch, and the west window was arranged about the year 1790 from detached pieces collected from various windows of the church, the designs being furnished by Samuel Lysons, the well-known antiquary, and executed by a plumber of the town. The chancel is early decorated, the piers on the south side being early English. Trinity Chapel, on the north side of the nave aisle, is a perpendicular work, erected about 1440, and retains its altar steps and the sedilia, and on the wall is a curious painting in fresco, representing the martyrdom of St. Erasmus, with a singular list of the benefits to be derived from the worship of that holy saint, bishop and martyr. Here are several busts of the Bathurst family. St. Catherine Chapel on the north side of the chancel is narrow, but has a fine stone roof of tan tracery and dates from 1508. On the wall to the right of the altar are a representation of St. Catherine and other figures. The window has been filled with stained glass of modern workmanship at the expense of the late Mr Joseph Cripps as a memorial of his family. Northward of this is the Chapel of St. Mary, 1440, and on the south side of the chancel is St. John's Chapel which has some good, stained glass. Between the chancel and St. John's Chapel is a short pillar, with foliated capitals, supporting an acute, pointed arch in the early English style and evidently part of a building much older than the nave or tower. In St. John's Chapel formerly stood a handsome carved oak screen enclosing the east end, or Jesus' Chapel, but this is now removed into the Lady Chapel, so as to form a choir vestry.

The fine three storied porch, or gate house, erected about 1500, has tan traceried groining and pierced battlements with pinnacles; the upper story, lighted by three large windows, is used as a Town Hall. There are a number of curious brasses and some monuments interesting as memorials of local families.

The church was thoroughly restored in 1866-7, from designs by the late Sir G. G. Scott, M.A., at a cost of about £14,000, since when decorations have been added to the extent of two or three hundred pounds. A stained window was added in 1873, in memory of Mrs Cripps. The communion plate includes two handsome figures of Queen Elizabeth's reign dated respectively 1570 and 1576, and a covered cup, dated 1535 and surmounted by crowned and sceptred falcon emoluments; the older portion is the badge of Queen Anne Boleyn.

QUEEN ANNE

Queen of Great Britain: 1665-1714.

At length great Anna said, " Let discord cease,"
She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace!

POPE, *Windsor Forest.*

Hail, Anna, hail! O may each muse divine
With wreaths eternal grace thy holy shrine!
Grav'd on thy tomb this sacred verse remain,
This verse more sweet than conquest's sounding strain,
" She bade the rage of hostile nation cease,
The glorious arbitress of Europe's peace."

LAUGHORNE, *Genius and Valour.*

To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,
On her resolves the western world relies;
Confident still, amidst its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.

ADDISON, *The Campaign.*

The register dates from the year 1560, but there is a relapse of four years, since 1581. The other church, " Holy Trinity," at Watermoor, erected in 1850, is an edifice in the early English style, from designs by Sir G. G. Scott, M.A., and consists of a chancel, nave, aisles and a tower with a light and graceful spire. A handsome stone font richly carved was presented by Mrs Sandys, and Mr Thomas Lewis added some presentations to the church. There are 518 sittings of which 400 are free.

There are here Catholic, Baptist, Particular Baptist, Congregation, Unitarian, Wesleyan, and Primitive Methodist Chapels, and a meeting house of the Society of Friends.

A cemetery is situated about a mile from the town on the Tetbury Road, and was opened in 1872. It has an area of about six acres with two mortuary chapels, and is under the control of the Burial Committee. The Hospital of St. John the Evangelist, in Spital Lane, was founded by King Henry I and enlarged by Thomas Cobham, Bishop of Worcester, in 1317. According to a minute in the vestry book, dated November, 1786, the minister and churchwardens carried out the intentions of the founder, and the foundation is now maintained for the benefit of seven poor persons each of whom received 3s. 6d. per week. St. Lawrence Hospital, in Gloucester Street, was founded by Edith, Lady of the Manor of Wiggold, in the reign of Edward III, for two poor widows. An endowment for a third widow was added by the late Earl Bathurst, in 1800, from interest arising from the allotments of land in the neighbourhood. The three widows now receive £3 15s. 4d. per quarter, divided equally among them. St. Thomas Hospital, in Thomas Street, was erected by Sir William Nottingham about 1425, and endowed with a rent charge of £6 18s. 8d. yearly, arising out of an estate in the parish of Thornbury, which sum was divided between four poor weavers, three of whom had an apartment in the hospital. The Cottage Hospital, in Sheep Street, was established in 1875 and contains nine beds: the average annual number of patients is about 100. The Temperance Hall was erected in the year 1846, by Mr Christopher Bowly, a member of the Society of Friends, and is open for public meetings and lectures. The Royal Agricultural College, with a large farm attached for practical instruction, was established in the year 1845 under the patronage of the late Prince Consort, supported by a number of the nobility and gentlemen interested in agriculture from all parts of the United Kingdom, and was incorporated at the same time, by Royal Charter, granted by Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, in Council for " Encouraging and supporting the study of Agriculture." Under the charter it has six residentiary professors, and grants certificates of proficiency and diplomas of membership and associateship. In 1870 a Supplementary Charter, with new powers, was obtained, and in

March 1880, Her late Majesty was graciously pleased to command that the College be styled "The Royal Agricultural College." The buildings, forming a handsome pile in the Tudor style, "created from the designs of the late Mr Dankes, architect of London," are situated in the midst of the College Farm, on the flank of the Cotswolds—about one and three-quarter miles from the town of Cirencester, and in the vicinity of picturesque Stroud valley. The principal font, 190 feet in extent, has a southerly aspect and commands a distant view of the uplands of North Wiltshire. The buildings comprise a museum, lecture theatre, class-rooms, laboratories, private room, study, chapel, dining hall, library, reading-room, dormitories, lavatories, etc., and apartments for resident professors. The establishment includes a botanic garden, veterinary hospital, forges, workshops, etc. The chapel is a Gothic structure, built in 1846 and has been furnished with oak seats and stalls, and an organ. A reredos has been erected by the professors and students, in memory of the Revd. Principal Haygarth, who died in 1859. The object of the institution is to train young men for agricultural employments, and the management of landed property at home and abroad. A farm of 500 acres is attached to the college, and by special arrangement is occupied and worked by Mr Russell Swanwick, the full size of the farm being reserved to the college for practical instruction. The entire management is committed, by the governing body, to the principal, who is assisted by a staff of professors to the various departments. There are six scholarships (three of £25 and three of £10) awarded annually, and six other scholarships, each of £200 a year, created by the Government of Bengal, two vacant annually and tenable for two and a half years, are open to certain native Indian graduates of the University of Calcutta. His late Majesty King Edward VII visited Cirencester in 1895 and was present at the Jubilee of the College.

Cirencester is a place of great antiquity. It is supposed to have been the site of a British Camp before the invasion of the Romans, and on their occupation of the country it became, under the name of Coriniam, a military station and the capital of the surrounding districts. The remains of tesselated pavements, baths, columns, statues and other works of industry and art, which have been frequently uncovered, afford

abundant evidence that the Latin conquerors made it a favourite dwelling place and brought the resources of their superior civilization to aid in its construction and embellishment. Four great consular ways: The Fosse, The Icknield, the Ackman Street and Ermine Street intersect each other at this point and these roads, after the lapse of fifteen centuries, are still used as the highways of the district. The course of a wall, supposed to be a Roman work, is still distinguishable, at intervals, encircling the town. Outside this rampart, at the southern part, appears to have been the cemetery; monumental stones and urns having been frequently dug up there. On the western side amidst some curious mounds of earth, known as the Querns, is an elliptical amphitheatre called Bull Ring, also attributed to the Romans. At the Barton farm a fine tesselated pavement is still preserved. Two other pavements, hardly surpassed by any yet discovered, were found in Dyer Street in 1849, and have been removed from their situation to a museum erected by Earl Bathurst. After the departure of the Romans, Cirencester fell into the hands of the West Saxons and became part of the Kingdom of Wessex. As a Saxon town it is associated with the name of Alfred the Great, who having defeated the Danish chief, Guthrum, and taken him prisoner, released him on his consenting to be baptized and suffered him to dwell some time in Cirencester.

In the reign of Henry IV the inhabitants rendered a great service to their king by suppressing a rebellion headed by the Earls of Surrey and Salisbury; and, as a reward for their loyalty, Henry granted to the men and women of Cirencester four does and six bucks from his forest of Bradon, and two hogsheads of wine from his port of Bristol, to be delivered yearly during pleasure. He also, on petition of the citizens, granted them a charter of incorporation, but this was afterwards cancelled in the reign of Elizabeth.

At the breaking out of the civil war, the inhabitants warmly espoused the Parliamentary cause. Lord Chandos, lieutenant of the County, coming here to execute the King's commission of array, was defeated and taken prisoner, the place was put into a posture of defence, and a garrison was formed to maintain it; but in February, 1643, whilst a part of the garrison were away on an expedition against Sudeley Castle, Prince Rupert with a strong force, carried it by assault and com-

mitted great slaughter upon its defenders. In the autumn of the same year, Lord Essex having obliged Charles to raise the siege of Gloucester, made a night march upon Cirencester and surprised the Royalist forces quartered there, capturing a large quantity of provisions and ammunition, to the great relief of his army, which was straitened for supplies.

At the Revolution of 1688 this town was again the scene of warfare. Lord Lovelace, with about 100 followers on his way to join the Prince of Orange, found the county militia drawn up to dispute his further progress, a conflict ensued. Lovelace was overpowered and was sent as a prisoner to Gloucester Castle.

It is interesting to know that there is in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, but not in the printed catalogue of the British Museum, a copy of an old Cirencester book entitled: "*Poems on Moral and Religious Subjects*, Cirencester: Printed for the Author by S. Rudder, and sold by T. Stevens, 1787." The preface is signed "R. Hauchet, Cirencester, Sept. 20, 1787." Here is a reproduction of some lines near the date of the Feast of St. Mary Magdalen, which is appointed by the Prayer Book Calendar for July 22.

ST. MARY MAGDALEN

What less of Mary can I say,
Than that she was a Sinner,
Who for her faults did weep and pray,
When Christ was set at Dinner?
His Feet with Tears she did bedew,
And wiped them, with her Hair,
To show her Love sincerely true,
To kiss them did not spare,
She did anoint with much Cost,
Repentance for to prove,
That great Expense it was not lost,
Christ did her Sins remove;
For Christ accepted her kind Deed,
To wash away her Stain.
How boundless was thy Grace, O Lord?
To her so great a Sinner,
And thou wilt mercy all afford
Who truly imitate Her.

Doubtless Christ will with us comply,
When we such Proof do give,
When we by Faith to him draw nigh,
Like Pardon shall receive,
When we, like her, reformed be,
To Christ yield due Subjection,
Who had the Honour first to see
Her Saviour's Resurrection;
Christ's ten Disciples fled with Fear,
For they were all afraid,
But this Heroine yet kept there,
Her Faith was not dismayed.
She braved the Danger of the Place,
Her Love unto her Lord
Christ's ten Disciples did disgrace,
They fled with one Accord.

I have seen Samuel Rudder's book on Gloucestershire many times when in the Guildhall Library, London. Here are some particulars about him culled from various sources.

Mr Norris tells us that Samuel Rudder was the only Cirencester printer to be recorded in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (vol. xlix, pp. 380-1). Its statement, however, that Rudder was born at Cirencester is not correct. He was born at Uley, in this county, Dec. 24, 1726, according to the monument in the Lady Chapel of the Parish Church. W. P. W. Phillimore in *Gloucestershire Notes and Queries*, ii, 81, states that " Samuel Rudder was baptized as Samuel Rutter, 5 December, 1725, the date on the tablet at Cirencester being clearly an error." Rudder was a linen draper, etc., as many early booksellers were. Hyett and Bazeley mention him as a printer 1753-1780. His premises occupied the site of the Congregational Church or adjacent property. He died March 15, 1801, in his seventy-fifth year, his wife having predeceased him only three months earlier, Dec. 29, 1800, aged seventy-six. His father died at Uley in 1771, aged eighty-four. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1801, refers to his death as follows:

> At the house of his son-in-law, Mr Window, at Chelsea, Mr Samuel Rudder, an eminent printer at Cirencester, author of the history of that antient borough, and the

county and city of Gloucester. Having published a history of his native town of Cirencester, he undertook to publish, 1767, the topographical, ecclesiastical, biographical, and natural history of Gloucestershire, not a mere republication of Sir Robert Atkyns's work, but great part of it written anew, and brought down to the present time, and so far corrected and improved as the editor, with various assistants was capable of doing, and adorned with new plates of gentlemen's seats, contributed by their owners. The subscription price was £2 12s. 6d., just one-half the original price of Sir Robert's book, and not one-fourth of what it has arisen to. It was to have been published in 1771, but did not appear till 1779. From this general history, sold in 1781, at £3 3s. od. by the editor at Cirencester, and Messrs Evans and Hazle, booksellers in Gloucester, the latter extracted the history of the city of Gloucester, 1781, in 8vo., price 6s.

Mr H. E. Norris mentions in his paper, that a few of Rudder's works, those which Rudder printed, are very scarce, for instance, here are some. The proposals for his history, Feb. 1, 1767, which Mr H. W. Bruton kindly lent Mr Norris, were "*The Young Astronomer's Assistant, and Countryman's Daily Companion*, by William Hitchman, shoemaker of Poulton, near Cirencester. Cirencester: Printed for A. Wright, at Holyrood-Ampney; and sold by the Booksellers in Town and Country, 1755." This, we think, was printed by Rudder, and though it is mentioned incidentally by Mr F. A. Hyett, no copy has been on view before. This was in the Gloucester Library. The best leaf advertises a new spelling book entitled "*Orthographia*, London; And sold by S. Rudder, Bookseller in Cirencester." Also " Now in the Press (sold by S. Rudder in Cirencester) *A Compendious English Grammar.*" The following is copied from a slab on the west wall of the Lady Chapel of Cirencester Parish Church:

To the memory of Samuel Rudder of this town, Printer. And of Mary, his wife. He was born at Uley, in this county, Dec. 24, 1726, and died May 15, 1801. A man of strictest honour and most inflexible integrity, his *History of Gloucestershire* will establish his character as a writer.

She was born at Cranham in this county, Dec. 13, 1724, and died Dec. 29, 1800. A tender mother of eight children, she lived esteemed and respected, and died lamented most by those who knew her best. Their remains lie interred in the same grave under a flat stone, in the north side of the adjoining churchyard, near those of three of their children; Richard, who died May 4, 1758, aged three months; Lydia, Sept. 20, 1771, aged six years; Sarah, June 3, 1774, aged eighteen years. This tablet was erected by their surviving issue, Samuel, Mary, Elizabeth, Richard, and William.

In 1753 appeared " *The Cirencester Contest*, containing all the letters, papers, verses, songs, etc. Cirencester: Printed by S. Rudder." His *New History of Gloucestershire*, folio, appeared in 1779; his *History of Cirencester*, reprinted from the county work, was published in 1780, and a second and third edition issued in 1800 and 1814 respectively. These three editions Mr Norris had with him when giving the paper on the booksellers and printers. In the same way was issued *The History and the Antiquities of Gloucester*, 8vo, 1781. In 1763 first appeared his *History of Fairford Church*, of which the eleventh edition is dated 1795. In the British Museum Library there is " *The Circular Letter*, The Elders and Messengers of the Several Baptist Churches . . . being met in the Association at Cirencester, May the 25th and 26th, 1779. Cirencester: Printed by S. Rudder." A copy of " *Poems on Moral and Religious Subjects*. Printed for the Author by S. Rudder," is in the Bingham Library.

There is some account of Timothy Stevens 1786-1806. He lived in the Cirencester Market Place. *Notes and Queries*, II Sh. ii, July 16, 1910, gives " T. Steevens, 1791." The first reference to Stevens is in a book in the Gloucester Library: " *Poems on Moral and Religious Subjects;* interspersed with Remarks on several Passages of Scripture, the whole designed for promoting the cause of virtue and religion. Cirencester: Printed for the author, by S. Rudder, and sold by T. Stevens, 1787." Preface, p. iv: " His book contains much persuasion to a good and pious Life, for which the Author flatters himself Nobody will censure him; and it remains only to imform thee, kind Reader, that he has printed it from a disinterested

Motive, the Profits arising from the Sale being to be disposed of in a certain Charity, which he hopes will the rather entitle him to Thine—R. Hauchet, Cirencester, Sept. 20, 1787." The charity referred to was the Sunday-schools. He sold an *Account of the Parish Church of Fairford in the County of Gloucester*, published in 1791 and printed in London. He sold Rudder's *Cirencester*, second edition in 1800. Messrs John Smith, 1784-1791. James Turner, 1802-1806. Thomas Phillip Baily, 1835-1853, and many more sold Samuel Rudder and Timothy Stevens's good books; also a good many more, and, therefore, still being looked at and read with much interest up to present year, 1912. Next in order comes " Porter, T.S., 1815-1818—*The Gloucestershire Garland*. Cirencester: Printed and Published by T. S. Porter, opposite The Swan Inn." Preface dated Dec. 22, 1815. *The Gleaner* or *Cirencester Weekly Magazine*, which was published in 1816, being printed by T. S. Porter, " opposite The Swan Inn." This was claimed by its originators to be the first work of the kind ever published in Cirencester, for in the first number they declared it to be " a reproach to so considerable a town as Cirencester, the residence of opulence, respectability, and independence, that hitherto it has never given birth to any periodical work which it can so amply support. The assertion is, however, unfounded, for the *Cirencester Post* or *Gloucestershire Mercury* precede *The Gleaner* by nearly a century. A rare broadside, printed by Porter, is in the Bingham Library: *Verses on the Late Illumination.* Porter is described as a printer, stationer and vendor of horse medicines, Castle Street, Cirencester. The illumination was, probably, in honour of winning the Battle of Waterloo.

The last verse runs:

" I sat me down without controul
For to taste the flowing bowl,
The punch and wine so swift did fly,
To welcome Peace and Liberty."

SARAH BROWNING.

An election bill, printed by Porter, is dated May 26, 1878. (When Mr Norris was giving his paper in the Bingham Hall

Library, Cirencester, he mentioned that the earliest printed books and wonderful bindings are very valuable. The Mazarin Bible, printed about 1450-5, is of enormous value; and only about twenty copies are known to exist. The first book printed with a date is the Mentz Psalter, 1457. These and others were printed abroad. Then the Caxton's, printed at Westminster, follow about 1470-80, *The Game of Cheese*, 1470; and collectors have quite a passion for these earliest editions. The *Nuremberg Chronicle* was printed in 1493. Mr Norris, turning from the London press to the provincial, spoke of the Cambridge and Oxford presses and booksellers. A new book he had seen gave an account of the English Provincial Printers and Booksellers and was valued at £1,557. Coming directly to Gloucestershire, he said that the earliest Gloucestershire bookseller he could learn of was Toby Jordan, about 1632, and the earliest bookseller in Cirencester he found was John Barksdale, 1680-1713. Other early names are those of Joseph Turner, 1735; Thomas Hinton, 1716-24; Thos. Hill and Comp., 1747; G. Hill and J. Davis, 1741; George Hill, 1742-59; W. Ballinger, 1723; J. Ballinger, 1723-6; and many more.) The paper was given in the year 1912 at Cirencester.

Robert Raikes (1735-1811) was a Gloucester printer and newspaper proprietor, of high moral qualities, whose name is mainly remembered as a practical propounder of the Sunday-school system.

It is not only in Cirencester itself that one finds interesting memorials of the history of the district. London is linked with the Cotswolds, as, indeed, the capital is with every part of the kingdom in one way or another. There is in Fleet Street a memorial of monastic times at Cirencester:

"At The Sign Of The Popinjay."

This is an interesting and convincing reminder of the days when the Abbots of the Abbey of Cirencester visited London, and is to be found in Fleet Street, close to Ludgate Circus. On the left-hand side, looking towards St. Paul's Cathedral, are the new London offices of the *Glasgow Herald*, and it is on this site that the old Popinjay Inn formerly stood. On the red-brick front of the *Herald* offices are two noticeable features. A

tablet over the second-floor windows bears the following inscription:

JN OLDEN DAYS
THE INN OF
THE ABBOTS OF
CIRENCESTER
XV CENTO
S. K.

On a lower level, carved in stone in high relief, is a richly plumed popinjay, swinging in its hoop. Several writers on London antiquities have questioned the accuracy of the legend on the tablet, but an inquiry recently made at the *Glasgow Herald* offices shows that evidence has been obtained which proves conclusively that this is not another case of a "Palace of Henry VIII, and Cardinal Wolsey," unknown to the King or to his Minister.

Among the wills preserved at the Guildhall is that of Roger Lardener, a baker, dated January 20, 1430 (Roll 159, 35). This worthy man, "for tithes and ablates forgotten or retained," bequeathed to the Church of St. Brigid in High Street, of which he was a parishioner, many of his belongings. By codicil he released a debt to Thomas Mason, a sporier, while to his brother, William, he left his leasehold interest in the hostel of the Abbot and Convent of "Circestre," called "Popynjaye" in Fleet Street, together with converlitz, blankettes, sheets, and mattrasses therein. In Holbourne, not far distant, he held another tenement under the Abbot and Convent of Malmesbury. The will of Roger Lardener contains the earliest mention, so far as has yet been discovered, of the Popinjay, and it proves that the ancient hostel belonged to the Gloucestershire Abbey of Cirencester.

"Again, in the sixth edition, 1754, of Stow's *Survey of London*, p. 734, the following entry adds weight to the extracts taken from Roger Lardener's will; 'Hospitium (an ium) vocat. Popynjaye in Fleet Street, spectau, ad abt and convent de Circestree, now called Popping's Abbey.' In 1291—182 years after the Abbey of Cirencester had been founded by Henry I—the Abbot had possessions valued in the spiritual taxation of Pope Nicholas at one mark, in the parish of St. Martin, Ludgate, and at £2 7s. 3d. in the parish of St. Bridget.

This record is to be found in the Harleian MSS., and it may be assumed that, although not distinquished by name the latter levy was upon Popinjay hostel, which stood immediately opposite old St. Bride's as the present building faces the later religious edifice. After Simon de Montfort and the baronial party had laid the basis of constitutional government, the Abbots of Cirencester received summonses to attend the national councils. One such summons was sent during the reign of Henry III, seven during that of Edward I, twenty-one during Edward II's time, and fifty-four while Edward III was on the throne. In 1416, William But, the Abbot of Cirencester, was mitred and this gave him and his successors the right to a seat in Parliament. Thus frequent visits of the Abbots made it necessary that they should have a hostel in London. In 1559 the Abbey of Cirencester was suppressed, but it was not until a few years ago that it was discovered whether the Popinjay belonged to the Abbots of that time. In the local histories of Cirencester we are told that there does not appear to be any record as to the ownership of the inn. In 1900, when the *Glasgow Herald* offices were removed to the Popinjay site, an official at the Record office, investigating some public accounts of the period, after the Dissolution, found the following, which is an extract from the Minister's Accounts, 31-32 Henry VIII. No. 94 membrane 73d: ' Messuages, etc., called The Popynjay Abbey in the parish of St. Bride, Fleet Street, London.' These accounts deal with abbey lands and possessions, and, taking this fact into consideration, it appears proved beyond all doubt that the buildings on this site belonged to the Abbey of Cirencester until 1539."

This is the story of the Popinjay Inn, and it is fortunate that the London offices of the *Glasgow Herald* should have yielded such interesting and reliable evidence relating to the dwelling place of the old Abbots of Cirencester in London.

### Possession of Influence

Can that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind!
He lives in glory; and such speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds.

L. E. Landon.

The mitred Abbey of St. Mary and James was founded by Henry I in 1177, for canons of the order of St. Augustine, and endowed with considerable possessions, afterwards increased by some of his successors. Its annual revenue at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries was estimated at £1,051 7s. 1d. John Blake, the last Abbot, with sixteen monks subscribed to the King's supremacy in 1534, and received from the Commissioners certain pensions in return for their compliance. The abbey and appurtenances were granted to one, Roger Bassings, and the buildings were ordered to be pulled down and removed. One gateway, called the Spital-gate of transitional or early English date, alone remains.

Mrs Elizabeth Bridges in the year 1620 gave almshouses, in Dollar Street, for six poor widows with one shilling each weekly for ever. The original almshouses having become dilapidated, others were erected in Querns Lane, and the minister and churchwardens (after reserving sufficient for the payment of 6s. weekly) transferred the surplus fund to the benefit of the Blue Coat School. In the year 1702, William George, Esq., and his wife, Rebecca, gave six tenements and gardens in Lewis Lane for six poor widows, and two other tenements in Cricklade Street. The widows occupying them receive £6 annually, besides £6 from Powell's School, and £5 from the Blue Coat School. Thomas Powell gave a portion of the rent of Maskelines Haen to the widows, and Rebecca, his wife, gave 20s. a year each to buy them firing.

In the year 1826, Christopher Bowley, Esq., erected six almshouses near Watermoor, and subsequently endowed them for six poor widows of any religious denomination.

Other gifts and loans to the poor are as follows: In 1587, Phillip Marner gave £20, and in 1613 Henry Hill gave £30, to be lent to tradesmen without interest. In 1639 George Monox gave five houses in the town, which let at £23 10s. 0d., to be given to the poor (excepting £8 a year for a monthly sermon). In 1625 Samuel Coxwell gave £50. In 1639 George Monox also gave £100, and in 1645 Sir Henry Brett, bart., of London, gave £100. And William Bloomer £40, and Mrs Chambers £50, all to be laid in purchase of land for the benefit of the poor of Cirencester. In the year 1784, Mrs Elizabeth Cripps, by her will gave £500 Old South Sea Annuities, the interest of which to be equally divided at Christmas between

ten widows or old unmarried women. John Day, by deed, December 21, 1779, gave to trustees for ever ninety acres of land in Pinckney, in the County of Wilts, the greater portion of the rents to be distributed by such trustees among poor decayed housekeepers in the parishes of Cirencester and Minchinhampton, and none to receive less than £3 or more than £15 a year. To provide clothing for the poor in 1642, Sir Anthony Hungerford gave West Mead, in Ampney Crucis. In 1673 Thomas Perry gave £20; Ann Peter £20, and Col. Olney £300 (free from legacy duty), to be invested in the funds, and the produce to be devoted to the purchase of coals and blankets to be distributed at Christmas to such deserving poor as the minister and churchwardens of Cirencester shall select. Joseph Mills of Shorncote, Wilts, also left, by will, £500, the interest of which is applied annually in providing coals for the poor at Christmas.

For apprenticing poor children of Cirencester, Sir Thomas Rowe gave a rent charge of £85 a year. Thomas Perry gave £100; William Forder, £20; Thomas Powell, £40; James Clutterbuck, £100; and Mrs Elizabeth Edwards, in 1727, gave £100; and Richard Matthews in 1727 gave £150. Also the interest of the following was to be given to the poor in bread: Mrs Mary Chambers, £50; Mr Fettibrace, £20; Nicholas Edwards, £10; Elizabeth, his widow, £5; and Isaac Tibbet, her father, £20.

Cirencester Abbey is a very ancient building, having been in the Master family for many centuries. Cirencester House is the seat of Earl Bathurst. It is situated in a park adjoining the town; the mansion was originally built by Henry, Earl of Danby, and was purchased by Allen, first Earl of Bathurst. The fine park and woods are about 3,000 acres in extent and, with slight restrictions, are open to the public. The principal avenue is about fifty yards wide, and extends from Cirencester to Sapperton, a distance of five miles, it is flanked north and south by extensive woods. There is a deer park in which there is a vast number of deer.

In Cirencester, Crates, Eastleach, Kelmscott, Lechlade, and many other places on the Cotswold Hills, the Morris dancing is all the rage now. In referring to its foundation, we find:

Morris or Morrice Dancing had great vogue in mediæval

*From Photo by C. Powell, Fairford*

MEET OF V.W.H. HOUNDS

*To face p.* 67.

Britain as an open-air diversion, the performers being fantastically attired and assisted in their gambols by the noise of the castanets and rattles which they manipulated. It was of Moorish derivation, and was probably brought from Spain, *temp.* Edward III, by John of Gaunt; holding high favour until about the reign of Henry VII, and fitfully thereafter.

Cirencester is a great hunting centre, the Vale of White Horse Hounds, the kennels of which are situated here, meet in the neighbourhood.

The soil of the parish township and district generally is stone brash (oolite) and light clay, subsoil oolite, limestone rock.

Now as regards the markets. The market day here is Monday, when a great deal of corn is usually sold. The Corn Exchange was erected and opened in September, 1862, and contiguous to it, a butter and poultry market, and the market for live stock is held the first and third Monday in every month. An enclosed market has been established contiguous to the railway station. Fairs are also held here, and two "Mops," or statute fairs for the hiring of servants, on the Monday before, and the Monday following, Old Michaelmas Day. A fair called Holland fair, is also held in November, and there are three toll-free cattle and sheep fairs, on the first Mondays of August, September and October, and a wool fair once a year.

Cirencester has grown wonderfully within the past few years, and improvements are constantly being made, and additional houses put up in all parts of the town. Some years ago, Mr D. G. Bingham gave Cirencester a handsome free public library, to be called "Bingham Library," and a rifle range. This Mr Bingham is a native of the town, but lives away in Holland, to which country he went many years ago. When passing up Cecily Hill, to come to Earl Bathurst's park, we notice the Militia Barracks of the North Royal Gloucestershire Militia, which forms the fourth battalion of the Gloucestershire regiment, and is quartered up here. It was built in 1866, in the castellated style, at a cost of upwards of £7,000, being paid for from the county rates. After seeing the building through the park, passing Popes Seat, and the Round House, we come to the village of Sapperton, about which something must be said.

The Church of St. Kenelm, at Sapperton, built in the year A.D. 1200, is a cruciform building of stone, rebuilt in the reign of Queen Anne, and consists of chancel, nave, aisles, north and south chapels, south porch and an eastern embattled tower, with spire, containing three bells. In the north aisle is a monument with kneeling effigies and arms of Sir Henry Poole, who was knighted in 1603 and died in 1616, and to his wife; and, in the south aisle, one to Sir Robert Atkyns, M.P., the historian of Gloucestershire, who died October 29, 1711. The register dates from the year 1661. At Daneway is a saw mill. In the vicinity are vestiges of an ancient camp. Silver and brass coins of the time of Queen Elizabeth, with a few of Roman date, were found here in 1759. Earl Bathurst is Lord of the Manor and chief landowner. Close by here is Frampton Mansell, and two miles west, St. Luke's Chapel of Ease, built in 1843 by Earl Bathurst, and consisting of nave with apsis and has one bell. There are several stained windows, and an organ has been introduced. There are 129 sittings free.

From Sapperton we go on and come to North Cerney, which is watered by the River Churn. The Church of All Saints is a cruciform building of stone in mixed styles, including portions both of Norman and perpendicular dates, and consists of chancel, nave, transepts, porch and a saddle-back tower, containing six bells. There are three ancient stained windows and two of recent date, one of which was given by the late Mr William Croome and the other by Mrs Dawson Allen in memory of her husband, who was rector of this parish. Since 1876 the east end of the chancel has been entirely rebuilt, and the church restored throughout, seated with new benches and an organ chamber added. There is a fine pulpit and the churchyard contains a fine ancient cross. The register dates from 1563. I am told that coins and Roman remains have been found in this parish, as well as foundations of buildings also attributed to the Romans.

Woodmancote is a hamlet, one mile away north-west, and Calmsden is a " tithing " and small place two miles east, and now the old Roman Fossway. A curious old cross stands here, and this village consists only of some farms and a few cottages.

After seeing all that is to be seen about here, we come to Coates through which the Thames and Severn Canal pass, one of the sources of the Thames being at a place called Thames

Head in this parish. The church of St. Matthew is an interesting building of stone, in the transition Norman, early English and perpendicular styles, and consists of chancel, nave of three bays, south aisles, south porch and an embattled tower with lofty pinnacles, containing two bells. There is a fine trefoil-headed piscine in the aisle, and the rich tracery and beaded carving of the rood screen have been preserved. The font has a Norman bowl on a modern pedestal. The church was entirely restored and reseated in 1860 and several of the windows have since been filled with stained glass. The register dates from the year 1566. The present rector, The Revd. T. C. Gibbs, M.A., has been there since 1848—just sixty-five years.

Trewsbury House, a modern mansion here, has been enlarged and improved. It stands on the site of an ancient encampment a mile from the church. Tarlton is a small place near, in which there is a small chapel of ease of Norman architecture, which has been restored at the expense of a Miss Gordon.

South Cerney is an interesting village, watered by the River Churn and intersected by the Thames and the Severn Canal. The Church of All Hallows is a spacious structure, consisting of a chancel, nave, aisle nave of five bays, south porch and an embattled central tower containing six bells. The building dates from the twelfth century, the doorways and chancel arch being excellent specimens of Norman transition work. The chancel is late decorated, enriched throughout with ball flower ornament and retains sedilia and aumbry, and an elaborately carved piscina. The south aisle was added in 1862, when the church was thoroughly restored, reseated with open pews and almost entirely rebuilt. An organ was erected in 1883, at a cost of £160, raised by subscription. The east window is a memorial to W. L. R. Sutton, the west to Mrs Edwards. In the south aisle there are two rich windows, by Mayer of Munich, erected to a member of the Sutton family. On the west wall is a tablet, inscribed to Walter Portlock, of this parish, who died in 1701, aged 100 years. There are sittings for 500 persons, and the register dates from the year 1583.

Edwards College was founded in 1834 under the will of Mrs Ann Edwards, who left the residue of her property to the Clergy charity for the relief of widows and orphans of the poor clergy in the diocese of Gloucester. The trustees of the charity erected in 1839, from the funds amounting at that time to

£11,000, a row of twelve small houses on a site given by the Lord of the Manor. The college is now fully occupied but has no endowment. Mrs Edwards also gave the church clock. Cutts Charity amounts to about £90 yearly, one-third of which is now used for repairs of the church, one-third for repairs of the highways, and the remainder for the poor; which is distributed in money on St. Thomas's Day, when Mrs Edwards's clothing charity is also distributed. The National School (mixed) was erected by Mrs Edwards with teachers' residences, in 1820, for 157 children (with an average attendance of 150), and has endowment of allotment grounds producing £20 yearly, left by Mrs Edwards in 1834.

Cerney Wick is a chapelry and hamlet about two miles south-east where there is a chapel of ease (Holy Trinity), consisting of chancel and nave, with a small bell turret at the west gable. Continuing our journey, we come to the village of Siddington, and see the Church of St. Peters, which is a small building of stone, in the Norman and early English styles, with decorated and perpendicular insertions, consisting of chancel, nave, north aisle, porch and a tower with spire at the west end of the aisle, containing two bells. There is a handsome marble monument to the Hon. Benjamin Bathurst, M.P., 1767. The chancel contains a stained window, piscina, sedilia and aumbry. The south doorway and chancel arch are fine examples of Norman work. The church was thoroughly restored in 1875, and reopened on August 12 in that year. The register dates from the year 1670. Earl Bathurst is Lord of the Manor. The soil is stone brash (oolite) and clay, subsoil rocky and in places marl. The National School, which is mixed, was built in 1860 for 120 children.

The village of Preston is not far from Siddington, and the Church of All Saints is an ancient building of stone, principally in the early English style consisting of chancel, nave, north and south transepts, and an embattled western tower, containing four bells; a beautiful campile adapted for three bells, date twelfth century. The chancel retains sedilia and piscina and hagioscopes. The church plate was chiefly presented by the Misses Master in 1699; there is also a cup dated 1717. The nave was thoroughly restored and repaired in 1862. There are several tablets to the Master family, and a memorial window, placed there in 1878. There is also a memorial window to the

late vicar of the parish who died in 1861. The register dates from the year 1677. The Rev. Augustus Chester Master, B.A., was vicar here from 1861 and held that post for several years. Col. Chester Master is Lord of the Manor and principal landowner. The Parochial School was built in 1851 for forty children.

From here we come to " Harnhill," which is a very small hamlet, and its Church of St. Michael is an edifice of stone in the early English style, consisting of chancel, nave, south porch and shingled bell turret containing two bells. Over the south entrance is a crude carving of St. Michael combating the Dragon. The register dates from the year 1740, and the children of the parish attend Ampney St. Peter School. Close by Harnhill is a village called Driffield, and here the Church of St. Mary is a building of stone in the early English style, consisting of chancel, nave and a western tower containing three bells. The register dates from the year 1560. The living is a vicarage annexed to the rectory of Harnhill. There is a Free School which was built in 1868 for forty children, and which is supported by an endowment of £9, the interest of money in the funds left by a Mrs Cumberland.

Here is a sad case of a Driffield inhabitant in Jane Sandell, whose husband was a cowman to Mr D. D. Heaven of the Manor Farm. Some years ago when the husband, who had been unwell, was engaged one afternoon at a chaff cutting machine, Mrs Sandell said she would assist him. He warned her not to do so as she might get her fingers cut, but the unfortunate woman started feeding the machine, with the result that her right hand was drawn into the knives and taken off at the forearm. The injured arm was bound up by a trained nurse who was at the Manor House, and the sufferer was conveyed, as promptly and comfortably as possible, to the Cirencester Cottage Hospital, where the arm was amputated higher up and, under Dr Cossham's care, the patient went on as well as could be expected. The misfortune is aggravated by the fact that Mr and Mrs Sandell had had a family of twelve children, ten of whom were living at that time.

After leaving Driffield, we cross over the road getting into the London Road, and come to the pretty village of Barnsley, the church in which is said to have been dedicated in honour

of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It is an ancient building of stone, the earliest parts of which are in the transition Norman style. It was restored in 1841, and consists of chancel with vestry, nave, north aisle, north porch and a western tower containing three bells. All the windows are stained. That in the chancel is a memorial to Mrs Howman, wife of a previous rector. In 1877, an organ chamber, the gift of the Revd. D. G. Compton, M.A., who was then rector, was added to the chancel and an organ built at the cost of £180 raised by subscription. The register dates from the year 1575.

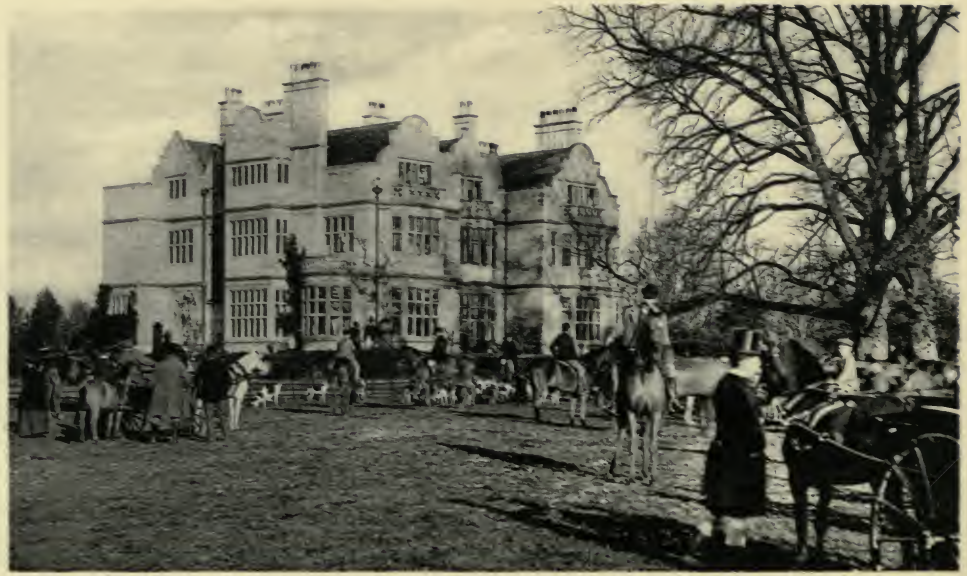
The local charities amount to £13 10s. 0d. yearly, arising from the bequests by Sir James Musgrave and Mrs Wise, and are distributed in coal and money. Barnsley Park, the seat of W. A. Wykeham Musgrave, Esq., Lord of the Manor and sole landowner, is a building of stone in the Italian style, rebuilt about 1750. The grand hall and staircase are very handsome. The park extends to over 350 acres. In the year 1873 the Parish School with mistress's house, was built to hold sixty children.

### Affections of House

And has the earth lost its so spacious round,
  The sky its blue circumference above,
That in this little chamber there are found
  Both earth and heaven, my universe of love,—
All, that my God can give me or remove,
  Here sleeping save myself in mimic death?
Sweet, that in this small compass I believe
  To live their living, and to breathe their breath!
Almost I wish that, with one common sigh,
  We might resign all mundane care and strife;
And seek together that transcendent sky,
  Where father, mother, children, husband, wife,
  Pant together in everlasting life!

Hood.

Bibury Court, situated close to the church in a pleasant little valley surrounded by well grown trees and shrubberies, is a fine mansion, in a plan forming the shape of the letter E. The older portion is Tudor, but one wing was rebuilt by Inigo Jones in 1639 in the Renaissance style. The River Coln



*From Photo by G. A. Davis, Lechlade*

MEET OF V.W.H. HOUNDS AT LECHLADE

*To face p.* 73.

flows through the grounds and within a few yards of the house is the residence of Mrs R. B. Cooper (and family) whose husband died in 1910. In the year 1847, the National School was built for 183 children. A place called Shagborough, the seat of a Roman settlement, is three-quarters of a mile south, and Coneygar or Coneygore, another Roman site, is one and a half miles south-east. Then comes Bibury. It is a scattered parish with a village of picturesque appearance surrounded by the Cotswold Hills, and intersected by the River Coln; and perhaps it would be best for me to give some details about scattered places here, because the parish includes the hamlets of Ablington and Arlington, with the Chapelry of Winston. The Church of St. Mary is an ancient structure in the Norman early English and later styles, consisting of spacious chancel, embattled nave with clerestory aisles and an embattled tower consisting of a clock and six bells. The roof is of Spanish chestnut, and exhibits some fine specimens of wood carving of the time of Henry VII. The north and south doorways are Norman, the stained east window was erected in commemoration of Elizabeth (Coke) wife of James (Dutton) first Lord Sherborne. She died 1845. The interior of this church was thoroughly repaired in 1855, and fitted up with low open oak seats. The register dates from the year 1551. The living is a vicarage with Chapelry of Wintson annexed with residence, the gift of Lord Sherborne. The present vicar, The Revd. F. G. Dutton, M.A., has held it since the year 1874, and that of Bibury had formerly a Peculiar jurisdiction including Bibury Winston, Barnsley and Aldsworth. The seal of the Peculiar is still in the possession of the vicar. Here are almshouses, called Jesus Almshouses, of Hugh Westwood's foundation, for one master and three poor cobrethren, the master receiving eighteen pence, and the others sixpence each, weekly, with other emoluments arising out of a yearly rent charge of £18 on lands in the parishes of Ampney St. Peter, Ampney Crucis and Ashbrook, belonging to George Blackwell, Esq.

There is also £200 left by a Mrs Sackville and her niece, Mrs Cresswell, now invested in £229 17s. 8d. Consols, the interest being for the poor. There is also a charity called Tawney's Charity, producing £2 10s. od. a year, and 10s. yearly, for four poor widows.

Now we come into the parish of " Aldsworth " where the

River Leach passes through the southern portion of the parish. The Church of St. Bartholomew, anciently St. Peter, is a small building of stone in the transitional and decorated styles, with modern additions, consisting of a chancel, clerestoried nave of three bays, north and south porches and a western tower, with spire, containing three bells. The aisle is embattled and enriched with decorated work, the arcade belongs to the Norman transition period, the rest of the building being Debaud perpendicular. A stoup still remains in the north porch, and in the aisle are two handsome niches with crocketed finials. The church was restored in 1877, when the chancel was re-roofed and a memorial east window, dedicated to Lawrence Smith and his sisters, was erected. The communion plate consists of a chalice and paten of Queen Anne's reign. There are sittings for 224 and the register is dated from the year 1682. Aldsworth is the home of the Garne family who settled in this parish in 1800, coming direct from Sherborne, and who are well known for their shorthorn cattle and Cotswold sheep. Before speaking about Northleach, I will go on to Great Rissington, which has been the home of the Mace family for over a century. The Church of St. John the Baptist is a very ancient building of stone in the Norman, early English decorated and perpendicular styles, consisting of chancel, nave, transepts, south porch and a central embattled tower containing six bells. In the south transept is a small monument of John Barnard, 1621, with kneeling figures in bas-relief of himself and his wife. The north transept retains a piscina and niche, with traces of colour, and there are other traces round the window, which was erected as a memorial to Katherine Emily, wife of S. Lyle, Esq., of Londonderry, and daughter of the Hon. and Revd. H. Rice, M.A., who was rector here for some years. The registers are perfect from the year 1538. There is a Primitive Methodist Chapel. There are several charities amounting to £20 a year, given yearly in clothes and linen to the poor. M. R. Wingfield, Esq., J.P., of Barrington Park, Burford, is Lord of the Manor. In the year 1865 a School Board of five members was formed, and the Board School was built in 1846 for eighty children. Close by is Little Rissington, and this village upon sandstone rock is pleasantly situated on rising ground overlooking the picturesque vale of Bourton-on-the-Water. There is a small stream on the west flowing into

the Windrush river. The Church of St. Peter is a small building of stone in the Norman and later styles, consisting of chancel, nave, north aisle, west embattled tower containing one bell, and south porch. The two arches separating the nave and south aisle are Norman; the chancel, with its eight lancet windows in early English, contains a memorial window to the late rector, the Revd. R. Wilbraham Ford, placed there in 1862 by his children. The remaining windows are decorated, and the porch and font perpendicular. In 1850 the church was restored and beautified, principally by John Bennett, Esq., and the then rector. In 1883, the church was again restored under the direction of Mr Bassett Smith, architect, of London. The register dates continuously from the year 1543. The interest of a small endowment left in 1851 by the late Mr G. R. Collier, and amounting to £3 yearly, is distributed at Christmas in bread to the poor. The Manor House is a handsome mansion in the Elizabethan style, and for many years occupied by the Bennett family. The trustees of the late George Bennett, Esq., were lords of the manor and the principal landowners at that time.

Next we come to " Wick Rissington," with the Church of St. Lawrence, a building of stone in the Norman and early English styles, and consisting of chancel, nave, north aisle, north porch and a western tower with open parapet, containing two bells. In the chancel wall are piscina, eastern sepulchre and five lockers. The north porch has a Norman doorway. The church was enlarged in 1833, and in 1879 restored and a north aisle added, at a total cost of £800; under the direction of Mr J. E. Cutts, architect, of London. The register dates from the year 1739. Wick Hill House is a handsome mansion of stone, pleasantly situated in a well-wooded park of about 100 acres near the high road to Burford. In the year 1850, the National School was built for fifty children.

Northleach, the next place we come to, is situated amongst the Cotswold Hills, about half a mile from the Seven Springs, the source of the River Leach; on the old Oxford and Cheltenham Road, and near the old Roman Fossway we find the Church of St. Peter and Paul, erected about 1439. It is a noble edifice of stone in the perpendicular style consisting of chancel, nave of five bays with lofty clerestory aisles, with north and south chapels, south porch, and a western tower, with panelled

and embattled parapet, containing a clock and six bells. The porch of two bays is enriched throughout with tracery and the roof is richly groined. The exterior of the church is ornamental, with crocketed pinnacles, and the walls are adorned with canopied niches. The east window is stained. The rood loft in the north aisle and a double hagioscope in the south, or Bicknell Chapel was discovered during the restoration in 1884. The font is an octagonal bowl, on a panelled and buttressed shaft. The chancel retains sedilia. There is a large brass to a wool merchant and his wife, 1400, and others to Thomas Fortey, woolman, 1447; William Scors, tailor, 1420, and Agnes, successively wife of each, with mutilated effigies, including some children, and an inscription. Other memorials are to John Fortey, woolman, who made the roof of the church, 1458 (with effigy under canopy and marginal inscription), John Taylor, woolman, and his wife *c.* 1485 (with marginal inscription and figures of children); Robert Serche, 1501, and Anne, his wife, and children; Thomas Bushe, woolman and merchant of the staples of Calais, 1525, and his wife, Joan, 1526, with figures of children and inscription; William Launder, priest, 1530, and to a woolman and wife, with children *c.* 1485. There are also inscription brasses to William Bicknell, 1509, and Margaret, his wife, 1483, founders of the church, 1489, and to Maude Packer, 1584, with an acrostic of twenty English verses. The communion plate includes a chalice and paten cover of Elizabethan date, a tall gilt chalice of 1620, and a gilt flagon and alms plate of the date 1707-8. The restoration conducted under the superintendence of James Wood, Esq., of London, cost upwards of £3,000 raised by subscription. The register dates from the year 1556. The Congregational Chapel is a building of stone, in the early English style, opened June 13, 1860, and there is also a Wesleyan Chapel. A charity left in Charles II's reign, by George Townsend, provides a shilling's worth of bread which is distributed to eight poor persons every Sunday. There are almshouses for six aged men, endowed by Mrs Allen to the amount of £63, including £9 given yearly in coals and bread, and other almshouses, for six women, endowed by the Dutton family with £30. There are also fifty acres of grass land on which every householder in the parish has a common right to pasture one " milch cow." The neighbourhood is noted for its

celebrated breed of Cotswold sheep and shorthorn cattle, of which, in days gone by, the rams used to fetch as much as £250 each a time.

Eastington is a tithing hamlet and consists of some farms and cottages, etc. The National School was built in the year 1875 for 182 children. The Grammar School was founded in the year 1559, by Hugh Westwood and reorganized under a scheme of the Endowed School Commissioners, 1877, for boys whose parents are living in the town, or in the neighbouring villages of Chedworth, they having a prior claim to admission and being entitled to be received at reduced fees. Attached to the school is an exhibition of £80 yearly, founded by George Townsend, in the reign of Charles II, and tenable for four years at Pembroke College, Oxford. There is also a scholarship of £10 yearly. The school endowment, arising from tithes and from 118 acres of land, amounts to £707 10s. 3d. yearly. There thirty boys, and boarders are received by the head master. The entire control and management of the foundation is vested in a governing body consisting of twelve members. There is also a school endowment of £20 yearly, founded by George Townsend, for the education of twenty-four poor scholars, which is amalgamated with the funds of the National School, and under the management of the vicar, and there is a provision for apprenticing one lad yearly. Northleach is well worth a visit.

Here is a piece of poetry that admirably expresses what I feel about our ancient spots on the Cotswolds:

I do love these ancient ruins,
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverent history;
And questionless here in our villages
Which some places lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some men lie interred,
Loved their church so well, and gave so largely to 't,
They thought it should have canopied their bones
Till Doomsday. But all things have an end,
Churches and cities which have diseases like to me
Must have like death that we have.

"Chambers' Book of Days."

"Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinction, sweetens conversation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself. It produces graduature, and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanizes the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages."—ADDISON.

Johnson says that: "A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another, than to knock him down; and the poetry tells us:

> Some trifles make the sum of human things,
> And half our misery from fables springs—
> Since life's best joys consists in peace and ease,
> And few can save or serve, but all can please;
> Oh! let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
> A small unkindness is a great offence;
> Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain,
> And all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
>
> ANONYMOUS.

## CHAPTER IV

### AMONG THE COTSWOLD FARMERS

Among the Cotswold farmers, we shall be,
To see the old shorthorns,
A well-known breed.
Away up on the high hills they are bred,
By famous yeoman, of old type and fame,
In herds such as we all well know by name:
Garne, Mace, Hobbs, Freeman, and their friends—our friends,
Away up in the homesteads we have seen.
Here too, the great flockmasters with their sheep,
Of Cotswold and of Oxfordshire Down breed.
At Northleach, Lechlade, Sherborne and Cirencester,
They have been seen,
To meet, and win good name and praise.
In prices and prizes they have gained,
Honours high, giving the Cotswold country.
A worthy picture we can paint,
To show to generations that shall come.
To set example, that our sons and theirs,
May keep up the old fame of shorthorn and of sheep,
By keeping to the front our Gloucestershire.
Like in the good old-fashioned days of yore,
To turn out fine good beef and mutton too,
For every one to eat in plenty and enjoy,
From the pedigree stock bred.
Here on the Cotswold Hills,
Their flesh we eat,
The sheep's wool wear,
While shorthorn hide makes leather,
For boots for us to march in,
To keep the good old English county up,
By breeding of good stock
In good old Gloucestershire.
A county we love and love so well.

When we are down in the country, how we love to go across the green pastures and meadows, and see everything in its

beauty; especially on the Cotswold Hills, because it is a good thing to know that live stock of greater extent and variety, or of older origin than that of the county of Gloucestershire, is hardly possessed by any county of similar area in the whole of England. The county has produced distinctive breeds, both of cattle and sheep, which survive to this day; and have, to a large extent, furnished the stock upon which the improved and more popular modern breeds have since been grafted. The old Gloucester cattle are preserved by the Duke of Beaufort on his Badminton estate, and, among many good farmers of the old type, the handsome and hardy Cotswold sheep continue to flourish, though in smaller numbers on their native hills; and although pure bred flocks in Gloucestershire have now decreased to less than a dozen in number, these are freely resorted to for crossing purposes by breeders both at home and abroad. The names of Arkell, Hobbs, Garne, Mace, Lane, Walker, Hewer, are well known throughout the world for their pedigree stock. Many of the herds date back as far as 1800.

We may first deal with the cattle of the county.

Shorthorns are the most largely prevailing and, indeed, the predominating breed, and the history of the Gloucestershire shorthorns during the last sixty or seventy years is a splendid record of spirited enterprise and sound judgment, in which the great landlords led the way, and made it possible for their tenants to follow; with the result that the county possesses as fine herds as are to be found in the kingdom. This fact is amply demonstrated by the displays of the breed at the annual shows of the Gloucestershire Agricultural Society. We have often heard people talk about the great sales. Notable landmarks in the Gloucestershire shorthorn history were the dispersal of Lord Sherborne's herd in 1848; Lord Ducie's herd; the celebrated sale of the Tortworth herd in 1853; Mr Stiles Rich's sales at Didmarton in 1868 and 1869, and the sale of Mr Thomas Garne's herd, at Broadmoor, in 1873. The Garnes we will refer to later on.

A few more of the important sales as those held by Mr Edward Bowly at Siddington; Sir Nigel Kingscote's sales in 1875 and 1910, and that of Lord Fitzhardinge, at Berkeley, in 1879; Mr William Edmonds' at Southrop, and a good many more had the effect of distributing much of the best shorthorn

*From Photo by C. Reid*

A TYPICAL VIEW OF SHEEP ON EASTLEACH MANOR FARM

*To face p.* 81.

blood, a considerable proportion being retained in the county and furnishing material for the foundation of many herds, which have since become known to fame, while the tribes or families which have during the last sixty years become identified with Gloucestershire breeding, have gradually advanced in public favour. Indeed, the home sales now held every year of surplus stock from Gloucestershire herds attract breeders from all parts of the country, while at the Birmingham show and sale, Gloucestershire consignments invariably secure a fair share of the honours, and meet with a good demand.

Coming from generalities to a few particulars of some of the chief shorthorn herds in the county, Lord Sherborne produces a large number of good class cattle, so do Mr W. H. Tremaine, Mr George Freeman of Sherborne, Mr R. Singer and other tenants on the Sherborne estate. The Garnes, as I have said, we will speak about later on. Mr T. Mace, Eastleach, established his herd in 1880, using many animals from Mr Mace of Sherborne, who was an extensive breeder in his time. The cattle reared on these Cotswold uplands, with their verdant valleys watered by the Windrush and tributary streams, were characterized by large frames and hardy constitutions. Another successful breeder is Mr J. T. Hobbs of Maisey Hampton, whose herd is familiar to all shorthorn breeders, and Mr Hobbs's periodical sales, held every two or three years, attract great companies and reflect current values at their top notch. Next we go across over the Cotswolds, and along the Upper Thames Valley, and come to Kempsford, where we find Mr W. Arkell's herd, which is well worthy of attention. Mr Arkell pays more attention to dairy qualities, and the double purpose cow, milk yielding and meat producing, is bred with a marked measure of success. In the Vale, Lord Fitzhardinge's celebrated herd flourishes with a vigour that awakes echoes of something of its old fame, though the neighbouring herd of Sir Nigel Kingscote has been dispersed, owing to the lamented death of its highly respected owner. Mr James Horlick has, in recent years, established a herd at Cowley Manor, which has rapidly come to the front.

Now in dealing with the sheep, the claims of seniority give pride of place to the old Cotswold breed, which is preserved in all the characteristics for which it has so long been famous. My old friend, Mr William Lane, held a sale every year for

over forty years, and realized many handsome prices for his sheep, some making as much as 230 guineas each. Mr Robert Garne also held sales at Aldsworth during the same period. The Broadfield flock is being carried on by Mr W. Houlton, who is a son-in-law to Mr Lane. Mr Russell Swanwick also breeds high-class Cotswolds at the Royal Agricultural College Farm, Cirencester, and other flockmasters who have remained faithful to the native breed include Mr F. Craddock, Eastington, Northleach, and Mr John Fowler of Aston. I may mention that Mr Charles Barton of Fyfield, who died in August, 1907, kept a good flock and sent various lots to Cirencester every year. The great August Ram Fair is still held at Cirencester and in other parts of the county.

I may also mention that it is pleasant to realize that the pursuit of agriculture and the industry of sheep breeding is increasing.

The show in 1912, of the Bath and West Agricultural Society, held in its parent city of Bath, has a respectable antiquity behind it, and the Cotswold sheep have always figured in its show yard. But from a contemporary record of the show held in Bath in June 1791, we learn that there were ovine giants on the earth in those days, for particulars are given of two sheep exhibited, one the property of Mr Peacey of Northleach (great-grandfather of Mr W. R. Peacey formerly of Chedglow and now of Stroud) " bred from the Warwickshire sort," which weighed 154 lb., fat 21½ lb., pelt 28 lb.; and the other, belonging to Mr Crook which weighed 149 lb., fat 16½ lb., pelt 23 lb. I have met Mr W. R. Peacey many a time and his son during my residence at Cirencester.

It is certainly very interesting to learn and to read the accounts of a happy married couple's life of exceptional length. A newspaper reporter had an interview with Thomas and Jane King of Castle Eaton, their ages being respectively ninety-seven and ninety-six, who have lived happily together for the long period of seventy-six years. " I courted her for a year," said Darby smiling, " and I am more fond of her now than when we were married. There's no couple in England who have had such a happy married life as we have had." " And we have brought up fourteen children," added Joan, taking a pinch of snuff, of which she is very fond; " but three of them have died." " We have two sons, old age pensioners,"

continued her spouse. " One is seventy-six years of age, and lives near Cardiff, and the other is seventy-two, and he is still in Castle Eaton." " Forty-six years ago," resumed his better half, " two of my daughters, who were married, went to America, where they have grandchildren, and altogether, when I counted them up one day, I have 108 children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren living." " We were both in service together," said the old man, "and my wife, who came from Cirencester, took a fancy to me whilst she was with Farmer Lane, and so we got married at Marston Maisey Church, on October 11, 1836, and we are both in good health now, though my memory has failed me a good deal." They have never travelled far beyond their village, and their lives have been just one quiet, country romance, and now, as Mrs King put it, " quite ready to go when we are called." May God bless this dear, good old couple, and the members of their family, and may they both be spared for many years to come and say:

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons pass,
O Lord, take me when I am ready
To thy glorious Home above.
O Lord, prepare me to meet My God,
When my time here is finished,
To meet Thee, up there, for a glorious reward.

SONG OF THE CONTENTED LABOURER

Let none but those who live in vain,
The useful arts of life disdain;
While we an honest living gain,
Of labour we will not complain.
Though some for riches, daily mourn,
As if their lot could not be borne;
With honest pride from them we turn—
No bread's so sweet as that we earn.

With food by our own hands supplied,
We'll be content, whate'er's denied,
The world would not improve the store
Of him who feels he wants as more;

Among the rich, among the great,
For all their wealth and all their state;
There's many a heart nor half so free
From care, as humble honesty.

ANONYMOUS

In the year 1897, to commemorate the " Golden Wedding " of Mr and Mrs Garne, of Burford Brewery, a supper was given one evening to the employees; the supper being served in the good old English style, in the large new store room which had been carefully prepared for the occasion. After ample justice had been done to the good things provided, the toast of Queen Victoria was loyally received. The health of Mr and Mrs Garne was proposed in a happy speech and received with loud applause and musical honours. The health of Mr Reynolds, the former proprietor of the brewery and of his wife, Mrs Reynolds, followed. During the evening Mr Garne was presented with a Bible, which bore the following inscription: " Presented to Mr George Garne by his employees, as a token of respect, 1847-1897." Mrs Garne was the recipient of an umbrella, mounted in gold, with a suitable inscription on the handle. The remainder of the evening was spent in great conviviality, and capital songs were sung by several of the men. It was not until nearly midnight that the party broke up, after having spent a most enjoyable time. Mr Garne married Caroline Mace, a daughter of Thomas H. Mace of Great Rissington in 1847, and on Thursday, February 27, 1902, Mr Garne passed peacefully away to rest, at the advanced age of seventy-eight years. The announcement of his death came as a painful surprise to his many friends. He had, it is true, been in failing health for some time, but was out in the town on the Monday immediately preceding his death, and engaged in work at the brewery on Tuesday, but was taken suddenly ill the same evening and succumbed to an attack of influenza. In 1880, the brewery came into the hands of the firm of Messrs George Garne and Sons, of which Mr Garne was head, and since that time an old-fashioned reputation has advanced greatly; the result being a great and rapid development of the trade, and the Burford Ales having gained a widespread celebrity. Recently a new department has been added, devoted to the

wine and spirit trade. Mr Garne was a gentleman well respected in Oxfordshire and the adjoining counties, and was one of the best known authorities on stock breeding in the United Kingdom. For many years previous to 1880, he carried on an extensive business at Churchill Heath Farm, near Chipping Norton, as a breeder of shorthorn cattle, and won numerous exhibition honours at the various agricultural shows, including the Exhibitions of the Royal Agricultural Society, the Yorkshire and the Bath and West of England Shows, etc. He was the winner of the 100 guinea prize for bulls at the Birmingham Bull Show and Sale. He took a very keen interest in stock breeding, and in matters relating to agricultural pursuits, and was well known as one of the most competent judges at the various agricultural and fat stock shows throughout England. Mr Garne was a Governor of the Burford Grammar School, one of the Burford Charity Trustees, a member of the Committee of the Burford Cottage Hospital, for many years Way-warden for Burford and Guardian of the Witney Union, and held other public appointments, and his great tact and sound judgment in all matters of business, combined with good natural abilities, gained for him a wide reputation. He was of a genial and kind-hearted disposition, and varied acts of unostentatious benevolence are recorded of him. He was greatly esteemed in the town and for miles around, and his death will be greatly deplored by many; and his loss will be severely felt. I have, through some friends and relations of my great-uncle, learnt enough of his history to state that through his death there passed away one of the most celebrated agriculturists that the " West of England " has produced. It is true, that for the last twenty years before his death, farming had ceased to engage Mr Garne's energies; but it must not be forgotten that, down to the very last days of an eminently useful career, he was to be met as judge at some of the various cattle shows held in different parts of the country—indeed, it was Mr Garne's proud and pardonable boast that he had officiated in this capacity in every county in England. The weight of years alone caused him to decline acting at such important meetings as the Royal Dublin and the Yorkshire County Shows. Only the last season of his life, in December, 1901, he officiated in the Moreton Fat Cattle Show, his decisions proving that down to the very last he

retained that remarkable judgment and business acumen which had distinguished him through the whole of his life.

Mr Garne was born at Aldsworth, on May 14, 1823, his ancestors having been tenants on the Sherborne estate for more than 300 years. His father was unquestionably one of the very first of those who made successful and praiseworthy efforts to improve the breed of shorthorns and founded his herd at Broadmoor in 1825. When Mr Garne was a boy these experiments were in their very infancy, and needless to say, from their novelty, they created enormous interest. Little wonder, then, that the subject of this memoir grew up with a deep love for agriculture and for that important adjunct to it, which relates to the rearing of cattle. It was at Eastington, a village near Northleach, that Mr George Garne first began farming on his own account. In connection with this venture, he used to relate the circumstance that on one occasion, although he managed to grow nearly five quarters of wheat to the acre, yet so changed for the worse did the market become, between sowing and harvest, that the crop did not produce as much money as he actually paid for the seed.

Whilst he resided at Eastington, Mr Garne made his first experiment in the improvements of shorthorns, but it was when he removed to a much larger farm, at Churchill Heath, that he started his herd with two animals from his father's "Rose" tribe, and "Pye" tribe, and gradually, as years went on, by means of judicious selections, he succeeded in establishing a herd that occupied a foremost place in English live stock annals. In 1872-3 and 1874, Mr Garne was unquestionably the most successful breeder of shorthorns in England. That is to say, he took more valuable prizes in the years named than did any other exhibitor. As may be imagined, this result was not achieved without the expenditure of much money, and still greater care and anxiety. It may be mentioned that Mr Garne gave 650 guineas for "Grand Duke of Geneva, second," a pure Bates bull, that proved a very remuneratve investment. There are, of course, very few people interested in agriculture who are unacquainted with Mr Garne's successful efforts to improve the breeds of shorthorns. It may not be so well known, however, that he was a very successful breeder of the Berkshire pig; taking one year, at Birmingham, not only the first prize but the champion prize as well. In no

circumstance of life was Mr Garne's wonderful tact more manifest than in the manner he treated his employees. He lived to see great changes in the lot of the labourer, involving considerable modifications as to the way in which it was necessary to treat him. Yet, in spite of this marvellous change, Mr Garne managed those dependent upon him with such skill and judgment that it can be truthfully said he retained their respect and even affection to the very last. In illustration of this excellent feeling between master and man, the following story may be related. During the period that Mr Garne resided at Churchill Heath, the rage for emigration had seized the agricultural labourer, and amongst those who went to New Zealand was one of the best and most respected of Mr Garne's employees. The man had not long been in a strange country before he became convinced that there was no place like England, and he wrote and besought his old master to send the necessary means to enable him and his family to return home. It was not a small request, but the poor man's wish was soon gratified. The Earl of Ducie advanced one-half the cost, and Mr Garne the remaining portion, on the understanding that this latter sum should be repaid by instalments (a promise, it may be remarked, most faithfully performed), and the man returned to Churchill Heath and lived there for many years.

Many were the stories which Mr Garne would relate of some of the incidents which had attended him in acting as judge. Two of these must suffice here, and even these will lose much of their point and humour when not told by Mr Garne, himself, and in his own inimitable manner.

It happened that at a provincial show, either the Gloucestershire or the Oxfordshire, in the hunter class, the animal which seemed likely to beat all other competitors belonged to a relative whose name will not be mentioned. It so happened there was another " half made up " Irish horse that seemed, so far as its appearance was concerned, to stand no manner of chance. Mr Garne in the pursuance of his duties, tried this animal, and the more he did the better he liked it. The result was that it received premier honours. " My relative," Mr Garne would say, " went up to the President and said there would soon be no show at all if such judging proceeded as that they had seen that afternoon," but this same horse won first prize

at the Royal in a few months time, thus confirming Mr Garne's judgment.

The other story relates to a show at which Mr Garne gave, contrary to the opinion of the other judges present, first honours to a milking cow. Neither was his judgment on this occasion at fault, for on the next occasion at one of the most important meetings in the kingdom, it received the first prize as being the best in the yard.

It was in 1880 that Mr Garne decided to relinquish farming in favour of the brewery. At his important sale of shorthorns, the well-known auctioneer, the late Mr John Thornton, said Mr Garne had for many years been successful in procuring good beef, and now he had no doubt whatever Mr Garne would make a success of his new venture, for whatever Mr Garne put his hands to he did with all his might. It is an open secret, however, that his heart was never in the business at all. A farmer he was in the early days of his life, and, in spite of changes in his surroundings, he remained a farmer to the end. To gratify this taste in later days, he took drives in the surrounding country, his knowledge of which was wonderful, and on many of these occasions his advice was sought and was given with a sincerity and a courtesy which were characteristic of the man.

The funeral took place on the Monday following the day of his death, amid every demonstration of respect. The handsome oak coffin was borne by employees; and among those present, in addition to his own family, were Messrs Matthew Savidge, Belcher, W. Penson, J. Hewer (Stratford-on-Avon), E. J. E. Creese (Melksham), E. C. Sewell (Cirencester), F. E. Ward (Cheltenham), F. P. Matthews, E. and H. Cheatle, T. Handy, J. Wakefield, G. Matthews, J. Houlton, Dr. Lane, T. Mace, C. Mace, A. Mace,—Jeffs, G. Packer, B. Innocent,—Tansley, C. East, P. Wyatt Piggott,—Lomas, and many more of his friends too numerous to mention; and after these came representatives of most of the public bodies of the town, as well as many tradesmen who had assembled to pay their last tribute of respect. The cortège was met at the churchyard gate by the Revd. W. A. Cass and the Revd. Gilbert Cass, together with a full choir. On the cortège entering the church, Mr Glanville, the organist, played a funeral march, and in the interval of the beautiful service was sung Mr Garne's favourite

hymn: "I could not do without Thee." The commitment sentences were said by the Rev. G. Cass, and then the grave closed over the remains of one whose kindly disposition, upright dealings, and genial manner had endeared him to all who knew him. It may be said, with all sincerity, that he was a good neighbour and a good friend. His dear wife did not long remain after him, for she was called to her rest not many years afterwards.

I cannot resist quoting the following lines that seem so appropriate here:

LOVE TO ALL

"Love to all" brief salutation,
Message sent from heart to heart;
Farewell words of expectation
Soon to meet and ne'er to part.

"Love to all" God's love o'erflowing,
Left its greeting here below;
While the heavenly smile was showing
All the joy that love could show.

"Love to all" no narrow greeting,
All the blood bought sons of God
All who live in hope of meeting
In the eternal blest abode.

"Love to all" last words enduring,
Crown of labours long of love;
Loving living words assuring,
Hearts of life with God above.

"Love to all" sweet words befitting,
Faith's victorious farewell;
Hope's bright flight to God remitting,
More than mortal tongue can tell.

"Love to all." A final message,
Words so brightened with that smile;
Which did herald clear the passage,
Hope to this our "little while."

T. C. W

One of Mr George Garne's friends was Mr William Lane of Broadfield, who lived to a ripe old age; he was born there and lived all the ninety-four years of his life there. Mr Lane met with a serious accident in February, 1908; he went down stairs one morning before it was light without a candle, walked down a passage in which there are four steps and fell down these.

He was very much bruised and shaken, and was confined to his bed. There was no further injury at the time, but a fortnight after Dr Ryan found that his hip was dislocated, as a result, the doctor thought, of Mr Lane's getting out of bed without help and against his orders. Dr Ryan was of opinion that owing to Mr Lane's advanced age and other troubles, an operation would probably be fatal, but that it was possible that his injury might, with complete rest, so far right itself as to permit of Mr Lane getting about again. It should be added that the dislocation was certainly not caused by the fall of a fortnight previously, for on that occasion, after having rested for a time, Mr Lane was able to walk up the steps down which he had fallen. Mr Lane came of a long lived family, who died at Broadfield, for his mother (aunt of another famous Cotswold sheep and shorthorn breeder, the late Mr Robert Garne of Aldsworth) lived to be in her hundreth year. Mr William Lane married his cousin, Mary Lane of Windrush, second daughter of David Lane, and the eldest daughter, Jane, married Mr Mace of Sherborne.

One Saturday morning in July, 1908, as I was reading the weekly paper, I noticed that Mr Lane was called away to his rest. Mr Lane was one of the best-known, most popular and most widely respected figures of our Cotswold countryside; and his amiable and genial personality will long be remembered. As a farmer, his chief claim to fame rests on his success as a breeder of Cotswold sheep, and to the end of his long honourable life, he took a keen interest in his old flock which, some years ago, passed into the hands of his son-in-law, Mr William Houlton, who also entered into possession of the breezy and pleasantly situated homestead at Broadfield, where Mr Lane spent his many years of declining life, and where on Wednesday, July 29, he peacefully breathed his last.

Mr Lane founded his flock between sixty and seventy years ago, beginning well with sires from Messrs Large (Broadwell),

W. Garne (Aldsworth), and W. Hewer (Northleach). Other successful sires were obtained from Mr Ecles of the Cottage Farm, Mr John Barton of Fyfield, Messrs Fletcher, Handy, Gillett and other noted breeders, and he gave as much as 230 guineas for a ram of Mr Hewer's. Mr Lane at first held private sales, but started a public auction in 1852, continuing it for close on forty years. These pleasant and hospitable reunions will long be remembered. His highest average for between fifty and sixty rams was £31 17s. 11d., in 1867. In the previous year, four of his rams made over 100 guineas each. In 1852, he also began showing at the meetings of the Royal Agricultural Society, and for twenty years was one of the most successful exhibitors both in the ram and ewe classes. Among his many transatlantic customers was a Colonel Ware, who was ruined at the time of the American War, and was utterly unable to pay for a number of valuable sheep he had purchased from Broadfield. Anxious to do what he could to help his old friend, Mr Lane, with characteristic generosity, offered to present him with a ram and three ewes to make another start, but the Colonel wrote and said he had lost everything except a solitary turkey, and had not the heart to attempt to make another start. Mr Lane frequently attended Cirencester market with his son-in-law up till a few months ago, his wonderful vigour being the admiration of his countless friends. His cheery and benevolent countenance was a true index of his placid and lovable disposition, while his sterling integrity of character, and the sturdy courage which enabled him to meet times of adversity, as well as of prosperity, with undisturbed serenity, made him a fine example of one of the finest classes of our race, the English yeoman, and for the benefit of the relations I am giving you an account of his funeral. The remains of this highly respected, and well-known agriculturist were laid to rest amid general manifestations of regret, on the Monday afternoon following his death, in the burial ground attached to the parish churchyard, and in a grave alongside that of his wife he loved so well. The deceased gentleman had often wended his way here and stood bareheaded over her grave. The coffin was of polished oak with brass furniture, and was inscribed: " William Lane, died July 29th, aged ninety-three years." The chief mourners were Mr Henry Lane (son), Mrs H. Gillett, Mrs Bond, Mrs W. Houlton (daughters), Mrs

W. Lane (daughter-in-law), Miss J. Lane, Miss Houlton (granddaughters), Mr H. Gillett, Mr Wm. Houlton (sons-in-law), Mr W. Waine (nephew), Mr C. A. Mace, Mr and Mrs J. P. Wakefield. The landed gentry and the principal agriculturists of the district were represented, and the cortège included Mr H. J. Elwes, Mr R. Gray, Mr F. Craddock, Mr W. T. Garne, Mr W. Garne, Mr A. Handy, Mr C. F. Moore, Mr J. Mace, Mr James Gardner (Chesterton), Mr Thomas Walker, Mr J. Cadle, Mr John Walker, Mr J. O. Taylor, Mr C. Barton (Kemble), Mr C. W. Cole, Mr J. Bartle, etc., etc.

There were numerous floral wreaths and crosses from all parts, and they were well noticed by every one present.

To the old faithful Cotswold farmer who lived quietly on these hills, breeding his flock of sheep and shorthorn cattle, we find that:

His head was silvered o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In summer's heat and winter's cold,
He fed his flock and penned his fold.
His wisdom and his honest fame,
Through all the country raised his name;
" William Lane " faithfully lived and faithfully died.
Faithfully lies his body in Northleach grave.
The hills so wide the field surround
With Broadfield's pastures green;
In the day of judgment he'll be found.
Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames, in summer wreaths is dressed;
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
Where he will bide in gentle rest,
On earth to wake no more,
Awaiting his Heavenly Master's call.

## CHAPTER V

### SOME COTSWOLD PLACES

### Praises of the Country

Perpetual spring our happy climate sees,
Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees;
And summer suns made by slow degrees,
Our land is from the rage of tigers freed;
Nor nourishes the lion's aury seed;
Nor poisonous aconite is here produced,
Or grows unknown, or is, when known refused;
And in so vast a length our serpents glide,
Or raised on such a spiry volume ride.

Dryden.

Sunny spots of greenery.—Coleridge.

When leaving Northleach we come on to Sherborne, and this place gives the title of Baron to the Dutton family. The Church of St. Mary Magdalen is a structure of freestone, rebuilt about 1850 by the late Lord Sherborne, and consisting of chancel and nave and a western tower, with spire containing a clock and six bells. In the church are some handsome monuments to the Dutton family. The register dates from 1572. Here, we are told, the Abbey of Winchcombe owned Sherborne in late Saxon days, and the coming of the Conqueror from France made a difference to the proprietorship of this village. For centuries, Sherborne continued to be governed by the Abbots of Winchcombe, and the monastic authorities possessed during the early portion of their existence immense power and influence. An adjacent landlord who might wish to oppress the inhabitants of Sherborne would have been likely to think twice before he incurred the displeasure of those who had very remarkable opportunities of showing their wrath. I hear that Sherborne did not remain the possession of Winchcombe till the great dissolution of monastic houses took place. We are very much in the habit of picturing the suppression of

religious houses as the result of a hastily conceived measure of Henry VIII, made principally with the object of filling his empty exchequer. This is very possibly true, but the suppression of religious houses had been long foreseen by all thoughtful people, and so accurately did the monks of Winchcomb calculate their ultimate fate that they let their Manor of Sherborne for ninety-nine years to Sir John Alleyn, Knight and Alderman of London, six years (in 1533) before the fatal edict was passed which compelled monastic authorities to give up their lands. Eighteen years after, Sir John's son, Christopher, sold Sherborne to a Thomas Dutton, and the estates passed into the hands of a family which has owned Sherborne for over 300 years, and very much to the advantage of every one.

Having for many years gathered information from my own family who lived at Sherborne, and from other friends, I purpose giving you some account of Sherborne itself, and of Lord Sherborne's ancestors.

Thomas Dutton was scion of a noble family, which came over from Normandy with the Conqueror, but who settled first at Dutton in Cheshire. Then Thomas Dutton came to Gloucestershire, because, early in the sixteenth century, he was made Surveyor of Crown Lands in that county. He married a widow, a daughter of Robert Taylor of Sherborne, who held leasehold property at Westwell, and there he appears to have lived till the opportunity of acquiring Sherborne presented itself.

There is little to be gleaned respecting this first owner of Sherborne, but the probability is that he was a cultured and loyal man, fully conscious of the responsibilities of his position. The culture at any rate may be inferred from the fact that he collected a library—fragments of which may still be seen, and from the accounts he kept with such care, it is evident that he trained horsemen and hillmen, who were doubtless always ready to resist any attempt at the invasion of their country. Then we are told of another circumstance, which proves that he was of some worth in the eyes of the world. This is the fact that Queen Elizabeth paid him a visit; and this event took place in the year 1574, when Her Majesty came over from the Hunting Lodge at Langley in Wychwood Forest, passing through Burford, on her way receiving a loyal address and present from the aldermen of the town. Good Queen Bess

came to Sherborne in 1582, but this was in the time of William, the son of Thomas Dutton who was likewise, without question, a very remarkable man. He married the daughter of Lord Mayor Nicholas, of London, though he did not receive much money with her. The additions he made to the family property were astonishing, in fact some of the oldest inhabitants of Sherborne will tell you even now that there was a time when the Duttons could ride from Sherborne to Cheltenham, a distance of sixteen miles, on land of their own. But if this was ever really true it was almost certainly during the time of the second Dutton, who lived at Sherborne. It is certainly true that William Dutton bought Standish, which estate is still in Lord Sherborne's possession.

It seems that large fortunes were made in the days of the early Duttons by sheep farming; and there were continual complaints in those days of the depopulation caused by the arable land being laid down to pasture, "Cannibal Sheep" as one person terms them. The woollen industry, which at this time flourished in the entire district, more especially at Northleach, Burford and Witney—explains how the early Duttons were able to collect with their flocks of sheep so much wealth in a comparatively short space of time. From Thomas Dutton, the estates passed to John Dutton, known more commonly as Crump Dutton, from the fact that he was in some measure deformed. In spite of his physical infirmities he may be said to have been the most notable member of this noble family, and I had better give a brief account of him.

The times in which Crump Dutton lived were stormy, for it was at the period when Charles I pulled one way and the English people in response to the divine law of freedom pulled in an opposite direction. The part which Crump Dutton at first took in the strife is not easy to understand. He is said to have resisted the payment of Ship Money, so that he was probably at that time almost entirely in sympathy with the popular party; and there were many others in high position in the neighbourhood, who were of the same way of thinking. Lord Falkland, of Burford Priory, was a notable sympathizer with those who were determined to resist royal encroachments; and so was William Lenthall, of Burford, the well-known speaker of the Long Parliament. It is true that the first named became a zealous adherent of the royalist

cause and died in its defence, but it is none the less clear that, at the very commencement of the quarrel, there was in the neighbourhood an influential band of those who were not in accord with Charles's policy, and among them was Crump Dutton. It is not easy to understand John Dutton's subsequent action. He is said to have become a Colonel in the King's Army, and to have raised forces for the siege of Gloucester undertaken by a part of Royalists entirely against his will. His explanation appears to have been accepted, and during the period of the Commonwealth, he was, without question, on the best terms with the great Protector. In the muniment room of Sherborne House not long ago, a dirty packet of letters relating to the Civil War was found. This contained two valuable letters from the pen of Cromwell, one requesting the Committee of Sequestration not to trouble John Dutton, of Sherborne, and further "as no man of England has done more for the Parliament"—the other, a letter of condolence to the widow after John Dutton's death. Nor was Crump Dutton's attachment to the popular cause a passing sentiment, regulated by a desire to live as securely as he could. He even quarrelled with his daughters and disinherited them, because they remained faithful to the royalist cause. Moreover, in his will, he expressed a wish that his nephew and heir should marry Oliver's youngest daughter, Lady Frances Cromwell, a wish, however, which was not fulfilled. At the conclusion of the Civil War, Crump Dutton seems to have settled down to improve his property, and to enjoy himself with his favourite recreation of deer coursing. He it was that changed what was probably a small house at Sherborne into a large and stately mansion, adding to it three sides of a square, so that the house had a quadrangle inside. We are told that the celebrated Inigo Jones was the architect employed, not only for Sherborne House but also for the Hunting Lodge, that elegant specimen of Renaissance architecture which yet remains shorn of very little of its original grandeur. In order to indulge in the favourite pastime before mentioned, John Dutton enclosed a considerable portion of the Cotswolds and obtained permission from Oliver Cromwell to stock it with deer from the Royal Forest of Wychwood, not far away. Immediately in the front of the lodge was a paddock a mile in length, and here the deer were coursed by greyhounds, with the design of testing their

speed, the deer easily escaping through an aperture at one end of the course, which was closed by an attendant immediately the pursued animal entered. This Crump Dutton is said to have been a gambler because of an incident that took place at an inn, that in days of old stood upon the borders of Wychwood Forest, called Capp's Lodge. The inn itself had been pulled down some years ago, and a neat farmhouse has been erected on its site. But the old-fashioned arbour, where the incident took place, may still be seen as well as the cockpit near it, This inn was unquestionably the rendezvous of all the high class gamblers in the neighbourhood, and on one occasion the play had become so high that the owner of Sherborne commenced to wager portions of his estate. His valet became aware of his intention, and having procured a horse rushed into the arbour and, with the remark " Sherborne's up," seized his master, threw him across the horse, jumped up himself, and rode away through the forest and across the fields to Sherborne. Even now one occasionally hears working men, when they are spending their last shilling, make the remark " Sherborne's up." We do not think that Crump Dutton, the intimate friend of Cromwell, would be likely to have been a gambler, but whether it be true or no, he seems to have been a man who was both feared and respected. At any rate, his name lives now at Sherborne when all others of the family have been well nigh forgotten. Boys, who are desirous of robbing bird's nests in Lodge Park, are still told that if they go there they will be sure to see Crump in his coach and six, and the most effective way to get the village boys in early to bed is to tell them that if they stay out after dusk they will surely see the figure of the dreaded hunchback. For a century, at least, after the death of Crump Dutton, coursing was carried on in the manner before mentioned, nor was this the only recreation of a sporting nature. For just as the London season is now concluded by the holding of the Goodwood meeting, so did our forefathers close their season in town, by the holding of the Bibury Races. These took place on the Sherborne estates, about four miles from the mansion. The Prince Regent used to stay at Sherborne for the races, and with him many of his set. Perhaps it was in connection with these races when they were held in Burford that the Duke of Monmouth visited Sherborne in 1681.

A curious story is told with regard to the manner in which the last Sir John Dutton chose an heir to his estates. He had been twice married but died without issue; he had two nephews, one the son of his younger sister, Mary, wife of Sir Thomas Reade of Shipton Court, Oxon; the other the son of Anne Naper, his elder sister. He was in doubt as to which of these he should leave his estates to, so he called them both to his bedside and asked what books they were then in the course of reading. The Reade nephew said he knew nothing about his book except that it had a blue cover, the other nephew said he was reading a Latin grammar. So from this circumstance the Sherborne estates were left to James Lenox Naper of Loughcrew, Co. Meath, and from him the present Lord Sherborne is descended, the peerage having been created in 1784. The present mansion, erected in 1831, is a large, commodious house, but it suffers, of course, in comparison with the elegant structures which the genius of Inigo Jones created centuries ago. There are portraits in it of very many of the Duttons who have resided at Sherborne during the last three centuries and a half. A painting by Zoffany is particularly interesting. It represents the Mr Dutton who knew the name of the book and what he was reading, his second wife, his only surviving son (who became the first Lord Sherborne), and his youngest daughter, Jane. They are represented as playing a game of cards; and it seems really remarkable, judging from the stiff, unnatural poses which may be seen in most family portraits and groups, that the idea, so successful in this instance, has not been more generally adopted by other artists.

The church adjoins the mansion, and there is a monument in white marble, by Rysbrach, to the memory of Sir John Dutton, and tablets to the memory of the first Lord Sherborne, and the Princess Bariatinsky, his daughter. There is also a monument in memory of John Dutton (Crump), which is, however, considerably idealized, as it bears no trace whatever of the physical deformity from which he suffered. The park extends over 370 acres. In the year 1868, the school with house was built by Lord Sherborne, at a cost of £1,000 for 119 children. Not far from Sherborne is Great Barrington, which is situated on the River Windrush which separates it from Little Barrington. A portion of Great Barrington once

formed part of Berkshire, but by the Acts of 2 and 3 War., c. 64 and 7 and 8 Vict. c. 61, it became, for all purposes, part of Gloucestershire. The Church of St. Mary is a building of stone in the Norman and perpendicular styles, consisting of chancel, nave with clerestory, north aisle, and an embattled western tower, containing six bells. In the aisle is a handsome marble monument, with figures of an angel and two children, and in the chancel are mural tablets to Mary (de Cardonell) wife of William, second Baron and first Earl Talbot—she died, 1787—and to George Albert, third Baron Dynevor, who died April 9, 1852, and Frances (Townshend) his wife. Here also is a much mutilated recumbent effigy of a knight, which bears no date or name.

The register dates from about the year 1547.

The school was built in 1876 for 150 children, by the late E. R. Wingfield, Esq.

Barrington Park House is a mansion in the Italian style, two spacious wings in the same style having been added in the year 1873-4, and is situated in a well-known wooded deer park and close to the church. It is the residence of the Wingfield family, Lord Talbot's descendants.

Then we come to Little Barrington and see the Church of St. Peter. It is an ancient building of stone in Norman and perpendicular styles, consisting of chancel, nave, north aisle, south porch and an embattled tower containing three bells. There are monuments to the Greyhurst family, 1730, and that of Greenaway, 1815. The register dates from the year, 1687, and the charities are £70 arising yearly from lands left in 1719, and sums of money left by various testators since that date, partly for repairs of the church, the remainder being given in various ways to the poor. Barrington Grove is the property of R. H. Hurst, Esq., J.P., of Horsham Park, Sussex. It is a handsome stone mansion, pleasantly situated in its own grounds, surrounded by plantations and Mr Hurst is Lord of the Manor and chief landowner. The children of this parish attend the school at Great Barrington.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE COTSWOLD GAMES

Dryden is dead, Dryden alone could sing
The full grown glories of a future king.

DR ISAAC WATTS, On the Death of the Duke of Gloucester.

THE range of hills overlooking the fertile beautiful vale of Evesham is celebrated by Drayton in his curious topographical poem the " Poly-Olbion," as the yearly meeting place of the country folks around, to exhibit the best bred cattle and pass a day in jovial festivity. He pictures these rustics dancing, hand in hand, to the music of the bagpipe and tabor, around a flag staff erected on the highest hills—the flag inscribed " Heigh for Cotswolds "—while others feasted upon the grass, presided over by the winner of the prize.

The Shepherd's King
Whose flock hath chanced that year the earliest lamb to bring,
In his gay baldrick sits at his low grassy board,
With flawns, lards, clonted cream and country dainties stores;
And whilst the bagpipe plays, each lusty jocund swain
Quaffs sillibubs, in cans, to all upon the plain,
And to their country girls, whose nosegays they do wear,
Some round lay dosing, the rest the burthen bear.

This description pleasantly, but yet painfully, reminds us of the halcyon period in the history of England, procured by the pacific policy of Elizabeth and James. It might and would apparently have been indefinitely prolonged, resulting in great progress in wealth and all the arts of peace, but for the collision between Puritanism and the will of an injudicious sovereign that brought about the Civil War. The rural population were at ease and happy during James's reign; and their exuberant good spirits found vent in festive assemblages of which this Cotswold meeting was but one example. But the spirit of religious austerity was abroad, making continual

encroachments on the genial feelings of the people; and rather oddly it was as a countercheck to that spirit that the Cotswold meeting was encouraged and enabled to attain its full character as a festive assemblage.

There lived at that time at Burton-on-the-Heath, in Warwickshire, one Robert Dover, an attorney, who entertained rather strong views concerning the menacing character of Puritanism. He deemed it a public enemy and was eager to put it down. Seizing upon the idea of the Cotswold meeting, he resolved to enlarge and systematize it into a regular gathering of all ranks of people in the province—with leaping and wrestling as before, for the men and dancing for the maids, but with the additions of coursing and horse racing for the upper classes. With a formal permission from King James he made all the proper arrangements, and established the Cotswold Games in a style which secured general applause, never failing each year to appear upon the ground himself—well mounted and accoutred as what would now be called a master of ceremonies. Things went on thus for the best part of forty years, till (to quote the language of Anthony Wood) the rascally rebellion was begun by the Presbyterians, which put a stop to their proceedings and spoiled all that was generous and ingenuous elsewhere; Dover, himself, in milder strains, thus tells his own story:

I've heard our fine refined clergy teach,
Of the Commandment that it is a breach,
To play at any game for gain or coin;
'Tis theft they say—men's goods you'd purloin,
For beasts or birds in combat for to fight,
Oh 'tis not lawful, but a cruel sight.
One silly beast another to pursue,
'Gainst nature it, and fearful to the view;
And man with man their activeness to try,
Forbidden is—much harm doth come thereby.
Had we their faith, to credit what they say
We must believe all sports are ta'en away.
Whereby I see, instead of active things,
What harm the same unto our nation brings;
The pipe and pot are made the only prize,
Which all our sprightly youth do exercise.

The effect of restrictions upon wholesome, out-of-doors' amusements, in driving people into sotting public-houses, is remarked in our own day, and it is curious to find Mr Dover pointing out the same result 250 years ago. His poem occurs at the close of a rare volume, published in 1636, entirely composed of commendatory verses on the exploits of the Cotswolds, and entitled *Annalia Dubrensia*. Some of the best poets of the day contributed to the collection, and among them were Ben Jonson, Michael Drayton, Thomas Randolph, Thomas Heywood, Owen Feltham, and Shackerley Marmyon, " Rare Ben " contributed the most characteristic effusion of the series which, curiously enough, he appears to have overlooked when collecting such waifs and strays for the volume he published with the quaint title of *Underwoods*, neither does it appear in his *Collection of Epigrams*. He calls it " an epigram to my jovial good friend, Mr Robert Dover, on his great restauration of hunting and dancing at Cotswold ":

I cannot bring my Muse to drop vies,
'Twixt Cotswold and the Olympic exercise;
But I can tell thee, Dover, how thy games
Renew the glories of our blessed James:
How they do keep alive his memory,
With the glad country and posterity;
How they advance true love, and neighbourhood,
And do both Church and Commonwealth the good:
In spite of hypocrites who are the worst
Of subjects. Let such envy till they burst.

Drayton is very complimentary to Dover:

We'll have thy statue in some wall cut out,
With brave inscriptions garnished about;
And underwritten—" Lo—this is the man,
Dover, that first these noble sports began."
Lads of the hills, and the lasses of the vale,
In many a song and many a merry tale,
Shall mention thee, and having leave to play, thy name shall make a holiday—
The Cotswold shepherds, as their flocks they keep,
To put off lazy drowsiness and sleep,
Shall sit to tell, and hear thy story told,
That night shall come ere they their flocks can fold.

Randolph tells us that Dover Castle was named after Dover, in honour of Master Robert; one of his poetic friends assuring him:

> thy Castle shall exceed as far
> The other Dover, as sweet peace doth war?

This redoubtable castle was a temporary erection of woodwork brought to the spot every year. The sports took place at Whitsuntide and consisted of horse racing (for which small honorary prizes were given), hunting and coursing (the best dog being rewarded with a silver collar), dancing by the maidens, wrestling, leaping, tumbling, cudgel-play, quarter staff, casting the hammer, etc., by the men. Tents were erected for the gentry, who came in numbers from all quarters, and here refreshments were supplied in abundance, while tables stood in the open air, or cloths were spread on the ground for the commonality.

> None ever hungry from these games come home,
> Or e'er make plaint of viands or of room;
> He, all the rank, at night so brave dismisses,
> With ribbons of his favours and with blisses.

Horses and men were abundantly decorated with yellow ribbons, Dover's colour, and he was duly honoured by all as king of their sports for a series of years. These ceased during the Cromwellian era but were revived at the Restoration, and the memory of their founder is still preserved in the name of Dover's Hill, applied to an eminence of the Cotswold range, about a mile from the village of Campden.

Shakespeare, whose slightest allusion to any subject gives it an undying interest, has immortalized these sports. Justice Shallow, in his enumeration of the four bravest roisterers of his early days, names "Will Squell," a Cotswold man; and the mishap of Master Page's fallow greyhound, who was outrun on "Cotsals," occupied a place in the opening scene of "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

. . . Dryden* with imperial grace,
Gives to th' obedient lyre his rapid laws;
Tunes yet unheard, with touch divine, he draws,
The melting fall, the rising swell sublime.
And all the magic of melodious rhyme.

Hagley. *Essay on Epic Poetry*, ep. iii.

Dr Johnson in his book on *Lives of the Poets*, says that Dryden may be properly considered as the father of English criticism, as the writer who first taught us to determine, upon principles, the merits of composition.

*John Dryden (1631-1700), one of the most vigorous and prolific of English poets and writers, and a popular dramatist. He excelled in satire, and drew some powerful pictures of the statesmen of his day. His translation of Virgil ranks with Pope's translation of the "Iliad." He was buried in Westminster Abbey. Originally a Parliamentarian he went over to the Royalists, and was laureate and historiographer-royal, 1670-88.

## CHAPTER VII

### GOOD OLD BANBURY

It is interesting to note that the cake fame dates from the year 1602, and still keeps up the good old times in Oxfordshire.

The *Tatler* for September 5, 1710, gave a jocular account of an "Ecclesiastical Thermometer" which had been invented for testing the degrees of zeal of particular plans on behalf of the Church. The writer states that the town of Banbury, Oxfordshire, which had been singled out by Dr. Fuller a century before for its cakes and zeal, proved itself by "the glass," i.e., the abovementioned thermometer, to be still characterized in a marked manner, by the latter peculiarity. It may be suspected that at that time Banbury equally maintained its ancient distinction in respect of cakes, for the town is still noted for this article, insomuch that they exported to the most distant parts of the world; one baker alone disposing, in 1839, of 139,500 twopenny Banbury cakes. However this may be, we find that in the days of Fuller, the material things for which the town was remarkable were: veal, cheese and cakes; while it is not less certain that in regard to the abstract article, zeal, Banbury was also notable. Thereby hangs a jest.

When Philemore Holland was printing his English edition of Camden's *Britannica*, he added to the author's statement of Banbury's being famous for cheese the words, "cakes and ale," and so it was passing through the press when Mr Camden coming in and seeing the change, and thinking "ale" a somewhat disrespectful reference, substituted for it the word "zeal"; very unluckily as it proved, for the Puritans who abounded in the town were greatly offended by the allusion; and so more was lost than gained by the change.

Modern research has not failed to discover the early traces of extreme Puritanism of Banbury. The advent of Queen Elizabeth to power brought evil days to the Roman Catholics, and, in 1571, Mr Anthony Cope of Hanwell, a zealous Puritan, was chosen Parliamentary representative for the borough, by its eighteen electors, an office which he filled for upwards of

thirty years. The Revd. Thomas Bracebridge, an eminent Puritan divine, was also at this time vicar of Banbury, and was suspended by the Bishop, in 1590, for denouncing that usurpation of powers in ecclesiastical matters which most of the Tudors were so fond of taking on themselves.

There can be no doubt that he laid the foundation of those principles of Puritanism which displayed themselves in Banbury towards the close of the reign in question, and which Mr Johnson describes as follows:

> From the date of execution of the Earl of Essex—the last and best beloved favourite of the Queen—an event which took place in 1601, the active mind of Elizabeth became seriously impaired, and the transaction of public business was disagreeable and irksome. The oppressed and the consequently dissatisfied adherents of the Church of Rome, taking advantage of this altered state of things, began to wax bolder in the expression of their opinions.

Under the strict rule of the Puritans the shows and pageants had been suppressed and an attempt was now made by the Catholics to revive them. The dresses were procured, the characters rehearsed, and a day fixed for the performance in Banbury. The procession of the performers had reached the high cross, and the actors were engaged in the prologue of the play, when a counter demonstration issued from High Street, and a collision ensued between the excited partisans of the conflicting creeds. A regular mêlée is described as having taken place, but the supporters of the reformed doctrine having both numbers and the law upon their side seem, eventually, to have had the best of the fray. Having succeeded in driving their antagonists out of the town, the rage of the population took a new direction. Hammers and pickaxes were procured, and the " godly cross," the symbol of the faith of the Roman Catholic world, was strewed in fragments through the Horse Fair. So thorough was the work of destruction that a writer of the time compares the state in which the crosses were left—for there were at least four of them—to the stumps of trees when the trunks are cut down or the blocks set by a roadside for the convenience of lazy horsemen to aid them in mounting to the saddle. To the church the crowd next repaired, and worked their frantic will upon the stately temple. The magnificent

windows of stained glass were shivered to atoms, as savouring too strongly of idolatry, and the statuary and sculpture were mutilated and defaced by the hands of those insensible to forms of beauty. Corbet charges the rioters with not having left the leg or arm of an apostle, and says that the names of the churchwardens were the only inscriptions to be seen upon the walls. The reputed sanctity of manners drew upon the town the cutting sarcasms of the wits of the age. The "Rare Ben Jonson" in his "Comedy of Bartholomew Fair," represents one of his characters, "Zeal-o'-the-Lane, Busy," a Banbury baker who had abandoned the dough-tub and oven for the more lucrative vocation of "seeing visions and dreaming dreams."

Braithwaite in his "Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys," refers to the town in the well-known strain:

> To Banbury came I, O profane one,
> There I saw a Puritane one;
> Hanging of his cat on Monday,
> For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

The same writer in his Strappado for the Devil, calls Bradford, in Yorkshire, the "Banbury of the North," and says that it also is famous for its "twanging ale, zeal, cakes and cheese."

Richard Corbet, subsequently Bishop of Oxford, in his *Its Boreale* thus refers to the walks in and around Banbury Church:

> If not for God's, for Mr Whatley's sake,
> Level the walks. Suppose these pitfalls make
> Him sprain a ligature or disgrace a joint,
> In his long prayer, or in his fifteenth point.

This William Whatley was an eminent Puritan divine of the Richard Baxter School, who succeeded to the vicarage in 1610, and held the office for about thirty years. The Revd. Samuel Wells, another clergyman holding similar views, was inducted to the vicarage in 1648, and held the office until 1662 when, on "Black Bartholomew," he threw the emoluments of his living to the winds and preached his farewell sermon

" from the winds." " And now, behold I go, bound in the spirit to Jerusalem, not knowing the things which shall befall me there."

Sir William Davenant, in his comedy, " The Wits," in speaking of a certain lady says:

> She is more devout
> Than a weaver of Banbury, that hopes
> To entice heaven, by singing, to make him lord
> Of twenty looms.

The following lines of Thomas Jordan in his *Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie*, may have had some reference to the doings already mentioned:

> They plucked communion tables down,
> And broke our painted glasses;
> They threw our altars to the ground,
> And tumbled down the Crosses.
>
> They set up Cromwell and his heir,
> The Lord and Lady Claypole;
> Because they hated common prayer,
> The organ and the maypole.

Most persons having a feeling for the literature of their early years will lament the destruction of the cross of Banbury, the locality celebrated in the famous nursery rhyme:

> Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross,
> To see a black lady ride on a white horse;
> Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
> That she may have music wherever she goes.

Let me add that Richard Corbet, who was successively Bishop of Oxford and of Norwich, was one of the most eminent English poets of his day. Born in the reign of Elizabeth, his wit and eloquence recommended him to the favour of James, and his advancement in the church was commensurate with his abilities. Benevolent, generous and spirited in his public character, amiable and affectionate in private life, he de-

servedly enjoyed the patronage of the great; the applause and estimation of the good. The following lines, found written on the fly leaf of a volume of Corbet's poems, convey an excellent idea of his general character:

If flowing wit, if verses writ with ease,
If learning, void of pedantry, can please;
If much good humour, joined to solid sense,
And mirth accompanied with innocence,
Can give a poet a just right to fame,
Then Corbet may immortal honour claim:
For he these virtues had, and in his lines,
Poetic and heroic spirit shines,
With wit and wisdom equally imbued.
Be silent, Muse, thy praises are too faint,
Thou want'st a power too prodigy to paint,
At once a poet, prelate and a saint.

It has been said that Robert Wisdome, Archdeacon of Ely, was also one of these versifiers; but he is chiefly memorable for a metrical prayer intended to be sung in churches, against the Pope and the Turk, of whom he had conceived most alarming apprehensions. As there is no stanza in this prayer, which would not be considered profane at the present day, it is impossible to quote it. Among other wits, however, Robert Corbet happily ridiculed it. Supposing himself seized with a sudden impulse to hear or to write a puritanical hymn, he invoked the ghost of Wisdome, as the most skilful poet in this mode of composition to come and assist him. But he advises Wisdome to steal back again to his tomb, in Carfax Church, at Oxford, silent and unperceived, for fear of being discovered and intercepted by the terrible Pope or Turk. The epigram is as follows:

To the Ghost of Robert Wisdome,
Thou, once a body, now but air,
Arch butcher of a psalm or prayer,
From Carfax come,
And patch us up a zealous lay,
With an old " ever " and " for aye,"
Or " all and some,"

Or such a spirit lend me,
To purge my brain;
But Robert, look behind thee,
Lest Turk or Pope do find thee,
And go to bed again.

We often hear the old tale about "Old Mother Goose," and here is an interesting item I came across the other day; it was written by a lady in America:

THE GRAVE OF "OLD MOTHER GOOSE"

It will doubtless surprise many of your readers to learn that Old Mother Goose was no myth, but a veritable personage, who lived and resided for many years in Boston. The family originated in England, and probably settled in America about the year 1656, for they were landholders in Boston as early as 1660. Mother Goose, whose real name was Mary, was the wife of Isaac Goose. When her first grandchild arrived she carried it about in her arms, singing quaint nursery rhymes, until her son-in-law, in fun, nicknamed her "Old Mother Goose," although, at the same time, he determined to turn an honest penny by publishing these lullabies. They were a phenomenal success, and passed through many editions, hundreds of thousands of children being put to sleep by such favourites as "Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle," "Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross," etc. Quite by chance I came upon her grave, in the Old Granary Church, Boston, and deciphered the faded lettering: "Here lyes ye body of Mary Goose, wife of Isaac Goose, aged 42 years; decd. October ye 19th, 1690." (Lady Lawson—Boston, U.S.A.)

It was once said that a certain man had the good fortune to possess a goose, which laid him a golden egg every day; but not contented with this, which rather increased than abated his avarice, he was resolved to kill the goose; and cut up her belly, that he might at once come to an inexhaustible treasure which he fancied she had within her, without being obliged to wait for the slow production of a single egg daily. Well, he did so; and to his great sorrow and disappointment, found nothing.

O rare Ben Jonson.*

SIR JOHN YOUNG. Epitaph in Westminster Abbey.

Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please,
Yet doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
In different talents both adorn'd their age,
One for the study, t'other for the stage.

DRYDEN Epistle x. To my friend Mr Congreve.

* Ben Jonson (1573-1637), a friend of Shakespeare and one of the great poets and dramatists of his age. Was Poet Laureate from 1619. His best plays are "Every Man in his Humour," and "The Alchemist." He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE JOLLY GOOD OLD HARVEST HOME

Fresh with all airs of woodland brooks,
  And scents of showers;
Take to your haunt of holy books,
  This saint of flowers.

When meadows burn with budding May,
  And heaven is blue;
Before his shrine our prayers we say,—
  Saint Robin true.

E. W. GOSSE. With a copy of Herrick.

I OFTEN hear my relations at Eastleach and other parts of Gloucestershire talk about the good old harvest homes as "the Feast of Intergathering." Wherever, throughout the earth, there is such a thing as a formal harvest, there also appears an inclination to mark it with a festive celebration. The wonder, the gratitude, the piety felt towards the great Author of nature, when it is brought before us that once more, as it has ever been, the ripening of a few varieties of grass furnishes food for earth's teeming millions, ensure that there should everywhere be some sort of feast of Intergathering. In England, this festival passes generally under the endeared name of Harvest Home. In Scotland, where that term is unknown, the festival is hailed under the name of the Kirn. In the north of England, its ordinary designation is the Mell Supper. And there are perhaps other local names. But everywhere there is a thankful joy, a feeling which pervades all ranks and conditions of the rural people and for once in the year brings all upon a level. The servant sympathizes with the success of his master in the great labours of the year. The employer looks kindly down upon his toiling servants and feels it but due to them that they should have a banquet furnished out of the abundance which God has given him—one in which he and his family should join them, all conventional distinctions

sinking under the overpowering flood of natural, and, it may be added, religious feeling, so well befitting the time. Most of our harvest customs were connected with the intergathering of the crops, but some of them began with the commencement of harvest. Thus, in the southern counties, it was customary for the labourers to elect, from among themselves, a leader whom they denominated their " lord." To him all the rest were required to give precedence, and to leave all transactions respecting their work. He made the terms with the farmers for mowing, for reaping, and for all the rest of the harvest work; he took the lead with the scythe, with the sickle, and, on the " carrying days," he was to be the first to eat and the first to drink, at all their refreshments; his mandate was to be law to all the rest, who were bound to address him as " My Lord," and to show him all due honour and respect. Disobedience in any of these particulars was punished by imposing fines according to a scale previously agreed on by " the lord " and all his vassals. In some instances, if any of his men swore or told a lie in his presence a fine was inflicted. In Buckinghamshire and other counties, as well as Gloucestershire " a lady " was elected in addition to " a lord," which often added much merriment to the harvest season. For while the " lady " was to receive all honours due to the lord from the rest of the labourers, he (for the " lady" was one of the workmen, says one) was required to pass it on to the lord. For instance, at drinking time the vassals were to give the horn first to the lady, who passed to the lord, and when he had drunk, " she " drank next and then the others indiscriminately. Every departure from this rule incurred a fine. The blunders which led to fines, of course, were frequent, and produced great merriment. In the old simple days of England, before the natural feelings of the people had been checked, and chilled off by Puritanism in the first place, and what may be called gross " Commercialism " in the second, the harvest home was such a scene as Horace's friends might have expected to see at his farm; perhaps it really was the very same scene which was presented in ancient times. The grain last cut was brought home in its wagon—called the hock cart—surmounted by a figure formed of a sheaf with gay dressings—a presumable representative of the goddess Ceres—while a pipe and tabor went merrily sounding in front, and the reapers tripped around in a hand-in-hand

ring, singing appropriate songs or simply giving vent to shouts and cries in the excitement of the day.

Harvest home, harvest home,
We have ploughed, we have sowed;
We have reaped, we have mowed,
We have brought home every load:
Hip, hip, hip, harvest home.

So they sang or shouted. In other country districts, hand bells were carried by those riding on the last load, and the following rhymes were sung:

The boughs do shade, and the bells do ring,
So merrily comes our harvest in;
Our harvest in, our harvest in!
Hurrah!

Troops of village children who had contributed in various ways to the great labour, joined the throng, solaced with plumcakes in requital for their little services. Sometimes the image on the cart instead of being a mere dressed up bundle of grain, was a pretty girl of the reaping band, crowned with flowers and hailed as the Maiden. Of this we have a description in a ballad of Bloomfield's:

Home came the jovial hockey load,
Last of the whole year's crop;
And Grace among the green boughs rode,
Right plump upon the top.

This way and that the wagon reeled,
And never queen rode higher;
Her cheeks were coloured in the field,
And ours before the fire.

In some provinces—we may instance Gloucestershire and Oxfordshire—it was a favourite joke to lay an ambuscade at some place where a high bank or a tree gave opportunity to drench the hock cart party with water. Great was the merri-

ment when this was cleverly and effectively done, the riders laughing while they shook themselves as merrily as the rest.

Under all the rustic jocularities and genialities of the occasion, there seemed to be a basis of pagan custom but it was such as not to exclude Christian sympathy. Indeed the harvest home of Old England was obviously, and beyond question, a piece of natural religion; the result of an ebullition of jocund gratitude to the divine source of all earthly blessings.

Herrick describes the harvest home of his epoch (the earlier half of the seventeenth century) with his usual felicity of expression:

Come sons of summer by whose toile,
We are the Lords of wine and oile;
By whose tough labours and rough hands,
We rip up first then reap our lands.
Crown'd with the eares of corne now come
And to the pipe sing harvest home.
Come forth, my Lord, and see the cart
Drest up with all the country art.
See here a mankin, there a sheet
As spotless pure as it is sweet.
The horses, mares and frisking fillies
Clad, all, in linnen white as lillies.
The harvest swaines and wenches bound
For joy to see the hock cart crown'd.
About the cart heare how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout.
Pressing before, some coming after
Those with a shout and these with laughter.
Some blesse the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
Some plank them up with oaken leaves.
Some crosse the fill-horse, some with great
Devotion stroak the home-borne wheat.
While other rusticks, least attent
To prayers than to merryment,
Run after with their breeches rent.
Well, on brave boys, to your Lord's hearth
Glitt'ring with fire, where for your mirth,
You shall see first the large and chiefe
Foundation of your feast, fat beefe,

With upper stories, mutton, veale,
And bacon which makes full the meale,
With sev'rall dishes standing by,
As here a custard, there a pie.
And here all-tempting feumantic
And for to make the merrie cheere
If swinking wine be wanting here.
There's that which drowns all care, stout, beere,
Which freely drink to your Lord's health,
Then to plough, the commonwealth.
Next to your flailer, your fanes, your patts,
Then to the maids with wheaten hats.
To the rough sickle, and the crookt scythe
Drink, frollick, boyes, till be blythe.
Feed and grow fat, and as ye eat,
Be mindfull of the lab'ring neat.
And know, besides, you must revoke
The patient oxe unto the yoke.
And all goe back unto the plough
And harrow, though they're hang'd up now.
And, you must know, your Lord's word's true;
Feed him, ye must, whose food fills you.
And that this pleasure is like raine
Not sent you for to drown your paine,
But for to make it spring againe.

In the north we are told, there seem to have been some differences in the observance. It was common there for the reapers, on the last day of their business, to have a contest of superiority in quickness of dispatch, groups of three or four taking each a ridge, and striving which should soonest get to the end of it. In Scotland, this was called a kemping, which simply means a striving. In the north of England, it was a mell which I suspect means the same thing (from Fr., *melée*). As the reapers went on during the last day they took care to leave a good handful of the grain uncut, but down flat, and covered over; and when the field was done, the " bonniest lass " was allowed to cut this final handful; which was presently dressed up with various sewings, tyings, and trimmings like a doll, and hailed as a corn baby. It was brought home in triumph with music of fiddles and bagpipes, was set up

conspicuously that night at supper, and was usually preserved in the farmer's parlour for the remainder of the year. The bonny lass who cut this handful of grain was deemed the Har'st Queen. In Hertfordshire, we are told, and most probably in other districts in England, there was the same custom of reserving a final handful; but it was tied up and erected, under the name of a mare, and then the reapers, one after the other, threw their sickles at it to cut it down. The successful individual called out, "I have her!" "What have you?" cried the rest, "A mare, a mare, a mare," he replied. "What will you do with her?" was then asked. "We'll send her to John Snooks," or whatever might be the name referring to some neighbouring farmer who had not yet got all his grain cut down. This piece of rustic pleasantry was called crying the mare.

It is very curious to learn that there used to be a similar practice in so remote a district as the Isle of Skye. When a farmer living there got his harvest completed, the last cut handful was sent under the name of goabbir bhacogh (the cripple goat), to the next farmer who was still at work upon his crops, it being, of course, necessary for the bearer to take some care that, on delivery, he should be able instantly to take to his heels, and escape the punishment otherwise sure to befall him.

The custom of crying the mare is more particularly described by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne in his *Salopia Antigua* (p. 498): "When a farmer has ended his reaping, and the wooden bottle is passing merrily round, the reapers form themselves into two bands, and commence the following dialogue in loud shouts, or rather in a kind of chant at the utmost pitch of their voices. First hand: 'I have her, I have her, I have her.' (Every sentence is repeated three times). Second: 'What hast thee? What hast thee? What hast thee?' First: 'A mare, a mare, a mare.' Second: 'Whose is her? Whose is her? Whose is her?' First: 'A.B.'s' (naming their master), 'whose corn is all cut.' Second: 'Where shall we send her?' etc. First: 'To C.D.' (naming some neighbour whose corn is still standing). And the whole concludes with a joyous shout of both bands united."

In the south eastern part of Shropshire, the ceremony is performed with a slight variation. The last few stalks of the wheat are left standing; all the reapers throw their sickles, and

he who cuts it off, cries: " I have her, I have her, I have her," on which the rustic mirth begins; and it is practised in a manner very similar in Devonshire. The latest farmer in the neighbourhood, whose reapers cannot send her to any other person, is said to keep her all the winter. This rural ceremony, which is fast wearing away, evidently refers to the time when our country was lying all open, in common fields, and the corn consequently exposed to the depredations of the wild mares, the season at which it was secured from their ravages being a time of rejoicing and of exulting over a tardier neighbour.

A gentleman described the same custom as practised in Devonshire, and the chief peculiarity in that instance is, that the last handful of the standing grain is called the nack. On this being cut, the reapers assembled round it, calling at the top of their voices: " Arnack, arnack, arnack," " We have'ut, we have'ut, we have'ut," and the firkin was then handed round, after which the party went home, dancing and shouting. A gentleman once said that he considered it a relic of Druidism, but as it appears to me without any good reason. He also indulges in some needlessly profound speculations regarding the meaning of the words used. " Arnack " appears to me simply" Our nag," an idea very nearly corresponding to " the mare," and " we have'ut," seems to be merely " we have him."

Now in the evening of harvest home, the supper takes place in the barn, or some suitable place, the master and mistress generally presiding. This feast is always composed of substantial viands, with an abundance of good ale, and human nature insures that it should be a scene of intense enjoyment. Some one with a better voice than his neighbours leads off a song of thanks to the host and hostess, in something like the following strain:

Here's a health to our master
The lord of the feast,
God bless his endeavours,
And send him increase.

May prosper his crops, boys,
And we reap next year,
Here's our good health to the master, boys,
Come, drink off your beer.

Now harvest is ended
And supper is past,
Here's our mistress's health, boys,
Come, drink a full glass,

For she's a good woman,
Provides us good cheer;
Here's your mistress's good health, boys,
Come, drink off your beer.

One of the rustic assemblage, being chosen to act as " Lord," goes out, puts on a sort of disguise, and comes in again, crying in a prolonged note, "Lar-gus"! He and some companions then go about with a plate among the company, and collect a little money with a view to further regalements at the village alehouse. With these, protracted usually to a late hour, the harvest feast ends. In Scotland, under the name of the kirn, or kirn supper (supposed to be from the churn of cream usually presented on the occasion) harvest home ends in like manner. The description of the feast given by Graham in his *British Georgics*, includes all the characteristic features as follows:

The fields are swept, a tranquil silence reigns
And pause of rural labour, far and near,
Deep is the morning's hush; from grange to grave
Responsive cock-crows, in the distance heard
Distinct as if at hand, soothe the pleased ear;
And oft, at intervals the flail remote,
Sends faintly through the air its deafened sound.
Bright now the shortening day and blithe its close
When to the kirn the neighbours old and young
Come dropping in to share the well-earned feast.
The smith aside his ponderous sledge has thrown,
Raked up his fire, and cooled the hissing brand:
His sluice the miller shuts; and from the barn
The threshers hie, to don their Sunday coats.
Simply adorned with ribands blue and pink
Bound round their braided hair, the lasses trip
To grace the feast, which now is smiling ranged
On tables of all shape and size and height.

Joined awkwardly, yet the crowded guests
A seemly joyous show, all loaded well;
But chief, at the boardhead, the haggis round
Attracts all eyes, and even the goodman's grace
Prunes of its wonted length. With eager knife
The quivering globe he then prepares to branch:
While for her gown some ancient matron quakes,
Her gown of silken woof, all figures thick
With roses white, far larger than the life
On azure ground—her goodman's wedding garb
Old as that year when Skeriffmaier was fought,
Old tales are told, and well-known jests abound,
Which laughter meets half-way as ancient friends;
Nor, like the wordling, spurns because threadbare.

When ended the repast and board and branch
Vanish like thought, by many hands removed;
Up strikes the fiddle, quick upon the floor
The youths lead out the half reluctant maids,
Bashful at first, and dancing through the reels
With timed steps, till by the music cheered,
With free and airy steps they bound along,
Then deftly wheel, and to their partner's face
Turning this side, now that, with varying step.
Sometimes two ancient couples o'er the floor
Skin through a reel and think of youthful years.

Meanwhile the frothing bickers* soon as filled,
Are drained, and to the gauntress† oft return,
Where gossips sit, unmindful of the dance,
Salubrious beverage? Were they stirling worth
But duly prized, no more than alembric vast
Would, like some dire volcano, vomit forth
Its floods of liquid fire, and far and wide
Lay waste the land; no more the faithful boon
Of twice ten shrievedoms, into poison turned
Would taint the very life blood of the poor,
Shrivelling their heart-strings like a burning scroll.

* Beakers.
† Wooden frames on which beer casks are set.

Such was formerly the method of conducting the harvest feast; and in some instances it is still conducted much in the same manner, but there is a growing tendency in the present day to have a general harvest festival for the whole parish; to which all the farmers are expected to contribute and which their labourers may freely attend. This festival is commenced with a special hymn and service in the church, followed by a dinner in a tent, or in some building sufficiently large, and continued with rural sports; and sometimes including a tea drinking for the women. But the parochial gathering is destitute of one important element in the harvest supper. It is of too general a character. It provides no particular means for attaching the labourers to their respective masters. If a labourer has any unpleasant feeling towards his master or is conscious of neglecting his duty, or that his conduct has been offensive towards his master, he will feel ashamed of going to his house to partake of his hospitality; but he will attend without scruple a general feast provided by many contributors, because he will feel under no special obligation to his master. But if the feast be solely provided by his master, if he receive an invitation from him, if he find himself welcomed to his house, sit with him at his table, be encouraged to enjoy himself, be allowed to converse freely with him, and be treated by him with kindness and cordiality, his prejudices and asperities will be dispelled and mutual goodwill and attachment established. The hospitality of the old-fashioned harvest supper, and other similar agricultural feasts was a bond of union between the farmer and his workpeople of inestimable value. The only objection alleged against such a feast, is that it often leads to intemperance. So would the general harvest festival were not regulations enforced, and if these were also applied to the farmer's harvest feast, the objection would be removed.

Let the farmer invite the clergyman of his parish, and other sober-minded friends, and with their assistance carry out good regulations and temperance will easily be preserved.

The modern harvest festival as a parochial thanksgiving for the bounties of Providence is an excellent institution, in addition to the old harvest feast; but it should not be considered as a substitute for it.

Many thanks are due to kind friends for notes given to me for this chapter on the harvest homes.

How we love those well-known harvest hymns, and sing them all with a cheerful voice, especially this one:

Come ye faithful people come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home

and in many more do we return thanks to God for all that He has given us, when the harvest is gathered in about Michaelmas time every year.

Robert Herrick (1591-1674), one of the sweetest of lyrical poets. Was author of some of the choicest pieces in the language, such as " Gather ye Rose Buds," " Cherry Ripe," and " Oberon's Feast"; was one of England's best poets.

# CHAPTER IX

## OLD MICHAELMAS DAY

### Abundance of Feastings

There's no want of meat, sir;
Portly and curious viands are prepared,
To please all kinds of appetites.—Massinger.

Michaelmas day comes oncer a year, and of the fact that it is quarter day, and, therefore, pay day to landlords and other creditors, nobody takes any notice. Here and there, we suppose, is to be found a household in which roast goose is served for dinner in honour of the Archangel; and, I am told, that the season is a high festival at Macclesfield, where it is traditional to hold a wake on the Monday following September 20 with abundant beef and beer. Like many old customs, the Michaelmas goose has exercised the ingenuity of antiquaries. There is a story current assigning its origin to Queen Elizabeth, though, as a matter of fact, it is much more ancient. It is said that while on her way to Tilbury Fort on September 29, in the fateful year 1588, the Queen dined with Sir Neville Humfreville, at his seat near that place, and ate of a goose which the knight, knowing her taste for highly seasoned dishes, had provided. This she washed down with a big bumper of Burgundy, at the same time proposing a toast—a very natural one at the moment. It was: "To the destruction of the Spanish Armada." Soon afterwards she received the "joyful tidings that her wish had been fulfilled," and the tale runs that she commemorated the day annually by having a goose for dinner, in imitation of Sir Neville's entertainment, and this established the custom. Unfortunately for that story it is on record that as long previously as the tenth year of Edward IV, one John de la Haye, bound himself to render to William Barnaby, Lord of Lastres, in the county of Hereford, for a parcel of the demesne lands, one goose fit for the lord's dinner on the feast of St. Michael the Archangel. The custom may have originated in the habit amongst the rural tenantry of bringing a good stubble goose, with their rent, to the land-

lord at Michaelmas, in the hope of making him lenient. There was a popular saying that, "if you eat goose on Michaelmas day you will never want money all the year round." It would puzzle most people to find even a grain of sense in this, but an eighteenth century moralist explains the mystery thus:

> This notion famed in days of yore,
> Is grounded on a prudent score,
> For doubtless 'twas at first designed
> To make the people seasons mind,
> That so they might apply their care
> To all those things which needful were
> And, by a good industrious hand,
> Know when and how to improve their land.

From the subject of Michaelmas goose we are reminded to turn to a greater and more glorious theme—dinner. Dinner in general, that old, old custom which can never die. It is true that the majority of Britons do not, in the artistic sense of the term, dine at all but merely feed. Gastronomy is an art, a fine art; and, as we all know, it is studied with much greater care in almost every other country than our own. However, the English cuisine when properly applied takes a lot of beating.

Gissing, in his Ryecroft papers, insists on this with characteristic emphasis:

> One has heard much condemnation of the English kitchen. Our typical cook is spoken of as a gross unimaginative person, capable only of roasting and seething. Our table is said to be such as would weary or revolt any but gobbet bolting carnivores.

To be sure, there is no lack of evidence to explain such censure. For all that, however, English victuals are in quality the best in the world, and English cookery is the wholesomest and most appetizing known to any temperate clime. The aim of English cookery is to deal with the raw material of man's nourishment so as to bring out, for the healthy palate, all its natural juices and savours. And in this, when the cook has any measure of natural or acquired skill, we most notably succeed. Our beef is veritably beef at its best, such beef as can

be eaten in no other country under the sun; our mutton is mutton in its purest essence—think of a shoulder of Southdown when the first jet of gravy starts under the carving knife. Each of our vegetables yields its separate and characteristic sweetness. It never occurs to us to disguise the genuine flavour of food. If such a process be necessary, then something is wrong with the food itself. Some wiseacre scoffed at us as the people with only one sauce. The fact is we have as many sauces as we have kinds of meat.

There's true patriotism for you? The Primrose League is in it with a man who can so boldly stand up for the British dinner. Caperson said, one day, that he himself was a devout believer in beef and beer, only he wished that they were oftener to be had in really prime quality.

But the theme of dinner suggests something more than an eternal round of beef and mutton with beer. It suggests variety and skilful preparation, something in elegance for the eye as well as cheer for the palate; and genial intercourse round the hospitable board. A dinner, said Dr Johnson, lubricates business, it also is a great lubricator of the talking faculty. At breakfast many people are apt to be taciturn: if not positively snappy. At the dinner table, if the day has gone reasonably well, tempers are " at their best," like the beer perhaps, and the pleasures of the table help to irradiate good humour, especially after the first desire for food is satisfied.

Hunger in any serious sense is never felt by the comfortable classes who eat too much, or too often, to feel it; it is merely Little Mary's habit, but an insistent habit. As the poet says:

We may live without poetry, music and art,
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

He may live without love—what is knowledge but grieving;
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining;
But where is the man that can live without dining?

We are told that a racy writer on the subject of dinner observes that if " the undevout astronomer is mad," the

same remark applies to the gastronomer. There would be less indigestion if dinner were treated with greater respect, and with a stricter recognition of first principles. Dr Johnson boasted that, if he only tried, he could write a better cookery book than had ever been written, because he would treat the subject philosophically. Yet there does not appear to have been any very hard thinking about a dinner he gave to Boswell on Easter Day, 1773—" a very good soup, a boiled leg of lamb and spinach, a veal pie and a rice pudding." Nor would there be much hard thinking for some hours after it had been eaten. The eighteenth century was a heavy time both in eating and drinking. A tavern dinner for seven persons eaten in 1757, comprising thirty-eight items and costing £82 11s. 6d. George III was content with legs of mutton and apple dumplings, and not a few other illustrious personages have had similarly humble, not to say plebeian, tastes. In a later generation, gastronomic science in high places was quickened by the intelligence of Prince Albert, directing the practical skill of the Queen's chefs. Here is a brief abstract, or epitome, of Queen Victoria's dinner on September 21, 1841. It begins modestly with two soups, it goes on more daringly to four kinds of fish; four also are the joints, followed (not as now preceded) by eight entrées. Then came chickens and partridges; vegetables, savouries, and sweets to the number of fifteen; and lest anyone should still suffer from the pangs of unsatiated desire, there were thoughtfully placed on the sideboard roast beef, roast mutton, haunch of venison, hashed venison and rizan consomme:

> September, when by custom (right divine)
> Geese are ordained to bleed at Michael's shrine.

In the poems of George Gascoigne, 1575, is the following passage:

> And when the tenants come to pay their quarter's rent,
> They bring some fowl at Midsummer, a dish of fish in Lent,
> At Christmas a capon, at Michaelmas a goose;
> And somewhat else at New Year's tide for fear their lease fly loose.

## CHAPTER X

### GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES

How like a paradise the world would be, flourishing in joy and rest, if men would cheerfully conspire in affection, and helpfully contribute to each other's content; and how like a savage wilderness now it is, when, like wild beasts, they vex and persecute, worry and devour each other.—ISAAC BARROW.

OLD Michaelmas day soon comes and goes. Here is a note in season, from a friend in Gloucestershire, who resides at the little Cotswold village of Great Rissington, and his words on the seasons' fruits and on one fruit named from his village, shall open a chapter in which some advice about seasons as well as notes on the district, have a place.

> The season.—The orchard fruits this year have been both plentiful and of an excellent quality, and our people have been very busy with storage and cider-making, and the trees now look very bare, denuded of their golden crown. The " Blenheim Orange " is always a favourite apple with us, but there is also another much liked, and now fast disappearing from our midst, viz., the " Rissington Redstreak," a rich, juicy, dessert fruit that keeps well on till Christmas, but is now rarely seen at its best, the few trees left being somewhat aged and stunted. The weather is still bright and fine, with occasional storms. The bees are abroad, the flies buzz, the " painted lady " butterfly hovers over the white Michaelmas daisies, the gnats dance, and the birds are very joyous. But all things come to an end, and soon may appear the frost, the killing frost, and nip their little joys.

Gloucestershire friends tell us about the weather and its experiences. First, keep a chart; you cannot remember previous heights of the barometer unless you do; note down what is recorded by the instrument, and what occurs. Watch the

sunrise (if you can), and the sunset, better still watch half an hour before sunrise and half an hour before sunset.

Watch the clouds all day. Note their shape, formation, disappearance, movements and colours. Notice the fogs and mists, changes of wind, the presence of dew, the clearness of the atmosphere.

Remember the season of the year, east winds are more likely in spring and summer, south and west in winter. To forecast a complete change in the type of weather is sometimes possible. Then, after long continued periods of wet weather, a slow steady rise in the barometer, lasting several days, with wind and rain still continuing, is often the ushering in of drier weather and east winds. The falling of hail, indicating a colder upper air current, usually presages colder weather. A steady fall of the barometer after a long spell of dry weather, with an increase of moisture in the air, shown by dews and fogs, indicates the approach of a warmer moister current of air, with rain before long. Extremes meet, then the sharpest frosts are usually before a thaw—one or two abnormally warm, soft days are a frequent sign of colder weather, especially so in spring, and have frequently forecasted rightly, snow within three days from the occurrence of such days in late February, March and April. Similarly in fine summer weather, great heat is the forerunner of thunderstorms and consequent breaking up of the weather to a cooler wetter type.

At certain periods of the year you may reasonably expect certain types of weather. These are cold snaps February 7-10 —April 11-14, May 9-14, June 27 to July 4, August 6-11, and November 6-12. Warm snaps July 12-15, August 12-15, December 3-9. The last week of July often merits its name of thunder week. There are two days in the year which have been for many generations supposed to be of use in showing what is likely to happen, viz.: Candlemas Day (Feb. 2) and St. Swithins (July 15). It was, and is still, to a great extent, the general belief that if the sun shone and it was particularly fine on Candlemas Day:

> If Candlemas Day be bright and clear
> There will be two winters in the year;
> " The hind would as lief see his wife on her bier,"
> As that Candlemas Day should be bright and clear.

When Candlemas Day is come and gone
The snow falls on a warm stone,

is a much truer saying. The idea of forty days' rain succeeding a wet St. Swithin is, of course, mythical, and as a matter of fact meteorological records show the reverse.

The hollow winds begin to blow
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soots fall down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in haloes hid her head;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh
For, see, a rainbow spans the sky.
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel,
Hark: how the chairs and tables crack,
Old Betty's joints are on the rack.
Her corns with shooting pains torment her
And to her bed untimely send her.
Loud quack the ducks, the seafowl cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine
The busy flies disturb the kine;
Low over the grass the swallow wings
The cricket too, how sharp he sings.
Puss on the hearth with velvet paws
Sits there wiping o'er her whiskered jaws;
The smoke from the chimneys right ascends
Then spreading back to earth it bends.
The wind unsteady, veers around,
Or setting in the south is found;
Through the clear streams the fishes rise
And nimbly watch the incautious flies.
The glow worms numerous clear and bright
Illumined the dewy hill last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen
Like quadruped, stalk o'er the green.
The whirling wind the dust obeys
And in the rapid eddy plays,

The frog has changed his yellow vest
And in a russet coat is dressed.
The sky is green and the air is still
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill.
The dog is altered in his taste
Quits mutton bones on grass to feast.
Behold the rooks, how odd their flight;
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall
As if they felt the piercing ball.
The tender colts on back do lie,
Nor heed the traveller passing by.
In fiery red the sun doth rise
Then wades through clouds to mount the skies;
'Twill surely rain, we see it with sorrow,
No working in the fields to-morrow.

ANONYMOUS.

Taking a great interest in societies myself, I am pleased to say that some of my good friends in Gloucestershire have very kindly given me notes worthy of interest for this chapter, and the Secretary of the Gloucestershire Society announces, by way of advertisement, that that body is prepared to receive applications for assistance towards apprenticing children of Gloucestershire parents to such trades as they may desire to learn, and he suggests that a few notes on the origin and history of the society may make its operations, and the facilities it is prepared to offer, better known than appears now to be the case. No doubt there has, for some years, been less inclination than formerly on the part both of lads and their parents to enter into apprenticeship engagements, for it was found that youths could, for a few years, earn considerably higher wages as errand boys or porters than were usually secured for the first two or three years under an apprenticeship indenture. This is, of course, a short-sighted policy, for although the boy's earning capacity may be larger for a few years, unless he learns a trade he enters the overstocked ranks of unskilled labour; and, as he reaches manhood, finds himself ousted by the rising generation or compelled to give a man's work for a boy's wages. Latterly, however, the system of apprenticeship has regained some of its old popularity, and the Gloucester-

shire Society, like other organizations which have funds to apply to this purpose, such as the Wiltshire Society and the Cirencester Society in London, ought to find little difficulty in securing suitable objects for their bounty.

The Gloucestershire Society is of quite venerable antiquity, for it has just celebrated its 254th anniversary, as it was established in 1657; and has, for more than 250 years, assisted poor married women and apprenticed a large number of boys to useful trades. Last year, seventy-eight married women were assisted and five boys apprenticed. At present there are thirty-three boys serving various terms of apprenticeship. As already stated, the society was founded in 1657, three years before the restoration of Charles II, an event which, together with the support of the Church, it is believed the Society was founded to promote. The people had grown weary of the rule of Oliver Cromwell, and the foundation of this society was one of the efforts made to bring the King to his own again. The old Gloucestershire dialect song, "George Ridler's Oven," is believed to have been a Royalist ballad in disguise, and its hidden meanings and allusions were supposed to be known only to the members of the Gloucestershire Society, at whose anniversary dinner it was sung in the vernacular year by year.

The society was established by certain Gloucestershire gentlemen residing in the city of Bristol, and it long continued mainly a Bristol organization, and although in time it assumed a more general county character, Bristol remains its head-quarters. I have, indeed, come across a statement to the effect that its annual dinner was, at one time held in London, but there is no mention of this in the society's records. The dinner was held in the month of August, but it had to be discontinued in 1885 as so few attended, this being a month when most people are away from home.

In its early years the Gloucestershire Society gave away money in small doles, but this form of charity was speedily found to be unsatisfactory, and so in 1694 apprenticeships were resolved on, and seventy-four years later the assistance of poor married women in childbirth was added to the objects of the society. The county character which the society assumed is shown by an entry for 1733, when the anniversary sermon preached by the Dean of Bristol was ordered to be printed, on the motion of Lord Bathurst (the first peer), seconded by

Lord Noel. The sum collected at the festival rose from a few pounds at the outset to three figures in 1753, and in 1770, when almost for the first time the society went outside Bristol for a president, the Duke of Beaufort was in the chair, and received a collection of £285, the largest sum on record up to that time. In subsequent years as much as £558 has been collected, but now the figures range somewhere about £100, sometimes more, sometimes less. Some of the records are curious. In 1658, it was forbidden to send venison from the feasts of the society to any but wives of officers, under a penalty of five shillings. In 1663, King Charles II, Queen Catharine, the Duke and Duchess of York, and Prince Rupert visited Bristol, and the provision for the annual festival was devoted to the entertainment of royalty, the meeting being deferred till the following year. In 1665, the feast was abandoned on account of the plague. In 1750, difficulty having been experienced in getting a president, many gentlemen subscribed their names to a list, promising to become president in turn, or forfeit a sum of twenty guineas, and it was resolved " that the gentlemen who shall make it their election rather to fine than serve, the office of President shall, after payment of such fine, be respected by the society as if they had actually served "—a prudent provision. In 1752, the religious difficulty cropped up, and it was resolved " that no boy that has been bred in the Church of England shall be bound by this Society to a Dissenter; but where their parents are Dissenters, their sons may be bound to such masters as the Society and their parents shall approve." In 1831, there was no meeting owing to the Bristol riots.

It may be of interest to mention the names of some of the presidents since the Duke of Beaufort's year, such as the Earl of Berkeley (1776); Mr William Bromley Chester, M.P., an ancestor of Colonel Chester-Master (1778); Sir William Guise, Bart. (1779); Mr Thomas Bathurst (1780); Mr Thomas Estcourt (1781); Mr James Dutton (1782); Colonel Samuel Blackwell (1784); Hon. George Berkeley (1785); Lord Apsley, afterwards third Earl Bathurst (1786); Mr Thomas Master (1789); the Marquess of Worcester (1796); Mr John Gordon (1798); Mr M. Hicks-Beach (1801); Lord Charles Henry Somerset (1802); Right Hon. C. Bathurst, M.P. (1807); Lord Robert E. H. Somerset (1812); Mr Thomas Grimston Est-

court (1814); the Marquess of Worcester (1825); Sir Berkeley William Guise, Bart., M.P. (1826); Mr Robert B. Hale (1836 and 1845); Mr R. S. Holford (1847); Mr (afterwards Sir John) Rolt (1856); Sir George S. Jenkinson, Bart. (1863); The Duke of Beaufort (1865); Mr T. W. Chester-Master (1868); Sir G. W. H. Codrington, Bart. (1880), Lord Fitzhardinge (1909); Sir George Jenkinson, Bart. (1910); and Colonel Chester-Master (1911). Here is an interesting local note, recalling the memory of our old Royal North Gloucester Militia and Mr Samuel Blackwell, of Ampney Park, a member for Cirencester, and a benefactor of the Cirencester Bull Club and the Cirencester Ringer's Society:

> At a meeting of the Gloucestershire Committee, held August 23, 1780, at the Tuns Tavern, Corn Street, it was represented by William Bromley Chester, Esq., on behalf of Samuel Blackwell, Esq., the now next person in succession for serving the Office of President of this Society, that the said Samuel Blackwell is at this time so far engaged with the Militia that he cannot possibly take upon him the said Office of President this year; but that if the Committee think proper to pass him over this year he will readily serve the said Office of President as soon as his said engagement with the Militia will admit; which proposition the said Committee have agreed to: and Thomas Bathurst, Esq., has condescended to precede the said Samuel Blackwell in the said Office of President.

In addition to the subscriptions and donations, which last year amounted to £130, the society has an income from invested funds, and those interested cannot do better than refer to the advertisement and see for themselves the benefits to be derived, while assistance of the useful work of a society of which so good a Gloucestershire and Cirencester man as Colonel Chester-Master is now president, will no doubt be welcome.

In an old ledger kept by Mrs Evans of the Dyer Street Mews, Cirencester, is to be found an interesting chronology; part of it evidently copied from loose leaves of earlier date. Here are recorded not only local happenings around Cirencester, but also the leading national events of the period. Mrs Evans's

business is an old established one, the entries going back to the middle of the eighteenth century, her family having been engaged in the letting out of horses and carriages for the past two hundred years or more; and though some of the Cotswold people will remember that in the time of her father-in-law, Mr George Evans, the stud consisted for the most part of donkeys, and the vehicles of wheel chairs with a diminutive yellow fly irreverently styled the "mustard pot," and a curious square box on wheels for a pair of donkeys humorously designated the "snap chest." Her husband, who the author remembers very well (the late Mr Albert Evans), restored the business to what, judging from the entries in the ledger, it was at an early period. A friend has industriously deciphered these entries and made a fair copy of them, and many are well worth reproducing. I will begin with some entries relating to the Bathurst family:

1775, Sept. 16. Earl Bathurst died about 6 o'clock in the evening, age 91. (This was Allen, first Earl, 1684-1775.)

1794, Aug. 6. Earl Bathurst died about 5 o'clock in the morning, aged 81. (Henry, second Earl and Lord Chancellor, 1714-1794.)

Then come a couple of entries recording what was a frequent Cirencester experience before the drainage was remedied:

1795, Feb. 3. The first flood of Cirencester.
Feb. 9. The second flood of Cirencester.

The next entry is a curious one, and recalls an exciting election for the old borough of Cirencester.

1796, May 21. To Pool in Dorsetshire to fetch 21 soldiers to poll for Hicks Beach.

Two years previously, on the death of the second Earl Bathurst, and the succession of Lord Apsley to the peerage, Mr Michael Hicks-Beach (the first member of the Hicks' family to assume the latter name, having married the heiress of Mr Beach of Netheravon, and purchased Williamstrip from Colonel Blackwell) was elected to succeed him, with Sir

Robert Preston as his colleague. In 1796, they offered themselves for re-election, but were challenged by Mr Thomas B. Howell, who was defeated. Mr Howell petitioned against the return of Sir Robert Preston, but as the necessary recognizances were not entered into, the petition was discharged. It may, at first sight, seem odd that Mr Evans should have been chartered to fetch " 21 soldiers from Pool to poll for Hicks Beach." The explanation is to be found in the fact that the Royal North Gloucester Militia had been embodied since 1792, and at this time were quartered at the Dorsetshire seaport, and it was, of course, Cirencester burgesses serving in the regiment who were brought back home to discharge their duty of citizenship.

Here are two more electoral items:

1806, Oct. 22. Joseph Cripps, Esq., declared himself a candidate for the borough of Cirencester at the Town Hall.
Nov. 1. Mr Cripps was chosen for the borough of Cirencester.

Sir Robert Preston now retired from the representation of the borough. Mr Joseph Cripps was chosen to succeed him without a contest, for Mr Howell decided not again to offer himself.

I pass over several intervening entries, in order to give in this connection others referring to electoral matters that follow here, in natural sequence:

1812, April 10. Lord Apsley Bathurst began canvassing.
April 14. Mr Cripps and Mr Beach began canvassing.

These are the only entries referring to one of the most stoutly fought elections that ever occurred in Cirencester. In the previous year, Feb. 24, 1811, it is recorded that " Lord Apsley Bathurst (Henry George, afterwards fourth Earl) was of age and gave five shillings to every housekeeper that would accept of it and one barrel beer." Young Lord Apsley was thus just eligible in point of age for Parliamentary honours, but eighteen years before Mr Hicks-Beach had been chosen in what was styled, " the Bathurst interest," and the candidature of Lord

Apsley was resented by the friends of Mr Cripps, who objected to a " double Bathurst " representation. The contest was a very costly one, the poll being open for six days, and in the end Mr Cripps was beaten by the small margin of six votes, the figures being: Lord Apsley, 464: Mr Michael Hicks-Beach, 324: Mr Joseph Cripps, 318. I may add here another Bathurst entry:

1807, June 5. Old Lady Bathurst died, aged 77. This was Tryphena, second wife of Henry, second Earl Bathurst, daughter of Thomas Scawen, of Maidwell, Northants, and grand-daughter of Lord William Russel.

Following are some incidents which tell their own tale:

1799, Feb. 2. Mr Pile, the exciseman, was frozen to death.

1807. Dec. 14. Mr Jaspar died, the liquor merchant, Cirencester.

1808, Nov. 27. Mr Jenner, the soap boiler of Dyer Street, was found smothered in the King's Head talot in hay, aged 38.

1808, Dec. 28. The Duke of Manchester's funeral went through Cirencester. 3 mourning coaches, 6 horses in each coach, his own carriage. 22 horsemen followed.

1809, June 1. Captain Barclay began his walk and ended his walk July 12.

1809, July 6. We were visited with a tornado at Cirencester. In Lord Bathurst's Park 14 trees torn up by the roots and many were splintered.

1810, Jan. 20. Mr Hitchings, the wagoner, was killed with [by] the wagon near Tetbury, at 7 o'clock at night, aged 29.

1810, April 9. Sir Francis Burdett was put in Tower at one o'clock in the day.

1810. Nov. 2. Princess Amelia died, aged 27.
Nov. 13. The Princess was buried at Windsor.

1811, Jan. 28. Sir John Dutton and Sir William Guise began polling for the county election at Gloucester, Sir John Dutton gave it up Feb. 7, and Sir William Guise was carried [elected] on the eighth of February. Sir William Guise got 4 hundred and eighty-one votes majority.

Mr Jenner, no doubt occupied the premises in Dyer Street, now converted to other uses and occupied by Mr G. Martin and Mrs Claridge, where Messrs Moulder and Orum were the last to carry on a grocery, provision, and tallow chandling trade, including the manufacture of their own candles. The soap boiling had gone before their time. " The Duke of Manchester's funeral " is a little puzzling, for no Duke of Manchester died about the date mentioned, and Mr Evans has either entered the name incorrectly, or his writing has been wrongly interpreted. The allusion to Captain Barclay's walk is interesting. Barclay for a wager, on which many hundreds of pounds depended, undertook to walk 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, each mile in each hour in forty-two days and nights less eight hours. He accomplished his task, finishing on July 10, 1809. The Gloucestershire election of 1811 was a notable one for, in a ledger lent by Mr Evans we find under date Oct. 18, 1813, a record of a royal visit of which a Cirencester man says he does not recollect seeing any previous mention. Here it is:

> 1813, Oct. 18. The King of France, Louis the 18th arrived at the King's Head, Cirencester, and lay one night. Set off on the 19th for the road to Bath.

Louis XVIII succeeded to the regal title June 1795, and lived in England during the Napoleonic usurpation, October, 1807 to April, 1814. As his seat was in Buckinghamshire, and he also had a house at 72 Pultney Street, Bath, his passing through Cirencester on the way to Bath is obviously explained. Several items follow that do not call for comment:

> 1814, July 28. Very violent thunder storm at Cirencester. A fire ball penetrated into the house of Mr Mountain on Cecily Hill. It forced its way through three rooms, split two bedstead [and] a mahogany table. Broke the windows of all the cabs.
>
> 1814, Sept. 24. Young Mr Brown, a book-keeper at Mr Master's was found dead in the street between the hours of four and five in the morning.
>
> 1812, July 6. Monday evening between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock some persons set fire to Mr Pitt's wheat rick by the Salutation, and it was burnt down. Not any could be saved.

1815, May 4. Joseph Winstone's son was thrown off Mr Bowly's horse and dreadfully kicked [about the] head, and died May 17.

1815, May 15. Joseph Parsons, the collar maker died, aged 44.

1815, May 18. Mr Webb's wife died, the stocking weaver.

1815, May 19. Mr Stratford (carter) was killed with one of Earl Bathurst's wagons. He was killed on the spot.

1815. Mr Whitbread shot himself.

1815, July 29. Mr Hall died, the land surveyor and Steward to Earl Bathurst, about two o'clock in the morning, aged 43.

1815, Oct. 13. Young Mr Sutton, of Sandy Lane, was found drowned in a pool about one mile from their own house. He was missing from Tuesday to the Friday following.

1815, Oct. 13. John Pearce, the mason, in Cricklade Street, fell down in Sheep Street Lane and hurt himself, and died October 14.

1815, Nov. 13. The frost began.

1816, Jan. 24. John Bathurst died, the brother of Earl Bathurst, was buried at Saint James's Church, London.

1816, Oct. 10. Mrs Hall died, the wife of Mr Hall, Lord Bathurst's steward desecd [deceased] aged 39.

1816, Oct. 22. Mrs Cherrington died, aged 92.

1816, Dec. 13. Mr Timothy Stevens died, the Sexton of this Parish, aged 75.

1816, Dec. 17. Clarke Miles died, aged 68.

1816, Dec. 26. Mr Charles Parson, window peeper, died, aged 62 years.

1817, William Self, Esq., died

1817, Jan. 14. Richard Self, Esq., died January 14, aged 68.

1817, Jan. 26. Ann Cooper hung herself January 26. Late servant to Mr Gibbs, tallow merchant.

1817, April 3. Mrs Joseph Cripps died, aged 42. The wife of Joseph Cripps, banker.

1817, Apl. 5. Miss Masters died, aged 71, a sister to Esq. Masters of Cirencester.

1818, June 17. Lord Apsley and Mr Cripps and Mr Richard Cresswell began polling. After polling five hours Mr Cresswell gave it up in favour of Lord Apsley, majority 435, Mr Cripps 434.

1820, Jan. 26. A small flood at Cirencester.

1820, Jan. 29. King George the Third died, 35 minutes past 8 o'clock in the afternoon and was buried Ash Wednesday, Feb. 16, at Windsor.

1820, Feb. 3. Proclamation was read in the Market Place by Mr Reavs [? Bevir] to proclaim the Prince Regent to reign as king.

1820, May 14. Lord Apsley Bathurst and Mr Joseph Cripps, sen. were [chosen as candidates for] Cirencester Election with no opposition.

1821, Nov. 14. Mrs Dowager Chupp [query Chubb] died.

1822, Feb. 5. Mrs Larner, the wife of Thomas Larner, at Lord Bathurst's. She was married on the 4th of January and died on the 5th of January.

1822, May 8. Two men belonging to Mr Budd's wagon were found dead almost at about 12 o'clock of night. Supposed to have been murdered. James Ludlow and a man same size.

1823, Jan. 9. Sudden thaw and flood 9 of Jany. and threw down 7 lug of railing belonging to Mr Masters.

1823, May 7. Mr William Hill, coal merchant, dropped down dead in his own house, May 7.

1823, Oct. 30. Terrible high wind. It blew down 6 hundred trees in Lord Bathurst's Park, and blew down a great many more in different parts.

1826, June 10. Lord Apsley and Joseph Cripps were elected. No opposition.

1827, Mr Payne in the Beeches were found in the Malthouse.

1827. Webster robbed his Master, Mr Jones, at Ewen, of all the plate, and was hanged August 14.

1827, Dec. 4. Mr Hoare's house was burned down in the morning.

1827. Robert Webster, who was executed at Salisbury on Tuesday, August 14, for robbing his master, one Rev. John Price Jones at Kemble, Wilts, whom he was butler to.

1831, Mar. 27. Mark Musty, of Siddington, was found drowned in the river agoing home from Cirencester.

1831, Mar. 28. Coach broke down between 2 and 3 miles from Cirencester on the Gloucester Road, with 18 passengers; 16 out of the 18 were hurt severely. Man died before [he] could be brought to Cirencester, as had been on a trial to Hereford, concerning Saint John's bridge at Leachlade. Captain Bradstock and family were in the Coach.

Only a few notes are necessary on the foregoing. The thunderstorm of July 28, 1814, was especially marked by old Mr Evans, as it broke the windows of all his cabs. The " Salutation " mentioned on July 6, 1812, was situated in Cricklade Street, and was afterwards called " The Fox," the premises being now occupied as a private residence by Mrs Raymond Smith. Mr Parsons, the collar maker, who died May 14, 1815, carried on business in the premises now converted into Messrs W. G. Bridges's garage in Castle Street. Mr Timothy Stevens, whose death is recorded in 1816, has a tablet to his memory in the north aisle of the Parish Church, on which he is described as " for more than forty years Vestry Clerk of this Parish." The *Cirencester Gleaner* for 1816 also records Mr Stevens's death: " at his house in Park Street in this town, universally respected, aged 75." " Mr Hoare's house," burnt on Dec. 4, 1827, was Siddington House, the present residence of Mr Christopher Bowly, having been built on the site of the one destroyed. Surviving descendants of Mr Hoare, still resident in Cirencester, have in their possession some watches and china which went through the fire. Captain Bradstock, mentioned in connection with the coach accident of March 28, 1831, was highways' surveyor for the Cirencester district, and planted the row of trees on the field side of Siddington road. He resided at Oxford House.

A gentleman reminds me that before the late Mr George Evans started his stud of donkeys, he was the proprietor of one or two more sedan chairs, and after that started a " manfly "—a covered vehicle which relied on manual propulsion. The same gentleman again tells us that his mother had a vivid memory of going out to an evening party in Mr Evan's sedan chair.

In referring to an old book I find a reference to the fact that Evelyn, writing at Naples on February 8, 1645, in describing the gay appearance of the city and its inhabitants adds:

> The streets are full of gallants on horseback, in coaches and sedans, which last he tells us were from hence brought first into England by Sir Sanders Duncomb.

It would appear that Sir Sanders introduced this conveyance into England in 1634. It is thus, in regard to its starting in England, very nearly contemporaneous with the hackney coach which dates from 1625. Not inconsistent, however, with this statement of the general use of sedans may be another, given on good authority, that one such conveyance had previously been used by the favourite, Buckingham, much to the disgust of the people who exclaimed that he was employing his fellow creatures to do the service of beasts. In any community where elegant life was cultivated, the sedan was sure of favour, being a very handy and pleasant means of getting carried from one's home either to a private or a public entertainment. In the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century, when the style of dress was highly refined, and the least derangement to the hair of either lady, or gentleman with his silk clothes and nicely arranged toupee and curls, was sedulously avoided, those of masculine sex were as fain to take advantage of this careful casing as they went from house to house, as any of the softer sex. The nobility, and other wealthy persons, used to keep their own sedans, and have them very handsomely decorated. They stood in the lobby of the town mansion, ready to be used when required. It must have been a fine sight to see several gilt sedans passing along, with a set of ladies and gentlemen of one family, through the west end streets of London, attended by link boys, and being, one by one, ushered into some luxurious mansion, where company was received for the evening. When the whole party had been duly delivered the link boys thrust their flambeau into the trumpet-like extinguishers, which were attached to each aristocratic door-cheek in the metropolis, and withdrew till the appointed time when their services were required for returning home. Now there is no such thing in London as a

private sedan; and within the last few years the use of public ones has nearly, if not entirely, ceased, as well as in Gloucestershire and other parts of England. Thank goodness sedan chairs are past and gone, because men and women are wiser to-day and the times much improved in this direction; but it is interesting to know some of the old traditions, and there is one, for instance, that I will describe in the next chapter.

It may be of interest to mention that a "Gloucestershire Society in London" of a philanthropic character was established in 1757, and that this society held its annual dinner at the "Freemason's Tavern," Long Acre, which stood on the site of the Connaught Road, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, W.C. This society appears to have been disbanded in 1817, and at that time H.R.H. William, Duke of Gloucestershire, was patron, and his Grace the Duke of Beaufort was president.

Well I am indeed very pleased to say that a new "Gloucestershire Society in London" was founded on January 16, 1912; the preliminary meeting being held at the Albert Hotel, Paddington, the attendance being only twenty-five. Mr F. W. Bridgewater was appointed chairman and Mr Gilbert H. Holmes, the Hon. Secretary.

The first general meeting was held on February 15, in the Connaught Rooms; attendance, eighty. Mr Bridgewater was again Chairman. Earl Beauchamp, P.C., K.C.M.G. (Lord Lieutenant of Gloucestershire) elected President of the society and the committee was also elected.

The society was formerly inaugurated on April 23 (St. George's Day), when a reception was held in the Connaught Rooms, by the Earl and Countess Beauchamp, who extended a warm welcome to the company which numbered close upon 250.

Come one, come all,
To be merry and bright,
To keep up the History,
Literature, Music and Art,
Also Antiquities.
Of the Home County when in London,
And the old traditions,
Established by our forefathers,
Of good old Gloucestershire.

Never let the Society go backwards,
  Keep in touch with everything,
Show true fellowship and friendship,
  To every one we come in contact with.
Extend thy hand, and be a good comrade,
  For good comradeship leads the way,
The way to be honourable and true,
  And loyal to the Home County.

CAM.

It is interesting to note that the second social gathering of the society was held in London, on June 14, 1912, when about one hundred were present. The evening was devoted to music, etc., interspersed with a few friendly hands of whist, for which certain prizes were given and I am told that the following were offered, viz., first prize, *Memorials of Old Gloucestershire*, published by the Revd. P. H. Ditchfield, and dedicated to Lord Beauchamp (presented by one of the vice-presidents, in Mr Joseph Shaylor); second, *The Flower of Gloucester*, by E. Temple Thurston (presented by the author), a most entrancing tale, descriptive of an unconventional " voyage " by barge from Oxford to Inglesham, via Cropredy, Tewkesbury, Gloucester, Stroud, and the " Golden Valley "; third, *Gloucester in National History*, by that well-known authority on county history, Mr F. A. Hyett, J.P., of Painswick (presented by the author); fourth, *A Cotswold Village* (Gibbs, J. A.), and fifth, *Malvern Chase* (Symonds), Mr F. C. Southwood presenting the last two. We are told that the scoring was exceedingly good and close, no less than three tying with ninety points each for the coveted first prize, followed by the next highest with eighty-eight. The two ladies " cut " to determine who should take first prize and this was secured by Miss Willett (formerly of Cheltenham), Miss E. Lane (formerly of Gloucester) taking the ladies' second prize ; then Mr S. Greensweig (formerly of Stroud) took the gentleman's first prize and Mr Gilbert Holmes the second; while the " consolation " (fifth) prize was awarded to Miss Alsie Moss (formerly of Gloucester).

Mrs Henry King distributed the prizes, after which Mr Holmes thanked the donors of the prizes, the vote of thanks being carried by acclamation. Also it is interesting to men-

tion that, acting on a suggestion made by one of the prize-winners, the recipients of the books have expressed their willingness to offer them as the nucleus of a circulating library between the members of the society.

Then came the musical portion, which was in the capable hands of Mr Lionel Milnes, and the following artistes assisted: Miss Winnie Smith, elocutionist (who gave a fine rendering of "Lasea"), Miss Dolare (who was seen to great advantage in "Sincerity" and "The Rosary"), Mrs P. Greensweig ("My Dear Soul"), Mr G. P. Blizard ("The Ballymoney Conversazione"), and Mr Ernest George (whose fine baritone voice was admirably suited for "The Sergeant of the Line" and "She is far from the Land.") Miss Daisy Hinder and Mr Wilfrid Liddiatt displayed considerable histrionic ability in that well-known farce, "A Pair of Lunatics."

When Mr T. Blizard, of Stow-on-the-Wold, proposed a vote of thanks, he remarked that he claimed to be the oldest Gloucestershire man present that evening. Mr Courts Smith seconded the vote of thanks to the artists. "Auld Lang Syne" and the "National Anthem" brought the pleasant evening to a close. The membership is now close on 300, the latest members to be enrolled being two from Ceylon across the "Overseas."

Having referred to many places in Gloucestershire, the following account about its coat of arms would, I think, be interesting, so here are some notes that have been kindly given me for inclusion in this chapter.

> The three red chevrons on a gold field were the arms of the Clares, Earls of Gloucester, and, according to Newton, were adopted by a Prior of St. Oswald's Monastery, with the addition of ten torteaux, after a visit to the Holy Land. Torteaux are supposed to represent the small round cakes or chupatties, still used in the East. The City of Gloucester afterwards adopted these arms, and were granted a crest and supporters by Charles II in recognition of the loyalty of the city.
>
> The Clares were a family of whom the county has every reason to be proud, famous in war, munificent benefactors to the Church, and strenuous upholders of

English liberty. One of the family was one of twenty-five Barons appointed to see the provisions of Magna Charta carried out, another was the famous Strongbow, conqueror of Ireland. Another, Roger de Clare, having been granted by Henry II all the land in Wales which he could win, marched into Cardiganshire, where he acquired vast territories. Gilbert de Clare, in 1289, married Joan of Acre, daughter of Edward I, this lady survived him, and married Ralph de Monthermer " a plain esquire," to the great disgust of the King, who, however, subsequently forgave him. Ralph de Monthermer was apparently in command of the Clare's Gloucestershire vassels at the siege of Cariaverack in 1300, as he carried the Clare banner there instead of his own eagle. The chronicler mentions that he endured great sufferings for the Countess of Gloucester, and that he had a banner " of pure gold with three red chevrons, yet he made no bad appearance when attired in his own arms, which were yellow with a green eagle." This Ralph was taken prisoner at Bannockburn, where his stepson Gilbert, the last Earl of the name, was killed.

Considering the fact that this family has been extinct since 1313, it is extraordinary how many memorials of them survive. Perhaps the most noteworthy are the chevrons worn on the gowns of members of Clare College, Cambridge, and borne on the arms of the College.

Their arms are to be seen in Gloucester and Bristol Cathedrals and in Tewkesbury Abbey, and in the following churches near Cirencester: Fairford, Kempsford, and Coln St. Aldwyn. Within memory they were in the east window of Ampney Crucis Church but have unfortunately disappeared.

The Manors of Coates, Arlington, Eastleach, Turville, Fairford, Southrop, Andoversford, North Cerney, Camsden and Rendcombe, in this neighbourhood were once Clares property. The Langleys originally held Siddington of the Clares. Tintern was Clares'.

It should certainly interest our Cotswold friends to learn something about that ancient family of many centuries ago.

L

Here is another account I came across the other day, in which it says " Gilbert le Clare was created Earl of Clare and dying in 1152, was succeeded by his son, Richard, called FitzGilbert the second son of Gilbert, created Earl of Pembroke, who was called Strongbow.

# CHAPTER XI

## THE DEATH OF AN OLD TRADITION

When great Eliza rul'd this state,
On English hearts she plac'd her throne
And in their happiness fate.

JOHN G. COOPER, *The Genius of Britain.*

IN the Parish Church of Avening, in Gloucestershire, stands, against the east wall of the north aisle, a monument erected to the memory of Henry Bridges, described as son of John, Lord Chandos, Baron of Sheudley, and as having died in 1615. The monument is of the handsome style then in vogue, and on it the said Henry Bridges is depicted in full relief, before a prie-dieu, where for his

sins he doth atone
By saying endless prayers in stone.

According to local traditions he had many to atone for, as he is said to have been a highwayman. This tradition has gone forth, and some months ago an illustrated magazine published a picture of the monument, saying that it was the only monument in England erected to a highwayman, though I believe that the same magazine did not publish any illustration of the door in the farmhouse, near by, where he is said to have lived. This door is still shown to the credulous as being the one on which he kept tally of his victims, by cutting a notch in it every time he killed a man, but has evidently at some time been covered with plaster, and the notches were made in order to give the plaster something to take hold of.

The other day a learned society visited the church, and one of their members gave quite a long dissertation on how Henry Bridges only robbed the rich to give to the poor, but where the speaker got his ideas from, goodness only knows. " And so the wonder grew."

Of course, there is an origin to the tradition, and it is very interesting to review the facts known about the man, and from them it will not be hard to see why tradition has turned

him into a highwayman while we are certain that he was a man of property and position. Not only was he, according to Atkyns (second edition, 1768), Lord of the Manor of Avening in fifth James I, but we know that he had no less than twelve servants, capable of bearing arms, in the parish in the year following, 1608, and the list of them is headed by that of John King, described as "gent."

If we go back to a few years before that time, we find that England was at war with Spain, and the very clever Queen Elizabeth had devised a means of considerably damaging the trade of her enemy by issuing letters of marque to all and sundry who would privately take up the war on her behalf by fitting out privateers. This must have been a very profitable way of making money, as ships were built on purpose, and we find that in the year 1594, three of the ships built in London for that purpose were called the " Salamander," the " Mary Anne," and the " Ruby." What happened to the two latter I do not know, but in the year of Elizabeth, 33, Henry Bridges owned the " Salamander," and another ship called the " Mary Grace," which were then privateering off the coast of Spain, with John Kirkham and Thomas Mayde respectively as captains.

Amongst the ships taken was one called the " Whalefishe," and whether Kirkham and Mayde knew before they captured her that she came from Copenhagen I cannot say, but they helped themselves to the cargo of eighty lasts of salt, valued at thirty pounds, some French flax for making sails, and other things, including ninety pounds in Spanish rialls. Severin Severinson, described as " the guardian under God, and captain of the Danish ship called the ' Whalefishe,' " seems to have made his way back to Elsinor, where he lived, and put the law in force not only against the two captains but against Henry Bridges, the owner of the ships. The case eventually came on for hearing in the High Court of the Admiral, and some punishment was ordered, but the only record that we have is the pardon granted in 1611 to Henry Bridges for his share in supplying food, gunpowder, pikes, darts, and other weapons of a warlike nature, to the ships and for selling the plunder. This pardon is still extant in the Record Office, and ends up by saying that Henry Bridges is bound over to keep the peace of Parliament of 10 Edward III.

Such being the known facts, is there any difficulty in seeing how, in a village, miles from the sea, Henry Bridges has been called a highwayman, when as a matter of fact he was one of those who helped to found our Navy, long before the Declaration of London was ever thought of.

Not far from Avening is the little Cotswold town of Stroud which this year had a pageant, and an account of which I will now give from various notes given to me at different times.

## CHAPTER XII

### HISTORICAL PAGEANT OF PROGRESS

What pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!

ADDISON.

THE good old folks of Stroud may be said, in their latest venture, to have adopted *Sero sed serio* as their motto, for if they entered on their pageantry somewhat "late," they certainly did so very "seriously." Further, they had the courage to postpone, to the early days of September, the production of an outdoor spectacle, lasting between three and four hours, which most people, we fancy, would have thought it necessary to allot a date somewhat earlier in the season. But the organizers were fortunate enough to hit on a recrudescence of our present phenomenal summer, or short spell of broken weather being followed by a return of brilliant sunshine, tempered by refreshing breezes which had the effect of moderating the intense heat of the earlier part of the year.

It was, perhaps, a little unfortunate—seeing that the recreation of national and local history was the project in hand—that the affair should have taken on a party-political tinge; but this we are assured was more by accident than design. At first, nothing more elaborate was contemplated than a lawn display illustrative of the industrial progress of the district; but the scope of the undertaking gradually widened till greatly extended co-operation was found to be essential; and as the organizers of the movement chanced to be Liberals in politics, they appealed to the various branches of the Mid-Gloucestershire Liberal Association, the suggestion being made that funds might be realized for assisting in defraying the party registration expenses in the Stroud division. We mention these facts in no sense in the spirit of reproof—for we still live in a free country, and can, therefore, do as we please in these matters—but merely by way of explanation of a situation which might otherwise strike the uninitiated as curious. The party lines was not, however, drawn with rigid

exclusiveness, and the vast company of ten or twelve hundred performers included many from the opposite political camp, whose help was cordially welcomed, while the large and delighted concourse that thronged the pageant ground in Fromehall Park on the Saturday, at the opening performance, represented all classes and opinions. It should be added that the pronounced success achieved was followed by another performance, and that the proceeds were all given to local charities.

We have said that the venture proved a "pronounced success," and this is all the more gratifying seeing that it was the result, almost exclusively, of local effort. It is true that the pageant was produced under the experienced direction of Miss Mary E. Cull, who brought with her considerable metropolitan fame, gained in similar concerns; but, with this exception, Stroud compiled its history and undertook its representation practically without external aid, and is entitled to plume itself on the achievement—though, of course, the name "Stroud," is used not in a merely parochial sense, but as standing for the populous district of which the town is the capital and centre. A brief list of those mainly responsible for the various departments of activity will bring this fact home. And first it must be noted that Mr Frank Gwynne Evans not only carried out the general secretarial duties, but also wrote a really admirable "book" of nearly fifty quarto pages, his verse, in the heroic couplet form, accommodating itself with ease and naturalness to the varying periods treated of, and producing a vivid reconstruction of "episodes" which extended over a round couple of thousand years or so of our "rough island story." The incidental lyrics, too, were brightly and crisply written. Nor was the matter of the book less praiseworthy than its manner. Occasionally, it is true, one scented a faint odour of the modern social problem, or of topical political controversy, in the unfolding of bygone events and contests; but on the whole Mr Gwynne Evans allowed his licence as a poet only very occasional play at the expense of his impartiality as an historian. The episodes were also so planned as to deal more fully with the lives and deeds of the common people than pageants have usually done, and, therefore, they were, to that extent, the more realistic and instructive. For, after all, the ploughshare and the shepherd's

crook, and the looms, have had at least as much to do with Britain's progress and prosperity as the battle-axe and cross-bow or even the repeating rifle.

The music too, was of local origin, the various numbers being composed by Mr W. E. Butland, the Rev. C. A. Davis, Mr E. A. Dicks, F.R.C.O., Mr John Jacob (who was also the musical director), Mrs W. Thompson, and Mr S. W. Underwood, F.R.C.O. As regards the music, we may say at once that, though some of the more simple melodies and the unaccompanied numbers were quite effective, others were hardly so successful, the distribution of the vocalists over the wide expanse of the arena producing an occasional misunderstanding with the instrumentalists which recalled the unconscious musical criticism of the Psalmist—" The singers go before, the minstrels follow after."

Mr Maxwell Armfield's artistic gifts were a distinct asset in the production of a scheme of colour that was thoroughly pleasing and effective throughout and the general costume committee, under the presidency of Lady Apperly, triumphantly surmounted the arduous task of dressing the various episodes in a manner that combined taste with historical accuracy, Miss Seymour Keay being an indefatigable mistress of the robes. Mrs Armfield (Miss Constance Smedley) also gave valuable help. The multifarious duties of " master of the pageant ground " were royally carried out by Mr Charles Apperly, while Sir Alfred Apperly, as chairman and treasurer of the general committee, was the source and centre of enthusiasm, encouragement, and business inspiration, and it was a keen disappointment to him that he was called on by the Government to take his departure for Turin, to act as British adjudicator at the International Exhibition there, on the very day before the consummation of a project to the carrying out of which he had looked forward for several months.

Fromehall Park formed an ideal pageant ground, picturesquely situated in the valley of the Frome, protected by the heights of Rodborough and Selsley with the escarpment of the Cotswolds—the historic ground which figured so largely in Mr Gwynne Evans's text—stretching away in the distance. The auditors and spectators filled the grand stands, and fringed the huge ring several deep, among those present being Mr W. D. Howells, the distinguished American novelist, who

was a member of Lady Apperly's house party. It should be explained that the dramatis personæ of each of the episodes were provided by a particular district or group of contiguous villages, an arrangement which greatly facilitated the work of training and rehearsing, and every scene had its distinct stage manager. The whole thing went admirably, with scarcely a hitch, and though it would not be fair to compare the Stroud pageant with those more elaborate undertakings which entailed an expenditure of many hundreds of pounds in their production, it may claim to hold its own, with the best, as a spirited and picturesque portrayal of local scenes in our national history. The expenses incurred will, we believe, be covered by the modest sum of £80 or £90, this being due to the fact that the whole of the dresses were provided by gratuitous and voluntary effort.

The prologue and epilogue were well delivered by Miss Dickinson, as " The Spirit of Progress," whose effigy, mounted on a charger and waving a lighted torch aloft, adorned the cover of the book of words.

The first episode " Britons and Romans, *circa* A.D. 45," was stage-managed by Mr M. G. Cartwright, and represented the supplanting of British barbarism by Roman civilization, a process which elicited from the Arch-Druid a lament having a rather humorously modern ring about it:

> Alas: what evil days do I foresee,
> What times of license and wild anarchy,
> If thus society's old bonds are loosed,
> And needless change is rashly introduced.

The scene was well worked out, the British and Roman companies affording an effective contrast.

Moving on a thousand years or so, we come to Anglo-Saxon times, and find the Nuns of Berkeley evicted from their Convent by Earl Godwin (*circa* A.D. 1050), and reparation made to them in the granting of the Manor of Woodchester through the pious offices of Countess Gytha who found a capable exponent in Mrs Gwynne Evans, as did the Abbess of Berkeley in Miss H. Langley-Smith. Mr H. Payne was the stage manager, and the scene was among the best of the series, the groups of children dressed in rose and green making a very pretty picture.

The Norman scene (stage manager, Rev. Arthur Haig), "The King's Commissioners preparing Domesday Book, A.D. 1086," was very fitly introduced, seeing that the Conqueror decreed this great work while at the neighbouring City of Gloucester, and it was excellently presented, the costumes of olive green, yellow, and pink combining to produce a bright and harmonious scheme of colour. Mr Lister, as Remegius, Bishop of Lincoln, the King's Chief Commissioner, spoke his lines admirably, and the other characters, together with the groups of barons, freemen, priests, bailiffs, villeins, etc., were adequately presented. King William was, no doubt, a monarch as capable as he was powerful, and his suppression of the Bristol slave trade (introduced as a finale to the scene) is to be accounted unto him for righteousness. But he would probably be agreeably surprised to find himself commemorated as a sovereign anxious to promote social equality and reform, and his Domesday championed on the lines of modern Budget apologists, as thus:

> Oft hath complaint to him of late been made
> How that the taxes proper to be paid
> Are by his subjects borne unequally,
> And sometimes may a wealthy man go free,
> While a poor man must pay too large a toll.
>
> If any murmur, 'tis because before
> They paid too little, and must now pay more.

I was under the impression that the King's chief anxiety was to see that none escaped the meshes of his tax-gatherer's net, rather than to arrange readjustments, or remissions, of that official's imposts.

Of still stronger local flavour, as introducing the West Country cloth trade, was the episode in which (*circa* A.D. 1031) Edward III was represented as bringing over the Flemish weavers to instruct their Gloucestershire brethren in the manufacture of Cotswold wool, produced in such abundance on the adjacent hills, and yet exported abroad to find work and wealth for the foreigner, because, as the King caustically reminded his Stroud Valley subjects:

> how most fitly to prepare it
> Ye know as little as the sheep who wear it.

This was a realistic scene, shepherds with a flock of sheep, " of the famous Cotswold breed," being utilized to typify the raw material—the Cotswold sheep were apparently a black-faced race in the fourteenth century—and a train of pack-horses carrying bales for shipment to Flanders by way of illustrating its misapplication. Mr F. A. Webster was the stage manager, and Mr J. H. Smart impersonated the King.

A rapid transit of close on two hundred years brought us to the " spacious days " of Queen Elizabeth, without whom no pageant would be complete. Her Virgin Majesty, gracefully as well as right royally represented by Miss Seymour Keay, was seen when being loyally and dutifully welcomed by the Head of the Weavers' Guild, Mr Charles Apperly, at whose hands she graciously received a roll of the famous scarlet cloth, produced in the district with the aid of the peculiar qualities of the little stream threading its way through the winding valley whose waters are a valuable adjunct to the dyer's art. By way of contrast to the lively gaiety of the scene, the Queen was also shown greeting a party of Huguenot refugees, having Mr W. Thompson as their spokesman, with an assurance of British protection and toleration. The whole scene was animated and picturesque, the tuneful melodies and the children's pretty Morris dances adding much to the general effect. Mr M. O. Phipps was the stage manager.

The sixth episode, stage-managed by Mr E. Rogers, carried us along another hundred years, to the eve of the Restoration, A.D. 1660; with Colonel Massey representing in Parliament the City of Gloucester which he held so stoutly against the King, and Sir Matthew Hale, elected for the county, both advocating the recall of Charles II, their appeal to the rival Royalist and Puritan factions to compose their differences in the cause of national peace, being powerfully supported by Lady Hale (Miss Kirkland).

Still another century passes, and we find our Farmer King, George III, and his thrifty Queen, Charlotte, among their Gloucestershire subjects, with Robert Raikes and Mrs Siddons each playing their widely different parts. The scene was a sprightly one, stage-managed by Mr John Jacob, Mr M. G. Cartwright impersonating George III with much suggestive humour.

The eighth episode, with Mr F. Davis as stage manager

aimed at a reproduction of the Corn Law riots, and the jubilation attending the opening of the free trade era.

This led on the "final rally" entitled "Present Day Progress," the implied suggestion being, of course, that of cause and effect, and under the circumstances it would perhaps be unkind to remark on the absence of any reference to the raising of food prices, with railway and dockers' strikes, and other manifestations of labour unrest and general discontent. Such unpleasant symptoms were naturally thought out of place in tableaux depicting "Prosperity, Joy, Peace," with the local industries boasting of their flourishing condition. But though "The Spirit of Progress," summing up the whole matter by way of epilogue, saw in "the busy mill to-day, no symptoms of decay," she recognized that there was still something left for future generations to achieve.

> Yet much remains for us and all to do
> If to our greatness we would still be true,
> Ah, if this staff I carry in my hand
> Had but the power of an enchanter's wand,
> Straight would I wave it, and no more you'd see
> Crime, or disease, or want, or misery;
> War should be banished, with all sin and pain,
> And virtue, peace and happiness should reign.
> Alas: old ills are harder to remove,
> Nor wishing only can our lot improve;
> But every good whereunto we aspire,
> And each high object of our heart's desire
> Must by endeavour of our own be sought,
> And in the dust and heat alone is wrought.

The sentiment is unexceptionable, and fittingly closed a thoroughly impressive spectacle.

# CHAPTER XIII

## ROLLS OF HONOUR

GREATNESS OF ENGLAND

O England, model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural.

SHAKESPEARE.

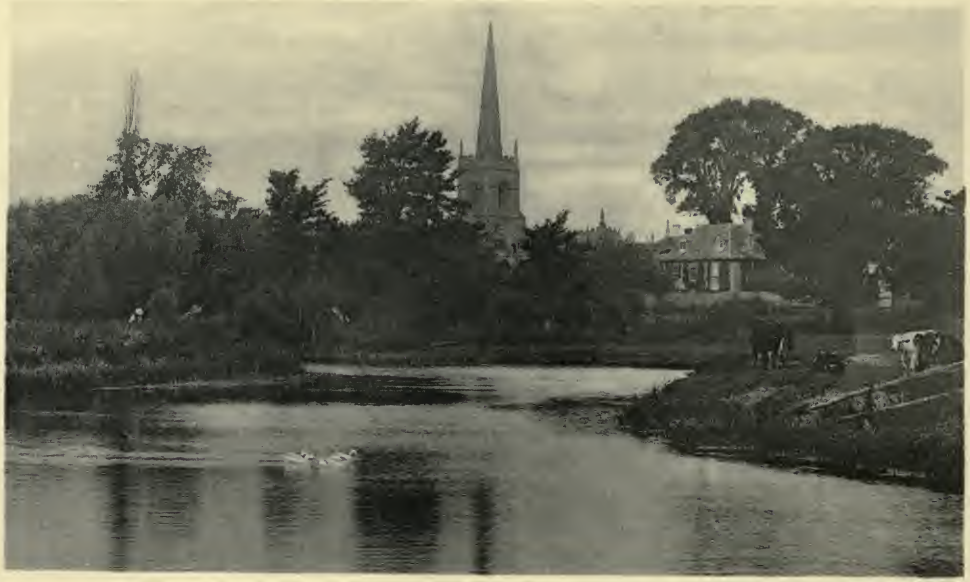
IT is certainly quite true that progress in life earns a good character to the person who aims at doing good service to his employer, and shows long service of many years standing; and here is an example of a gentleman whom I knew very well, Mr F. W. Coole, who, unfortunately, was called away to his rest in October, 1911, and of whom the following item in the local paper bears testimony to the good service he had done in his life time:

> DEATH OF MR F. W. COOLE.—The death on Monday night of Mr Frederick William Coole, of South Cerney, in his ninety-second year, removes one of the oldest inhabitants of the district, and one who for many years was a familiar figure in Cirencester. Although during the later portion of his life, Mr Coole, has devoted himself to agricultural pursuits in his native village, as a young man and until he was approaching man's allotted span, his chief occupation was that of clerk in the office of the late Mr Charles Lawrence, being successively employed by Mr Lawrence's successors in the practice, viz.: Mr Charles William Lawrence, Messrs Haygarth and Lawrence, and Mr Haygarth himself, and it may be noted as an interesting fact that the engrossed copy of the charter of the Royal Agricultural College dated 1845, and, therefore, now sixty-six years old, is in Mr Coole's writing.

About the same time the Lechlade and V.W.H. Agricultural Society which, for the past twenty-three years, has done a good and useful work in promoting the breeding of agricultural

horses, hunters, polo ponies, etc., has this year added to its scheme of operations various competitions for agricultural labourers; including ploughing, rick building, rick thatching, hedging and ditching, and have also provided prizes for long service—a class for men over thirty-five years of age, and another for men under that age. The idea of starting these competitions originated with Major H. G. Henderson, M.P. for North Berks, who has been President of the Society for several years. It was willingly taken up by the Committee, who, with the energetic secretary, Mr W. Arkell, of Warren's Cross, Lechlade, have worked hard to give the scheme a good start. The society allocated a certain amount from its general funds for the prize list, and subscriptions were given by gentlemen in the Old Berks V.W.H. and neighbouring hunts, including substantial cheques from Major Henderson, Mr Joicey, Mr Gouldsmith, etc. The schedule arranged by the Committee included six classes for ploughing competitions, and these brought a good number of competitors, one class having no less than sixteen. In the others, the entries were rather disappointing, there being no entry at all in two of them, for men under eighteen years of age. This may be attributed to shyness, and want of confidence, in what was a new kind of competition in this district, and it is hoped that in another year the young men will come forward and try their skill with the older ones. In the rick building competition there were ten entries, and some excellent work was done. The class for rick thatching was a great success. There were sixteen competitors, and the judges informed Mr Arkell that the work done by one of the men, Alfred Hambridge, of Kelmscott, working for Mr F. J. Eavis, was the best they had ever seen, and they were able to give him full marks.

That good feeling still exists between employers and employed in many districts was manifested by the fact that in the long service class, for men over thirty-five years of age, there were eighteen entries, and the first prize winner was able to boast of sixty-one years' service on the same farm—Mr T. Mace's of Eastleach, while there were many of sixty, fifty, and forty years' service. The initial effort on the part of the committee was encouraging, and no doubt the step taken is the right one. Interest in the competitions will increase and the result will be beneficial all round.



*From Photo by G. A. Davis, Lechlade*

ON THE RIVER THAMES

*To face p.* 158.

With regard to the ploughing, which took place on Friday, the 6 inst., in a field in the occupation of Major Henderson, at Kiremore, Faringdon, some of the work done was very meritorious. The soil, stone brash, was not suitable for the best results, and clover ley would probably have been better to work on than stubble; but as before stated the work was very satisfactory.

The Committee, and Mr Arkell, the secretary who received great assistance from Mr F. R. Jackson (Faringdon), the energetic secretary of the Abingdon Agricultural Society, are to be congratulated on the success of their first effort in this direction, and it is hoped that the competitions will be continued in future years.

The following is a list of the competitions, with

## AWARD OF PRIZES, 1911

### Ploughing

Judges: Mr F. W. Rudgard, Hints, Lichfield and Mr C. G. Bicknell, Cowage, Calne. Stewards: Messrs W. Crosland, A. Dore, F. Eavis, T. Freer Meade, E. Hobbs, R. W. Hobbs, F. R. Jackson, and S. Reading.

Class 1. Ploughing with any plough. (Men eighteen years of age and over.) To plough with a pair of horses and reins, half an acre of ground, not more than four inches in depth, within four hours. First prize, £1 10s.; second prize, £1; third prize, 10s. Sixteen entries: 1. W. Goatley, Fernham, Faringdon (Messrs. G. Adams and Sons); 2. T. Moulding, Little Faringdon, Lechlade (Messrs. R. W. Hobbs and Sons, Little Faringdon); 3, Charles Bennett, Stanford, Faringdon (Mr George A. Lee); 4. Harry Maycock, Barcote, Faringdon (Mr A. T. West, Barcote); v.h.c. C. Baxter, Shrivenham (Mr J. H. Wilson, Bishopstone); h.c., G. Lanfear, Oriel Cottages, Faringdon (Messrs G. Adams and Sons); c., John Rivers, Stanford, Faringdon (Mr George A. Lee).

Class 2. Ploughing with any plough. (Men under eighteen years of age.) No entry.

Class 3. Ploughing with any plough. (Men eighteen years of age and over.) To plough with three horses, in length or

triangular, with boy to drive (boy under sixteen years of age), half an acre of ground, not more than five inches deep, within four hours. First prize, £1 5s.; second, 15s.; third, 10s. One entry: 2, H. Moulding, Little Faringdon, Lechlade (Messrs. R. W. Hobbs and Sons, Little Faringdon); driver's prize of 2s. 6d. George New.

Class 4. Ploughing with any plough. (Men under eighteen years of age.) Same conditions as Class 3. No entry.

Class 5. Ploughing with double-furrow plough. To plough with three horses abreast, driven with reins, three-quarters of an acre of ground, not more than four inches in depth, within four hours. First prize, £1 10s.; second prize, £1; third prize, 10s. Four entries: two competed. 1. Bert Adams, Langford, Lechlade (Messrs. W. J. P. Reading and Sons, Langford); 2. Frederick Pinnock, Kelmscott, Lechlade (Messrs R. W. Hobbs and Sons).

Class 6. Ploughing with Oliver or any other chilled plough. To plough with a pair of horses and reins, half an acre of ground, not more than four inches in depth, within four hours. First prize, £1 10s.; second prize, £1; third prize, 10s. Two entries: 1. W. Osley, South Moor Farm, Abingdon (Mr. Guy Weaving, South Moor); 2. H. King, Shippon, Abingdon (Mr P. Aldwinckle).

### Rick Building

Judges: Mr Charles H. Eady, The Manor, Lockinge, Wantage, and Mr T. S. Taylor, Idstone, Shrivenham.

Class 7. To the best rick builder who shall have been employed on the same farm without intermission from April 6, 1911, and who shall have built not less than four ricks. (Corn ricks to be untrimmed.) The whole of the ricks built by competitor on the farm must be exhibited. First prize, £1; second prize, 15s.; third prize, 10s. Ten entries: 1. John Miles, Home Farm, Buscot Park (Sir A. Henderson, Bart.); 2. William Holder, Shellingford (Major Henderson, M.P.); 3. Alfred Hambidge, Manor Farm, Kelmscott (Mr F. J. Eavis, Kelmscott, Lechlade); 4. George Parker, Latton, Cricklade (Mr Sydney Dennis, Latton); v.h.c., Jonas Wheeler, Buscot, Lechlade (Sir A. Henderson, Bart.); c., G. Warren, Fernham, Faringdon (Messrs. G. Adams and Sons.)

### Rick Thatching

Judges: Mr Charles H. Eady and Mr T. S. Taylor.

Class 8. To the best thatcher (not being a professional thatcher) who shall have been employed on the same farm without intermission from April 6, 1911, and who shall have thatched at least four ricks. The whole of the ricks thatched on the farm by competitor must be exhibited. First prize, £1; second prize, 15s.; third prize, 10s. Sixteen entries: 1. Alfred Hambidge, Kelmscott (Mr F. J. Eavis); 2. William Holder, Shellingford (Major Henderson, M.P.); 3. William Stratford, Lechlade (Mr William Arkell); 4. John Barrett, Longdoles, Lechlade (Mr William Arkell); v.h.c., John Miles, Home Farm, Buscot Park (Sir A. Henderson, Bart.); c., Albert Winstone, Swyre Farm, Aldsworth (Hon. M. H. Hicks-Beach, M.P., Coln St. Aldwyns); c., Stephen Jones, Langford, Lechlade (Mr J. R. Akerman, Grafton).

### Long Service (Husbandry)

Class 9. To the manservant, not less than thirty-five years of age, who has worked the longest time without intermission ending Michaelmas, 1911, and is still working for the same employer or on the same farm and produces a good character. First prize, £1 10s.; second prize, £1; third prize, 10s. Eighteen entries: 1. Henry Crook, Eastleach, Lechlade, age seventy-eight, employed on same farm since 1850 (Mr T. Mace, Eastleach); 2. Joseph Iles, Fyfield, Lechlade, aged sixty-seven, employed on same farm since 1851 (Mr G. W. White, Fyfield; 3. George Pill, Shellingford, Faringdon, age sixty-six, employed on same farm since March 25, 1866 (Mr C. H. Maidment, Shellingford); r., Thomas Kibble, Oldfield Farm, Faringdon, aged fifty-four, employed on same farm since July, 1866 (Sir A. Henderson, Bart.).

Class 10. To the manservant under thirty-five years of age, etc. (same conditions as Class 9). First prize, £1 10s.; second prize, £1; third prize, 10s. Three entries: 1. J. W. Hill, Littleworth, Faringdon, aged thirty-two, employed on the same farm since June, 1893 (Messrs G. Adams and Sons); 2. Fred Beachy, Church Path, Faringdon, aged thirty-two, employed on the same farm since September, 1893 (Messrs G. Adams and Sons); 3. Frank Barrett, Long Doles, Lechlade, age

nineteen and a half years, employed on same farm since June, 1904 (Mr William Arkell).

REST FROM LABOUR

Ah! if thy fate with anguish fraught,
Should be to wet the dusty soil
With the hot burning tears of toil,—
To struggle with imperious thought,
Until the overburdened brain,
Heavy with labour, faint with pain,
Like a garret pendulum retain,
Only its emotion, not its power;
Remember, in that perilous hour,
When most afflicted and opprest,
From labour there shall come forth rest.

LONGFELLOW.

A capital luncheon was provided by Mr G. Webster, of the Lion Hotel, Faringdon, in a marquee on the ground. Major Henderson kindly entertained the competitors, about thirty in number, and those present included Major Henderson (who presided), Mr W. Crosland, Mr Crosland, jun., Mr E. P. Crowdy, Mr F. W. Rudgard, Mr C. G. Bicknell, Mr T. F. Meade, Mr F. R. Jackson, Mr W. Arkell, and a good number of agriculturists and others.

The loyal toast having been honoured, Major Henderson said the next toast was that of the Lechlade and V.W.H. Agricultural Society, and especially so far as it concerned this new departure of the Society. Most of them knew that the Lechlade Society had been established for something like twenty-three years, and that it had done an enormous amount of good in the country, so far as the breeding of horses was concerned; and now they had made a new departure and taken up a new interest in the districts which it served, by giving an interest to those who actually did the work on the land, and they had started ploughing matches, rick building and rick thatching competitions, competitions in hedging, ditching, and other things pertaining to husbandry, which they thought would be for the good of the district, and the country as a whole. The matter had been discussed last year, and,

as he had had the honour of being President of this Society for some few years, he suggested that he should like, if possible, that the first attempt of this kind should be made at Kiremore. (Hear, hear.) They were all glad that this new departure had been made. What they wanted to do was to give an interest to those who actually carried out the work on the land. (Hear, hear.) He should like to say that the money for the prizes came almost entirely from the gentlemen who hunted in the Old Berks and neighbouring countries. Those who had had the pleasure of riding over the nice furrows were the very people who ought to subscribe to promote competitions of this sort. (Hear, hear.) What he had always felt was that the life of the agriculturists, although it was a healthy life, and although they lived, on the whole, to a greater age than did those engaged in any other industry, yet at the same time it was often monotonous; they did not come together and meet other people interested in the same pursuits, and see how they were progressing and compare their work with that of others. So to-day they had workmen from all round the neighbourhood, from Langford, Lechlade, Fyfield, Stanford, Baulking, Shrivenham, etc., who tried to show who were the best hands at ploughing. What he was disappointed in, however, was that young lads under eighteen had not come forward. He was informed, however, that when a competition of this kind was started in the Abingdon district, the same thing was experienced, but now this had greatly improved, and they hoped it would also in this district another year. (Cheers.) They wanted to see the young men come forward and show the old ones how to do it, and they wanted to see the young ones, who had watched to-day, come forward next year and say, "I can do it just as well as father, and I am going to have a good try." That was the spirit they wanted to instil. They heard a great deal about stopping on the land, and he thought if these competitions did anything in this direction they would have served a very good purpose. (Hear, hear.) Then there were the rick building and rick thatching competitions, and he was sure these would be of great benefit to the neighbourhood. With regard to the hedging and ditching, he was sure that those gentlemen who had had the pleasure of subscribing to this fund were also those who had had the pleasure of knocking down the fences if they could not get over them clean, and

it was for the competitors to make the fences so strong as to turn away every one who had not a good jumper. (Laughter.) He thought they could congratulate themselves on the competitions to-day, and he asked them to drink to the success of the society and the continuance of these competitions. (Hear, hear.) With that toast he had pleasure in coupling the name of Mr W. Crosland, the Chairman of the Committee. (Cheers.)

The illuminated cards were then distributed to the successful competitors by Lady Violet Henderson.

Mr Crosland said he considered this to be a red-letter day in the annals of the Lechlade Society. For the last twenty-two years he had had the honour and pleasure of being on the Committee. Up till now their efforts had been directed to the breeding of horses, and he thought they might truly say the Society had done an immense amount of good in that direction. To-day opened a new departure in their history, and it was a step in the right direction. (Hear, hear.) They were all pleased to see good ploughing, and their ricks well built and thatched, and their hedges well laid and trimmed, and also liked to see their servants continue in their service from year to year. (Hear, hear.) With regard to the competitions to-day, the Committee were well satisfied with their initial effort, but they hoped that another year they would have more entries, and especially amongst the younger men. The Committee were very fortunate in having the services of Mr Jackson, who had had a good deal of experience in these competitions. His assistance had been invaluable to the Committee. Mr Crosland said he had now great pleasure in proposing the health of the judges, and thanked them on behalf of the Committee. They had had a difficult job in deciding and he knew that the judges of the rick building and rick thatching had had an arduous time in motoring all round the district, and they seemed to be very much impressed with the work they saw. He was sure the competitions would do a great deal of good. (Hear, hear.)

Mr Rudgard, after expressing the pleasure it had given him to judge the ploughing, said the judges had tried to satisfy themselves, and that was just the thing to do. He hoped that those who had not been successful would try again. These ploughing matches were undoubtedly a step in the

right direction. He should certainly have liked to have seen more young men competing. They had heard it said that the labourers were all going to the towns. He did not think so. The agricultural labourer, at the present time, was as well off as any man in the towns, and if they would only stick to their work, and do it in a workmanlike manner, he did not think they would go far afield. (Hear, hear.)

Mr Bicknell said it had given him great pleasure to come and do anything to promote the cause of the labourer. Too long had the agricultural labourer been looked upon by the man in the towns as an individual of a somewhat nondescript character; but he had often thought that he should just like to transpose those gentlemen, and put them behind the plough, and see what sort of a job they would make. (Hear, hear.) He was sure that the idea in starting these competitions was to educate the labourer, and by so doing they were bound to see a better feeling between employer and employed. It would level them all up, and bring about a better state of things all round. (Hear, hear.)

Mr F. R. Jackson said the toast he had to submit was one that ought to be, and would be, well received, because it was that of " The successful competitors," and with it the health of their popular President, Major Henderson. (Cheers.) When the ploughing matches were first talked of, Major Henderson had been kind enough to join the Committee at Lechlade, and he was proud to say that the whole of the Committee had worked well together, and tried to make the competitions a success. But they could not make them a success unless they had men willing to come forward and compete for the prizes. The classes had filled up fairly well, and there was only one black spot, and that was that the young men of eighteen years of age had not taken part in these competitions. When they started at Abingdon, they had had the same difficulty to face, but there was no doubt that the young men would come forward next year and show what they could do. With regard to the rick building and thatching competitions, Mr Arkell and the Committee must feel perfectly satisfied with what had been done, and they felt proud that the man, Alfred Hambidge, had done such excellent work as could satisfy such competent judges as Mr Eady and Mr Taylor, two of the most practical men in this part of the country. The hedging

class had filled well, and he thought especial mention ought to be made of those men who had entered in the long service competition—the list was a credit both to employers and employed. (Hear, hear.) He hoped that next year there would be more entries in the ploughing competitions, and that the young men would come forward and try to give the old ones a jolly good licking. He had great pleasure in asking them to drink the health of Major Henderson, who had taken a great interest in the competitions, and also the health of Lady Violet, who had kindly come to present the cards. (Cheers.)

The toast was drunk with musical honours.

Major Henderson said it had been a great pleasure to him to promote the competitions as far as he could. He was pleased to see so many there. He had no doubt whatever but that the Society had made a step forward. He hoped none of the competitors would be disappointed who had not got a prize, but that it would be an incentive to them to try again. (Cheers.) He advised all of them to go straight home and give their horses a good rub down, and a good feed. He hoped they had all enjoyed themselves, and that the competitions would continue for many years. (Hear, hear.)

Here is the account of the next year events, 1912, for which the following were the awards:

### Ploughing

Class 1. Ploughing with any plough. (Men eighteen years of age and over.) To plough with a pair of horses and reins, half an acre of ground, within four hours. First prize, £1 10s., second prize, £1; third prize, 10s.—1 and champion prize of £1 for best ploughman, Henry Smith, Down Ampney, nominated by Mr Broome Hiscock; 2 and reserve for champion Joe Gray, Castle Hill, Cricklade, nominated by Mr T. White; 3. T. Moulding, Little Faringdon, Lechlade, nominated by Messrs R. W. Hobbs and Sons; r., Charles Hacklin, South Farm, Fairford, nominated by Mr N. H. Geach; h.c., A. Carpenter, nominated by Mr R. T. Hewer.

Class 2. Ploughing with any plough. (Men under eighteen years of age.) Same conditions as Class 1. First prize, £1; second prize, 15s.; third prize, 10s.—1. Henry Hackling, Grafton, Faringdon, nominated by Mr J. R. Akerman; 2.

Oliver Simpson, Langford, nominated by Messrs W. J. P. Reading and Sons; 3. Harry Adams, Shilton, Burford, nominated by Mr A. Dore; r., Sydney Harris, Langford, nominated by Messrs. W. J. P. Reading and Sons.

Class 3. Ploughing with any plough. (Men eighteen years of age and over.) To plough with three horses in length or triangular, with boy to drive (boy under sixteen years of age), half an acre of ground, within four hours. First prize, £1 5s.; driver 5s.; second prize, 15s., driver 2s. 6d.; third prize, 10s., driver 2s. 6d.—1. Evan Barrett, Kelmscott, boy—Victor Barrett, Kelmscott, nominated by Messrs R. W. Hobbs and Sons.

Class 4. Ploughing with double furrow plough. To plough with three horses abreast, driven with reins, three-quarters of an acre of ground, within four hours. First prize, £1 10s.; second prize, £1; third prize, 10s.—1. Frederick Pinnock, Kelmscott, nominated by Messrs R. W. Hobbs and Sons; 2. H. Hayes, Manor Farm, Kelmscott, nominated by Mr F. J. Eavis; 3. Bert Adams, Langford, nominated by Messrs W. J. P. Reading and Sons; r., F. Sandle, Lushill, nominated by Mr R. T. Hewer.

## Rick Building

Class 5. To the best rick builder who shall have been employed on the same farm without intermission from April 6, 1912, and who shall have built not less than four ricks. (Corn ricks to be untrimmed.) The whole of the ricks built by competitor on the farm must be exhibited. First prize, £1; second prize, 15s.; third prize, 10s.; fourth prize, 5s.—1. Alfred Hambidge, Kelmscott, nominated by Mr F. J. Eavis; 2. Edward Ball, Inglesham, nominated by Mr J. Carpenter; 3. William Lanchbury, Woodside, Burford, nominated by Mr Edwin Geach; 4. R. Page, Poulton, Fairford, nominated by Mr A. E. Hill; h.c., Henry Fereman, Leafield, Witney, nominated by Mr J. Wakefield, Langley, John Miles, Buscot Park, and Jonas Wheeler, Buscot Park, nominated by Sir A. Henderson, Bart., George Parker, Latton, Cricklade, nominated by Mr S. Dennis; c. James Boulton, Warren's Cross, Lechlade, nominated by Mr William Arkell, and Joseph L. Parrott, Aldsworth, nominated by Mr T. Rich.

### Rick Thatching

Class 6. To the best thatcher (not being a professional thatcher), who shall have been employed on the same farm without intermission from April 6, 1912, and who shall have thatched at least four ricks. The whole of the ricks thatched by competitor on the farm must be exhibited. First prize, £1; second prize, 15s.; third prize, 10s.; fourth prize, 5s.—1. Edward Ball, Inglesham, nominated by Mr J. Carpenter; 2. Alfred Hambidge, Kelmscott, nominated by Mr F. J. Eavis; 3. William Lanchbury, Woodside, Burford, nominated by Mr Edwin Geach; 4. J. F. Barrett, Long Doles, nominated by Mr William Arkell; r., R. Franklin, Stanford-in-the-Vale, nominated by Mr C. H. Maidment; h.c., John Miles, Buscot Park, nominated by Sir A. Henderson, Bart., George Parker, Latton, nominated by Mr S. Dennis, James Stevens, Maisey Hampton, nominated by Mr J. T. Hobbs, William Stratford, Lechlade, nominated by Mr William Arkell, Joseph L. Parrott, Aldsworth, nominated by Mr T. Rich; c., W. James, Shilton, nominated by Mr A. Dore.

### Long Service (Husbandry)

Class 7. To the manservant, not less than thirty-five years of age, who has worked the longest time without intermission ending Michaelmas, 1912, and is still working for the same employer or on the same farm and producing a good character. First prize winners in 1911 not eligible. First prize, £1 10s.; second prize, £1; third prize, 10s.—1. Henry Everett, Maisey Hampton, age seventy-six, employed on the same farm since 1849, nominated by Mr J. T. Hobbs; 2. Alfred Martin, Down Ampney, age sixty-six, employed on the same farm since February, 1855, nominated by Mr Broome Hiscock; 3. George Pill, Shellingford, age sixty-seven, employed on the same farm since March 25, 1866, nominated by Mr C. H. Maidment; r., Thomas Kibble, Home Farm, Buscot Park, age fifty-five, employed on the same farm since July 9, 1866, nominated by Sir A. Henderson, Bart.

Class 8. To the manservant, under thirty-five years of age, etc. Same conditions as Class 7. First prize, £1 10s.; second prize, £1; third prize, 10s.—1. Jack Pill, Shellingford, age twenty-nine, employed on the same farm since April 16, 1892,

nominated by Mr C. H. Maidment; 2. G. F. Parrott, Aldsworth, age twenty-seven, employed on the same farm since October, 1896, nominated by Mr T. Rich; 3. Harry Hayes, Kelmscott, age twenty-five, employed on the same farm since September, 1900, nominated by Mr F. J. Eavis; r., F. H. Green, Maisey Hampton, age twenty-three, employed on the same farm since June, 1902, nominated by Mr F. J. Green.

We then leave Lechlade Station and come up to London and take the underground railway, and come to St. Paul's Churchyard, for we find in the firm of Messrs Hitchcock, William and Co., gentlemen who have done good service in that company, for I was present many years ago when the late Mr John Robertson celebrated his jubilee, while Mr Howe came next, and the following have been in the firm's service between forty and fifty years in Messrs John Roberts, T. Drake, T. Risdon, G. Banwell and many more. Then we take a bus ride until we get past Liverpool Street Station, coming to Shoreditch for here we find in the large warehouse of Messrs J. Rotherham and Co., Ltd., Messrs F. Snowden and G. Gotelee, who celebrated their fiftieth year's service in October 1906, and are still with the company, while Mr William Ellis completed his term in 1910, and the following gentlemen are nearly close upon the roll for jubilee honours, for there are Messrs H. H. Piggin and R. Bowden, while two employees in Messrs W. W. Goldsmith and Robert Dummett put in over forty-five years each, but have since gone to their rest, and the late Mr J. T. Parrish, forty-four years.

A gentleman who had been in business for nearly fifty years once said:

> Keep appointments to the minute. It is better to be an hour ahead of time than a minute late. Settle all business differences at once, for time blurs memories. Do not wrangle over them; rather compromise a reasonable number of times if there is an argument about quality, price or a claim. If there are further difficulties, drop your man if you can afford to do so, for he is only trying to take advantage of you.
>
> When settling most business differences, put yourself in the other man's place and try to reason from his standpoint, then meet him half-way. Let the moral, and

not the legal, side of the question govern you when settling disputes—then you will save yourself much time and annoyance, and certainly lawyer's fees. The easier way is the best.

The only way to build up a reputation for fairness and squareness is to own up to mistakes and make good imperfect goods. The man who always wriggles out of scrapes and mistakes is untrustworthy.

Don't always think of the dollar, if you do your business friends will feel that you want their money only. Remember that dollars will come to you if your customers' interests are served.

Be civil in business, but never servile. Civility makes friends, while servility breeds bossism and contempt.

Try to make warm business friends rather than cold customers. The former are constant, while the latter are transient.

Don't jolly or joke in business, but just do business. Joking often leads to serious mistakes, while jollying causes friction.

" Make hay while the sun shines "—says the optimist; but the pessimist never sees the sun shine; so don't be pessimistic, for if you are, you will never see your opportunities.

The human brain that accomplishes nothing is not as valuable as that bought at the butcher's—so train your mind to think when young, and don't " dream."

Lord Avebury tells us that " Every one makes mistakes. The man it has been well said who never makes a mistake makes nothing. But we need not fall into the sad error twice. Let your mistakes be lessons, and you may make them stepping stones."

THE HOME

There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved of Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night.
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth;

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance trembles to that pole:
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of Nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride.
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.

Here woman reigns, the mother, daughter, wife
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around!
Oh! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.
Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## CHAPTER XIV

### GOOD OLD ENGLISH TALK

SOOTHSAY

Become whatever good you see,
Nor sigh it, forthwith, fades from view;
The grace of which you may not be,
The subject and spectator too.

You love! That's high as you shall go,
For 'tis as true as Gospel text;
Not noble then is never so,
Either in this world or the next.

Love, kiss'd by Wisdom, wakes twice Love,
And Wisdom is thro' loving, wise;
Let Dove and Snake, and Snake and Dove,
This Wisdom's be that Love's device.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

For a moment or two, a gentleman once said at a meeting; "the most crying need as regards heredity (*sic*) is more knowledge." Unfortunately that's one of the things which we don't inherit; but in many parts of the world we find good men and bad men. Even in my native county we find all classes of humanity, of every description, and when we arrive in Gloucester and go and visit that grand old Abbey Church, we learn that in its origin it is contemporaneous with the introduction of Christianity into the county of Gloucester, and that it is intimately associated with the vicissitudes of Benedictine rule in England, that it witnessed the birth of Domesday Book, that within its walls one monarch was crowned, and two found a last resting place; and that while all the styles of architectural arts are illustrated in the edifice itself, the perpendicular style had its genesis there before the fourteenth century had run half its course. The tomb of Osric is on the north side of the

Cathedral choir, and the village of Dryham, on the Southern Cotswolds, near Bath. It was here that the famous battle was fought, in 1577, which first opened the way for the settlement of our English forefathers in the vale of Gloucester and on the Cotswold uplands. A hundred years later the parts of Gloucestershire and Worcestershire east of the Severn and a small area in Warwickshire, formed a semi sub-kingdom, called Hwicca, which had been carved out of the kingdom of Mercia, Hwicca being placed under the rule of a Northumbrian prince, named Osric. In his northern home, Osric had embraced Christianity, and within a year of taking up his viceregal duties, he founded an abbey at Gloucester which came under Benedictine rule, and was the home of a considerable number of monks.

To show the style of architecture of Saxon religious houses, views have been exhibited of the tower of Deerhurst Church and of the Saxon Chapel there, and as proof of the existence of small churches in the county within a century after Osric's death, the record was shown of a dispute, in 803, between the Bishops of Worcester and Hereford respecting the revenues of churches at Cheltenham and Beckford. The foundations of the Cathedral were originally, we are told, the church of a great abbey, and it is probable that there is some pre-Conquest masonry in the crypt. The greater part of the building is in the Norman style, with the work of the eastern limb of a distinctly earlier date than that of the nave and nave aisles. It was in the Chapter House of Gloucester Cathedral that William the Conqueror, in 1085, held the "deep speech" with his council which resulted in Domesday Book; and a facsimile of the entry therein concerning Cirencester, and a translation of it can be seen. The Chapter House was also the burial place of Robert, Duke of Normandy, whose effigy is now in the choir; and it was in the choir that the boy King, Henry III, was crowned by placing a fillet of gold upon his head.

Prominent among the details of Norman work is the loftiness of the piers in the nave, with the diminutive triforium and clerestory, which are without a parallel in English work, except in Tewkesbury Abbey; and these are not able features with the pier-arcade, triforium and clerestory in the choir, whose proportions are of the usual character and of an earlier

date. Another remarkable feature in the original design of the building is the arrangement of the eastern limb of the church. Practically it consists of three churches—the crypt, the choir with its ambulatory, and the triforium, and opening from each story are five apsidal chapels. With the increasing reverence for the Virgin Mary which marked the new impulse given to the Benedictine rule by St Bernard, came considerable enlargements of the eastern ends of the Benedictine churches, and at Gloucester a Lady Chapel was erected in the early English style. Two centuries later this chapel gave place to the existing structure. But what is probably a relic of the older building is the beautiful reliquary, preserved in the north transept of the Cathedral. In the fourteenth century considerable changes were made, and windows were lavishly inserted, with decorative tracery of various designs, profusely ornamented with the ball flower, which is a characteristic of the fourteenth century Gothic of Western England. To the student of the evolution of mediæval architecture one of the most interesting parts of the Cathedral is the south transept. There he sees the genesis of the perpendicular style. We are told that until a few years ago the western part of the nave at Winchester Cathedral, built in the middle of the fourteenth century, was regarded as the oldest example of perpendicular work, but the chronicles of Gloucester Abbey (first printed in 1863) conclusively proved similar work in the south transept at Gloucester to be at least twenty years earlier. This invention—for such it was—of a new style of architecture was the outcome of a desire of the then abbot—Abbot Wygmore—to improve the lighting of the eastern end of the church. Up to that time clerestory windows were, as a rule, rather small. Abbot Wygmore decided to raise the walls of the south transept and the choir, and to insert large clerestory windows. To strengthen the end wall of the transept he put cross bars in the window, and vertical straight lines, instead of curved tracery in the head. The same style was adopted in the tracery of the clerestory windows of the choir; beneath them were the cavernous arches of the Norman's triforium, and on the floor plain screens separated the choir from its aisles, and to make the side walls of the choir one harmonious work they were covered from pavement to vault in the old style. The new step was to put in a new east window—the largest window in

England and one of the largest in the world—with perpendicular tracery throughout.

In connection with this period of Cathedral history is told the well-known story of the burial of Edward II, on the north side of the choir, and the offerings at his tomb by crowds of pilgrims, offerings which, it is said, were sufficient to have rebuilt the Cathedral. The cloisters were rebuilt in the latter part of the fourteenth century, and covered with a fan-vault of remarkable beauty. In the south walk are the carrols where the monks studied, in the north walk are a lavatory and a recess for towels; and on a stone bench near are several diagrams which have been scratched for games, in which the monks indulged in in idle moments. The imposing tower, 220 feet high, was built in the second half of the fifteenth century; and the great rebuilding period of the Cathedral, which had lasted for more than a century and a half, ended with the rebuilding of the Lady Chapel. The architectural description of the Cathedral is occasionally interspersed with a brief narration of historical incidents, including allusions to the Parliaments held at Gloucester during the reigns of Richard II and Henry IV, at the latter of which the Commons asserted their powers over the national expenditure.

The great changes made by Henry VIII dissolved the Abbey of Gloucester, cut the diocese of Worcester in half, made the southern half into a diocese of Gloucester, and gave to it, as its Cathedral, a church whose walls have for nearly eight hundred years been " washed by the passing waves of humanity."

Many a hero has come out and fought for his country; a country he loved so well, in the Cotswold Hills, in that ancient town of Burford, although it is a very quiet place at the present time. There was a time when Burford cloth, Burford wool, Burford stone, Burford malt, and Burford saddles were well known throughout the land. We are told that the towns folk presented two of its famous saddles to " Dutch William," when he came to Burford with the view of ingratiating himself into the affections of his subjects, before an important general election.

It has been the scenes of battles, and not far off is Battle Edge, where the fierce kings of Wessex and Mercia fought in A.D. 720, on Midsummer Eve, in commemoration of which the

good folks of Burford used to carry a dragon up and down the streets, the great dragon of Wessex. It may perhaps be that the origin of this procession dates back to early pagan days, before the battle was fought, but tradition connects it with the fight.

Many memories cluster thick around one as one walks up the old streets, and it is interesting to note that Burford was the first place in England to receive the privilege of a Merchant Guild.

The ancient Burford Priory was once owned by Sir Laurence Tanfield, who married a Burford lady, Elizabeth Cobbe. We are told that there was a house called Cobb Hall, evidently the former residence of Lady Tanfield's family. Sir Laurence built a grand Elizabethan mansion on the site of the old Priory, and here was born Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, who was slain in Newbury fight.

The Civil Wars certainly brought many stirring times to Burford, and we have often heard of the fame of Levellers, the discontented mutineers in Cromwell's army, the followers of John Lilburne, who for a brief space of time threatened the existence of the Parliamentary regime, but Cromwell dealt with them with an iron hand, for he caught and surprised them at Burford and imprisoned them in the church, wherein, carved roughly on the font with a dagger, there can still be seen the touching memorial to one of these poor men:

" Anthony Sedley, 1649, Prisoner."

Three of the leaders were shot in the churchyard on the following morning, in view of the other prisoners who were placed on the leaden roof of the church, and bullet holes can still be seen in the old wall against which the unhappy men were placed.

Here is an entry in the books of the church in which the sad story tells us:

Burials—" 1649. Three soldiers shot to death in Burford Churchyard, May 17."

" Pa to Daniel Muncke for cleansinge the Church when the Levellers were taken, 3. 4."

The present Dean of Norfolk tells us in a poem:

Oh fair is Moreton in the marsh
And Stow on the wide wold,
Yet fairer far is Burford town,
With its stone roofs grey and old;
And whether the sky be hot and high,
Or rain fall thin and chill,
The grey old town on the lonely down
Is where I would be still.

O broad and smooth the Avon flows
By Stratford's many piers;
And Shakespeare lies by Avon's side
These thrice a hundred years;
But I would be where Windrush sweet
Leaves Burford's lovely hill—
The grey old town on the lonely down,
Is where I would be still.

### Powers of Freedom

Toussaint the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den:—
O miserable Chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not, do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow;
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again.
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

W. Wordsworth.

Here is an interesting note about the Thames. When Queen Elizabeth reigned the Thames reached the height of its magnificence, and also witnessed the beginning of its decline. Possibly if the river had not been so convenient, the roads

would have been better. Be this as it may, the improvement in the means of transit on land took from the Thames the monopoly of carriage, and so the river became less a necessity to the town. The Thames has its own water poet, John Taylor, himself a waterman, who produced a portentous volume of doggerel largely given up to laments upon the falling off in his trade. In his *An Arrant Thief*, published in 1662, he tells us that:

> When Queen Elizabeth came to the Crown,
> A coach in England then was scarcely known;
> Then 'twas as rare to see one, as to spy
> A tradesman that had never told a lie.

And again, we are informed that he inveighs against " this infernal swarm of tradespillers [coaches] which have so overturned the land that we can get no living upon the water." The fair sex had been wont to take a boat and air themselves upon the river, but now " every Gill Turntripe, Mistress Funkins, Madam Polecat and My Lady Trash, Froth and the Tapster, Bill the Tailor, Lavender the Broker, Whiff the Tobacco seller and their companion trugs must all be coach'd to St. Albans, Burntwood, Hockley-in-the-Hole, Croydon, Windsor, Uxbridge and many more places." The river, however, still continues a place of popular resort for both pleasure and business on into late Stuart times. What processions it has seen! Elizabeth, Queen of Henry VII, came to her coronation from Greenwich, attended by " barges freshly furnished with banners and streamers of silk." We are told that Henry VIII disguised among a band of merry masquers lands at York Place stairs (Whitehall) to sup and revel in Wolsey's palace: Ann Boleyn, acknowledged by that much married monarch as his wife, is brought by " all the crafts of London," from Greenwich to the Tower, " trumpets, shawms, and other divers instruments all the way playing and making great melody."

In the coaching days, Burford was alive with traffic and the races, established by the Merry Monarch, brought it much gaiety. Indeed, when we walk around these ancient places, it reminds us of the heroes that are past and gone, and remembering the old tales which we were told when quite young,

*From Photo by G. A. Davis, Lechlade*

CHARMING COTSWOLD VIEW

*To face p.* 179.

and that came down from our forefathers. We remember many old faces and spots we loved so well.

REMEMBER

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay,
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you plann'd;
Only remember me; you understand.
It will be too late to counsel or to pray,
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve;
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that since I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

How true it is that sad memories come into our minds at times, when we are thinking of them and trying to remember their faces. Personally speaking, this is true of myself, since I came up to London in the year 1898, from that dear old spot we love so well, " The Cotswold Hills," where I had left many good comrades behind; but nevertheless we remember them and to keep in touch with my personal friends, once or twice a year I generally try and arrange to pay a visit to the old villages I know so well. Here is a poem from a Kentish pen that expresses what I have in mind:

The Cotswold Hills for many a year
We lived in dear old Gloucestershire;
Where vales are deep and the hills are high,
Oft hounds and quarry galloped by,
And horse and man together bent,
On the following hounds that followed scent.
O'er uplands reached and grassy glade,
Inspiring sight to view they made,
And scarlet brightened all the shade,
The cry was music to the ear,

But made old Reynard quake with fear;
He halted, listened, dropped a tear:
Away again at rattling pitch,
Through thorny hedge, o'er brambly ditch,
Relaxing not a single stitch.
At wall and fence were many a spill,
'Ere huntsman's horse announced a kill
Down in the hollow by the mill.

And here we see the wooded height,
Below, the placid river bright,
The limpid waters cold and white,
Above the stately castle stood,
To maid and man dispensing good,
Bond of a common brotherhood;
Here, too, are farms of large extent,
And much in weekly wages spent,
The farmer, good old yeoman breed
Ready, aye, if England need,
With heart and hands; with cash and steed,
For her to do and dare and breed.
And here are used the oxen still
To plough the land for man to till,
With steady hand and practised skill
Happy is he who plants the soils,
Happy to be allowed to toil,
A wretch who this content would spoil.

Now we must pass to other scenes,
A county cropped by other means,
That curious to a stranger seems,
In " Garden " Kent we're sheltered now,
A kindly fertile land I trow.
For flock and herd and milking cow,
But broad expanse of corn and root
Give place to hops and wholesome fruit,
Strawberry, gooseberry, luscious pear,
Damson, plum, and currant fair,
For all to eat and some to spare.
Now though the hills are not so keen
The plains around are much green,

Where streams and brooklets run between
A land less prone to frost and snow,
A land where fruit and flowers grow,
A land where milk and honey flow,
Yes, still we move in pleasant ranks;
Where Darenth flows 'tween emerald banks,
For all His blessings give God thanks.

W. M.

Another old comrade from Kent gives us an account the Tetbury neighbourhood when he was on a visit there one Christmas time, in which he says:

They told me that the town, Tetbury, was on the Cotswold Hills. That it was on a hill was evident from the moment—about the hour of midnight—when the train drew into the small wayside station, and a long ascent to the town itself had to be faced. It was an ideal town in which to spend the Christmas holiday. For centuries it has existed on this hill, but time has not spoilt it. Rather have the passing years added to its charms. Once it was a centre of the wool stapling industry; and of this there are still many evidences. Most of the houses are old, and all are built of ashlar and rubble, or of limestone, with stone tiled roofs, which time has coloured a deep brown, and which make a pleasing contrast to the light grey walls that seem so strange to the eye of one more used to red bricks.

Many of the houses have gabled fronts. In front of one I noticed a quaint porch, bearing the date, 1677. Before another was a beautiful piece of iron work in scroll pattern, the work of one who was a skilled craftsman in his day and generation. The Guild Hall is of the seventeenth century. It stands on rounded pillars in the market place, and has latticed windows. Near by is the "Chipping," a place of steps, beloved of the tourists, and suggesting by its very corruption of the Saxon "ceaping" a place of merchandise and barter. Above the roof towers the graceful spire of the parish church. That spire, which is a landmark for miles around, is modern; but it follows the design of the old one, which was struck by lightning

during a terrible thunderstorm one wild February night 132 years ago, and was so damaged as to become dangerous. A generous benefactor to the town built the present spire at a cost of several thousands of pounds to the memory of an only son, and thus it stands—a pathetic but beautiful monument of a father's devotion and affection. The church was erected in 1777, and stands on the site of a building that dated from 1346. There was a priory here, too, and the visitor is shown the priory house. There is an old green and a parish pump, and near them both quaint almshouses. Such was the setting for a Christmas holiday. They keep Christmas in the old-fashioned way in this quaint town, and the scenes were in keeping with the gabled houses and old-time market hall. Choir boys of the parish church, carrying a lantern, sang carols, and men were met who carried a " boar's head " from door to door. They were the " Wassaillers," and the words they sang have come down through the centuries—unwritten words, but which tradition has handed down from father to son for generations. Lady Bountiful was abroad on her errands of mercy to the sick and the poor, saying a few cheering words, and conveying the wish that Christmas might be spent happy. There was a homely flavour about it all, and even the stranger within the gates was not without his greeting from the kind, warm-hearted people in the Gloucestershire district that sounds so pleasant to southern ears—the broad " Is," the long " a's," and the " esses " that have the sound of " z," but not so pronounced. Every one seemed to know his neighbour, and to wish to dispense hospitality and good cheer—and the word " Welcome " has an honoured place in the vocabulary of these people. I retain memories of a visit to a farm house, reached through narrow lanes, of the ladies of the house in their quaint blue cotton sun-bonnets, and of a strapping young farmer, with a genial face, who invited me to taste of his perry—of which he had brewed six gallons, he said. He did not even grumble about the weather—and that was bad enough. It rained, had rained for days, till meadows and fields were under water and roads submerged, and to get on the land was impossible; while the stream

ran high in the valleys. He smiled through it all, because to smile was right at Christmas time.

Then I retain the memory of that most pathetic sight of all—a funeral at Christmas, for the Great Reaper takes no heed of seasons, but his visits strike a more poignant note at this time of the year than at any other. Here through streets that bore so many signs of life and joy came men with a bier on their shoulders, and on the bier a coffin, and on the coffin a black pall, and on the black pall white flowers. Behind the bier and the coffin and the pall and the flowers were two long lines of mourners. No hearse, no carriage, no nodding plumes; but all the simplicity of their countryside, and the quiet courtesy of sympathetic folk, who doffed their hats as the procession passed between grey walls to the little cemetery on the hill.

Christmas morning came—a Christmas that was like Sunday, with bells calling to church, no newspapers, nothing to remind us of the world outside. The service at the church was simple, refreshing to mind and spirit, the beautiful prayers, the familiar hymns, that one has known from childhood, and then the greetings from acquaintance and stranger as one passed forth from home, and the delights of seasonable fare, and the pleasures of the fireside. They have passed, these few days in this old town of Tetbury among the Cotswold Hills; but to me they will always remain a memory to be cherished, for it is not always that one spends Christmas in an old-world town, amid surroundings that are in such accord with the Christmas spirit of kindliness and hospitality.

W. R. S.

What a good thing it is to know that the Cotswold Hills and their people are appreciated throughout the British Empire; especially in dear old England; where many good cheers are given when the crops are good. This enables them to go forward and gather in the harvest when the sun is shining in all its glory; reaping the benefits in many directions. R. Kipling asks us:

> What do we know of England,
> Who only England knows?

But to know that country well, it is worth while to be away for a time, for it is one that is worth knowing and deserves every praise and honour that we can give, by keeping peace with all other nations. The true Englishman is worthy of his hire and demands a decent wage to enable him to live an honourable and true life; by giving him this we help him to keep the peace among all other comrades, and place him on the roll of honour, and not on the poor sweating list, because when he is on the latter list it causes many unpleasant feelings among the employers and employees; which is the cause of so many strikes, that are taking place all over England. And all this misery is just for the sake of a few shillings a week extra. How much better it would be if all employers were to support their own employees by giving them a living wage, and also support home industry first instead of outside charity. I feel sure and confident that if all our English people were on the roll of honour, England would be much more prosperous in every way; the people would be able to live much more pure, wholesome and decent lives; be much more stronger and better citizens throughout all the whole world by doing better service to their masters; and be ready to join that happy band of peacemakers and say, like that great noble hero, Lord Nelson,*

Thank God I have done my duty.

Well may Byron tell us in the following poem:

White walls of England, beckoning sorry thought
Across the flying foam,
Like outstretched arms whereby the heart is brought
To shelter safe at home,

* Viscount Horatio Nelson, (1758-1805), the great English naval commander; son of a Norfolk clergyman. Went to sea at twelve years of age, and was post-captain at twenty-one. In 1793 he was captain of the *Agamemnon,* and proved his capacity and daring against the French. He lost his right eye at the siege of Calvi in 1794, and his arm at the siege of Santa Crux in 1797. In 1798 he achieved a great victory over the French in Aboukir Bay, in recognition of which he was created a Baron and granted a pension of £2,000 a year. He was victorious at Copenhagen in 1801, after which he was promoted to the rank of Viscount. 1805 occurred the famous Battle Trafalgar, in which the French fleet was destroyed and Nelson was killed. He was buried in St Paul's Cathedral, and having no son to succeed him the peerage was transferred to his brother who became Earl Nelson, with a perpetual pension of £3,500 a year and a gift of £100,000 for the purchase of an estate. A *Life of Nelson,* by Lord Charles Beresford, formed the issue of *Pears' Annual* for 1905.

To you we press, toward you we gaze,
In alien lands, o'er weary ways;
Through desert drouth our darkening eyes
Behold you rise.

White walls of England, gleaming on our sight
Against the windy blue,
O guardian ramparts of our soul's delight,
We serve and strive for you.

White walls of England, through the dust of death,
We see your splendour soar;
Your grassy sweetness and your salt sea-breath,
Are ours again once more,
We hear the lapping surges beat
Among the shadows of your feet,
On your beloved name we call,
And strike,—and fall.

White walls of England, bulwarks of our might,
Steadfast and firm and true,
Round the wide world, your sons, by day and night,
Dream of you, die for you.

LETCHWORTH : AT THE ARDEN PRESS