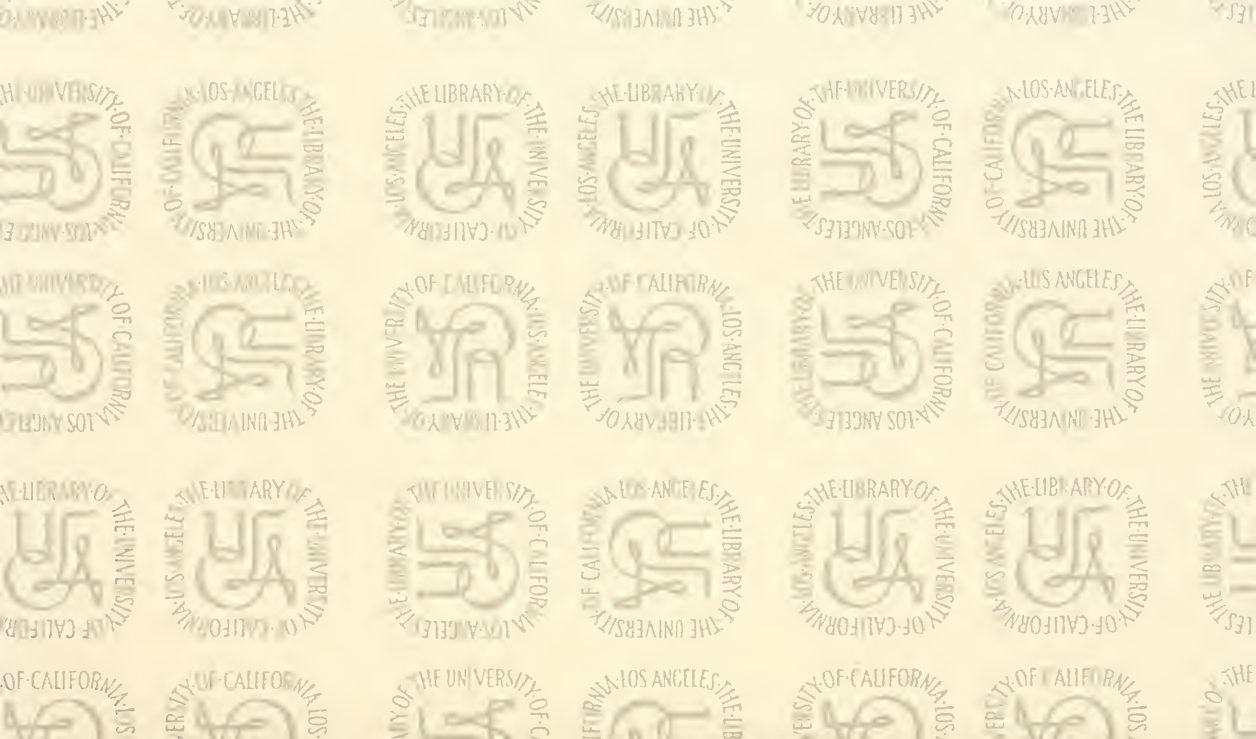
THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES

LANCASHIRE SKETCHES.

"In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales."

SHAKSPERE.

SKETCHES

OF

LANCASHIRE LIFE

AND LOCALITIES.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."
Shakspere.

LONDON:
WHITTAKER AND CO., AVE MARIA LANE.
MANCHESTER:
JAMES GALT AND CO.
1855.

PREFACE.

In this little volume, relating, principally, to a district with which the writer is intimately acquainted, he has gathered up a few points of local interest, and, in connection with these, he has endeavoured to embody something of the traits of present life in South Lancashire with descriptions of its scenery, and with such gleanings from its local history as bore upon the subject, and, under the circumstances, were available to him. How far he has succeeded in combining a volume of local matter, which may be instructive or interesting, he is willing to leave to the judgment of those readers who know the country and the people it deals with. He is conscious that, in comparison with the fertile field of strong peculiarities which Lancashire presents to writers who are able to gather it up, and to use it well, this volume is fragmentary and discursive; yet he believes, that, so far as it goes, it will not be wholly unacceptable to native readers.

The historical information interspersed throughout the volume, has been gathered from so many sources that it would be a matter of considerable difficulty to give a com-

plete and detailed acknowledgment of it. In every important case, however, this acknowledgment has been given, with some degree of care, as fully and clearly as possible, in the course of the work. Some of this historical matter may prove to be ill-chosen, if not ill-used—perhaps in some cases it might have been obtained in a better form, and even more correctly given—but the writer has, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that, with such light as he had, and with such elements as were convenient to him, he has been guided, in his selection of that kind of information, by a desire to obtain the most correct and the most applicable matter which was available to him.

A book which is purely local in its character and bearing, as this is, cannot be expected to have much interest for persons unconnected with the district which it relates to. If there is any hope of its being read at all, that hope is centred there. The subjects it treats upon being local, and the language used in it being often the vernacular of a particular part of the county, these circumstances combine to narrow its circle of acquaintance. But, in order to make that part of it which is given in the dialect as intelligible as possible to all readers not intimate with that form of native language, some care has been taken to explain such words as are unusually ambiguous in form, or in meaning. And, here it may be noticed, that persons who know little or nothing of the dialect of Lancashire, are apt to think of it as one in form and sound throughout the county, and expect it to

assume one unvaried feature whenever it is represented in writing. This is a mistake; for there often exist considerable shades of difference—even in places not more than eight or ten miles apart—in the expression, and in the form of words which mean the same thing; and, sometimes, the language of a very limited locality, though bearing the same general characteristics as the dialect of the county in general, is rendered still more perceptibly distinctive in features, by idioms and proverbs peculiar to that particular spot. In this volume, however, the writer has taken care to give the dialect, as well as he could, in such a form as would convey to the mind of the general reader a correct idea of the mode of pronunciation, and the signification of the idioms, used in the immediate locality which he happens to be writing about.

Lancashire has had some learned writers who have written upon themes generally and locally interesting. But the successful delineation of the quaint and racy features of its humble life has fallen to the lot of very few. John Collier, our sound-hearted and clear-headed native humourist of the last century, left behind him some exquisite glimpses of the manner of life in his own nook of Lancashire, at that time. The little which he wrote, although so eccentric and peculiar in character as to be almost unintelligible to the general reader, contains such evidence of genius and so many rare touches of nature, that to those who can discern the riches hidden under its quaint vernacular garb, it wears a perennial charm, in some degree akin to that which characterises

the writings of such men as Cervantes and De Foe. And, in our own day, Samuel Bamford—emphatically a native man—has, with felicitous truth, transferred to his pages some living pictures of Lancashire life, which will probably be read with more interest even than now, long after the writer has been gathered to his fathers. There are others who have illustrated some of the conditions of social existence in Lancashire, in a graphic manner, with more polish and more learning; but, for native force and truth, John Collier and Samuel Bamford are, probably, the foremost of all genuine expositors of the characteristics of the Lancashire people.

In conclusion, all that has hitherto been done in this way, is small in amount, compared with that which is left undone. The past, and still more the disappearing present, of this important district teem with significant features, which, if caught up and truthfully re-presented, might, perhaps, be useful to the next generation.

E. W.

1, *Spring Gardens.*
Manchester.

CONTENTS.

"Oft, from the forest, wildings he did bring."

SPENSER.

RAMBLE

FROM

BURY TO ROCHDALE.

"The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings;
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings."

BURNS.

RAMBLE FROM BURY TO ROCHDALE.

"Its hardly in a body's pow'r
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shar'd;
How best o' chiels are whiles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair't:
But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Though we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier."

BURNS.

ONE fine afternoon, at the end of February, I had some business to do in Bury, which kept me there till evening. As the twilight came stealing on, the skies settled slowly into a gorgeous combination of the grandest shapes and hues, which appeared to canopy the country for miles around. The air was very clear, and it was nipping cold; and every object within sight stood out in beautiful relief in that fine transparence, softened by the deepening shades of evening. Every thing seemed to stand still and meditate, and inhale silently the air of peace which pervaded that magnificent and tranquil hour of closing day, as if all things on earth had caught the spirit of "meek nature's evening comments on the fuming shows and vanities of man." The glare of daylight is naturally fitted for bustle and business, but such an eventide as this looked the very native hour of devout thought and recovery. It is said that the town of Bury takes its name from the Saxon word *byri*, a burgh, or castle. One of the twelve ancient baronial fortresses of Lancashire, stood in "Castle Croft," near the town, and upon the banks of the old course of the

river Irwell. Immediately below the eminence, upon which the castle once reared its frowning walls, a low tract of ground, of considerable extent, stretches away from below the semicircular ridge upon which the northern extremity of the town is situated, up the valley of the Irwell. Less than fifty years since, this low tract was a great stagnant swamp, where, in certain states of the weather, the people of the neighbourhood could see, to the dismay of some of them, the weird antics of the "Wild Fire," or, "Jack o' Lantern," that fiend of morass and fen. An old medical gentleman, of high repute, who has lived his whole life in the town, lately assured me that he remembers well that during the existence of that poisonous swamp, there was a remarkable prevalence of fevers and ague amongst the people living in its neighbourhood; which diseases have since then comparatively disappeared from the locality. There is something rich in excellent suggestions in the change which has been wrought in that spot. The valley which was so long fruitful in pestilences, is now drained and cleared, and blooms with little garden allotments, belonging to the working people thereabouts. Oft as I chance to pass that way, on the East Lancashire Railway, on Saturday afternoons, or holidays, there they are, working in their little plots, sometimes assisted by their children, or their wives; a very pleasant scene. Most Englishmen, of any station, glory in a bit of garden of their own, and take pleasure in the pains they bestow upon it.

I lingered in the market place a little while, looking at the parish church, with its new tower and spire, and at the fine pile of new stone buildings, consisting of the Derby Hotel, the Town Hall, and the Athenæum. Lancashire has, upon the whole, for a very long time past, been chiefly careful about its hard productive work, and practicable places to do it in; and has taken little thought about artistic ornament of any sort; but the strong, old county palatine begins to flower out a little here and there, and this will continue to increase as the enor-

mous wealth of the county becomes influenced by elevated taste. In this new range of buildings, there was a stateliness and beauty, which made the rest of the town of Bury look smaller and balder than ever it appeared to me before. There they stood in the town, but not, apparently, of the town; for they looked like a piece of the west end of London, dropped among a cluster of weavers' cottages. But my reflections took another direction. At "The Derby," there, thought I, will be supplied—to anybody who can command "the one thing needful," in exchange—sumptuous eating and drinking, fine linen, and downy beds, hung with damask curtaining; together with grand upholstery, glittering chandelier and looking glass, and more than enough of other ornamental garniture of all sorts; a fine cook's shop and dormitory, where a man might make shift to tickle a few of his five senses very prettily, if he was so disposed, and was fully armed to encounter the bill. A beggar is not likely to put up there; but a lord might chance to go to bed there, and dream that he was a beggar. At the other end of these fine buildings, the new Athenæum was quietly rising into the air. The wants to be provided for in that edifice were quite of another kind. There is in the town of Bury, as, more or less, everywhere, a thin sprinkling of naturally active and noble minds, struggling through the hard crust of ignorance and difficulty, towards mental light and freedom. Such salt as this poor world of ours has in it, is not unfrequently found among this humble brood of strugglers. I felt sure that such as these, at least, would watch the laying of the stones of this new Athenæum, with a little genuine interest. That is their grand citadel, thought I; and from thence, the fatal artillery of a few old books shall help to batter tyranny and nonsense about the ears;—for there is a reasonable prospect that there, the ample page of knowledge, "rich with the spoils of time," will be unfolded freely, to all who desire to consult it; and that from thence the seeds of thought may

yet be sown, by wise human cultivators, over a little space of the neighbouring mental soil. This fine old England of ours will some day find, like the rest of the world, that it is not mere wealth and luxury, and dexterous juggling among the legerdemain of trade, that make and maintain its greatness, but intelligent and noble-hearted men, in whatever station of life they grow; and they are, at least, sometimes found among the obscure, unostentatious, and very poor. It will learn to prize these, as the "pulse of the machine," to cultivate and conserve such, as the chief hope of its future existence and glory; and will carefully remove, as much as possible, all unnecessary difficulties from the path of those, who, from a wise instinct of nature, are impelled in the pursuit of knowledge by pure love of it, for its own sake, and not by sordid aims.

The new Town Hall is the central building of this fine pile. The fresh nap was not yet worn off it; and, of course, its authorities were anxious to preserve its pristine Corinthian beauty from the contaminations of "the unwashed." They had made it nice, and they preferred nice people in it This feeling seemed to prevail so much, that at the "free exhibition" of models for the Peel monument, a notice was posted at the entrance of the hall, warning visitors, that "Persons in Clogs" would not be admitted. There are many Town Halls which are public property, and not the property of a private gentleman as this is said to be, in the management of which a kindred solicitude prevails about mere ornaments of wood and stone, or painting, gilding, and plaster work; leading to kindred restrictions, which greatly diminish the service which such places might afford to the whole public. They are sometimes kept rather too exclusively for grandee-festivals; and gatherings of those classes which are too much sundered from the poorer part of the community by a Chinese wall of exclusive feeling, and rather vulgarly distinguished from

them by the vague name of "the respectable." I have known the authorities of such places make "serious objections to evening meetings;" and yet, how oft have I seen the farce of "public meetings" got up by this party, or that, ostensibly for the discussion of some important question then agitating the population of the neighbourhood, inviting *public* discussion, at *eleven* o'clock in the *forenoon*, an hour when the heterodox multitude they feared to meet, would be secure enough at their labour; and, in this way, any pack of fanatic hounds—and there are some such in all parties—might howl out their hour in safety, with a clear stage and no foe; and, after that, walk off glorying in their sham triumph, leaving nothing beaten behind them but the air they have tainted with *ex parte* denunciations. And, in my erroneous belief that this Town Hall, into which "Persons in Clogs" were not to be admitted, was public property, the qualification test seemed to me of a rather queer kind, and altogether at the wrong end of the man. Alas, for these poor lads who wear clogs and work-soiled fustian garments; it takes a moral Columbus, every now and then, to keep the world at all awake to a dim belief that there is something fine in them, which has been running to waste for want of recognition and culture. Blessed and beautiful are the feet, thought I, which fortune hath encased in the neat "Clarence," of the softest calf or Cordovan, or the glossy "Wellington," of fine French leather. Even so; the woodenest human head has a better chance in this world, if it come before us covered with a good-looking hat. But, woe unto your impertinent curiosity, ye unfortunate clog-wearing lovers of the fine arts!—(I was strongly assured that there were several curious specimens of this strange animal extant among the working people of Bury.) It was pleasant to hear, however, that several of these ardent persons of questionable understanding, meeting with this restrictive warning as they attempted to enter the hall, after duly contemplating it with humourous awe, doffed their condemned

clogs at once, and, tucking the odious timber under their arms, ran up the steps in their stocking-feet. It is a consolation to believe that these clogs of theirs are not the only clogs yet to be taken off in this world of ours. But, as this "Town Hall" is private property, and, as it has been settled by a certain coronetted Solon of the north, that "a man can do what he likes with his own," these reflections are more pertinent to other public halls that I know of than to this one.

In one of the windows of "The Derby" was exhibited a representation of "The Eagle and Child," or, as the country-folk in Lancashire sometimes call it, "Th' Brid and Bantlin'," * the ancient recognizance of the Stanleys, Earls of Derby, and formerly kings of the Isle of Man, with their motto, "Sans Changer," in a scroll beneath, This family still owns the manor of Bury, and has considerable possessions there. They have also large estates and great influence in the North and West of Lancashire. In former times they have been

* In "Collectanea Topographica et Genealogica," occurs the following, among other interesting matter referring to this "most ancient and distinguished bearing":—"It is generally known that the ancient and chivalrous house of Stanley, branching from the Aldithleys, assumed its local name from the Staffordshire manor of Stanley, and that, on a subsequent acquisition of the Forestership of Wirral, in Cheshire, it adopted the allusive arms so often triumphant in the tournament and the battle-field—'the buck's head on a bend Azure.' To these arms, however, at the close of the fourteenth century, the junior, but most distinguished branch, Stanley of Lathom and Knowsley, added, instead of their former bearing, the crest of *the eagle and cradled infant*—being the *previous cognizance* of the Lathoms, to whose estates they succeeded by marriage."

And the following, in allusion to what is known as the "STANLEY LEGEND":—"The tradition (as given by Bp. Stanley in his 'Historicall Poem touching ye Family of Stanley') (1) agreeing with Vincent's MS. Collections in the College of Arms, describes the Lord of Lathom as issueless and aged 'fowerscore' adopting an infant 'swaddled and clad in a mantle of redd,' which an eagle brings unhurt to

(1) "By Thomas Stanley, Bishop of Man. An imperfect ancient copy exists in MS. Harl. 541, and a larger portion is transcribed in Cole's MSS. vol. xxix. Another copy, presumed to be completed by various collations of the author of this essay, is in the library of Sedbury.

"In the 'History of Birds,' by Edward Stanley, Rector of Alderley (now Bishop of Norwich), vol. 1. 119, will be found some interesting anecdotes of asportation of infants by eagles, illustrative of the family crest, and the corresponding story of King Alfred and the Eagle's Nursling, 'Nestingum.'"

accounted the most powerful family of the county; and in some of the old wars, they led to the field a large proportion of the martial chivalry of Lancashire under their banner. As I looked on the Stanleys' crest, I thought of the fortunes of that noble house, and of the strange events which it had shared with the rest of the kingdom. Of James, Earl of Derby, who was beheaded at Bolton-le-Moors, in front of the Man and Scythe Inn, in Deansgate, two centuries since; and of his countess, Charlotte de Tremouille, who so bravely defended Lathom House against the parliamentary forces during the last civil wars. She was daughter to Claude, Duke of Tremouille, and Charlotte Brabantin de Nassau, daughter of William, Prince of Orange, and Charlotte de Bourbon, of the royal house of France. Apart from all the pride of famous descent, both the earl and his lady were remarkable for certain high and noble qualities of mind, which commanded the respect of all parties in those troubled times. I sometimes think that if it had pleased Heaven for me to have lived

her nest in Terlestowe wood, and which he names Oskell, and makes heir of Lathom, where he becomes the father of Isabel Stanley, stolen away in the first instance by her knight, and afterwards forgiven by Sir Oskell. (2)

"In Seacome's History of the House of Stanley is given another version, supplied by representatives of the Lathoms of Irlam, in Lancashire, and Hawthorne, in Cheshire, descended, according to their own tradition, from the legendary foundling; the tradition stating as follows:—

"'That Sir Thomas de Lathom, son of Sir Robert (one descent being omitted), in the reign of Edward III., had Isabella by his lady, and an illegitimate son by an intrigue; and that the son was introduced to his wife's notice, as found under a tree near the eagle's aery, and, in the first instance, adopted under the name of Sir Oskatel, but discarded *before* the death of Sir Thomas; Irlam and Urmston, in Lancashire, and Hawthorne, in Cheshire, being settled on him and his heirs, and the rest of the Lathom estate duly descending to Isabel Lady Stanley. That *on such adoption* Sir Thomas had *assumed* for his crest "an eagle upon wing, turning her head back, and looking in a sprightly manner as for something she had lost," and that on the disowning, the Stanleys, "either to distinguish or aggrandise themselves, or in contempt and derision, took upon them the Eagle and Child," thus manifesting the variation and the reason of it.'"

(2) "The Legend, as thus told, is represented by fine oaken carvings in the Warden's stall, at Manchester, put up by the before-mentioned James Stanley, Bishop of Ely. In the foreground is the ancient gate-house of Lathom Hall, which has been incorporated with the restoration of that celebrated building engraved in 'Roby's Traditions of Lancashire.'"

in those days, I should have been compelled by nature to fall into some Roundhead rank, and do a stroke or two, the best I could, for that cause. When a lad at school I had this feeling; and, as I pored over the history of that period, sometimes by the light of the fire, for want of a candle, I well remember how, in my own mind, I shouted the solemn battle-cry with great Cromwell and his captains, and charged with the earnest Puritans, in their bloody struggles against the rampant tyrannies of the time. Yet, even then, I never read of this same James, Earl of Derby—the bravest and most faithful soldier of a very infatuated king—without a feeling of admiration for the chivalry of his character. I lately saw, in Bolton, an antique cup of "stone china," quaintly painted and gilt, out of which it is said that this earl drank the communion immediately before his execution. Greenhalgh, of Brandlesome, who was a notable and worthy man, and who governed the Isle of Man for the Earls of Derby, lived at Brandlesome Hall, near Bury. Respecting Edward, the third earl, Camden says, "With Edward, Earl of Derby's death, the glory of hospitality seemed to fall asleep." Of his munificent housekeeping, too, he tells us: how he fed sixty old people twice a day, every day, and all comers twice a week; and every Christmas-day, for thirty-two years, supplied two thousand seven hundred with meat, drink, money, and money's worth; and how he offered to raise ten thousand soldiers for the king. Also that he had great reputation as a bonesetter, and was a learned man, a poet, and a man of considerable talent in many directions. The present Lord Stanley * is accounted a man of great ability as a politician and orator, and of high and impetuous spirit; and is the leader of the Conservative party in parliament. A century ago, the influence of great feudal families, like the Stanleys, was all but supreme in the greatest part of Lancashire;

* Succeeded his father, the 13th Earl of Derby, in 1852. Has been Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Secretary of State for the Colonies. Accepted office as Premier, in 1851

but, since that time, the old landlord domination has fast declined in the manufacturing districts; and, though the people have found some galling slaveries under new disguises, in the state of things which manufacture has brought with it, they certainly begin to set more value upon their independent rights as men, than upon the patronage of ancient landlords.

I had no time to devote to any other of the notabilities of Bury town; and I thought that "Chamber Hall," the birthplace of the great departed statesman, Peel—which is becoming a kind of political Lancashire Mecca in these days—would be worth a special pilgrimage some Saturday afternoon.* I had finished my business about seven o'clock, and as the nightfall was fine and clear, I resolved to walk over to Rochdale, about six miles off, to see an old and true friend of mine there. Few people like a country walk better than I do; and being in very fair health and spirits, I took the road at once, with my stick in my hand, and as brisk as a Shetland pony in good fettle. Striking out at the town-end, I bethought me of an old country herbalist, or "yarb doctor," who lived somewhere thereabouts: a genuine dealer in simples, bred up in the hills, on Ashworth Moor, about three miles from the town; and who had made the botany of his native neighbourhood a life-long study and pleasure. Culpepper's Herbal was a favourite book with him, as it is among a great number of the country people of Lancashire, where there are, perhaps, more really clever botanists in humble life to be found, than in any other part of the kingdom. Nature and he, were, in a certain sense, familiar friends, for he was a lonely rambler by hill, and glen, and field, at all seasons of the year; and could talk by the hour about the

* Since that time, the people of Bury have erected a Monument in their Market Place, to the memory of this brave-hearted benefactor to his country. The statue itself has a noble and simple appearance, but the pedestal on which it stands, looks an insignificant footing for a figure of such proportions, and is a little open to the criticism of "Owd Collop," who said that it looked "like a giant trying to balance hissel' uppov a four-peawnd loaf."

characteristic beauties, and medicinal virtues of gentian, dandelion, and camomile; or of tansy, mountain-flax, sanctuary, hyssop, buckbean, wood-betony, and "Robin-run-i'th-hedge," and an endless catalogue of other herbs and plants—a plentiful assortment of which he kept by him, mostly in dried bundles, ready for the behoof of his customers. The country people in Lancashire, generally have great faith in simples, and in simple treatment for their diseases. I well remember that one of their most canonical recipes for a common cold is "a wot churn-milk posset, weel sweet'nt, an' a traycle cake to't, at bed-time." They are profound believers in the kindly doctrine expressed in that verse of George Herbert's:—

> "More servants wait on man,
> Than he'll take notice of: in ev'ry path
> He treads down what befriends him
> When sickness makes him pale and wan.
> Oh mighty love! man is one world, and hath
> Another to attend him."

Therefore, our primitive old Esculapius, had in his time, driven, what he doubtless considered in his humble way, a pretty gainful trade. And, he was not exactly a "doctor-by-guess," as the Scotch say, but a man of good natural parts, and of some insight into human physiology; of great experience and observation in his little sphere, and remarkable for strong common sense, and integrity. He was, also, well acquainted with the habits, and the general tone of physical constitution among the people of his neighbourhood. Like his pharmacopœia, his life and manners were very simple, and his rude patients had great confidence in him. It was getting dark, and I did not know exactly where to find him, or I should have liked very well to see the old botanist, of whom I had heard a very interesting account in my native town.

When one gets fairly into the country, it is fine walking by a clear starlight, when the air is touched with frost, and the ground hard under the foot. I enjoyed all this still more on that old road, which is always rising some knoll, or descending

into some quiet little clough, where all is so still that one can hear the waters sing among the fields and stunted woods off at the wayside. The wind was blowing, fresh and keen, down from Knowl Hill, and the heathery wastes of Ashworth and Rooley Moors; those wild heights which divide the vale of the Roach, from the Forest of Rossendale. I stood, and looked above upon the blue heavens, "fretted with golden fire," and around me upon this impressive night-scene, so finely still and solemn—the effect deepened by the moanings of the wind among the trees. My mind reverted to the crowded city, and I thought to myself—this is rather different to Market-street, in Manchester, on a Tuesday forenoon, about the time of "high change"—as I listened to the clear "Wo-up!" of a solitary carter to his horse, on the top of the opposite knoll, and heard the latch of a cottage door lifted as it opened, and saw the light from the inside glint forth into the trees below for an instant. The cottage door closed again, the fireside picture was gone, and I was alone on the silent road, with the clear stars looking down.

I generally put off my meals till I get a hint from the inside; and, by the time that I had reached the bottom of a lonely dell, about three miles on the road, I began to feel very hungry, and I stept into the only house thereabouts, a little roadside inn, to get a bite of something. The house stands near to a narrow woody ravine, which runs under the highway, crosswise, at that place. It is said to have been entirely built by one man, who got the stone, hewed it, cut the timber, and shaped it; and altogether built the house, such as it is; and it has an air of primitive rudeness about it, which partly corroborates the story. It is known to the scattered inhabitants of that district, by the name of "the house that Jack built." On entering the place, I found the front rooms all dark and quiet, and nothing stirring but in the kitchen, where I saw the light of a candle, and heard a little music among

the pots, which somebody was washing. The place did not seem very promising, so far as I could see at all, but I felt curious, and, walking forward, I found a very homely-looking old woman bustling about there, with a clean cap on, not crimped nor frilled any way, but just plainly adorned with a broad border of those large, stiff, old-fashioned puffs which I used to watch my mother make on the end of the "Italian Iron," when I was a lad at home. Old Sam, the landlord, had just come home from his work, and sat quietly smoking on the long-settle, in a nook, by the fire-side, while his good wife, Mary, got some tea ready for her tired old man. The entrance of a customer seemed to be an important affair to them, and partly so, I believe, because they were glad to have a little company in their quiet corner, and liked to hear, now and then, how the world was wagging a few miles off. I called for a glass of ale, and something like the following conversation ensued :—

Mary: Aw'll bring it, measter. See yo, tay this cheer; it's as chep sittin' as stonnin' for aught aw know. An' poo up to th' fire; for it's noan so warm to-neet.

Sam: Naw, its nobbut cowdish, for sure; dray up to th' hob, an' warm yo, for yo look'n gradely parish't.

"If you can bring me a crust of bread and cheese, or a bit of cold meat, or anything, I shall be obliged to you," said I.

Mary: Ah sure; we han a bit o' very nice cowd mheyt; an' aw'll bring it eawt. But it's bhoylt, mind yo! Dun yo like it bhoylt? Aw dar say yo'n find it middlin toothsome.

I assured her that it would do very well; and then the landlord struck in:—

Sam: Does ta yer, lass. There's a bit o' nice pickle theer, i'th cubbort; aw dar say he'd like some on't. Fot it eawt, an' let him *feel* at it.

Mary: Oh, ay, sure there is, an' aw'll bring it, too. Aw declare aw'd forgetten it! Dun yo like pickle, measther?

"I do, very well," said I, "just for a taste, thank you."

Mary: Well, well; aw mhyen for a taste. But aw'll bring it, an' yo can help yorsel to it. Let's see, wi'n yo have hard brade? Which side dun yo come fro?

"I come from Manchester," said I.

Mary: Fro Manchester! Whau then, yo'd'n rayther ha' loaf-brade, aw'll uphowd yo.

"Nay, nay," said I, "I'm country-bred; and I would rather have a bit of your oatcake; beside, I very seldom get any in Manchester; and, when I do, it always tastes as if it was mismanaged somehow; so I can assure you that a bit of good country oatcake will be a treat to me.

Mary: That's reet; aw'll find yo a bit o' gradely good stuff! An' it's a dhyel howsomer nor loaf, too, mind yo. * * * Neaw, wi'n naut uncuth to set afore yo; but yo'n find that beef's noan sich bad takkin', iv yor ony ways sharp set. * * * Theer, see yo! Nea, may yoursel' awhom, an' spare naut, for wi'n plenty moor. But houd! yo ha'not o' yor tools yet. Aw'll reytch yo a fork in a crack.

I fell to my homely feast with a very hearty good-will, for the viands before me were not scanty, and they were both wholesome, and particularly welcome, after my sharp walk in the keen wind, which came whistling over the moors that night. The first heat of the attack was beginning to slacken a bit, and Old Sam, who had been sitting in the corner, patient and pleased all the while, with a very observant look, began to think that now there might be room for him to put in a word or two safely. I, also, began to feel as if I had no objection to taper off my meal with a little country talk; and the old man was just asking me what the town's folk said about the parliamentary crisis, and the rumour which had reached him, that there was an intention of restoring the corn-laws again, when Mary interrupted him by saying—"Husht, Sam; does ta yer naut?" He took the pipe out of

his mouth, and, quietly blowing the smoke from a corner of his lips, held his head on one side, in a listening attitude. Old Sam smiled, and lighting his pipe again, he said, "Ah, yon's Jone o' Jeffry's." "It's naut else, aw believe," said Mary; "does ta think he'll co'?" "Co', ah," replied Sam; "does he ever miss thinks ta? Tay thy cheer to th' tone side a bit, an' may reawm for him, for he'll be i'th' heawse in a minute." And then, turning to me, he said, "Nea then, measther, yo'n yer some gam, iv yor spare't." He had scarcely done speaking, when a loud "Woyhe" was heard outside, as a cart stopped at the door, and a floor-shaking footstep came stamping up the lobby. The kitchen door opened, and a full-blown Lancashire Cossack stood before us. Large-limbed, and broad-shouldered, with a great, frank, good-tempered face, full of rude health and glee. He looked a fine sample, physically, of the genus *homo*, with a disposition that seemed to me, from the expression of his countenance, to be something between that of an angel and a bull-dog. Giving his hands a hearty smack, he rubbed them together, and smiled at the fire; and then, doffing his rough hat, and flinging it with his whip upon the table, he shouted out "Hello! Heaw are yo,—o' on yo! Yo'r meeterly quiet again to-neet, Mary! An' some ov a cowd neet it is. My nose sweats." The landlord whispered to me—"Aw towd yo, didn't aw. Sit yo still; he's rare company is Jone."

Mary: Ah, we're quite enough; but we shannut be quite so long, neaw at thir't come'd, Jone, nothur.

Jone: Nea then; what yor noan beawn to flyte mo, owd crayter, are yo?

Sam: Tay no notiz on hur, wilto, foo; hoo mhyens naut wrang.

Mary: Nut aw! Sit to deawn, Jone. We're olez fain to sitho; for thir't noan o'th' warst mak o' folk, as roof as to art.

Jone: Aw'st sit mo deawn, as what aw am; an' aw'st warm

mo too, beside; so its reet. An', by th' mass, iv aw're here a bit moor, aw'd may some rickin' i' this cauve cote, too. Whau, mon, yo'dd'n fair dee i'th' shell iv aw didn't wacken yo up a bit, oytch neaw and then.

Mary: Eh, mon! Thea sees, our Sam an' me's gettin' owd neaw, an' wi'dd'n raythur be quiet a very dhyel, for th' bit o' time at wi' ha'n to do on. Beside, aw could never do wi' roof wark. Raylee o' me! It'd weary a grooin' tree to ha' th' din, an' th' lumber, an' th' muck at te han i' some ale heawzus. To my thinkin', aw'd go as fur as othur grace* grew or waytur ran, afore aw'd live amoon sich doin's. One could elthur manage we't iv it're at th' fur end o' their days. But what, we hannut so lung to do on, neaw; an' aw would e'en finish as quietly as aw can. We hannut had a battle i' er heawse uz—let's see—uz three yeer an' moor; ha'n wi, Sam?

Sam: Naw. But we soud'n a dhyel moor ale, just afore that time, too.

Jone: Three year, sen yo! Eh, the dule, Mary; heaw ha'n yo shap'd that! Whau' owd Neddy at th' Hoo'senam—yo known owd Neddy, aw reckon, dunnut yo, Sam?

Sam: Do I know Rachdaw Church steps, thinks ta?

Jone: Aw dar say yo known th' steps a dhyel better nur yo known th' church itsel'.

Sam: Whau, aw have been bin up thoose steps a time or two i' my life; an thea knows, ony body at's bin up 'em a twothore† times, 'll nut forget 'em so soon; for iv thi'n tay 'em sharpish fro' th' bothom to'th' top, it'll try their wynt up rarely afore they reytch'n Tim Bobbin gravestone i'th' owd church-yort. But, aw've been to sarvice theer as oft as thea has, aw think.

Jone: Ah;—an' yo'n getten abeawt as mich good wi't, as I have, aw dar say; an' that's naut to crack on;—ho'ever, wi'n say no moor uppo' that footin'. But, iv yo known ony body

* Grass. † *A Twothore.*—A few.

at o', yo known owd Neddy at th' Hoo'senam; and, aw'll be bund for't, 'at i' three years, time, he's brunt mony a peawnd o' candles wi' watchin' folk fheyt i' their heawse. Eh, aw've si'n him ston o'er 'em, wi' a candle i' eyther hont, mony a time, when they'n bin fheytin'; an' he's kept co'in eawt, "Nea lads. Turn him o'er, Tum! Let 'em ha' reawm, chaps, wi'n yo; let 'em ha' reawm! Nea lads! Keep a loce leg, Jam! Nea lads!" And then, when one on 'em wur done to th' lung-length, he'd sheawt eawt, "Houd, houd! he's put his hont up! Come, give o'er, and ger up." And, afore they'd'n getten gradely wynded, and put their cloas on, he'd offer "another quart for the next battle." Eh, he's one o'th quarest chaps i' this nation, is owd Ned, to my thinkin'.

Sam: There isn't a quarer i' this countryside, as hea't be; an' there's some crumpers amoon th' lot.

Jone: Aw guess, yo know'd'n Bodle, too, didn't yo, Owd Sam?

Sam: Yigh, aw do. He wortches up at th' col-pit yon, doesn't he?

Jone: He does, owd craytur.

Mary: Let's see, isn't that him 'at skens a bit?

Sam: A bit, says ta, lass? It's aboon a bit, by Guy. He skens ill enough to crack a looking glass, welly. His e'e-seet crosses somewheer abeawt th' end on his nose, aw believe, if th' treawth wur known; an' he's as feaw as an empty pot, ole o'er,—an' as leawsy as Thump, too, beside.

Mary: Eh, do let th' lad alone, folk, win you. Aw marvel at yo'n no moor wit nor mayin a foo o' folk at's wrang wheer they connut help it. Yo met happen be strucken yorsels. Beside, he's somebory's chylt, an' somebory likes him too, aw'll uphowd him; for there never wur a feaw face i' this world, but there were a feaw fancy to match it, somewheer.

Jone: They may fancy him 'at likes, for me; but there's noan so mony folk at'll fancy Bodle, at after they'n smelled at him once't. An', by Guy, he's hardly wit enough to keep

fro' runnin' again th' woles. But, aw see yo known him weel enough; an' so aw'll tell yo a bit of a crack abeawt him an' Owd Neddy.

Mary: Well let's ha it; an' mind ta tells no lies abeawt th' lad i' thy talk.

Jone: Bi' th' mon, Mary, aw connut do, adeawt aw say 'at he's other a pratty un, or a good un.

Sam: Get forrud wi' thy tale, Jone, wilto; an' bother no moor abeawt it.

Jone: Well, yo see'n, Sam; one mornin' Owd Neddy an' him had been fuddlin' o' th' o'erneet, an' thi'dd'n just getten a yure o' th' owd dog into 'em; an' they sit afore th' fire i' Owd Neddy kitchen, as quiet, to look at, as two pot dolls; but they didn't feel so, nother; for thi'dd'n some ov a yed-waache apiece i' th' treawth wur known. When thi'dd'n turn't things o'er a bit, Bodle began o' lookin' very yearn'stfully at th' fire-hole o' at once't, and he said, "By th' mass, Owd Ned, aw've a good mind to go reet up th' chimbley." Well, yo known, Owd Neddy likes a spree as well as ony mon livin', an he doesn't care so mich what mak' o' one it is, nothur; so as soon as he yerd him say that he jumped up, an' said, "Damn it, Bodle, go up—up wi' tho!" Bodle stood still a minute, looking at th' chimbley, an' doublin' his laps up, as he said to Owd Neddy, "Well, nea; should aw go up, thinks ta', owd crayter?" "Go?—ah; what elze?" said Owd Ned, "Up wi' tho; soot's good for th' bally-waach, mon; an' aw 'll gi' tho a guart ov ale when tho comes deawn again!" "Will ta, for sure?" said Bodle, prickin' his ears. "Am aw lyin' thinks ta?" onswer't Owd Neddy. "Whau then, aw'm off, by Gos, iv it're as lung as a steeple;" an' he made no moor bawks at th' job, but set th' t'one foot onto th' top-bar, an' up he went into th' smudge hole. Just as he wur crommin' hissel' in at th' bothom o' th' chimbley, th' owd woman coom in to see what they hadd'n agate; an' as soon as Bodle yerd hur, he code eawt, "Houd hur back a bit, whol aw get eawt o'th seet, or elze hoo'll poo mo deawn

again." Hoo stare't a bit afore hoo could may it eawt what it wur at're creepin up th' chimbley-hole, an' hoo said, "What mak o' lumber ha'n yo afoot neaw?"—but as soon as hoo fund who it wur, hoo sheawted, "Eh, thea ghreyt gawmless foo! Wheer to for up theer? Thea'll be smoor't, mon!" An,' hoo would ha' mashed forrud, an' getten houd on him; but Owd Neddy kept stonnin afore hur, an' sayin "Let him alone, mon; it's nobbut a bit ov a spree;" then he looked o'er his shoulder at Bodle, an' said to him, "Get tee forrud, wilto nowmun; thae met ha' bin deawn by neaw;" an' as soon as he see'd at Bodle wur gettin meeterly weel up th' hole, he leet hur go; but hoo wur to lat by a dhyel. An' o' at hoo could do, wur to fot him a seawse or two o'th' legs wi' th' poker. But he wur for up, an' naut else. He did just stop abeawt hauve a minute, —when he feld hur hit his legs,—to co' eawt, "Hoo's that at's hittin' mo?" "Whau," said hoo, "It's me, thae ghreyt leather-yed;—an' come deawn wi' tho!" "Nut yet," said Bodle,—"but aw'll not be lung, nothur, yo may depend;—for it's noan a nice plaze,—this isn't. Eh! there is some ov a smudge! An' it gwos wur as aw go fur;—a—tscho—o! By Guy, aw con see noan,—nor talk, nothur;—so ger off, an' let mo get it o'er afore aw'm choak't"; and then th' owd lad crope forrud, as hard as he could, for he're thinkin' abeawt th' quart ov ale. Well, Owd Neddy nearly skrike't wi' laughin', as he watched Bodle draw his legs up eawt o' th' seet, an' he set agate o' hommerin' th' chimbley wole wi' his hont, an sheawtin' up after him, "Go on, Bodle, owd lad! Go on, owd mon! Thir't a reet un, i' tho lhoyzus! Thea'st have a quart o' th' best ale i' this hole, i' tho lives till tho comes deawn again, as hea 'tis, owd brid!" And then, he went sheawting up an' deawn th' heawse, "Hey! Dun yo yer, lads; come here! Owd Bodle's gwon chleyn up th' chimbley! Aw never sprad my e'en uppo th' marrow trick to this i' my life." Well, yo may think Sam, th' whole heawse wur up i' no time; an' some rare spwort they ha'dd'n; whol Owd Neddy kept goin' to th' eawt-

side, to see if Bodle had getten his yed eawt at th' top; an' then runnin' in again, and bawling up th' flue, "Bodle, owd lad, heaw arto gettin' on? Go throo wi't, owd cock!" But, whol he're starin' and sheawtin' up th' chimbley, Bodle lost his houd, somewheer toawrd th' top, an' he coom shutterin' deawn again, an' o' the soot i' the chimbley wi' him; an' he let wi' his hinder end thump o' th' top-bar, an' then roll't deawn uppo th' har'stone. An' a greadly blash-boggart he looked, yo may think. Th' owd lad seem't as if he hardly knowed wheer he wur; so he lee theer a bit, amoon a ghreyt cloud o' soot, an, Owd Neddy stood o'er him, laughing', an' wipein' his e'en, an' co'in' eawt, "Tay thy wynt a bit, Bodle; thir't safe londed! Thir't a reet un, bi' th' mon art ta, too. Tay thy wynt, owd brid! Thea'st have a quart ov ale, as hea 'tis owd mon; as soon as ever aw con see my gate to th' bar eawt o' this smudge at thea's brought wi' tho! Aw never had my chimbley swept as chep i' my life, never!"

Mary: Well, if ever! Whau, it 're enough to may th' fellow's throttle up! A ghreyt, drunken leather-yed! But, he'd be some dry, mind you!

Jone: Yo'r reet, Mary! Aw think mysel' at a quart ov ale 'ud come noan amiss after a do o' that mak'. An' Bodle wouldn't wynd aboon once wi' it, afore he see'd th' bottom o' th' pot, nothur.

Well, I had a good laugh at Jone's tale, and I enjoyed his manner of telling it, quite as much as anything there was in the story itself; for, he seemed to talk with every limb of his body, and every feature of his face; and told it, altogether, in such a living way, with so much humour and earnestness, that it was irresistible; and as I was "giving mouth" a little, with my face turned up towards the ceiling, he turned to me, and said quickly, "Come, aw say; are yo noan fyerd o' throwin yo'r choles off th' hinges?" We soon settled down into a quieter mood, and drew round the fire, for the night was cold; when Jone suddenly pointed out to the landlord, one of those

little deposits of smoke which sometimes wave about on the bars of the fire-grate, and, after whispering to him, "See yo, Sam; a stranger uppo th' bar, theer;" he turned to me, and said, "that's yo, measther!" This is a little superstition, which is common to the fire-sides of the poor in all England, I believe. Soon after this, Mary said to Jone, "Hasto gan thy horse aught, Jone?" "Sure, aw have," replied he, "Aw laft it heytin', an plenty to go on wi', so then. Mon, aw reckon to look after deawn-crayters a bit, iv there be aught sturrin'." "Well," said she, "aw dar say thea does, Jone; an' mind yo, thoose at winnut do some bit like toawrd things at connut spheyk for theirsels, they'n never ha' no luck, as hoo they are." "Well," said Jone, "my horse wortches weel, an' he sleeps weel, an' he heyts weel, an' he drinks weel, an' he parts wi't flyerful weel; so he doesn't ail mich yet." "Well," replied Mary, "there isn't a wick thing i' this world can wortch as it should do, if it doesn't heyt as it should do." Here I happened to take a note-book out of my pocket, and write in it with my pencil, when the conversation opened again.

Sam: (Whispering). Sitho, Jone, he's bookin' tho!

Jone: Houd, measther, houd! What mak' o' marlocks are yo after, neaw? What're yo for wi' us, theer? But aw care'nt a damn abeawt it; for thi connut hang folk for spheykin neaw, as thi' could'n once on a day; so get forrud wi't, as what it is.

He, then, also, began to enquire about the subject which was the prevailing topic of conversation at that time, namely, the parliamentary crisis, in which Lord John Russell had resigned his office at the head of the government; and the great likelihood there seemed to be of a protectionist party obtaining power.

Jone: Ha'n yo yerd aught abeawt Lord Stanley puttin' th' Corn Laws on again? There wur some rickin' abeawt it i' Bury teawn, when aw coom off wi' th' cart to-neet.

Sam: They'n never do't, mon! They connot do! An'

it's very weel, for aw dunnut know what mut become o' poor folk iv they did'n do. What think'n yo, measther?

I explained to them the unsettled state of parliamentary affairs, as it had reached us through the papers; and gave them my firm belief that the Corn Laws had been abolished once for all in this country, and that there was no political party in England who wished to restore them, who would ever have the power to do so.

Jone: Dun yo think so? Aw'm proud to yer it!

Sam: An' so am aw too, Jone. But what, aw know'd it weel enough. Eh, mon; there's a dhyel moor crussuz o' brade lyin' abeawt i' odd nooks an' corners, nor there wur once't ov a day. Aw've sin th' time when thi'd'n ha' bi'n cleeked up like lumps o' gowd.

Jone: Aw think they'n ha' to fot Lord John back, to wheyve his cut deawn yet. To my thinkin', he'd no business to lhyev his looms. But aw dar say he knows his own job betther nor aw do. He'll be as fause as a boggart, or elze he'd never ha' bi'n i' that shop as lung as he has bi'n; not he. There's moor in his yed, nor a smo'-tooth comb con fot eawt. What think'n yo, Owd Brid?

Sam: It's so like; it's so like! But aw dunnut care who's in, Jone, i' thi'n nobbut do some good for poor folk: an' that's one o' th' main jobs for thoose 'at's power to do't. But, iv they wur'n to put th' Corn Bill on again, there's mony a theawsan' 'ud be clemmed to dhyeth, o' ov a rook.

Jone: Ah, there would so, Sam, 'at aw know on. But, see yo; there's a dhyel on 'em 'ud go deawn afore me. Aw'd may somebody houd back whol their cale coom! Iv they winnut gi' me my share for wortchin' for, aw'll have it eawt o' some nook, ov aw dunnut, damn Jone! (Striking the table heavily with his fist.) They's never be clemmed at our heawse, as aw ha' si'n folk clemmed i' my time,—never, whol aw've a knheyve at th' end o' my arm! Neaw, what have aw towd yo!

Sam: Thea'rt reet lad! Aw houd te wit good, by th' mass. Whol they gi'n us some bit like ov a choance, we can elthur do. At th' most o' times, we'n to kill ursels to keep ursels, welly; but, when it comes to scarce wark an' dear mheyt, th' upstroke's noan so fur off.

Mary: Aye, aye. If it're nobbut a body's sel', we met manage to pinch a bit, neaw an' then; becose one could reayson abeawt it some bit like. But it's th' childher, mon, it's th' childher! Th' little things 'at look'n for it reggelur; an' wonder'n heaw it is when it doesn't come. Eh dear o' me! To see poor wortchin folk's little bits o' childher yammerin' for a bite o' mheyt—when there's noan for em;—an' lookin' up i' folk's faces, as mich as to say "Connut yo help mo?" It's enough to may onybody cry their shoon-full!

Here, I took out my book to make another note.

Jone: Hello! yo'r agate again! yor for mayin', some mak ov a hobbil on us, aw believe! What, are yo takkin' th' pickter on mo, or summat? * * * * * Eh, owd Sam; what a thing this larnin is. Aw should ha' bi'n worth mony a hunderth theawsan peawnd iv aw could ha' done o' that shap, see yo!

Sam: Aw guess thea con write noan, nor read nothur, con ta Jone?

Jone: Nut aw! aw've no moor use for a book nor a duck has for a umbrell. Aw've had to wortch meeterly hard si'n aw're five year owd, mon, Iv aw've aught o' that mak to do, aw go to Owd Silver-yed at th' lone-side, wi't. It may's mo mad mony a time, mon; one look's sich a foo!

Sam: An' he con write noan mich, aw think, con he?

Jone: Naw. He went no fur nor pot-hooks an' ladles i' writin', aw believe. But he can read a bit, an' that's moor nor a dhyel o' folk abeawt here can do. Aw know nobory oppo this side 'at's greadley larnt up, nobbut Ash'oth parson. But, there's plenty o' chaps i' Rachdaw teawn at's so brawsen wi' wit whol nothur me, nor no mon elze, con may ony sense on

'em. Yo rekelect 'n a 'torney co'in' here once't. What dun yo think o' him?

Sam: He favvurs a foo, Jone; ar aw'm a foo mysel'.

Jone: He's far larnt i' aught but honesty, mon, that's heaw it is. He 'll do no reet, nor tay no wrang: So wi'n lap it up just wheer it is; for little pigs ha'n lung ears.

Sam: Aw'll tell tho what, Jone; he's a bad trade by th' hond, for one thing; an' a bad trade 'll sphoyle a good mon, sometimes; iv he'll stick weel to 't.

Jone: It brings moor in nor mine does, a dhyel. But wi'n let it drop. Iv aw'd his larnin, aw'd may summat on't.

Sam: Ah, well; it's a fine thing is larnin', Jone! It's a very fine thing! It tay's no reawm up, mon. An' then, th' baillies connut fot it, thea sees But what, a dhyel o' poor folk are so taen up wi' gettin' what they need'n for th' bally an' th' back, whol thi'n nothur time nor inclination for nought but a bit ov a crack for a leetenin'.

Jone: To mich so, owd Sam! To mich so! * *

Mary: Thae never tells one heaw th' wife is, Jone.

Jone: Whau, th' owd lass is yon; an' hoo's nothur sickly, nor soory, nor sore, 'at aw know on. * * * Yigh, hoo's trubble't wi' a bit ov a bhreykin' eawt abeawt th' meawth, sometimes.

Mary: Does hoo get nought for it?

Jone: Naw, nought 'at'll mend it. But, aw'm mad enough, sometimes to plaister it wi' my hond,—iv aw could find i' my heart.

Mary: Oh, aw see what to mhyens, neaw. * * An' aw dar say thea gi's her 'casion for't, neaw an' then.

Jone: Well, aw happen do; for th' best o' folk need'n bidin' wi' a bit sometimes; an' aw'm noan one o'th' best, yo know'n.

Mary: Naw; nor th' warst nothur, Jone.

Jone: Yo dunnut know o', mon.

Mary: Happen not; but, thir't to good to brun, as hea't be.

Jone: Well, onybody's so, Mary. But, we're o' God Almighty's childer, mon; an' aw feel fain on't, sometimes; for he's th' best feyther at a chylt con have.

Mary: Ah, but thea'rt nobbut like other childer, Jone; thea doesn't tak as mich notice o' thy feyther, as thea should do.

Sam: Well, well; let's o' on us be as good as we con be, iv we aren't as good as we should be; an' then wi's be better nor we are.

Jone: Hello! that clock begins o' givin' short 'lowance, as soon as ever aw get agate o' talkin'; aw'm mun be off again!

Sam: Well; thae'll co' a lookin' at us, olez, when tho comes this gate on, winnut to Jone? In tho doesn't, aw'st be a bit mad, thae knows.

Jone: As lung as aw'm wick and weel, owd crayter, aw'st keep comin' again, yo may depend,—like Clegg Ho' Boggart.

The night was now wearing late, and, as I had yet nearly three miles to go, I rose, and went my way. This old road was never so much travelled as some of the highways of the neighbourhood, but, since railways were made, it has been quieter than before, and the grass has begun to creep over it a little in some places. It leads through a district which has always been a kind of weird region to me. And I have wandered among those lonely moorland hills above Birtle, and Ashworth, and Bagslate; up to the crest of old Knowl, and over the wild top of Rooley, from whence the greatest part of South Lancashire—that wonderful region of modern wealth and energy—lies under the eye, from Blackstone Edge to the Irish Sea; and I have wandered through the green valleys and silent glens, among these hills, communing with my own heart, and with the "shapes, and sounds, and shifting elements" of nature, in many a quiet trance of meditative joy; where the serenity of the scene was unmixed with any ruder sounds than the murmurs and gurglings of the many-mooded mountain stream, carcering over its rocky bed through the shady hollow of the vale; and the blithe music

of small birds among the woods which lined the banks; or the stealthy gambols of the summer wind among the varied shade of rustling green, which canopied the lonely stream, so thickly, that the flood of sunshine which washed all the tree-tops of the wood in gold, only stole into the deeps in little solitary, fitful threads; and hardly gave a warmer tinge to the softened light in the cool grots and mossy cells down by the water side. Romantic Spoddenloud! Country of wild beauty; of hardy, simple, honest life; of old-world manners, and of ancient tales and legends dim! There was a time when almost the very air of the district seemed, to my young mind, impregnated with boggart-lore, and all the wild "gramerie" of old Saxon superstition,—when I looked upon it as the last sylvan stronghold of the fairies; where they would remain impregnable, haunting wild "thrutches" and sylvan "chapels," in lonely deeps of its cloughs and woods; and, in spite of all the hard-hearted logic in the world, would still hold their mystic festivals there on moonlight nights, tripping to the ancient music of its waters, till the crack of doom. And, for all the boasted march of intellect, it is, even to this day, a district where the existence of witches, and the power of witch-doctors, wisemen, seers, planet-rulers, and prognosticators, find great credence in the imaginations of a rude, simple, and unlettered people. There is a little fold, called "Prickshaw," in this township of Spotland, which fold was the home of a notable country astrologer, in Tim Bobbin's time, called "Prickshaw Witch." Tim tells a humourous story in his works, about an adventure he had with this Prickshaw planet-ruler, at the old Angel Inn, in Rochdale. Prickshaw keeps up its old oracular fame in that moorland quarter to this day, for it has its planet-ruler still; and, it is not alone in such wild, remote, outlying nooks of the hills that these professors of the art of divination may yet be found; almost every populous town in Lancashire has, in some corner of it, one or more of these gifted star-readers,

searching out the hidden things of life, to all inquirers, at about a shilling a head. These country soothsayers mostly drive a sort of contraband trade in their line, in as noiseless and secret a way as possible, among the most ignorant, weak, or credulous part of the population. And, it is natural that they should flourish wherever there are minds combining abundance of ignorant faith and imagination with a plentiful lack of knowledge. But, they are not all skulkers these diviners of the skies, for now and then a bold prophet stands forth, in clear and distinct proportions, before the wondering public gaze, who has more lofty and learned pretentions; witness the advertisement of Dr. Alphonso Gazell, of No. 4, Sparth Bottoms, Rochdale, which appears in the *Rochdale Sentinel*, of the 3rd of December, 1853.* Oh, departed Lilly and Agrippa; your shadows are upon us still! Our streets are lined with respected conjurors; and, everywhere, men are groping among the devices of falsehood! But, I must descend from such flights as these, and continue my story of the lone old road, and its associations; and as I wandered on that cold and silent night, under the blue sky, where night's candles were burning, so clear and calm, I remembered that this was the country of old Adam de Spotland, who, many centuries since, piously bequeathed certain broad acres of land, "for the cure of souls," in the parish of Rochdale. He has, now, many centuries slept with his

* "Beneficial practical philosophy, No. 4, Sparth Bottoms, near Rochdale.—Prognostic astro-phrenology, or nature considered as a whole—its matter, its properties, its laws, physical, moral, and intellectual; and the effect of their influences on individual life, character, and ability. From these premises and nearly twenty years' experience, any lady or gentleman may have the most valuable advice on matters of health, sickness, profession, trade, emigration, and speculation; also marriage—its prospects to the inquirer, whether it will be attended with happiness, the time of its occurrence, a full description and character of the present or future partner, with copious instructions to the unmarried; which offer or party to take, and thus secure the fullest amount of happiness, shown to any individual by this combination of science. The principal requisite points of information for applying the science to the benefit of an inquirer are—the precise date, place of birth, and the station in life. Attendance every day except Mondays, at No. 4, Sparth Bottoms, Rochdale. "DR. ALPHONSO GAZELLE."

fathers; but, woe to the day, when men live to see such bequests, long ago left for pious uses, degenerated into lolling-couches, upon which vulgar pride may rock its sense of duty into stillness, among the fatal stupors of worldliness, * * * And now, as I walked down the road, in this sombre starlight, with a hushed wind, and under the shade of the woody height on which the homestead of this brave old Saxon stood, my footsteps sounding clear in the quiet air, and the very trees seeming to bend over to one another, and commune in awful murmurs on the approach of an intruder, how could I tell what the tramp of my unceremonious feet might waken there? The road crosses a deep and craggy glen, called "Simpson Clough," which is one of the finest pieces of ravine scenery in the whole county, little as it is known. The entire length of this wild gorge is nearly two miles, and it is watered by a stream from the hills, called "Nadin Water," which, in seasons of heavy rain, rages and roars with great violence, through its narrow rocky channels. There is many a strange old tale connected with this clough. Half way up a shaley bank, which overhangs the river on the western side of the clough, the mouth of an ancient, disused lead mine may still be seen, partly shrouded by tangled brush wood. Upon the summit of a precipitous steep of wildwood and rock, which bounds the eastern side of the clough, stands Bamford Hall, a handsome, modern building, of stone, a few yards from the site of the old hall of the Bamfords, of Bamford. The new building is a residence of one branch of the Fenton family, wealthy bankers and cotton spinners, and owners of large tracts of land, here and elsewhere. On an elevated table-land, at the western side of the clough, and nearly opposite to Bamford Hall, stood the ancient mansion of Grizlehurst, the seat of the notable family of Holt, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The Holt family were once the most powerful and wealthy landowners in the parish of Rochdale. The principal seats of the family in this parish were Stubley

Hall, in the township of Wardleworth, and Castleton Hall, in the township of Castleton. The manor of Spotland was granted by Henry VIII., to Thomas Holt, who was knighted in Scotland, by Edward, Earl of Hertford, in the thirty-sixth year of the reign of that monarch. Part of a neighbouring clough still bears the name of "Tyrone's Bed," from the prevailing tradition that the famous Hugh O'Neal, Earl of Tyrone and King of Ulster, took shelter in these woody solitudes, after suffering severe defeat in the great Irish Rebellion, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. John Roby, of Rochdale, has woven this legend into an elegantly-written romance, in his "Traditions of Lancashire."

I reached home about ten o'clock, and, thinking over the incidents of my walk, I was a little impressed by one fact, suggested by the conversation at the roadside public-house, with "Jone o' Jeffrey's," and the old couple; namely, that there is a great outlying mass of poor dumb folk in this country, who—by low social condition, but more by the prevalent lack of common education among them—are shut out from the chance of hearing much, and still more from the chance of understanding what little they do hear, respecting many interesting political questions of the time; and, also, with respect to many other matters which are of essential importance to their welfare. Whether this gross ignorance which yet pervades a great multitude of the poor of England, is chargeable upon that multitude itself, or upon that part of the people whom more favourable circumstances have endowed with light and power, and who yet withhold these potent elements from their less fortunate fellows, or, whether it is chargeable upon neither, let learned casuists decide. The fact that this ignorance does exist among the poor of England, lies so plainly upon the surface of society, that it can only be denied by those who are idle or incurious as to the condition of the humbler classes of this kingdom; or, by those who move only in such exclusive cir-

cles of life and thought, that they habitually ignore many of the conditions of human existence which lie outside of their own narrow limits of society and sympathy; or, by such as wink their eyes to the great truth in this matter, in order to work out some small purpose of their own. Wherever there is ignorance at all, there is too much of it; and it cannot be too soon nor too effectually removed, especially by those who are wise enough to see the crippling and infectious malignities of its nature. In fact, any man who is truly illumined as to the nature of ignorance will feel such a constraining necessity laid upon him to dispel the dangerous blight, that he would hold it as one of the most earnest and noble ends of his life. That portion of our population which hears next to nothing, and understands less, of politics and the laws—any laws whatever—is nevertheless compelled to obey the laws, right or wrong, and whatever strange mutations they may be subject to; and is thus continually drifted to and fro by conflicting currents of legislation which it cannot see; currents of legislation which sometimes rise from sources where there exists, unfortunately, more love for ruling than for enlightening. Many changes come over the social condition of this blind multitude, they know not whence, nor how, nor why. The old song says: —

> "Remember, when the judgment's weak,
> The prejudice is strong."

And, certainly, that part of the popular voice which is raised upon questions respecting which it has little or no sound information, must be considerably swayed by prejudice, and by that erratic play of unenlightened, unbridled feeling, which has no safer government than the ephemeral circumstances which chase each other off the field of time. Shrewd demagogues know well how prostrate is the position of this uneducated "mass," as it is called; and they have a stock of old-fashioned tricks, by which they can move it to their own ends "as easy as lying." He who knows the touches of this passive

instrument, can make it discourse the music he desires; and, unhappily, that is not always airs from heaven.

"'Tis the time's plague,
When madmen lead the blind."

Now, the educated classes have all the wide field of ancient learning open to them,—they can pasture where they will; and the stream of present knowledge rushing by—they can drink as they list. Whatever is doing in politics, too, they hear of, whilst these things are yet matters of public dispute; and, in some degree, they understand and see the drift of them, and, therefore, can throw such influence as in them lies into one or the other scale of the matter. This boasted out-door parliament—this free expression of public opinion in England, however, as I have said before, goes no farther down among the people than education goes. Below that point lies a land of fretful slaves, dungeoned off by ignorance from the avenues which lead to freedom; and, they mostly drag out their lives in unwilling subservience to a legislation, the origin and nature of which is beyond their ken. Their ignorance keeps them dumb; and, therefore, their condition and wants are neither so well known, nor so often or so well expressed as those of the educated classes. They seldom complain, however, until the state of affairs begins to press them to great extremities, and then their principal exponents are mobs, and fierce uproars of desperation. It is plain that where there is society, there must be law, and obedience to that law must be somehow enforced, even among those who know nothing of the law, as well as those who defy it; but my principal quarrel is against that ignorant condition of theirs which shuts them out from any reasonable hope of ever exercising their rights as men and citizens; and, so long as that ignorance of theirs is *unnecessarily* continued, the very enforcement of laws among them, the nature of which they have no chance of knowing, looks, to me, very like injustice. I see a rather remarkable difference, however, between the

character of the majority of popular movements which have agitated the people for some time past, and that great, successful one,—the repeal of the corn laws. The agitation of that question, I believe, awakened and enlisted a greater breadth of the *understanding sympathy* of the nation, among all classes, than was ever brought together upon any one popular question which has been agitated within the memory of man; but, it did more than this—and, herein lies one of the great foundation stones which shall hold it firm a while, I think;—since it has passed into a law, its effects have most efficiently convinced, and won over, that dumb, uneducated multitude of the labouring poor, who could not very well understand, and did not care much for the mere disputation of the question. Everybody has a stomach of some sort—and, it frequently happens that when the brain is not very active, the stomach is particularly so—so that, where it could not penetrate the understanding, it has by this time triumphantly reached the stomach, and now sits there, smiling complacent defiance to any kind of sophistry that would coax it thenceforth again. The loaves of free trade followed the tracts of the League, and the hopes of protectionist philosophers are likely to be "adjourned, *sine die*," for this generation, at least,—perhaps much longer; for the fog is clearing up a little, and, I think I see, in the distance, a rather better education getting ready for the next generation;

> "O for the coming of that glorious time
> When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
> And best protection, this imperial realm,
> While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
> An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
> Them who are born to serve her and obey;
> Binding herself by statute to secure
> For all the children whom her soil maintains,
> The rudiments of letters."

THE COTTAGE OF TIM BOBBIN,

AND THE VILLAGE OF MILNROW.

"If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man;
This was a kindsman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er good wine did fear, man;
This was thy billie, dam, and sire,
For Matthew was a queer man."

BURNS.

It is not in its large towns that the true type of the natives of Lancashire can be seen. The character of its town population is greatly modified by amalgamation with settlers from distant quarters. Not so in the country parts, because the tenancy of land, and employment upon it, are sufficiently competed by the natives; and, while temptations to change of settlement are fewer, the difficulties in the way of changing settlement, are greater there than in towns. Country people, too, stick to the old sod, with hereditary love, as long as they can keep soul and body together upon it, in any honest way. As numbers begin to press upon the means of living, the surplus fights its way in cities, or in foreign lands; or lingers out a miserable life in neglected corners, for want of work, and want of means to fly, in time, to a market where it might, at least, exchange its labour for its life. The growth of manufacture and railways, and the perpetual inroads of hordes of destitute, down-trodden Irish, are truly stirring up Lan-

cashire, and changing its features, in an unparalleled way: and this change is rapidly augmented by a varied infusion of new human elements, attracted from all quarters of the kingdom by the immense increase of capital, boldly and promptly embarked in new inventions, and ever-developing appliances of science, by a people remarkable for enterprise and industry. Still, he who wishes to see the genuine descendants of those old Saxons who came over here some fourteen hundred years ago, to help the Britons of that day to fight for their land, and remained to farm it, and govern in it; let him ramble through the villages on the western side of Blackstone Edge. He will there find the open manners, the independent bearing, the steady perseverance, and that manly sense of right and wrong, which characterised their old Teutonic forefathers. There, too, he will find the fair comeliness, and massive physical constitution of those broad-shouldered farmer-warriors, who made a smiling England out of an island of forests and bogs,—who felled the woods, and drained the marshes, and pastured their quiet kine in the ancient lair of the wild bull, the boar, and the wolf.

Milnrow is an old village, a mile and a half eastward from the Rochdale station. The external marks of its antiquity are now few, and much obscured by the increase of manufacture there, but it is, for many reasons, well worth a visit. It is part of the fine township of Butterworth, enriched with many a scene of mountain beauty. A hardy moor-end race, half farmers, half woollen weavers, inhabit the district; and their rude, but substantial cottages and farmsteads, often perch picturesquely about the summits and sides of the hills, or nestle pleasantly in pretty green holms and dells, which are mostly watered by rambling rivulets, from the moorland heights which bound the township on the east. There is also, a beautiful lake, three miles in circumference, filling a green valley, up in the hills, about a mile and a half from the village. Flocks of sea fowl often rest on this water, in

their flight from the east to the western seas. From its margin, the view of the wild ridges of the "Back-bone of England" is fine to the north, while that part of it called "Blackstone Edge," slopes up majestically from the cart-road that winds along the eastern bank. A massive, cathedral-looking crag frowns on the forehead of the mountain. This rock is a great point of attraction to ramblers from the vales below, and is called by them "Robin Hood Bed." A square cavity in the lower part is called "Th' Cellar." Hundreds of names are sculptured on the surface of the rock, some in most extraordinary situations; and often have the keepers of the moor been startled at peep of summer dawn, by the strokes of an adventurous chiseller, hammering his initials into its hard face as stealthily as possible. But the sounds float, clear as a bell, miles over the moor, in the quiet of the morning, and disturb the game. One of the first favourite rambles of my youth, was from Rochdale town, through that part of Butterworth which leads by "Clegg Hall," commemorated in Roby's tradition of "Clegg Ho' Boggart," and thence, across the green hills, by the lonely old farm house, called "Peanock," and, skirting along the edge of this quiet lake,—upon whose waters I have spent many a happy summer day, alone,—up the lofty moorside beyond, to this well-known rock, called "Robin Hood Bed," upon the bleak summit of Blackstone Edge. It is so large that it can be seen at a distance of four miles by the naked eye, on a clear day. The name of Robin Hood, that brave and gentlemanly outlaw of the olden time,—

"The English ballad-singer's joy,"

is not only wedded to this wild mountain crag, but to at least one other congenial spot in this parish; where the rude traditions of the simple people of the neighbourhood point out another rock, of several tons weight, as having been thrown thither, by this stalwart king of the green woods, from an opposite hill, nearly seven miles off. The romantic

tract where the lake lies, is above the level of Milnrow, and quite out of the ordinary way of the traveller; who is too apt to form his opinion of the features of the whole district, from the rather sterile sample he sees on the sides of the rail, between Manchester and Rochdale. But if he wishes really to know the country and its inhabitants, he must get off that, "an tak th' crow-gate," and he may find vast moors, wild ravines, green cloughs, and dells, and

> "Shallow rivers, by whose falls,
> Melodious birds sing madrigals,"

which will repay him for his pains. And then, if he be a Lancashire man, and a lover of genius, let him go to Milnrow—it was the dwelling-place of Tim Bobbin, with whose works I hope he is not unacquainted. His written works are not much in extent. He was a painter, and his rough brush was replete with Hogarthian sketches, full of nature, and radiant with his own broad, humourous originality. He also left a richly-humourous dialectic tale, a few Hudibrastic poems and letters, characteristic of the sterling quality of his heart and head, and just serving to show us how much greater the man was than his book.

I was always proud of Tim, and, in my early days, have made many a pilgrimage to the village where he used to live, wandering home again through the green hills of Butterworth. Bent on seeing the place once more, I went up to Hunt's Bank, one fine day at the end of last hay-time, to catch the train to Rochdale. I paid my shilling, and took my seat among a lot of hearty workmen and country folk coming back from the cheap trips to Wales and the bathing places on the Lancashire coast. The season had been uncommonly fine, and the trippers looked brighter for their out, and to use their own phrase, felt "fain at they'rn wick," and ready to buckle to work again with double vigour. The smile of summer had got into the saddest of us a little, and we were communicative and comfortable. A long-limbed collier-lad, after settling his

body satisfactorily in a corner, began, with eyes and ears oblivious to all winks and whispers, to sing, in a jolting metre, with as much *abandon* as if he was at the mouth of a lonely "breast-hee" on his native moorside, a long country ditty about the courtship of Phœbe and Colin:—

> "Well met, dearest Phœbe, oh, why in such haste;
> The fields and the meadows all day I have chased,
> In search of the fair one, who does me disdain;
> You ought to reward me for all my past pain."

The late comers, having rushed through the ticket office into the carriages, were wiping their foreheads, and wedging themselves into their seats, among many protestations about being "to full o'ready." The doors were slammed, the bell rung, the tickets shown, the whistle screamed, and off we went like a street on wheels over the little Irk, that makes such a slushy rumpus under the wood bridge by the college wall. Within the memory of living men, the angler used to come down the bank thereabouts, and settle himself among the grass, to fish in its clear waters. But since Arkwright came into the world with a spinning-jenny in his head, the little Irk, like the rest of South Lancashire streams, has been put to work, and its complexion is so subdued to what it works in, that the angler comes no more down to the banks of the Irk with his tackle, and piscatorial patience and cunning, to beguile the delicate loach and the lordly trout in his glittering suit of silver mail.

The train is now nearly a mile past Miles Platting, and just over the fields, on the north side, lies the romantic dell, called "Boggart Hole Clough," hard by the village of Blackley. A pleasant spot for an afternoon walk from Manchester. An old Lancashire poet lives near it too, in his country cottage. It is a thousand to one that, like me, the traveller will see neither one nor the other from the train; but, like me, let him be thankful for both, and ride on. Very soon now appears, on the south side of the line, the skirts of Oldham town, scattered

about the side and summit of a barren slope, with the tower of the parish church peeping up between the chimneys of the cotton factories behind Oldham Edge. If the traveller can see no fine prospective meaning in the manufacturing system, he will not be delighted with the scene; for the country has a monotonous look, and is bleak and sterile; with hardly anything worthy of the name of a tree to be seen upon it. But now, about a hundred yards past the Oldham station, there is a little of the palpably pictuesque for him to feast on. We are crossing a green valley, running north and south. Following the rivulet through the hollow, a thick wood waves on a rising ground, to the south. In that wood stands Chadderton Hall, once the seat of the Horton family. The situation is very pleasant, and the land about it looks richer than the rest of the neighbourhood. There was a deer park here in the time of the Hortons. Chadderton is a place of some note in the past history of the country; and it is said to have formerly belonged to one of the old orders of knighthood. On the other side of the line, about a mile and a half off, the south-east end of Middleton is in sight, with its old church on the top of a green hill. The greater part of the parish of Middleton, with other vast possessions in South Lancashire, belonging to the Ashetons from before Richard III., when extraordinary powers were granted to Randulph Asheton. The famous Sir Ralph Asheton, called "The Black Lad," from his wearing black armour, is traditionally said to have ruled in his territories in South Lancashire with great severity. In the town of Ashton, one of the lordships of this family, his name is still remembered with terror; and till this last year or two, he has been shot and torn to pieces in effigy by the inhabitants, at the annual custom of "The Riding of the Black Lad." The hero of the fine ballad called "The Wild Rider," written by Bamford, the Lancashire poet, was one of this family. The Middleton estates, in 1776, failing male issue, passed by marriage into the noble families of De Wilton and Suffield. Now

many a rich cotton spinner, perhaps lineally descended from some of the villian-serfs of the "Black Lad," has an eye to buying the broad lands of the proud old Ashetons.

The train is now hard on Blue Pits station, where it is not impossible for the traveller to have to wait a while. But he may comfort himself with the assurance that it is not often much more than half an hour, or so. Let him amuse himself, meanwhile, with the wild dins that fill his ears;—the shouting and running of porters, the screams of engine whistles, the jolts and collisions on a small scale, and the perpetual fuff-fuff of trains, of one kind or other, that shoot to and fro by his window, then stop suddenly, look thoughtful, as if they had dropt something, and run back again. If he looks out, ten to one he will see some red-hot monster making towards him from a distance at a great speed, belching steam, and scattering sparks and red-hot cinders; and in the innocent timidity of the moment he may chance to hope it is on the right pair of rails. But time and a brave patience delivers him from all these terrors, unshattered in everything—if his temper holds good—and he shoots ahead again.

The moorland hills now sail upon the sight, stretching from the round peak of Knowl on the north-west, to the romantic heights of Saddleworth on the south-east. The train is three minutes from Rochdale, but, before it reaches there, let the traveller note that picturesque old mansion, on the green, above Castleton Clough, at the left hand side of the rail. His eye must be active, for, at the rate he is going, the various objects about him, literally "come like shadows, so depart." This is Castleton Hall, formerly a seat of the Holts, of Stubley, an ancient and powerful local family in this parish, in the reign of Henry VIII. Castleton Hall came afterwards into the possession of Sir Humphrey Chetham, the venerable founder of Chetham College, in Manchester. Since then it has passed into other hands; but the proverb "as rich as Chetham o' Castleton," is often used by the people of this

district, at this day; and many interesting anecdotes, characteristic of the noble qualities of this old Lancashire worthy, are treasured up by the people of those parts of the country where he lived; especially in the neighbourhoods of Clayton Hall, near Manchester, and Turton Tower, near Bolton, his favourite residences. Castleton Hall was an interesting place to me when I was a lad. As I pass by it now, I sometimes think of the day when I first sauntered down the shady avenue, which leads to it from the high road behind; and climbed up a mossy wall by the way-side, to look into the green gloom of a mysterious wood, which shades the rear of the building. Even now, I remember the flush of imaginations which came over me then. I had picked up some scraps of historic lore about the hall, which deepened the interest I felt in it. The solemn old rustling wood; the quaint appearance and serene dignity of the hall; its rich associations; and the spell of interest which lingers around every decaying relic of the works and haunts of men of bygone times, made the place eloquent to me. It seemed to me then like a monumental history of its old inhabitants and their times. I remember, too, that I once got a peep into a part of the hall, where, in those days, some old armour hung against the wall, silent and rusty enough, but, to me, teeming with tales of chivalry and knightly emprise. But, here is Rochdale Railway Station, where he, who wishes to visit the village of Milnrow, had better alight.

If the traveller had time and inclination to go down into Rochdale town, he might see some interesting things, old and new, there. The town is more picturesquely situated than most of the towns of south Lancashire. It lines the sides of a deep valley on the banks of the Roch, overlooked by moorland hills. In Saxon times it was an insignificant village, called "Rocheddam," consisting of a few rural dwellings in Church Lane, which was, down to the middle of last century, the principal street in the town, though now the meanest and obscurest.

John Bright was born in this town, and lives at One Ash, on the north side of it. John Roby, author of the "Traditions of Lancashire," was a banker, in Rochdale, of the firm of Fenton and Roby. The bank was next door to the shop of Thomas Holden, the principal bookseller of the town, to whom I was bound apprentice. For the clergy of the district, and for a certain class of politicians, this shop was the chief rendezvous in the place. Roby often used to slip in of an evening, to have a chat with my employer, and a knot of congenial spirits who met him there. In the days when my head was yet but a little way higher than the counter, I remember how eagerly I used to listen to his impulsive, ingenius, and versatile conversations, Holden himself was a man of more than ordinary education and talent, and a clever tradesman. I served him nearly eleven years; and though, during that time he often lectured me for "thumbing" the books in his shop, he always, most willingly, lent me books to read at home. To his dying day, he seldom met me on the street that he did not stop to give me a solemn and friendly warning against radical tendencies. Rochdale was one of the few places where the woollen manufacture was first practised, after its introduction into England. It is still famous for its flannel. The history of Rochdale is in one respect but the counterpart of that of almost every other south Lancashire town. With the birth of cotton manufacture, it shot up suddenly into one of the most populous and wealthy country towns in England. After the traveller has contemplated the manufacturing might of the place, he may walk up the quaint street from which the woollen merchants of old used to dispatch their goods on pack horses to all parts of the kingdom. At the top, a flight of one hundred and twenty-two steps leads up into the church yard, which commands an excellent view of the town below. There, too, lies Tim Bobbin. Few Lancashire strangers visit the town without looking at the old rhymer's resting-place. Bamford, author of "Passages in the Life of a Radical," thus chronicles

an imaginary visit to Tim's grave, in happy imitation of the dialect of the neighbourhood :—

"Aw stood beside Tim Bobbin grave,
At looks o'er Rachda teawn,
An th'owd lad woke within his yearth,
An sed 'Wheer arto beawn?'

Awm gooin into th' Packer-street,
As far as th' Gowden Bell,
To taste o' Daniel Kesmus ale.
TIM.—'Aw cud like a saup mysel.'

An by this hont o' my reet arm,
If fro that hole theawl reawk,
Theawst have a saup oth' best breawn ale
At ever lips did seawk.

The greawnd it sturrd beneath meh feet,
An then aw yerd a groan,
He shook the dust fro off his skull,
An rowlt away the stone.

Aw brought him op a deep breawn jug,
At a gallon did contain;
He took it at one blessed droight,
And laid him deawn again."

Some of the epitaphs on the grave-stones were written by Tim. The following one on Joe Green, who was the sexton in Tim's day, is published with Tim's works :—

"Here lies Joe Green, who arch has been,
And drove a gainful trade
With powerful Death, till out of breath,
He threw away his spade.
When Death beheld his comrade yield,
He, like a cunning knave,
Came, soft as wind, poor Joe behind,
And pushed him into his grave."

Near to this grave is the grave of Samuel Kershaw, blacksmith, bearing an epitaph which is generally attributed to the pen of Tim, though it does not appear among his published writings :—

"My anvil and my hammer lie declined,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid.
My coal is spent, my iron is gone,
My last nail driven, and my work is done.

"Blind Abraham," who rang the curfew, and who used to imitate the Rochdale chimes in a wonderful way, true to their slightest faults, for the lads at the old Grammar School, could lead a stranger from any point of the churchyard, straight as an arrow's flight, to Tim's gravestone. The Grammar School was founded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by Archbishop Parker. The parish church is an interesting old edifice, standing on the edge of an eminence which overlooks the town. Tradition says its foundations were laid by "Goblin Builders." The living was anciently dependent on the Abbey of Whalley. It is now the richest vicarage in the kingdom. A short walk through the fine glebe lands, and past "Th' Canthill Well,"* west of the vicarage, will bring the traveller to the hill on which, in 1080, stood the castle of Gamel, the Saxon Thane, above the valley called "Kill-Danes," where the northern pirates once lost a great fight with the Saxon.

After spending a few days in the town, I set out to Milnrow again one fine afternoon. The road leads by the "Railway Inn," near the station. The hay was mostly gathered in, but the smell of it still lingered on the meadows, and perfumed the wind, which sung a low melody among the leaves of the hedges. Along the vale of the Roch, to the left, lay a succession of manufacturing villages, with innumerable mills, collieries, farmsteads, mansions, and cottages, clustering in the valley, and running up into the hills in all directions, from Rochdale to Littleborough, a distance of three miles. As I went on I was reminded of "wimberry time," by meeting knots of flaxen-headed lads and lasses from the moors, with their baskets filled, and mouths all stained with the juice of that delicious moorland fruit. There are many pleasant customs in vogue here at this season. The country folk generally know something

*Properly "Th' Camphill Well," a well in what is called "Th' Broad Feelt," where the Danes encamped, previously to their attack on the Saxon castle, and their slaughter at Kill-Danes, in the vale below.

of local botany, and gather in a stock of medicinal herbs to dry, for use throughout the year. There is still some "spo'in'" at the mineral springs in the hills. Whether these springs are really remarkable for peculiar mineral virtues, or what these peculiar virtues are, I am not prepared to say; but it is certain that many of the inhabitants of this district firmly believe in their medicinal qualities, and, at set seasons of the year, go forth to visit these springs, in jovial companies, to drink "spo wayter." Some go with great faith in the virtues of the water, and, having drunk well of it, they will sometimes fill a bottle with it, and ramble back to their houses, gathering on their way edible herbs, such as "payshun docks," and "green-sauce," or "a burn o' nettles," to put in their broth, and, of which, they also make a wholesome "yarb-puddin'," mixed with meal; or they scour the hill-sides in search of "mountain flax," a "capital yarb for a cowd;" and for the herb called "tormental," which, I have heard them say, grows oftenest "abeawt th' edge o' th' singing layrock neest;" or they will call upon some country botanist, to beg a handful of "Solomon's seal," to "cure black e'en wi'." But some go to these springs chiefly for the sake of a pleasant stroll, and a quiet fuddle; for they carry to the water a supply of strong infusions, which, when taken with it, in sufficient quantities, works considerable changes upon the constitution for the time. One of the most noted of these "spo'in'" haunts is called "Blue Pots Spring," and is situated upon a lone and lofty moorland, at the head of a green glen, called "Long Clough," and, about three miles from the village of Littleborough. The ancient Lancashire festival of the "Rushbearing," and the hay harvest, fall together about the month of August, and make it a pleasant time of the year to the people of the district. At about a mile on the road to Milnrow, the highway passes close by a green dingle, called "Th' Gentlewoman's Nook," which is someway connected with the unfortunate fate of a lady, once belonging to an influential family, near Milnrow. Some of the country people yet believe that the place is haunted, and,

when forced to pass it after dark has come on, steal fearfully and hastily by.

About a mile on the road stands Belfield Hall, on the site of an ancient house, formerly belonging to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. It is a large old building, belonging to the Townley family. The estate has been much improved by its present occupant, and makes a pleasant picture in the eye from the top of a dinge in the road, at the foot of which a by-path leads up to the old village of Newbold, on the brow of a green bank, at the right hand side of the highway, I stood there a minute, and tried to plant again the old woods, that must have been thick there, when the squirrel leaped from tree to tree, from Castleton Hall to Buckley Wood. I was trying to shape in imagination what the place looked like the old time, when the first rude hall was built upon the spot, and the country around was a lonesome and wild tract, shrouded by primeval trees, when a special train went snorting out by the back of the hall, and shivered my delicate endeavour to atoms. I sighed involuntarily, but bethinking me how imagination clothes all we are leaving behind us in a drapery that veils many of its rough realities, I walked on, thankful for things as they are. A little further on, Fir Grove bridge crosses the Rochdale canal, and commands a better view of the surrounding country. I rested here a little while, and looked round upon the spot so dear to my remembrance. The vale of the Roch lay smiling before me, and the wide-stretching circle of dark hills closed in the landscape, on all sides, except the south-west. Two weavers were lounging on the bridge, bareheaded, and in their working gear, with stocking-legs drawn on their arms. They had come out of the looms to spend their "baggin time" in the open air, and were humming one of their favourite songs:—

"Hey Hal o' Nabs, an Sam, an Sue,
Hey Jonathan, art thea theer too,
We're o' alike, there's naut to do,
So bring a quart afore uz.

Aw're at Tinker's gardens yester noon,
An' what aw see'd aw'll tell yo soon,
In a bran new sung ; it's to th' owd tune,
Yo'st ha't iv yo'n joyn choruz.
Fal, lal, de ral."

At the door of the Fir Grove ale house, a lot of raw-boned young fellows were talking with rude emphasis about the exploits of a fighting-cock of great local renown, known by the bland soubriquet of "Crash-Bwons." The theme was exciting, and in the course of it they gesticulated with great vehemence, and, in their own phrase, "swore like horse-swappers." Some were colliers, and sat on the ground, in that peculiar squat, with the knees up to a level with the chin, which is a favourite resting-attitude with them. At slack times they like to sit thus by the road side, and exchange cracks over a quart of ale, amusing themselves meanwhile by trying the wit and temper of every passer by. Nothing goes by without comment of some sort. These humourous road side commentators are, generally, the roughest country lads of the neighbourhood, who have no dislike to anybody, who will accommodate them with a tough battle ; for they, like the better regulated portion of the inhabitants of the district, are hardy, bold, and independent ; and, while their manners are open and blunt, their training and amusements are generally very rough.

I was now approaching Milnrow, and here and there a tenter-field ribbed the landscape with lines of woollen webs, hung upon the hooks to dry. Severe laws were anciently enacted for the protection of goods thus necessarily exposed. Depredations on such property were punished after the manner of that savage old "Maiden" with the thin lip, who stood so long on the "Gibbet Hill," at Halifax, kissing evil-doers out of the world. Much of the famous Rochdale flannel is still woven by the country people here, in the old-fashioned, independent way, at their own homes, as the traveller will see by "stretchers," which are used for drying their warps upon, so frequently standing at the doors of the roomy dwelling-

houses near the road. From the head of the brow which leads down into the village, Milnrow chapel is full in view on a green hill-side to the left, overlooking the centre of the busy little hamlet. It is a bald-looking building from the distance, having more the appearance of a little square stone factory than a church. Lower down the same green eminence, which slopes to the edge of the pretty little river Beal, stands the pleasant and tasteful, but modest, stone-built residence of the incumbent of Milnrow, the Rev. Francis Robert Raines, honorary canon of Manchester, a notable archæologist and historian; and a gentleman, much beloved by the people of the locality.

There are some old people still living in Milnrow, who were taught to read and write, and "do sums" in Tim Bobbin's school; yet, the majority of the inhabitants seem unacquainted with his real residence. I had myself been misled respecting it; but having obtained correct information, and a reference from a friend in Rochdale to an old relative of his who lived in the veritable cottage of renowned Tim, I set about enquiring for him. As I entered the village, I met a sturdy, good-looking woman, with a chocolate-coloured silk kerchief tied over her snowy cap, in that graceful way which is known all over the country-side as the "Mildro Bonnet." She stopt me and said, "Meastur, hea fur han yo com'd?" "From Rochdale." "Han yo sin aught ov o felley wi breechuz on, un raythcr forrud, oppo th' gate, between an th' Fir Grove?" I told her I had not; and I then enquired of her for Scholefield that lived in Tim Bobbin's cottage. She reckoned up all the people she knew of that name, but none of them answering the description, I went on my way. I next asked a tall woollen weaver, who was striding up the street with his shuttle to the mending. Scratching his head, and looking thoughtfully round among the houses, he said, "Scwofil? Aw know no Scwofils, but thooze ut th' Tim Bobbin aleheawse; yodd'n bettur ash theer." Stepping over to the Tim Bobbin inn,

Mrs. Scholefield described to me the situation of Tim's cottage, near the bridge. Retracing my steps towards the place, I went into the house of an old acquaintance of my childhood. On the strength of a dim remembrance of my features, he invited me to sit down and share the meal just made ready for the family. "Come, poo a cheer up," said he, "an' need no moor lathein'."* After we had finished, he said, "Neaw, win yo have a reech o' bacco? Mally, reytch us some chlyen pipes, an th' pot eot o'th' nook. Let's see, hoo's lad are yo, sen yo; for aw welly forgetten, bith' mass." After a fruitless attempt at enlightening him thereon in ordinary town-English, I took to the dialect, and in the country fashion described my genealogy, on the mother's side. I was instantly comprehended; for he stopt me short with "Whau then, aw'll be sunken iv yo are not gron'son to 'Billy wi' th' pipes, at th' Biggins.'" "Yo han it neaw," said I. "Eh," replied he, "aw knowed him as weel as aw knew my own feythur! He're a fyrfo chap for music, an' sich like; an' he used to letter grave-stones, an' do mason-wark. Eh, aw've bin to mony a orrytory wi' Owd Billy. Whau—let's see—Owd Wesley preytched at their heawse, i' Wardle fowd once't.† An' han yo some relations i' th' Mildro, then?" I told him my errand, and enquired for Schofield, who lived in Tim Bobbin's cottage. As he pondered, and turned the name over in his mind, one of his lads shouted out, "By th' mon, feythur, he mhyens 'Owd Mahogany.' Aw think he's code Scwofil, and he lives i' th' garden at th' bothom o' th' bonk, by th' waytur side." It was generally agreed that this was the place, so I parted

* *Lathein'.*—Inviting.

† John Leach, of Wardle, was a notable man among the early Methodists, and was one of Wesley's first preachers. He was my grandmother's own cousin. In Southey's Life of Wesley, I find the following note respecting him, under the head, "Outcry against Methodism.—Violence of Mobs, and Misconduct of Magistrates.' "When John Leach was pelted, near Rochdale, in those riotous days, and saw his brother wounded in the forehead by a stone, he was mad enough to tell the rabble that not one of them could hit him, if he were to stand preaching there till midnight. Just then the mob began to quarrel among themselves, and therefore left off pelting. But the anecdote has been related by his brethren for his praise."

with my friends and went towards it. The old man came out without his hat, a short distance, to set me right. After bidding me a hearty "good neet," he turned round as he walked away, and shouted out, "Neaw ta care yo coau th' next time yo com'n thiz gate, an wi'n have a gradely do."

About twenty yards from the west end of the little stone bridge that spans the river, a lane leads between the ends of the dwelling houses down to the water side. There, still sweetly secluded, stands the quaint, substantial cottage of John Collier, in its old garden by the edge of the Beal, which, flowing through the fields in front, towards the cottage, is there dammed up into a reservoir for the use of the mill close by, and then tumbling over in a noisy little fall under the garden hedge, goes shouting and frolicking along the north-east side of it, over water-worn rocks, and under the bridge, till the cadence dies away in a low murmur beyond, where the bed of the stream gets smoother. Lifting the latch, I walked through the garden to the cottage where I found "Owd Mahogany" and his maiden sister, two plain, clean, substantial working people, who were sitting in the low-roofed, but otherwise roomy apartment in front, used as a kitchen. They entered heartily into the purpose of my visit, and showed me everything about the house with a genial pride. What made the matter more interesting was the fact that "Owd Mahogany" had been, when a lad, a pupil of Collier's. The house was built expressly for Tim, by his father-in-law; and the uncommon thickness of the walls, the number and arrangement of the rooms, and the remains of a fine old oak staircase, showed that more than usual care and expense had been bestowed upon it. As we went through the rooms on the ground floor, my ancient chaperone gave me a good deal of anecdote connected with each. Pointing to a clean, cold, whitewashed cell, with a great flag table in it, and a grid window at one end, he said "this wur his buttery, wheer he kept pullen,* an

Pullen.—Poultry.

gam, an sich like; for thir no mon i' Rachdaw parish livt betthur nor Owd Tim, nor moor like a gentleman; nor one at had moor friends, gentle an simple. Th' Teawnlo's took'n to him fyrfully, an thir'n olez othur comin' to see him, or sendin' him presents o' some mak'." He next showed me the parlour where he used to write and receive company. A little oblong room, low in the roof, and dimly lighted by a small window from the garden. Tim used to keep this retiring sanctum tastefully adorned with the flowers of each season, and one might have eaten their dinner off the floor in his time. In the garden he pointed out the corner where Tim had a roomy green arbor, with a smooth stone table in the middle, on which lay his books, his flute, or his meals, as he was in the mood. He would stretch himself out here, and muse for hours together. The lads used to bring their tasks from the school behind the house, to this arbor sometimes, for Tim to examine. He had a green shaded walk from the school into his garden. When in the school, or about the house, he wore a silk velvet skull cap. The famous radical, William Cobbett, used to wear a similar one, occasionally; and I have heard those who have seen both in this trim, say that the likeness of the two men, was then singularly striking. "Owd Mahogany" having now shown and told me many interesting things respecting Tim's house and habits, entered into a hearty eulogy upon his character as a man and a schoolmaster "He're a fine, straight forrud mon, wi no maffle abeawt him, for o' his quare, cranky ways." As an author, he thought him "Th' fine'st writer at Englan bred, at that time o'th' day." Of his caligraphy, too, he seemed particularly proud, for he declared that "Tim could write a clear print hond, as smo as smithy smudge." He finished by saying that he saw him carried out of the doorway we were standing in, to his grave.

At the edge of dark, I bade adieu to Tim's cottage, and the comfortable old couple that live in it. As I looked back from the garden-gate, the house wore a plaintive aspect, in my

imagination, as if it was thinking of its fine old tenant. Having heard that there was something uncommon to be learnt of him at the Tim Bobbin Inn, I went there again. It is the largest and most respectable public house in the village, kept in a fine state of homely comfort by a motherly old widow. I found that she could tell me something of the quaint schoolmaster and his wife "Meary," who, as she said, "helped to bring her into th' world." She brought out a folio volume of engravings from designs by Tim, with many pieces of prose and verse of his, in engraved fac-simile of his hand-writing. The book was bound in dark morocco, with the author's name on the side, in gold. I turned it over with pleasure, for there were things in it not found in many editions of his works. The landlady shows this book with some pride to Tim's admirers; by some she had been offered large sums of money for it; and once a party of curious visitors had well nigh carried it off by stealth in their carriage, after making fruitless offers of purchase, when the plan was detected in time, and the treasure restored to its proper custody. I read in it one of his addresses to his subscribers, in which he says of himself,—"He's Lancashire born; and by the by, all his acquaintance agree, his wife not excepted, that he's an odd-fellow. * * In the reign of Queen Anne he was a boy, and one of the nine children of a poor curate in Lancashire, whose stipend never amounted to thirty pounds a year, and consequently the family must feel the iron teeth of penury with a witness. These indeed were sometimes blunted by the charitable disposition of the good rector (the Rev. Mr. H——, of W——n): so this T. B. lived as some other boys did, content with water-pottage, buttermilk, and jannock, till he was between thirteen and fourteen years of age, when providence began to smile on him in his advancement to a pair of Dutch looms, when he met with treacle to his pottage, and sometimes a little in his buttermilk, or spread on his jannock.

However, the reflections of his father's circumstances (which now and then start up and still edge his teeth) make him believe that Pluralists are no good Christians: that he who will accept of two or more places of one hundred a year, would not say *I have enough*, though he was Pope Clement, Urban, or Boniface,—could affirm himself infallible, and offer his toe to kings: that the unequal distribution of Church emoluments is as great a grievance in the ecclesiastic, as undeserved pensions and places are in the state; both of which, he presumes to prophecy, will prove canker-worms at the roots of those succulent plants, and in a few years cause leaf and branch to shrivel up, and dry them to tinder." The spirit of this passage seems the natural growth, in such a mind as his, of the curriculum of study in the hard college of Tim's early days. In the thrifty home of the poor Lancashire curate, though harrowed by "the iron teeth of penury," Tim inherited riches that world's wealth cannot buy. Under the tuition of a good old father, who could steady his reflective and susceptible mind and teach him many excellent things, together with that hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door of his childhood which pressed upon his thoughts, he grew up contemplative, self-reliant, and manly, on oatmeal porridge and jannock, with a little treacle for a God-send. His feelings were deepened, and his natural love of independence strengthened there, with that hatred of all kinds of injustice, which flashes through the rich humour and genial kindness of his nature,—for nature was strong in him, and he relished her realities. Poverty is not pleasant, yet the world has more to thank poverty for than it dreams of. With honourable pride he fought his way to a pair of Dutch looms, where he learned to win his jannock and treacle by honest weaving. Subsequently he endeavoured to support himself honourably, by pursuits no less useful, but more congenial to the bias of his faculties; but, to the last, his heart's desire was less to live in external plenty and precedence among men,

than to live conscientiously, in the sweet relations of honourable independence in the world. The feeling was strong in him, and gives dignity to his character. As a politician, John Collier was considerably ahead of the time he lived in, and especially of the simple, slow-minded race of people dwelling, then, in that remote eastern nook of Lancashire, at the foot of Blackstone Edge. Among such a people, and in such a time, he spoke and wrote things, which few men dared to write and speak. He spoke, too, in a way which was as independent and pithy as it was quaintly-expressive. His words, like his actions, stood upon their own feet, and looked up. Perhaps, if he had been a man of a drier nature,—of less genial and attractive genius than he was,—he might have had to suffer more for the enunciation of truths, and the recognition of principles which were unfashionable in those days. But Collier was not only a man of considerable valour and insight, with a manly mind and temper, but he was also genial and humourous, as he was earnest and honest. He was an eminently human-hearted man, who abhorred all kinds of cant and seeming. His life was a greater honour to him even than his quaint pencil, or his pen; and the memory of his sayings and doings will be long and affectionately cherished, at least, by Lancashire men.

> "Eh! Whoo-who-whoo! What wofo wark!
> He's laft um aw, to lie i' th' dark."

The following brief memoir, written by his friend and patron, Richard Townley, Esq., of Belfield Hall, near Milnrow, for insertion in Dr. Aiken's "History of the Environs of Manchester," contains the best and completest account of his life and character, which has yet appeared :—

"Mr. John Collier, alias Tim Bobbin, was born near Warrington, in Lancashire; his father, a clergyman of the Established Church, had a small curacy, and for several years taught a school. With the joint income of those, he managed so as to maintain a wife and several children decently, and also to give them a tolerable share of useful learning, until a dreadful calamity befel him, about his fortieth year: the total loss of sight. His former intentions of bringing up his son, John, of whose

abilities he had conceived a favourable opinion, to the church, were then over, and he placed him out an apprentice to a Dutch loom-weaver, at which business he worked more than a year; but such a sedantry employment not at all according with his volatile spirits and eccentric genius, he prevailed upon his master to release him from the remainder of his servitude. Though, then very young, he soon commenced itinerant schoolmaster; going about the country from one small town to another, to teach reading, writing, and accounts; and generally having a night-school, (as well as a day one), for the sake of those whose necessary employments would not allow their attendance at the usual school hours.

"In one of his adjournments to the small but populous town of Oldham, he had an intimation that the Rev. Mr. Pearson, curate and schoolmaster, of Milnrow, near Rochdale, wanted an assistant in the school. To that gentleman he applied, and after a short examination, was taken in by him to the school, and he divided his salary, twenty pounds a year with him. This Tim considered as a material advance in the world, as he still could have a night-school, which answered very well in that populous neighbourhood, and was considered by Tim, too, as a state of independency; a favourite idea, ever afterwards, with his high spirits. Mr. Pearson, not very long afterwards, falling a martyr to the gout, my honoured father gave Mr. Collier the school, which not only made him happy in the thought of being more independent, but made him consider himself as a rich man.

"Having now more leisure hours by dropping his night-school there, though he continued to teach at Oldham, and some other places, during the vacations of Whitsuntide and Christmas, he began to instruct himself in music and drawing, and soon was such a proficient in both as to be able to instruct others very well in those amusing arts.

"The hautboy and common flute were his chief instruments, and upon the former he very much excelled; the fine modulations that have since been acquired, or introduced upon that noble instrument, being then unknown in England. He drew landscapes in good taste, understanding the rules of perspective, and attempted some heads in profile, with very decent success; but it did not hit his humour, for I have heard him say, when urged to go on in that line, that "drawing heads and faces was as dry and insipid as leading a life without frolic and fun, unless he was allowed to steal in some leers of comic humour, or to give them a good dash of the caricature." Very early in life he discovered some poetic talents, or rather an easy habit for humourous rhyme, by several anonymous squibs he sent about in ridicule of some notoriously absurd, or eccentric characters; these were fathered upon him very justly, which created him some enemies, but more friends. I had once in my possession some humourous relations in tolerable rhyme, of his own frolic and fun with persons he met with, of the like description, in his hours of festive humour, which was sure to take place, when released for any time from school duty, and not too much engaged in his lucrative employment of painting. The first regular poetic composition which he published, was "The Blackbird," containing some spirited ridicule upon a Lancashire Justice, more renowned for political zeal, and ill-timed loyalty, than good sense or discretion. In point of easy, regular versification, perhaps this was his best specimen, and it also exhibited some strokes of humour.

"About this period of life he fell seriously in love with a handsome young woman, a daughter of Mr. Clay, of Flockton, near Huddersfield, and soon after took her unto him for a wife; or, as he used to style her, his crooked rib, who, in proper time increased his family, and proved to be a virtuous, discreet, sensible, and prudent woman; a good wife, and an excellent mother. His family continuing to increase nearly every year, the hautboy, flute, and amusing pencil, were pretty much dis-

carded, and the brush and pallet taken up seriously. He was chiefly engaged for some time, in painting altar-pieces for chapels, and signs for publicans, which pretty well rewarded the labours of his vacant hours from school attendance; but after some time, family expenses increasing more with his growing family, he devised, or luckily hit upon, a more lucrative employment for his leisure hours:—this was copying Damé Nature in some of her humourous performances, and grotesque sportings with the human face, (especially where the visage had the greatest share in those sportings,) into which his pencil contrived to throw some pointed features of grotesque humour, such as were best adapted to excite risibility, as long as such strange objects had the advantage of novelty to recommend them. These pieces he worked off with uncommon celerity; a single portrait in the leisure hours of two days, at least, and a group of three or four, in a week. As soon as finished he was wont to carry them to the first-rate inns at Rochdale and Littleborough, in the great road to Yorkshire, with the lowest prices fixed upon them, the inn-keepers willingly becoming Tim's agents. The droll humour, as well as singularity of style of those pieces, procured him a most ready sale, from riders-out, and travellers of other descriptions, who had heard of Tim's character. These whimsical productions soon began to be in such general repute, that he had large orders for them, especially from merchants in Liverpool, who sent them, upon speculation, into the West Indies and America. He used, at that time, to say, that "if Providence had ever meant him to be a rich man, that would have been the proper time, especially if she had kindly bestowed upon him two pair of hands instead of one;" but when cash came in readily, it was sure to go merrily: a cheerful glass with a joyous companion, was so much in unison with his own disposition, that a temptation of that kind could never be resisted by poor Tim; so the season to grow rich never arrived, but Tim remained poor Tim to the end of the chapter.

"Collier had been for many years collecting, not only from the rustics in his own neighbourhood, but also wherever he made excursions, all the awkward, vulgar, obsolete words, and local expressions, which ever occurred to him in conversation amongst the lower classes. A very retentive memory brought them safe back for insertion in his vocabulary, or glossary, and from thence he formed and executed the plan of his "Lancashire Dialect," which he exhibited to public cognizance in the "Adventures of a Lancashire Clown," formed from some rustic sports and gambols, and also some whimsical modes of circulating fun at the expense of silly, credulous boobies amongst the then cheery gentlemen of that peculiar neighbourhood. This publication, from its novelty, together with some real strokes of comic humour interlarded into it, took very much with the middle and lower class of people, in the northern counties, (and, I believe everywhere in the south, too, where it had the chance of being noticed,) so that a new edition was soon necessary. This was a matter of exultation to Tim, but not of very long duration: for the rapid sale of the second edition, soon brought forth two or three pirated editions, which made the honest, unsuspecting owner to exclaim with great vehemence, "That he did not believe there was one honest printer in Lancashire;" and afterwards to lash some of the most culpable of those insidious offenders, with his keen, sarcastic pen, when engaged in drawing up a preface to a future publication. The above-named performances, with his pencil, his brush, and his pen, made Tim's name and repute for whimsical archness, pretty generally known, not only within his native county, but also through the adjoining counties of Yorkshire and Cheshire: and his repute for a peculiar species of pleasantry, in his hours of frolic, often induced persons of much higher rank to send for him to an inn, (when in the neighbourhood of his residence,) to have a personal specimen of his uncommon drollery. Tim was seldom backward in obeying a summons to good cheer, and seldom, I believe, disappointed the expec-

tations of his generous host; for he had a wonderful flow of spirits, with an inexhaustible fund of humour, and that, too, of a very peculiar character.

"Blessed with a clear and masculine understanding, and a keen discernment int the humours and foibles of others, he knew how to take the best advantage of these occasional interviews, in order to promote trade, as he was wont to call it, though his natural temper was very far from being of a mercenary cast; it was often rather too free and generous; more so than prudence, with respect to his family, would advise, for he would sooner have had a lenten day or two at home, than done a shabby and mean thing abroad.

"Amongst other persons of good fortune, who often called upon him at Milnrow, or sent for him to spend a few hours with him at Rochdale, was a Mr. Richard Hill, of Kibroid and Halifax, in Yorkshire, then one of the greateat cloth merchants, and also one of the most considerable manufacturers of baizes and shalloons in the north of England. This gentleman was not only fond of his humourous conversation, but also had taken up an opinion that he would be highly useful to him as his head clerk, in business, from his being very ready at accounts, and writing a most beautiful small hand, in any kind of type, but especially in imitation of printed characters. After several fruitless attempts, he at last, by offers of an extravagant salary prevailed upon Mr. Collier to enter into articles of service for three years, certain, and to take his family to Kibroid. After signing and sealing, he called upon me to give notice that he must resign the school, and to thank me for my long-continued friendship to him. At taking leave, he, like the honest Moor:—

> 'Albeit, unused to the melting mood,
> Dropped tears as fast as the Arabian trees,
> Their medicinal gum.'

And in faltering accents, entreated me not to be too hasty in filling up the vacancy in that school, where he had lived so many years contented and happy: for he had already some forebodings that he should never relish his new situation and new occupation. I granted his request, but hoped he would soon reconcile himself to his new situation, as it promised to be so advantageous both to himself and family. He replied, that it was for the sake of his wife and children, that he was at last induced to accept Mr. Hill's very tempting offers: no other consideration whatever could have made him give up Milnrow school, and independency.

"About two months afterwards, some business of his master's bringing him to Rochdale market, he took that opportunity of returning by Belfield. I instantly perceived a wonderful change in his looks: that countenance which used ever to be gay, serene, or smiling, was then covered, or disguised with a pensive, settled gloom. On asking him how he liked his new situation at Kibroid, he replied, "Not at all;" then, enumerating several causes for discontent, concluded with an observation, that "he never could abide the ways of that country, for they neither kept red-letter days themselves nor allowed their servants to keep any." Before he left me, he passionately entreated that I would not give away the school, for he should never be happy again till he was seated in the crazy old elbow chair within his school. I granted his request, being less anxious to fill up the vacancy, as there were two other free-schools for the same uses within the same townships, which have decent salaries annexed to them.

"Some weeks afterwards I received a letter from Tim, that he had some hopes of getting released from his vassalage; for, that the father having found out what very high wages his son had agreed to give him, was exceedingly angry with him for being so extravagant in his allowance to a clerk; that a violent quarrel betwixt

them had been the consequence; and from that circumstance he meant, at least hoped, to derive some advantage in the way of regaining his liberty, which he lingered after, and panted for, as much as any galley-slave upon earth.

"Another letter announced, that his master perceived that he was dejected, and had lost his wonted spirits and cheerfulness, had hinted to him, that if he disliked his present situation, he should be released at the end of the year; concluding his letter with a most earnest imploring that I would not dispose of the school before that time. By the interposition of the old gentleman, and some others, he got the agreement cancelled a considerable time before the year expired; and the evening of the day when the liberation took place, he hired a large Yorkshire cart to bring away bag and baggage by six o'clock the next morning, to his own house, at Milnrow. When he arrived upon the west-side of Blackstone Edge, he thought himself once more a FREE MAN; and his heart was light as a feather. The next morning he came up to Belfield, to know if he might take possession of his school again; which being readily consented to, tears of gratitude instantly streamed down his cheeks, and such a suffusion of joy illumined his countenance, as plainly bespoke the heart being in unison with his looks. He then declared his unalterable resolution never more to quit the humble village of Milnrow: that it was not in the power of kings, nor their prime ministers, to make him any offers, if so disposed, that would allure him from his tottering elbow chair, from humble fare, with liberty and contentment. A hint was thrown out that he must work hard with his pencil, his brush, and his pen, to make up the deficiency in income to his family; that he promised to do, and was as good as his promise, for he used double diligence, so that the inns at Rochdale and Littleborough were soon ornamented, more than ever, with ugly grinning old fellows, and mumbling old women on broomsticks, &c. &c.

"Tim's last literary productions, as I recollect, were "Remarks upon the Rev. Mr. Whittaker's History of Manchester, in two parts:" the "Remarks" will speak for themselves. There appears rather too much seasoning and salt in some of them, mixed with a degree of acerbity for which he was rather blamed.

"Mr. Collier died in possession of his faculties, with his mental powers but little impaired, at nearly eighty years of age, and his eyesight was not so much injured, as might have been expected from such a severe use of them, during so long a space of time. His wife died a few years before him, but he left three sons and two daughters behind him."

In a sketch like this, it is not easy to select such examples from Collier's writings as will give an adequate idea of their manner and significance. His inimitable story, called "Tummus and Meary," will bear no mutilation. Of his rhymes, perhaps the best is the one called "The Blackbird." The following extract from Tim's preface to the third edition of his works, in the form of a dialogue between the author and his book, though far from the best thing he has written, contains some characteristic touches:—

"*Tim:* Well, boh we'n had enough o' this foisty matter; let's talk o' summat elze; an furst tell me heaw thea went on eh thi last jaunt.

"*Book:* Gu on! Belaydy, aw could ha' gwon on wheantly, an' bin awhoam again

wi'th' crap eh meh slop in a snift, iv id na met, at oytch nook, thoose basthartly' whelps sent eawt be *Stuart*, *Finch*, an *Schoñeld*.

"*Tim:* Pooh! I dunnot mecon heaw folk harbort'nt an cutternt o'er tho; boh what thoose fause Lunnoners said'n abeawt te jump, at's new o'er-bodyt.

"*Book:* Oh, oh! Neaw aw ha't! Yo mecon'n thoose lung-seeted folk at gloom'n a second time at books; an whooa awr fyert would rent meh jump to chatters.

"*Tim:* Reet mon, reet; that's it,—

"*Book:* Whau then, to tello true, awr breeod wi' a gorse waggin'; for they took'n mo i'th reet leet to a yure.

"*Tim:* Heaw's tat, eh Gods'num!

Book: Whau, at yoad'n donned mo o'thiss'n, like a meawntebank's foo, for th' wonst, to mey th' rabblement fun.

Tim: Eh, law! An did'n th' awvish shap, an th' peckl't jump pan, said'n they?

"*Book:* Aye, aye; primely i'faith!—for they glooar'nt sooar at mo; turn't mo reawnd like a tayliur, when he mezzurs folk; chuckt mo under th' chin; ga' mo a honey butter-cake, an said oppenly, they ne'er saigh an awkert look, a quare shap, an a peckl't jump gee better eh their live.

"*Tim:* Neaw, e'en fair fa' um, say aw! These wur'n th' boggarts at flayd'n tho! But aw'd olez a notion at tear'n no gonnor-yeds.

"*Book:* Gonnor-yeds! Naw, naw, not te marry! Boh, aw carry't mysel' meety meeverly too-to, an did as o bidd'n mo.

"*Tim:* Then theaw towd um th' tale, an said th' rimes an aw, did to?

"*Book:* Th' tale an th' rimes! 'Sflesh, aw believe eh did; boh aw know no moor on um neaw than a seawkin' pig.

"*Tim:* 'Od rottle the; what says to? Has to foryeat'n th' tayliur findin' th' urchon; an th' rimes?

"*Book:* Quite, quite; as eh hope to chieve!

"*Tim:* Neaw e'en the dule steawnd to, say aw! What a fuss mun aw have to teytch um tho again!

"*Book:* Come, come; dunna fly up in a frap; a body conno carry oytch mander o' think eh their nob.

"*Tim:* Whau hoh, mind neaw, theaw gawmbin' tyke, at to can tell th' tale an say th' rimes be rot tightly.

"*Book:* 'Fear me na,' said Doton; begin.

"*Tim:* A tayliur, eh Crummil's time, wur thrunk pooin' turmits in his pingot, an fund an urchon i'th hadloont reean.* He glendurt at't lung, boh could may nowt on't. He whoav't hi whisket o'ert, runs whoam, an tells his neighbours he thowt in his guts at he'd fund a think at God ne'er made eawt, for it'd nother yed nor tale, nor hont nor hough, nor midst nor cend! Loath t' believe this, hauve a dozen on um would gu t' see iv they could'n may shift t' gawm it; boh it eapt um aw; for they newer a one on um e'er saigh th' like afore. Then theyd'n a keawncil, an th' eend on't wur at teyd'n fotch a lawm, fause owd felly, het† an elder, at could tell oytch think,—for they look'nt on him as th' hamil-scoance, an thowt him fuller o' leet than a glow-worm's a—se. When they'n towd him th' case, he stroke't his beeart; sowght; an order't th' wheelbarrow wi' spou-new trindle t' be fetcht. 'Twur dun; an they beawln't him away to th' urchon in a crack. He glooart at't a good while; dried his beeart deawn, an wawtud it o'er with his crutch. Wheel me abeawt again, o'th tother side, said he, for it sturs, an by that, it should be wick. Then he dons his spectacles, stare't at't again, an sowghin', said, 'Breether, its summat: boh feyther Adam nother did, nor could kersun it. Wheel mo whoam again!

"*Book:* Aw remember it neaw, weel enough; boh iv these viewers could gawm it

* *Hadloont reean.*—Headland gutter. † *Het.*—Hight, called.

oytch body couldna ; for aw find neaw at yo compare'n me to an urchon, ut has nother yed nor tale ; 'sflesh, is not it like running mo deawn, an a bit to bobbersome.

"*Tim* : Naw, naw, not it ; for a meeny o' folk would gawm th' rimes, boh very lite would underston th' tayliur an his urchon.

"*Book* : Th' rimes ;—huna,—lemme see. 'Sblid, aw foryeat'n thoose, too, aw deawt !

"*Tim* : Whoo-who whoo ! What a dozening jobberknow art teaw !

"*Book* : Good lorjus o' me ; a body conna do moor thin they con, con they ? Boh iv in teytch mo again, an aw foryeat um again, e'en raddle meh hoyd tightly, say aw.

"*Tim* : Mind te hits, then !

"Some write to show their wit and parts,
Some show you whig, some tory hearts,
Some flatter *knaves*, some *fops*, some *fools*,
And some are ministerial tools.

"*Book* : Eigh, marry ; oytch body says so ; an gonnor-yeds they are for their labbor.

Tim : "Some few in virtue's cause do write,
But these, alas ! get little by't.

"*Book* : Indeed, aw can believe 'o ! Weel rime't, heawe'er ; gu on.

Tim : "Some turn out maggots from their head,
Which die before their author 's dead.

"*Book* : Zuns ! Aw Englanshire 'll think at yo'r glentin' at toose fratchin', byzen, craddlinly tykes as write'n sich papers as th' *Test*, an sich cawve-tales as *Cornish Peter*, at fund a new ward, snyin' wi' glums an gawries.

Tim : "Some write such sense in prose and rhyme,
Their works will wrestle hard with Time.

"*Book* : That'll be prime wrostlin', i'faith ; for aw've yerd um say, time conquers aw things.

Tim : "Some few print *truth*, but many *lies*,
On *spirits*, down to *butterflies*.

"*Book* : Reet abeawt boggarts ; an th' tother ward ; and th' mou i'th moon, an sich like gear : get eendway ; it's prime, i'faith.

Tim : "Some write to *please*, some do't for *spite*,
But want of money makes me write.

"*Book* : By th' mass, th' owd story again ! Boh aw think eh meh guts at it's true. It'll do ; yo need'n rime no moor, for it's better t'in lickly. Whewt* on Tummus an Mary."

To a liberal and observant stranger, one of the richest results of a visit to this quarter will arise from contemplation of the well-defined character of the people that live in it. The whole population is distinguished by a fine, strong, natural character, which would do honour to the refinements of education. A genteel stranger, who cannot read the heart of this people through their blunt manners, will, perhaps, think them a little boorish. But, though they have not much bend in the neck, and their rough dialect is little blest with

Whewt.—Whistle.

the set phrases of courtesy, there are no braver men in the world; and under their uncouth demeanour lives the spirit of true chivalry. They have a favourite proverb, that "fair play's a jewel;" and are generally careful, in all their dealings, to act upon it. They feel a generous pride in the man who can prove himself their master in anything. Unfortunately, little has yet been done for them in the way of book-education, except what has been diffused by the Sunday-schools, since the times of their great apostle, John Wesley, who, in person, as well as by his enthusiastic early preachers, laboured much and earnestly among them, in many parts of South Lancashire; yet nature has blest them with a fine vein of mother wit, and has drilled some useful pages of her horn-book into them in the loom, the mine, and the farm; for they are naturally hard workers, and proud of honest labour. They are keen critics of character, too, and have a sharp eye to the nooks and corners of a stranger's attire: to see that, at least, whether rich or poor, it be sound, and, as they say, "bothomly chlyen;" for they are jealous of dirty folk. They are accustomed to a frank expression of what is in them, and like the open countenance, where the time of day may be read in the dial, naturally abhorring "hudd'n wark un meawse-neeses." Among many current anecdotes illustrative of the character of this people, there is one which, though simple, bears a strong stamp of native truth upon it. A stalwart young fellow, who had long been employed as carter for a firm in this neighbourhood, had an irresistible propensity to fighting, which was constantly leading him into scrapes. He was an excellent servant in every other respect; but no admonition could cure him of this; and, at length, he was discharged, in hope to work the desired change. Dressing himself in his best, he applied to an eminent native merchant for a similar situation. After other necessary questions, the merchant asked whether he had brought his character with him. "My character!" replied our hero, "Naw

aw'm a damned dhyel better beawt it!" This little anecdote conveys a very truthful idea of the rude vigour and candour of the Lancashire country population. They dislike dandyism and the shabby-genteel, and the mere bandbox exquisite would think them a hopeless generation. Yet, little as they are tinctured with literature, a few remarkable books are very common among them. I could almost venture to prophesy before going into any substantial farmhouse or cottage in this quarter, that some of the following books might be found there,—the Bible, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, the Book of Common Prayer, and often Wesley's Hymnbook, Barclay's Dictionary, Culpepper's Herbal, with sometimes Thomas a Kempis, or a few old puritan sermons. One of their chief delights is the practice of sacred music, and I have heard the great works of Haydn, Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven, executed with remarkable correctness and taste, in the lonely farmhouses and cottages of South Lancashire. In no other part of England does such an intense love of sacred music pervade the poorer classes. It is not uncommon for them to come from the farthest extremity of South Lancashire, and even over the "Edge" from Huddersfield, and the border towns of the West Riding of Yorkshire, to hear an oratorio at the Free Trade Hall, and return home again, sometimes thirty miles, in the morning.

I will now suppose that the traveller has seen Tim Bobbin's grave, and strolled up by Silver Hills through the scenery of Butterworth; and having partly contemplated the character of this genuine specimen of a South Lancashire village and its inhabitants, is again standing on the little stone bridge. Let him turn his back to the Rochdale road a little while; we have not done with him yet. Across the space there, used as a fair ground at "Rushbearing time," stands an old-fashioned stone alehouse, called "Th' Stump and Pie Lad," commemorating, by its scabbed and weather-beaten sign, one of the triumphs of a noted Milnrow foot-racer, on Doncaster

racecourse. Milnrow is still famous for its foot racers. In that building, the ancient lords of Rochdale manor used to hold their court leets. Now, the dry-throated "lads i'th' fowd" assemble there nightly, to grumble at bad warps and low wages, and "fettle th' nation" over pitchers of cold ale. And now, if the traveller loves to climb "the slopes of old renown," and worships old heraldries, and rusty suits of mail, let him go to the other end of the village. I will go with him if, like me, while he venerates old chronicles, whether of stone, metal, or parchment, because the spirit of the bygone sometimes streams upon us through them, he still believes in the Chinese proverb, that "every man is the son of his own works." I will go with him, if he will accept my company, after I have whispered to him that the true emblazonry of my own shield is, in one quarter, an empty cobbler's stall; in another, two children yammering over a bowl of oatmeal porridge; for the crest, a poor widow at her washing-mug, with a Bible on each side of the shield for supporters; and the motto at the foot, "No work, no meat." If he likes my heraldry, I would gladly go with him; if not, prosperity to his solitary speed. I will play the finger-post to him with right good will. There is something at the other end of Milnrow worth his notice.

Milnrow lies on the ground not unlike a tall tree laid lengthwise, in a valley, by a river side. At the bridge, its roots spread themselves in clots and fibrous shoots, in all directions; while the almost branchless trunk runs up, with a little bend, above half a mile towards Oldham, where it again spreads itself out in an umbrageous way at the old fold of houses called "Butterworth Hall." In walking through the village, he who has seen a tolerably-built wooden mill will find no wonders of the architectural art at all. The houses are almost entirely inhabited by working people, and marked by a certain rough, comfortable solidity,—not a bad reflex of the character of the inhabitants. At the eastern extremity, a

road leads on the left hand to the cluster of houses called "Butterworth Hall." This old fold is well worth notice, both for what it is, and what it has been. It is a suggestive spot. The site was once occupied by one of the homesteads of the Byrons, barons of Rochdale, the last baron of which family was Lord Byron, the poet. A gentleman in this township, who is well acquainted with the history and archæology of the whole county, lately met with a licence from the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, dated A.D, 1400, granting to Sir John Byron and his wife leave to have divine service performed within their oratories at Clayton and Butterworth, in the county of Lancaster. (Lanc. MSS. vol. xxxii. p. 184.)—this was doubtless the old *wooden chapel* which traditionally is said to have existed at Butterworth Hall, and which is still pointed out by the names of two small fields, called "Chapel Yard" and "Chapel Meadow." These names occur in deeds at Pike House, (the residence of the Halliwell family, about two miles off), in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and are known to this day. It is probable that the Byrons never lived at Butterworth Hall after the Wars of the Roses. They quitted Clayton, as a permanent residence, on acquiring Newstead, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, although "young Sir John," as he was called, lived at Royton Hall, near Oldham, another seat of the family, between 1592 and 1608.

At Butterworth Hall, the little river Beal, flowing down fresh from the heathery mountains, which throw their shadows upon the valley where it runs, divides the fold; and, upon a green plot, close to the northern margin of its water, stands an old-fashioned stone hall, hard by the site of the ancient residence of the Byrons. After spending an hour at the other end of the village, with the rugged and comfortable generation dwelling there among the memorials of "Tim Bobbin,"—that quaint, old schoolmaster, of the last century,—who was "the observed of all observers" in this place, in his day, and who will be remembered long after many of the monumental brasses

and sculptured effigies of his contemporaries are passed by with incurious eyes,—one thinks it will not be uninteresting, nor profitless, to come and muse a little upon the spot where the Byrons once lived in feudal state. But, let not any contemplative visitor here, lose his thoughts too far among antiquarian dreams, and shadows of the past, for there are factory bells close by. However large the discourse of his mind may be, let him never forget that there is a strong and important present in the social life around him. And wherever he sets his foot in South Lancashire, he will now, often find that there are shuttles flying, where once was the council chamber of a baron; and that the people of these days are drying warps in the "shooting-butts" and tilt-yards of the olden time!

The following information respecting the Byron family, Barons of Rochdale, copied from an article in the *Manchester Guardian*, by the eminent antiquarian contributor to that journal, will not be uninteresting to some people:—

"The Byrons, of Clayton and Rochdale, Lancashire, and Newstead Abbey, Notts, are descended from Ralph de Buron, who, at the time of the Conquest, and of the Doomsday Survey, held divers manors in Notts and Derbyshire. Hugo de Buron, grandson of Ralph, and feudal Baron of Horsetan, retiring *temp.* Henry III. from secular affairs, professed himself a monk, and held the hermitage of Kirsale or Kersal, under the priory of Lenton. His son was Sir Roger de Buron. Robert de Byron, son of Sir Roger de Buron, in the 1st John [1199-1200], married Cecilia, daughter and heiress of Richard Clayton, of Clayton, and thus obtained the manor and estates of Clayton. Failsworth and the township of Droylsden were soon after added to their Lancashire estates. Their son, Robert de Byron, lord of Clayton, was witness to a grant of Plying Hay in this country, to the monks of Cockersand, for the souls of Henry II. and Richard I. And his son, John de Byron, who was seated at Clayton, 28th Edward I. [1299-30] was governor of York, and had all his lands in Rochdale, with his wife Joan, by gift of her father, Sir Baldwin Teutonicus, or Thies, or de Tyas, who was conservator of the peace in Lancashire, 10th Edward I [12SI-82]. Her first husband was Sir Robert Holland, secretary of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster. Their son was Sir John de Byron, knight, lord of Clayton, who was one of the witnesses to the charter granted to the burgesses of Manchester, by Thomas Grelle, lord of that manor, in 1301. The two first witnesses to that document were "Sirs John Byron, Richard Byron, knights." These were father and son. Sir John married Alice, cousin and heir of Robert Bonastre, of Hindley, in this county. Their son, Sir Richard, lord of Cadenay and Clifton, had grant of free warren in his demesne lands in Clayton, Butterworth, and Royton, on the 28th June, 1303; he served in parliament for Lincolnshire, and died before 21 Edward III [1347-8]. His son was Sir James de Byron, who died before 24 Edward III [1350-51]. His son and heir was r John de Byron, who was knighted by Edward III. at the siege of Calais [1346-7],

and, dying without issue, was succeeded by his brother, Sir Richard, before 4 Richard II [1380-81]. Sir Richard died in 1398, and was succeeded by his son, Sir John *le* Byron, who received knighthood before 3rd Henry V. [1415-16], and as one of the knights of the shire, 7th Henry VI [1428-9]. He married Margery, daughter of John Booth, of Barton. His eldest son, Richard le Byron, dying in his father's lifetime, and Richard's son, James, dying without issue, the estate passed to Richard's brother, Sir Nicholas, of Clayton, who married Alice, daughter of Sir John Botcler, of Beausey or Bewsey, near Warrington. Their son and heir was Sir John, who was constable of Nottingham Castle and sheriff of Lancaster, in 1441 and 1442. Sir John fought in the battle of Bosworth Field, on the side of Henry VII. and was knighted on the field. Dying without issue, in 1488, he was succeeded by his brother (then 30), Sir Nicholas, sheriff of Lancaster, in 1459, who was made Knight of the Bath, in 1501, and died in January, 1503-4. This son and heir, Sir John Byron (the one named in the above document), was steward of the manors of Manchester and Rochdale, and, on the dissolution of the monasteries, he had a grant of the priory of Newstead, 28th May, 1540. From that time the family made Newstead their principal seat, instead of Clayton. This will explain, to some extent, the transfer of Clayton, in 1547, from this same Sir John Byron to John Arderon, or Arderne. Either this Sir John or his son, of the same name, in the year 1560, inclosed 260 acres of land on Beurdsell Moor, near Rochdale. His three eldest sons dying without issue (and we may just note that Kuerden preserves a copy of claim, without date, of Nicholas, the eldest, to the serjeanty of the king's free court of Rochdale, and to have the execution of all attachments and distresses, and all other things which belong to the king's bailiff there), Sir John was succeeded by his youngest son, Sir John, whom Baines, states to have been knighted in 1759,—probably a transposition of the figures 1579. This Sir John, in the 39th Elizabeth [1596-7], styles himself "Farmer of the manor of Rochdale," and makes an annual payment to the crown, being a fee farm rent to the honour of Rochdale. In the 1st Charles I. [1625-6], the manor of Rochdale passed from the Byrons; but in 1638 it was re-conveyed to them; and, though confiscated during the commonwealth, Richard, Lord Byron, held the manor in 1660. Sir John's eldest son, Sir Nicholas, distinguished himself in the wars in the low countries, and at the battle of Edgehill (23rd October, 1642). He was general of Cheshire and Shropshire. His younger brother, Sir John, was made K. B. at the coronation of James I. and a baronet in 1603. Owing to the failure of the elder line, this Sir John became ancestor of the Lords Byron. Sir Nicholas was succeeded by his son, Sir John, who was made K. B. at the coronation of Charles I.; was appointed by that king Lieutenant of the Tower, in 1642, contrary to the wish of parliament; commanded the body of reserve at Edgehill; and was created Lord Byron of Rochdale, 24th October, 1643. In consequence of his devotion to the royal cause (for he fought against Oliver Cromwell at the battle of Preston, in August, 1648), his manor of Rochdale was sequestered, and held for several years by Sir Thomas Alcock, who held courts there in 1654, two years after Lord Byron's death. So great was his lordship's royalist zeal, that he was one of the seven specially exempted from the clemency of the government in the "Act of Oblivion," passed by parliament on the execution of Charles I. Dying at Paris, in 1652, without issue, he was succeeded by his cousin, Richard (son of Sir John, the baronet just mentioned), who became 2nd Lord Byron, and died 4th October, 1679, aged 74. He was succeeded by his eldest son, William, who died 13th November, 1695, and was succeeded by his fourth son, William, who died August 8th, 1736, and was succeeded by a younger son, William, 5th Lord Byron, born in November, 1722, killed William Chaworth, Esq. in a duel in January, 1765, and died 19th May, 1798. He was succeeded by his great-nephew. George Gordon, the poet, 6th Lord Byron, who was born 22nd January, 1788, and

died at Missolonghi, in April, 1824. In 1823, he sold Newstead Abbey to James Dearden, Esq. of Rochdale; and, in the same year, he sold the manor and estate of Rochdale to the same gentleman, by whose son and heir they are now possessed. The manorial rights of Rochdale are reputed (says Baines) to extend over 32,000 statute acres of land, with the privileges of court baron and court leet in all the townships of the parish, including that portion of Saddleworth which lies within the parish of Rochdale; but excepting such districts as Robert de Lacy gave to the abbots of Whalley, with right to enclose the same."

The article goes on to say that the manor of Rochdale was anciently held by the Ellands, of Elland, and the Savilles, and that on the death of Sir Henry Saville, it appears to have merged in the possession of the Duchy of Lancaster; and Queen Elizabeth, in right of her duchy possessions, demised that manor to Sir John Byron, by letters patent, dated May 12th, 27th year of her reign (1585), from Lady-day, 1585, to the end of thirty-one years.

The eye having now satisfied itself with what was notable in and about Milnrow, I took my way home, with a mind more at liberty to reflect on what I had seen. The history of Lancashire passed in review before me, especially its most remarkable latest history. I saw the country that was once thick with trees that canopied herds of wild quadrupeds, and thinnest of people, now bare of trees, and thickest of population. The land which was of least account of any in the kingdom in the last century, is now most sought after; and those rude elements which were looked upon as "the riddlings of creation," have become richer than all the Sacramento's gold, and ministers to a spirit which is destined to change the social aspect of Britain. The spade is sinking in old hunting grounds, and old parks are trampled by the fast-increasing press of new feet. The hard cold soil is made to grow food for man and beast. Masses of stone and flag are shaken from their sleep in the beds of the hills, and dragged forth to build mills and houses with. Streams which have frolicked and sung in undisturbed limpidity this thousand years, are dammed up, and made to wash and scour, and generate steam. Fathoms below the feet of the traveller, the miner is painfully

worming his way in labyrinthine tunnels, and the earth is belching coals at a thousand mouths. The region teems with coal, stone, and water, and a people able to subdue them all to their purposes. These elements quietly bide their time, century after century, till the grand plot is ripe, and the mysterious signal given. Anon, when a thoughtful barber sets certain wheels spinning, and a contemplative lad takes a fine hint from his mother's tea kettle, these slumbering powers start into astonishing activity, like an army of warriors roused to battle by the trumpet. Cloth is woven for the world, and the world buys it, and wears it. Commerce shoots up from a poor pedlar with his pack on a mule, to a giant merchant, stepping from continent to continent, over the oceans, to make his bargains. Railways are invented, and the land is ribbed with iron for iron messengers to run upon, through mountains and over valleys, on business commissions; the very lightning turns errand boy. A great fusion of thought and sentiment springs up, and Old England is in hysterics about its ancient opinions. A new aristocracy rises from the prudent, persevering working people of the district, and threatens to push the old one from its stool. What is to be the upshot of it all? The senses are stunned by the din of toil, and the view obscured by the dust of bargain-making. But, through an opening in the clouds, hope's stars are shining still in the blue heaven that overspans us. Take heart, ye toiling millions! The spirits of your heroic forefathers are watching to see what sort of England you will leave to your sons!

ROSTHERNE MERE.

"Though much the centuries take, and much bestow,
Most through them all immutable remains—
Beauty, whose world-wide empire never wanes,
Sole permanence 'mid being's ceaseless flow.
These leafy heights their tiny temple owe
To some rude hero of the Saxon thanes,
Whom, slowly pricking from the neighbouring plains,
Rapt into votive mood the scene below.
Much, haply, he discerned, unseen by me—
Angels and demons hovering ever near;
But most he saw and felt, I feel and see—
Linking the "then" and "there" with "now" and "here,"
The grace serene that dwells on grove and lea,
The tranquil charm of little Rostherne Mere."

F. ESPINASSE.

ROSTHERNE MERE was a pet theme with a young friend of mine, and we started together towards that place, at noon, on Sunday the 9th of June. Walking up to the Oxford Road Station, we paid our sixpences, and got our tickets to Bowdon, which is the nearest point to Rostherne Mere, by rail, being four miles from the latter place. The train was not yet up, and we sauntered about the platform, among a number of well-dressed people, of all classes, with a host of plump children crowing among them, all waiting in smiling anxiety to go the same way. The day was fine, and the sky clear, except where a few gauzy clouds floated across it with dreamy grace, as if they had come out for a holiday. Everything seemed to feel that it was Sunday. The fields and groves, and gardens, were drest in their best. It was the Sabbath of the year with them. In a few minutes, our fiery iron horse had whirled us to Bowdon, and we were walking up the wooden steps that lead from the station. Turning to the left at the top, we struck into a quiet road, that leads between hedgerows, in the direction of Rostherne. Bowdon bells were

ringing to church as we walked along, surrounded by singing birds, and sunshine, and a thousand sweet odours from the cottage gardens by the way side. Now and then, a young sylph, of graceful face and timid mien, tripped past us, in the garb of a lady, on her way to church, with her books before her; then, a knot of pretty, brown-faced village girls, with wild flowers in their hands, going the same way, with all the innocent vivacity of childhood in their look and gait; anon, came slowly wending up the path, an old couple, bending with age, the history of a simple life of honourable toil written in their faces, and their attire wearing that touching air which always marks the struggle which decent poverty makes to put its best appearance on. The road, which seemed to be little frequented, shortly brought us to Ashley Hall, a picturesque woodland mansion, which stands near it. A fine avenue of ancestral trees shade the walk to the porch of the old hall, which nestles behind the present modern one. The outbuildings are antiquated and extensive. The old house still wears the appearance of an abode of comfort and elegance, bent with that quaint charm which hangs about all fine, old-fashioned rural dwellings. Nothing seemed to be stirring in or about the building but the wind, the birds, and the trees; and the two large stone sphynxes in front of the porch, looked like petrified genii, so profound was the repose of this green nook. Outside the house the grass was growing over everything, even over the road we walked on, it was creeping. For some distance, the roadside was pleasantly soft to the foot with springy verdure, and thick-leaved trees overhung the highway,

> "That faire did spred
> Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcaste;
> And their green leaves, trembling with every blast,
> Made a calm shadow far in compasse round,"

until we began to descend into the green pastures of a little vale, through which a clear river winds its murmuring way. A widow lady stood in the middle of the path, waiting till her

little orphan lad and his sister drove a herd of cows from the field by the water side. There was the shade of grief on her pale face, and she returned our salutation with pensive courtesy. We loitered a few minutes by the gate, and helped the lad and his sister to gather the cattle, and then went on, thinking of the affecting group we had left behind us. The wild flowers were plentiful and fine by the way, especially that modest, little blue-eyed beauty, the "Forget-me-not," which grew in great profusion about the hedges. A large drove of hungry-looking Irish cattle came wearily up the road, driven by a frieze-coated farmer, who rode upon a rough pony that never new a groom; and behind him limped a bare-footed drover, eagerly muching a lump of dry loaf, as he urged forward a two-days-old calf by a twist in the tail,—an old, and simple application of the screw-propelling principle, which is very effectual with all kinds of dilatory quadrupeds with tails on. He was the very picture of poverty, and yet there was a gay-hearted archness on his brown face, and he gave us the "good day," merrily. The very flutter of his rags seemed to have imbibed the care-defying gaiety of the curious animal they hung upon,—with such tender attachment. The whole country was one tranquil scene of fertile verdure, frequently flat for the length of a mile or two; but gently undulated in some places, and picturesquely wooded. In a vista of nearly two miles, not a human foot was on the road but ours; and every sight and sound that greeted the senses as we sauntered along the blossomy hedge-side in the hot sunshine, was serenely sweet and rural. Skirting the wall of Tatton Park, we came up to a substantial farmhouse near the highway, and opening the gate, we walked up to it, to get a few minutes' rest, and a drink. At our request, a girl at the door of the house, brought us a large country jug full of churn milk, which, when she had reached us a seat in the garden, we drank as we sat in the sun. In the yard, a little fat-legged urchin had crept with his "porritch-pot," under the nose of a large

chained dog, about twice the size of himself, and sat there, holding his spoon to the dog's mouth, childishly beseeching him to "sup it." The good-natured brute kept a steady eye on us while we were in sight, postponing any notice of his little playmate. By direction of the goodwife, we took a by-path which led towards the village. The country folk were returning from church, and among them a number of little girls, wearing a head-dress of pure white, but of very awkward shape. What was the meaning, or what the use of the badge they wore, I could not exactly tell.

We found that, though the village had many pretty cottage homes, dropped down irregularly, among the surrounding green, it consisted chiefly of one clean, little street of rural houses, of very pleasant appearance. Here and there, a latticed-window was open to the front, showing a small parlour, scrupulously clean and orderly. The furniture, old-fashioned, substantial, and carefully polished; and the Bible, "gleaming through the lowmost window-pane," under the shade of myrtle-pots, and fuschias in full flower. As we looked about us for the church, a gentleman in the garb of a clergyman, stepped out of one of the houses, which, though a white-washed dwelling, of simple construction, and of no great size any way, still had something peculiarly attractive in its retired position, and an air of superiority about the taste and trimness of all its appurtenances. He had a book in one hand, and leaned forward in his walk,—not from infirmity, for he was hale and active,—but as if to give impetus to his progress, which seemed to have an earnest purpose somewhere. This gentleman was the Vicar of Rostherne. We inquired of him the way to the church. "Come up this way," said he, in an agreeable tone, but without stopping in his walk. "Have you never seen it before?" "Never." "Here it is, then," he replied, as we entered the church-field at the top of the knoll. The sudden appearance of the venerable fane, and its picturesque situation, called forth an involuntary expression

of admiration from us. We walked on slowly, scanning the features of the solemnly-beautiful scene. The vicar then inquired where we came from, and when we answered "Manchester," he went on, "Well now, I don't at all wonder, nor much object to you Manchester gentlemen, pent up as you are the whole week, coming out on a Sunday to breath a little country air, and to look on the woods and fields, but I should be better pleased to see you come in time to attend divine worship, which would be a double benefit to you. You might easily do it, and it would enhance the pleasure of your ramble, for you would go home again, doubly satisfied with all that you had seen. Don't you think you would now?" It needed no Socratic effort on his part to obtain our cordial assent to such a sentiment so kindly expressed. As we walked on, he brought us dexterously to the north-west corner of the church, the best point of view, looking down through the trees, from the summit of the green hill on which the church stands, upon Rostherne Mere in all its beauty. There it lay, in the bosom of the valley below, as smooth and bright as a plate of burnished silver, except towards the middle, where the wind embossed it with fantastic ripples, which shimmered in the sunlight. And all fringed round with the richest, greenest meadows, and plumy woods, sloping down to the edge of the water. From the farther side, a finely-wooded country stretched away as far as we could see, till the scene ended in a dim amphitheatre of the moorland hills rising up from east to west on the horizon. In front of us, and about four miles beyond the lake, the pretty village of Bowdon and its ancient church were clearly in sight above the woods. It was, altogether a very beautiful English scene. And it is a pity that this lovely little oasis is not better known to the trade-jaded hearts that fret themselves foolishly to death in Manchester, and rush here and there in crowds, to fill all the world's telescopes; the majority of them, perhaps, like me,

little dreaming of the existence of so sweet a spot so near them. By the side of the mere, where the water was as placid as glass, being sheltered from the wind by the woods on its shelvy banks, we were delighted with a second edition of the scenery on the margin, and of the skies above, clearly reflected in the seemingly unfathomable deeps of the water. My friend remarked, what a fine harmony of love and law we find everywhere interwoven with all "the shapes, and sounds, and shifting elements" of creation.

The vicar had left us, and gone into the church, requesting us, when we had feasted our fill on the outside, to follow him, and look through the inside of the church. We lifted the latch, but seeing him addressing a number of young people, who sat round him in attentive attitude, we shut the door quietly, and walking round to the porch on the opposite side, went in, on tiptoe. Standing silent under the organ-loft, we listened, while he impressed upon his young flock the nature and intent of Confirmation, and the necessity for their understanding the solemn obligation implied thereby, and devoutly wishing to undertake it, before they could be admitted to partake of it. "And now," said he, "if any of you don't quite understand anything I am saying to you, don't be afraid to say so. I shall be glad to know it, that I may make it clear to you. For you must remember, that it is not what I say to you that will be of use to you, but what you understand of it." He then consulted them about the best times in the following week for them to meet him, that he might assist such as were wishful to prepare for the ceremony. He asked "Thomas," and "Mary," and "Martha," how four o'clock would suit them on certain days, and when they whispered, very reverentially that "half-past seven would suit them better," he replied, "I dare say it will, and let it be so then." He then repeated the pleasure it would give him to meet them at that or any hour on certain days next

week, to help, and examine them. It was only changing his dinner hour a little. We walked quietly out as he began to catechise them, postponing our examination of the interior, till a fitter opportunity.

Rostherne church yard is a singularly retired spot. A solemn repose mingles with the natural charms of everything about it; increased by the antiquity of its reliques. Though near the village, it is approached from it by a gentle ascent, from the head of which it slopes away, clean out of sight of the village, and is bounded on the west side, by a row of sombre old trees, through which Rostherne Hall is seen in the midst of woods and gardens. No other building except the church is in sight; and, a sweeter spot for the life-wearied body to take its last rest in, could hardly be imagined. As I walked about this quiet country grave-yard, which is environed by scenery of such a serene kind, that nature itself seems afraid to disturb the repose of the sleepers, upon whose cold beds the leaves tremble silently down from their umbrageous canopy; and where I could hear no sounds but the low, lulling music of the trees rustling plaintively around, I thought of Gray's inimitable "Elegy written in a country Churchyard":—

"Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

"Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

" Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

" The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour ;
The paths of glory lead—but to the grave.

" Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

" Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death.

" Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

" But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

" Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

" Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest ;
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

" The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

" Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

" The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide ;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame ;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

"Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

"Yet ev'n these bones, from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

"Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die."

This fine elegaic poem,—perhaps the finest of the kind known in the English language,—and which so remarkably unites the most touching truth and beauty of tone and style, with a finely-solemn music in its versification, admirably adapted to the subject, might, with almost equal fitness, have been written from this peaceful churchyard of little Rostherne village. Man, whom Quarles calls a "worm of five feet long," is so liable to have his thoughts and feelings absorbed by the mere art of keeping himself bodily alive, that he is none the worse for a hint from the literature of the churchyard; even read from the grave-stones of such a place as Rostherne churchyard:—

"Art is long, and life is fleeting,
And, our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

We walked over the grave-stones, reading the inscriptions, some of which had a strain of simple pathos in them, such as the following—

"Ye that are young, prepare to die,
For I was young, and here I lie."

Other there were in this, as in many other burial-places, which were either unmeaning, or altogether unsuitable to the situation they were in. There were several half-sunken head-stones in different parts of the yard, mostly bemossed and dim with age. One or two were still upright; the rest

leaned one way or other. These very mementoes, which pious care had set up, to keep alive the mortal memories of those who lay mouldering in the earth below, were sinking into the graves of those they commemorated.

At the outside of the north-east entrance of the church, lies an ancient and massive stone coffin, dug up a few years ago in the grave-yard. Upon the stone lid of the coffin was sculptured the full-length figure of a knight in a complete suit of mail, with sword and shield. No further clue has been obtained to the history of this antique coffin and its effigy, than that it belonged to one of the ancient Cheshire family of Venables, whose crest and motto, "Sic Donec," it bears. The church contains many interesting monuments, belonging to this and other families of the old gentry of Cheshire. Several of these are of the 16th and 17th centuries. But the finest and most interesting monuments in the church, as works of art, are those belonging to the Egerton family of Tatton Park, or Parks, for it is divided in the "Great Park," and the "Small Park," containing, altogether, 6,000 statute acres. At a suitable time, the careful old sexton occasionally takes a visitor up to the gate which separates the Egerton seat and monuments from the rest of the church, and, carefully unlocking it, ascends two steps with a softened footfall, and leads him into the storied sanctum of the lords of Tatton; where, among other costly monuments, he will be struck by the chaste and expressive beauty of a fine modern one, in memory of a young lady belonging to this family. On a beautiful tomb, of the whitest marble, the figure of a young lady reclines upon a mattress and pillow of the same, in the serenest grace of feature and attitude; and "the rapture of repose" which marks the expression of the countenance, is a touching translation, in pure white statuary, of those beautiful lines in which Byron describes the first hours of death:

> "Before decay's effacing fingers,
> Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

At the back of the recumbent lady, an exquisite figure of an angel kneels, and leans forward with delicate grace, watching over the reposing form, with half-opened wings, and one hand slightly extended over the dead. The effect of the whole is exceedingly beautiful, chaste, and saddening. The monument is kept carefully covered with clean white handkerchiefs, except when the family is present, when it is uncovered until their departure. Before I was admitted to view this beautiful memorial, I had heard something of the story which it illustrates; and I enquired further of the sexton respecting it. The old man said that the young lady had been unwell only a few days previous to the evening of her death, and, on that evening, the family physician thought her so much better, and felt so certainly expectant of a further improvement in her health, that he directed her attendants to get her to repose, and then they might themselves safely retire to rest for a little while. They did so; and returning soon, found her still lying precisely as they had laid her, and looking so placid in feature, that they did not know she was dead, until they came to find her quite cold. The monument represents her as she was thus found. As I stood looking silently upon this group of statuary, the evening sun shone through the southern windows of the old church, and the sexton,—who evidently knew what the effect would be,—lowered the crimson blind of the window nearest to the monument. This threw a soft rich crimson hue over the white marble tomb, the figures, and the sculptured drapery, which gave it an inexpressibly rich appearance. So white and clean was the whole, that the white handkerchiefs which the sexton had taken off the figures, and laid upon the white basement of the tomb, looked like part of the sculpture.

The Church is dedicated to St. Mary. It is proved to have existed long prior to 1188. The present steeple was erected in 1741. There is something venerable about the appearance of an old ecclesiastical building, which continually and elo-

quently preaches, without offending. Apart from all questions of doctrines, formulas, and governments, I often feel a veneration for an old church, akin to that expressed by him who said that that he never passed one without feeling disposed to take off his hat to it.

The sun was getting westward over the woods, and we began to think of getting a quiet meal somewhere, before we went back. There is generally an old inn, not far from an old church. "How it comes, let doctors tell;" but it is so; and we begun to speculate upon the chance of finding one in this case. Going out of the churchyard at the lowest corner, through a quaint wicket gate, with a shed over it, a flight of steps led us down into a green dingle, embosomed in tall trees. And there, in front of us, stood a promising old country "hostelrie," under the screen of the woods. We looked an instant at its bright window, and its homely and pleasant appurtenances, and then, with assured minds darted in, to make a lunge at the larder. "A well-conducted inn is a thing not to be recklessly sneered at in this world of ours, after all," thought I We sat down in a shady little room in front, and desired the landlord to get us some tea, with any substantial stomach-gear that was handy and plentiful. In a few minutes a snowy cloth was on the table, followed by "neat-handed Phillis," with the tea-things. A profusion of strong tea, and toast, and fine cream, came next, in beautiful china, and glass ware; the whole crowned with a huge dish of ham and poached eggs, of such amptitude, that I begun to wonder who was to join us. Without waste of speech, we fell to, with all the appetite and enjoyment of Sancho at Camacho's wedding. The landlord kept popping in, to see that we wanted nothing, and to urge us to the attack, which last, was really a most needless, though a very generous office. After tea, we strolled another hour by the edge of the water, then took the road home, just as the sun was setting. The country was so

pleasant, and we so refreshed, that we resolved to walk to Manchester, and watch the sinking of the summer twilight among the woods and fields by the way. Our route led by the edge of Dunham Park, and through Bowdon, where we took a peep at the church, and the expansive view from the churchyard. There is a remarkably fine old yew tree in Bowdon churchyard, seated around. The road from Bowdon to Manchester passes through a country which may be truly characterised as the market-garden of Manchester. We went on, through the villages of Altrincham, Sale Moor, and Stretford, thinking of the meaning of his words who said—

> "One impulse from a vernal wood
> Will teach thee more of man,
> Of moral evil, and of good,
> Than all the sages can."

It was midnight when I got to bed, and sunk pleasantly into a sound sleep, to wake in the morning to careful thought among quite other scenes than those I had wandered in the previous day; but I feel that while I live, I shall not easily lose the sweet remembrance of "the tranquil charm of little Rostherne Mere."

HIGHWAYS AND BYEWAYS FROM ROCHDALE TO THE TOP OF BLACKSTONE EDGE.

> "And so by many winding nooks he strays,
> With willing sport." KEATS.
>
> "The wanderer,
> Holding his forehead, to keep off the buzz
> Of smothering fancies, patiently sat down;
> And while beneath the evening's sleepy frown,
> Glow-worms began to trim their starry lamps,
> Thus breathed he to himself:"— IBID.

WELL may an Englishman cherish the memory of his forefathers, and love his native land. It has risen to its present power among the nations of the world through the ceaseless efforts of many generations of heroic people; and the firmament of its biography is illumined by stars of the first magnitude. What we know of its history previous to the conquest by the Romans, is clouded by much conjecture and romance; but we have sufficient evidence to show, that, even then, this island gem of ours, "set in the silver sea," was known in distant regions of the earth, and prized for its abundant natural riches; and was inhabited by a brave and ingenious race of people. During the last two thousand years, the masters of the world have been fighting to win it, or to keep it. The woad-stained British savage, ardent, imaginative, and brave, roved through his native woods and marshes, hunting the wild beasts of the island. He sometimes herded cattle, but was little given to tillage. He sold tin to the Phœnicians, and knew something about smelting iron ore, and working it into such shapes as were useful in a life of wild, wandering insecurity and warfare, such as his. In the slim coracle, he roamed the island's waters; and scoured its plains fiercely in battle, in his scythed

car, a terror to the boldest foe. He worshipped, too, in an awful, mysterious way, in sombre old woods, and in colossal Stonehenges, under the blue, o'erarching sky. On lone wastes, and moorland hills, we still have the rudely-magnificent relics of these ancient temples, frowning at time, and seeming to say, as they look with lonely solemnity on nature's ever-returning green, in the words of their old Druids:—

"Everything comes out of the ground, but the dead."

But destiny had other things in store for these islands. The legions of imperial Rome came down upon the wild Celt, who retired, fiercely contending, to the mountain fastnesses of the north and west. Four hundred years the Roman wrought and ruled in Britain; and he left the broad red mark of his way of living and governing stamped upon the face of the country, and upon its institutions, when his empire declined. The steadfast Saxon followed,—"stubborn, taciturn, sulky, indomitable, rock-made,"—a farmer and a fighter; a man of sense, and spirit, and integrity; an industrious man and a home bird. The Saxon never loosed his hold, even though his wild Scandinavian kinsmen, the sea-kings, and Jarls of the north, came rushing to battle, with their piratical multitudes, tossing their swords into the air, and singing old heroic ballads, as they slew their foemen, under the banner of the Black Raven. Then came the military Norman,—a northern pirate, trained in France to the art of war,—led on by the bold bastard, Duke William, who landed his warriors at Pevensey, and then burnt the fleet that brought them to the shore, in order to bind his willing soldiers to the desperate necessity of victory or death. Duke William conquered, and Harold the Saxon, fell at Hastings, with an arrow in his brain. Each of these races has left its distinctive peculiarities stamped upon the institutions of the country; but most enduring of all,—the Saxon. And now, the labours of twenty centuries of valiant men, in peace and war, have achieved a matchless security,

and power, and freedom for us, and have bestrewn the face of the land with "the charms which follow long history." The country of Caractacus and Boadicea, where Alfred ruled, and Shakspere and Milton sang, will henceforth always be interesting to men of intelligent minds, wherever they were born. The country is pleasant, also, to the eye, as it is instructive to the mind. Its history is written all over the soil, not only in the strong evidences of its present genius and power, but in thousands of interesting relics of its ancient fame and characteristics. In a letter, written by Lord Jeffrey, to his sister-in-law, an American lady, respecting what Old England is like, and in what it differs most from America, he says:—

"It differs mostly, I think, in the visible memorials of antiquity with which it is overspread; the superior beauty of its verdure, and the more tasteful and happy state and distribution of its woods. Everything around you here is historical, and leads to romantic or interesting recollections. Gray grown church towers, cathedrals, ruined abbeys, castles of all sizes and descriptions, in all stages of decay, from those that are inhabited, to those in whose moats ancient trees are growing, and ivy mantling over their mouldering fragments; * * * and massive stone bridges over lazy waters; and churches that look as old as Christianity: and beautiful groups of branchy trees; and a verdure like nothing else in the universe; and all the cottages and lawns fragrant with sweet briar and violets, and glowing with purple lilacs and white elders; and antique villages scattering round wide bright greens; with old trees and ponds, and a massive pair of oaken stocks preserved from the days of Alfred. With you everything is new, and glaring, and angular, and withal rather frail, slight, and perishable; nothing soft, and mellow, and venerable, or that looks as if it would ever become so."

This charming picture is almost exclusively compounded from the most interesting features of the rural and antique; and is, therefore, more applicable to those agricultural parts of England which have been little changed by the great events of its modern history, than to those districts which have undergone such a surprising and speedy metamorphose by the peaceful revolutions of manufacture in these latter days. But, even in the manufacturing districts, where forests of chimneys rear their tall unbending perpendiculars, upon upon the ground once covered with the plumy woodland's leafy shade, sparsely dotted with little quaint old hamlets, the

venerable monuments of old English life peep out in a beautiful, refreshing, and instructive way, among the crowding evidences of modern power and population. And the influences which have so greatly changed the appearance of the country there, have not passed over the feelings and condition of the population without effect. Wherever the genius of commerce may be leading us to as a people, there is no doubt that the old controls of feudalism are breaking up; and, in the new state of things the people of South Lancashire have found greater liberty to improve their individual qualities and conditions; fairer changes of increasing their might and asserting their rights; greater power and freedom to examine and understand all questions which come before them, and to estimate and influence their rulers, than they had under the unreasoning domination which is passing away. They are not a people inclined to anarchy. They love order as well as freedom, and they love freedom for the sake of having order established upon just principles.

The course of events during the last fifty years has been steadily upheaving the people of South Lancashire out of the thraldom of those orders which have long striven to conserve such things mainly as tended to their own aggrandisement, at the expense of the rights of others. But even that portion of the aristocracy of England which has not yet so far cast the slough of its hereditary prejudices as to see that the days are gone which nurtured barbaric ascendancies, at least perceives that, in the manufacturing districts, it now walks in a world where few people are disposed to accept its assumption of superiority, without inquiring into the nature of it. When a people who naturally aspire to independence, begin to know how to get it, and how to use it wisely, the methods of rule that were made for slaves, will no longer answer their purpose; and as soon as a man begins to feel that he has a trifle of "divine right" in him as well as other mortals, the pride of little minds in great places, begins

to canker him, and they must give him the wall now and then, and look somewhere else for a foot-licker. The aristocracy of England are not all of them overwhelmed by the mysterious dignity of their boasted "prestige of ancient descent." There are naturally-noble men among them, who can discern between living truth and dead tradition; men who do not think that the possession of a certain landed estate entitles the owner thereof to extraordinary rights of domination over his acreless neighbours; or that, on that account alone, the rest of the world should fall down and worship at the feet of a very ordinary person, more remarkable for an incomprehensible way of deporting himself, and for a curious pride of caste, than for being a worthier man than his neighbours.

Through the streets of some of our South Lancashire towns still occasionally roll the escutcheoned equipages of those old exclusive, aristocratic families, who yet turn up the nose at the "lower orders;" and cherish a dim remembrance of the "good old times" when these lurdanes wore the collars of their ancestors upon the neck. To my thinking, the very carriage has a sort of lonely, unowned and unowning look, and never seems at home till it gets back to the coach-house; for the troops of factory lads, and other greasy, hard-working rabble, clatter merrily about the streets, looking villanously unconscious of anything particularly august in the nature of the show which is going by. On the driving-box sits a man with a beefy face, and a comically-subdued way of holding his countenance, grand over all with "horse-gowd," and lace, and gilt buttons, elaborate with heraldic device. Another such person, with great silky calves, and a "smoke-jack" upon his hat, and breeches of cerulean plush, stands holding on upon the platform behind. It is all no use. There are corners of England where such a sight is still enough to throw a whole village into fits; but, in the great manufacturing towns, a travelling instalment of Wombwell's menagerie, with the por-

trait of a cub rhinoceros in front, would create more stir. Inside the carriage there reclines,—chewing the bitter cud of unacknowledged pride,—one of that rare brood of dignitaries, a man with "ancestors," who plumes himself upon the distinguished privilege of being the son of somebody or another, who was the son of somebody else, and so on, till it gets to some burglarious person, who, in company with several others of the same kidney, once pillaged an old estate, robbed a church, and did many other such valiant deeds, in places where the law was too weak to protect the weak; and there is an eternal blazon of armorial fuss kept up in celebration of it, on the family shield. But, admitting that all these things were quite in keeping with the spirit and necessities of the time, and with "the right of conquest," and such like, why should their descendants, in these days, take to themselves mighty airs on that account, and consider themselves the supreme "somebodies" of the land, for such worn-out reasons as these? Let any unwise aristocratic landlord who still tunes his pride and purposes according to the old feudal gamut of his forefathers, acquaint himself well with the tone of popular feeling, especially in the manufacturing districts. Let "John" lower the steps, and with earth-directed eyes, hold the carriage door, whilst our son of a hundred fathers walks forth into the streets of a manufacturing town, to try the magic of his ancient name among the workmen as they hurry to dinner. Where are the hat touchers gone? If he be a landlord, with nothing better than his acres to recommend him, the mechanical rabble jostle by him as if he was "only a pauper whom nobody owns," or some wandering cow-jobber, without either home or owners. He goes worshipless on his way, unless he happens to meet with some of the servants from the hall, or his butcher, or the parish clerk, or the man who rings the eight o'clock bell, and they treat him to a bend sinister. As to the pride of "ancient descent," what does it mean, apart from the renown of noble deeds? The poor folk in Lancashire cherish a kind

old superstition that "we're o' somebory's childer,"—which would be found very near the truth if thoroughly scrutinised. And if Collop the cotton weaver's genealogy was correctly traced, it would probably run back to the year "one," or, as he expresses it himself, to the time "when Adam wur a lad." Everything has its day. The rattle of the railway train, and the bustle of traffic and labour, have drowned the tones of the hunting horn, and the chiming cry of the harriers. But whatever succeeds the decay of feudalism, the architectural relics of Old English life in Lancashire, will always be interesting as such, and venerable as the head of a fine old man, on whose brow "the snow fall of time" has long been stealing. May no ruder hand than the hand of time too hastily destroy these eloquent and instructive footprints of old thought which remain among us! Some men are like Burns's mouse,—the present only touches them; but any man who has the slightest title to the name of a creature of "large discourse" will be willing, now and then, to look contemplatively over his shoulder, into the grass-grown aisles of the past.

It was in that pleasant season of the year when fresh buds begin to shoot from the thorn; when the daisy and the little celandine, and the early primrose, peep from the ground, that I began to plot for another stroll through my native vale of the Roch, up to the top of "Blackstone Edge." These lonesome and craggy mountain wastes are familiar to me. When I was a child they rose up constantly in sight, to the east of Rochdale town, with a silent, majestic look. The sun came from behind them in a morning, pouring its flood of splendour upon the busy valley; the quiet winding river, and its little tributaries. I early imbibed a strong attachment to these hills, and oft as opportunity would allow, I rushed towards them, as if they were kindly and congenial to my mind. And now in the crowded city, when I think of them and of the country they look down upon, it stirs within me a

> "Wide sea that one continuous murmur breaks
> Along the pebbled shore of memory."

But at this particular time, an additional motive enticed me once more to my old wandering ground. The whole of the road leading to it was lined with interesting places and associations. But, among the railways, and manifold other ways and means of travel in England, which now cover the country with an irregular net-work, I found, on looking over a recent map, a little solitary line, running here and there, in short, broken distances; and on the approach of towns and habited spots, diving under, like a mole, or an otter. It looked like a broken thread, here and there, in the mazy web of the map, and it was accompanied by the words "Roman Road," which had a little interest for me. I know there are people who would sneer at the idea of any importance being attached to a broken, impracticable, out-of-the-way highway, nearly two thousand years old, and leading to nowhere in particular, except, like the ways of the wicked, into all sorts of sloughs and difficulties. With them, one passable macadamised road, on which a cart could go to market, is worth all the ruined Watling-streets in Britain. And they are right, so far as their wisdom goes. The present generation must be served with market stuff, come what may of our museums. But still, every thing in the world is full of manifold services to man, who is himself full of manifold needs. And thought can leave the telegraphic message behind panting for breath upon the railway wires. It can shoot to and fro in places where the genius of Stephenson never sent one forlorn hope. The whole is either "cupboard of food," or "cabinet of pleasure;" therefore, let the hungry soul look round upon its vast estate, and turn the universe to nutriment, if it can; for

> "There's not a breath
> Will mingle kindly with the meadow air,
> Till it has panted round, and stolen a share
> Of passion from the heart."

And, though the moorland pack-horse and the rambling besom-maker stumble and get entangled in grass and sloughs,

and matted brushwood, upon deserted roads, still that nimble Mercury, thought, can flit over the silent waste, side by side with the shades of those formidable soldiers who have now slept nearly two thousand years in the cold ground.

It has not been my lot to see many of the vestiges of Roman life in Britain; yet, whatever the historians say about them has had interest for me; especially when related to the supposed connection of the Romans with my native district, for, in addition to its growing modern interest, I eagerly seized every fact of historical association calculated to enrich the vesture in which my mind had long been enrobing the place. I had read of the Roman station at Littleborough, of the Roman road in the neighbourhood, of interesting ancient relics, Roman and other, discovered thereabouts, and other matter of the like nature. My walks had been wide and frequent in the country about Rochdale, and many a time have I lingered and wondered at Littleborough, near the spot where history says that the Romans encamped themselves, at the foot of Blackstone Edge, at the entrance of what would then be the impassable hills, and woody glens, and swampy bottoms of the Todmorden district. Yet I have never met with any visible remnants of such historical antiquities of the locality; and, though, when wandering about the high moors in that quarter, I have more than once crossed the track of the Roman road up there, and noticed a general peculiarity of feature about the place, I little thought that I was floundering through moss and heather, upon one of these famous old highways. I endeavoured to hold the bit upon my own eagerness; and read of these things with a painful reservation of credence, lest I should delude myself into receiving the mythical invention of a brain mad with ancientry, for a genuine relic of the old. But one day, early in the year, happening to call upon a young friend of mine, in Rochdale, whose tastes are a little congenial to my own, we talked of a stroll towards the hills; and he again showed

me the line of the Roman road, on Blackstone Edge, marked in the recent ordnance map. We then went forth bareheaded, into the yard of his father's house, at Wardleworth Brow, from whence the view of the moorland hills, on the east, is fine. The air was clear, and the sunshine so favourably subdued, that the objects and tints of the landscape were uncommonly distinct. He pointed to a regular belt of land, of greener hue than the rest of the moorland, rising up the dark side of Blackstone Edge. That green belt was the line of the Roman road. He had lately visited it, and traced its uniform width for miles, and the peculiarities of its pavement of native sandstone, overgrown with a thick tanglement of moss, and heather, and moorland lichens. He was an old acquaintance, of known integrity and sound judgment, and, withal, more addicted to figures of arithmetic than figures of speech, so, upon his testimony, I resolved that I would bring my unstable faith to the ordeal of ocular proof, that I might, at once, draft it out of the region of doubt, or sweep the beguiling fancy from the chambers of my brain, like a festoonery of cobwebs from a neglected corner. The prospect of another visit to the scenery of the "Edge," another snuff of the mountain air, and a little more talk with the hearty, old-world folk in the villages upon the road thither, rose up pleasantly in my mind, and the purpose took the shape of action about St Valentine's tide.

Having arranged to be called up at five on the morning of my intended trip, I jumped out of bed when the knock came to my chamber door, dressed, and started forth to catch the first train from Manchester. The streets were silent and still, except where one or two "early birds" of the city had gathered round a lingering "saloop" stall; or a solitary policeman kept the lounging tenor of his way along the pavement; and here and there a brisk straggler, with a pipe in his mouth, whose echoing steps contrasted strangely with the sleeping city's morning stillness. The day was ushered in

with gusts of wind and rain, and, when I got to the station, both my coat and my expectations were a little damped by the weather. But, by the time the train reached Rochdale, the sky had cleared up, and the breeze had sunk down to a whisper, just cool enough to make the sunshine pleasant. The birds were twittering about, and drops of rain twinkled on the hedges and tufts of grass in the fields; where spring was quietly spreading out her green mantle again. I wished to have as wide a ramble at the farther end as time would allow; and, as moor-tramping is about the most laborious foot exercise that mortal man can bend his instep to, except running through a ploughed field, in iron-plated clogs,—an ordeal which Lancashire trainers sometimes put their foot-racers through,—it was considered advisable to hire a conveyance. We could go farther, stop longer, and return at ease, when we liked, after we had tired ourselves to our hearts' content upon the moors. I went down to the Reed Inn, for a vehicle. Mine host came out to the top of the steps which lead down into the stable yard, and, leaning over the railing, called his principal ostler from the room below. That functionary was a broad-set, short-necked man, with a comely face, and a staid laconic look. He told us, with Spartan brevity, that there had been a run upon gigs, but he could find us a "Whitechapel," and "Grey Bobby." I had no previous acquaintance with this particular "Bobby," but his name was pronounced in such a free, confident manner, that "Grey Bobby" and the "Whitechapel" were agreed to at once, and in ten minutes I was driving up Yorkshire-street, to pick up my friends at Wardleworth Brow, on the eastern selvidge of the town. Giving the reins to a lad in the street, I went into the house, and took some refreshment with the rest of them, before starting; and, in a few minutes more, we were all seated, and away down the slope of Haybrook, on the Littleborough Road. Our little tit had a mercurial trick of romping on his hind legs, at the start; but, apart from this

exalted disposition to be rather too high up in harness, and eager for the road at first, he went a steady, telling pace, and we looked about us quite at ease, as we sped along.

Haybrook, at the foot of Wardleworth Brow, is one of the pleasantest entrances to Rochdale town. There is a touch of suburban peace and prettiness about it; and the prospect, on all sides, is agreeable to the eye. The park-like lands of Foxholes and Hamer lie close by the north side of the road. The lower part of these grounds consist of rich, flat meadows, divided by a merry little brook, which flows from the hills on the north, above "Th' Syke." In its course from the moors, to the river Roch, it takes the name of each locality it passes through, and is called "Syke Brook," "Buckley Brook," and "Hey Brook;" and, on its way, it gathers tributary rindles of water from Clough House, Knowl, and Knowl Syke. As the Foxholes ground recede from the high road, they gradually undulate, until they rise in an expansive, lawny slope, clothed with a verdure which looks,—when met with summer rain or dew,—"like nothing else in the universe," out of England. This slope is tastefully crowned with trees. Foxholes Hall is situated among its old woods and lawns, retiringly, upon the summit of this swelling upland, which rises from the level of Haybrook. It is a choice corner of the earth, and the view thence, between the woods, across the lawn and meadows, and over a wide stretch of picturesquely-varied country, to the blue hills in the south east, is perhaps not equalled in the neighbourhood. Pleasant and green as much of the land in this district looks now, still the general character of the soil, and the whole of its features, shows that when nature had it to herself, very much of it must have been sterile or swampy. Looking towards Foxholes, from the road side at Haybrook, over the tall ancestral trees, we can see the still taller chimey of John Bright and Brothers' mill, peering up significantly behind, and the sound of their factory bell now mingles with the cawing of an ancient colony of rooks in the Foxholes

woods. Foxholes is the seat of the Entwisles, a distinguished old Lancashire family. In the time of Camden, the historian, this family was seated at Entwisle Hall, near Bolton-le-Moors. George Entwisle de Entwisle left as heir his brother William, who married Alice, daughter of Bradshaw, of Bradshaw. His son Edmund, the first Entwisle of Foxholes, near Rochdale. built the old hall, which stood upon the site of the present one. He married a daughter of Arthur Ashton, of Clegg; and his son Richard married Grace, the daughter of Robert Chadwick, of Healey Hall. In the Parish Church there is a tablet to the memory of Sir Bertin Entwisle, one of the bold soldiers who fought at Agincourt, on St. Crispin's Day, in Henry the Fifth's time. When a a lad, I used to con over this tablet, and by some alchemy of the mind, I wove a whole world of romance around this mysterious "Sir Bertin," and connected him with all that I had heard of the martial prowess of Old English chivalry. The tablet runs thus:—

"To perpetuate a memorial erected in the church of St. Peter's, St. Albans (perished by time), this marble is here placed to the memory of a gallant and loyal man—Sir Bertin Entwisle, Knt. viscount and baron of Brybeke, in Normandy, and some time bailiff of Constantine; in which office he succeeded his brother-in-law, Sir John Ashton, whose daughter first married Sir Richard le Byron, an ancestor of the Lords Byron, of Rochdale, and secondly, Sir Bertin Entwisle, who, after repeated acts of honour in the service of his sovereigns, Henry the Fifth and Sixth, more particularly at Agincourt, was killed in the first battle of St. Albans, and on his tombstone was recorded in brass the following inscription:—'Here lyeth Sir Bertin Entwisle, Knight, who was born in Lancastershyre, and was viscount and baron of Brybeke, in Normandy, and bailiff of Constantine, who died, fighting on King Henry the Sixth's party, the 28th May, 1455, on whose soul Jesus have mercy.'"

Close by the stone bridge at Heybrook, two large old trees stand in the Entwisle grounds, one on each bank of the stream, and partly overhanging the road; they stand there alone, as if to mark where a forest has been. The tired country weaver carrying his piece to the town, lays down his burden on the parapet, wipes his brow, and rests under their shade. Old as they are, these sylvan relics of the fallen woods still sing their moody music in the wind; they cheerfully put forth

their green again every spring, and at the fall of the year drop their withered, admonitory leaves, upon the passengers below. I have gone sometimes, on bright nights, to lean upon the bridge and look round there, and I have heard many a plaintive trio sung by these old trees and the brook below, while the moonlight danced among the leaves.

The whole valley of the Roch is a succession of green knolls and dingles, and little receding vales, with now and then a barren stripe, like "Cronkeyshaw," or a patch of the once large mosses, like "Turf Moss;" and little holts and holms, no two alike in feature or extent; dotted now and then with tufts of stunted wood, with many a clear brook and silvery rill between. On the south side of the bridge at Heybrook, the streamlet from the north runs in between the grounds of Mr. Scholefield, the woollen manufacturer, and those of Mr. Butterworth, through the meadows a short distance, and empties itself into the Roch. The confluence of the waters there is known to the neighbour lads by the name of the "Ghreyt Meetin's," where, in past years, I have

> "Paidle't through the burn,
> When simmer days were fine,"

in a certain young companionship,—now more scattered than last autumn's leaves; some in other towns, one or two only still here, and the rest in Australia and the grave. We now no longer strip in the field there, and, leaving our clothes and books upon the hedge side, go frolicking down to the river, to have a brave water battle and a bathe,—finishing by drying ourselves with our shirts, or by running in the wind upon the green bank. I remember that sometimes, whilst we were in the height of our sport, the sentinel left upon the brink of the river would catch a glimpse of the owner of the fields, coming hastily towards the spot, in wrathful mood; whereupon every naked imp rushed from the water, seized his clothes, and fled from field to field, till he reached some nook where he could put them on. From the southern margin of the

Roch the land rises in a green elevation, on which the hamlet of Belfield is seen peeping up. The tree tops of Belfield Wood are in sight, but the ancient hall is hidden. It stands close by the line of the Manchester and Leeds Railway. The dell on the north, below the hall, is occupied by the printworks of Messrs. Phillipi and Co., who occupy the hall. A little vale on the west, watered by the Biel, divides Belfield Hall from the Hamlet of Newbold, on the summit of the opposite bank. So early as the commencement of the twelfth century, a family had adopted the local name, and resided in the mansion till about the year 1290, when the estate was transferred to the family of Butterworth, of Butterworth Hall, near Milnrow. I find the Belfield family mentioned in Gastrell's Notitia Cestriensis, p. 40, under the head "Leases granted by the bishop," where the following lease appears :—"An. 1546. Let by H. Ar. Belfield and Rob. Tatton, for 40 years, exceptis omnibus vicariis advocationibus ecclesiariu quarumcunque, (ing) to find great timber, tiles, and slate, and tenants to repair and find all other materials." The following note is attached to this lease :—"Arthur Belfield, of Clegg Hall, in the parish of Rochdale, gent., son and heir of Adam Belfield, was born in 1508, and succeeded his father in 1544. He is described in the lease as 'off our sayde sovaraigne lord's houshold, gentylman;' but what office he held is, at present, unknown. He was a near relative of the Hopwoods, of Hopwood, and Chethams, of Nuthurst." In the year 1274, Geoffry de Butterworth, a descendant of Reginald de Boterworth, first lord of the township of Butterworth, in the reign of Stephen, 1148, sold or exchanged the family mansion of Butterworth Hall, with John Byron, ancestor of Lord Byron, the poet, and took possession (by purchase or otherwise) of Belfield, which was part of the original possession of the knights of St. John, of Jerusalem. When the monks of Stanlaw, in Cheshire,—disliking their low swampy situation there, which was subject to inundation at spring-tide,—removed to the old deanery of

Whalley, before entering the abbey there, in the roll of the fraternity, four seem to have been natives of Rochdale, among whom was John de Belfield, afterwards Abbot of Whalley, of the ancient stock of Belfield Hall, in Butterworth. Robert de Butterworth was killed at the battle of Towton, in 1461. The last of the name, at Belfield, was Alexander Butterworth, born in 1640, in the reign of Charles the First. The present occupants of the estate have tastefully preserved all the old interesting features of the hall, whilst they have greatly improved its condition and environments. The stone gateway, leading to the inner court-yard of Belfield Hall, is still standing, as well as a considerable portion of the old hall which surrounded this inner court. The antique character of the building is best seen from the quadrangular court-yard in the centre. The door of the great kitchen formerly opened into this court-yard, and the viands used to be brought out thence, and handed by the cooks through a square opening in the wall of the great dining-room, on the north side of the yard, to the waiters inside. The interior of the building still retains many of the quaint features of its olden time—heavy oak beams, low ceilings, and tortuous corners. Every effort has been made to line the house with an air of modern comfort; still the house is said to be a cold one, partly from its situation, and partly from the porous nature of the old walls, producing an effect "something like that of a wine cooler." That part of the building which now forms the back, used, in old times, to be the main front. In one of the rooms there are still some relics of the ancient oak carving which formerly lined the walls the hall. Among them there are three figures in carved oak, which once formed part of the wainscot of a cornice, above one of the fire places. These were the figures of a king and two queens, quaintly cut; and the remnants of old painting upon the figures, and the rich gilding upon the crowns, still show traces of their highly-ornamented ancient appearance. The roads in the neighbourhopd of the hall are now good.

The hamlets of Newbold and Belfield are thriving, with substantial healthy dwellings. Shady walks are laid among the plantations; and the springs of excellent water are now gathered into clear terraced pools, and a serpentine lake, glittering among gardens and cultivated grounds.

Leaving Haybrook, we passed by Hamer Hall, which was the seat of a family of the same name, before Henry the Fourth's time. A large cotton mill now stands close behind the hall. A few yards through the toll-bar, we passed the "Entwisle Arms," bearing the motto, "Par se signe a Azincourt." A traveller seldom needs to ask the names of the old lords of the land in England. Let him keep an eye to the signboards, and he is sure to find that part of the history of the locality, swinging in the wind, or stapled up over the entrance of some neighbouring alehouse. And, in the same barmy atmosphere, he may learn, at least, as much heraldry as he will be able to find a market for on the Manchester Exchange. The public house signs in our old rural towns are generally very loyal and heraldic, and sometimes touched with a little jovial devotion. The arms of kings, queens, and bishops; and mitres, chapel houses, angels, and "amen corners," mingling with "many a crest that is famous in story;" the arms of the Stanleys, Byrons, Asshetons, Traffords, Lacys, Wiltons, De-la-Warres, Houghtons, Molyneuxs, Pilkingtons, Radcliffes, and a long roll of old Lancashire gentry, whose fame is faintly commemorated in these alehouse signs; and among the mottos of these emblazonments, we now and then meet with an ancient war-cry, which makes one's blood start into tumult when we think how it may have sounded on the fields of Cressy, Agincourt, Towton, or Flodden. Among these are sprinkled spread eagles, dragons, griffins, unicorns, and horses, black, white, bay, and grey, with corresponding mares,—and shoes enow for them all. Boars, in every position and state of temper; bulls, some crowned, some with rings in the nose, like our friend "John" of that name. Foxes, too, and dogs, presenting their

noses with admirable directness of purpose, at something in the next street; and innocent-looking partridges, who appear quite reckless of the intentions of the sanguinary blackguard in green, who is erroneously supposed to be *lurking* behind the bush, with a gun in his hand. Talbots, falcons, hawks, hounds and huntsmen, the latter sometimes in "full cry," but almost always considerably "at fault,"—so far as perspective goes. Swans, black and white, with any number of necks that can be reasonably expected; stags, saints, saracens, jolly millers, boars' heads, blue bells, pack horses, lambs, rams, and trees, of oak and yew. The seven stars, and now and then a great bear. Lions, of all colours, conditions, and positions,—resting, romping, and running; with a number of apochryphal animals, not explainable by any natural history extant, nor to be found anywhere, I believe, except in the low swamps and jungles of some drunken dauber's brain. Also, a few "Jolly Waggoners," grinning extensively at foaming flagons of ale, garnished with piles of bread and cheese, and onions as big as cannon balls, as if to outface the proportions of the colossus of roads, who sits there in a state of stiff, everlasting, clumsy, good-tempered readiness, in front of his never-dwindling feed. Marlboroughs, Abercrombies, and Wellingtons; Duncans, Rodneys, and Nelsons, by dozens. I have seen an admiral painted on horseback somewhere; but I never saw Cromwell on an alehouse sign yet. In addition to these, there are a few dukes, mostly of York and Clarence. Such signs as these show the old way of living and thinking. But, in our manufacturing towns, the tone of these old devices is considerably modified by an infusion of railway hotels, commercials, cotton trees, shuttles, spindles, wool packs, Bishop Blaizes, and "Old Looms;" and the arms of the ancient feudal gentry are out-numbered by the arms of shepherds, foresters, moulders, joiners, printers, bricklayers, painters, and several kinds of oddfellows. The old "Legs of Man," too, are relieved by a comfortable sprinkling of legs and

shoulders of mutton,—considerably overdone by the weather, in some cases. Even alehouse signs are "signs of the times," if properly interpreted. But, both men and alehouse signs may make up their minds to be misinterpreted a little in this world. Two country lasses, at Rochdale, one fair day, walking by the Roebuck Inn, one of them, pointing to the gilded figure of the animal, with its head uplifted to an overhanging bunch of gilded grapes, said, "Sitho, sitho, Mary, at yon brass dog, heytin' brass marrables!"

About half a mile up the highroad, from Haybrook, and opposite to Shaw House, the view opens, and we can look across the fields on either side, into a country of green pastures and meadows, varied with fantastic hillocks and dells, though bare of trees. A short distance to the north-west, Buckley Hall lately stood on a green eminence in sight from the road. But the old house of the Buckleys, of Buckley, recently disappeared from the knoll where it stood for centuries. Its thick, bemossed walls are gone, and all its quaint, abundant outhousing that stood about the spacious balder-paved yard behind. This old hall gave name and residence to one of the most ancient families in Rochdale parish. The building was low, but very strongly built of stone of the district, and heavily timbered. It was not so large as Clegg Hall, nor Stubley Hall, nor as some other old halls in the parish, but, for its size, it proved a considerable quarry of stone and flag when taken down. The first occupier was Geoffry de Buckley, nephew to Geoffry, dean of Whalley, who lived in the time of Henry the Second. A descendant of this Geoffry de Buckley was slain in the battle of Evesham (History of Whalley). The name of John de Buckley appears among the monks of Stanlaw, in the year 1296. The arms of the Buckleys, of Buckley, are gules, a chevron sable; between three bulls' heads, armed proper; crest, on a wreath, a bull's head armed proper. Motto, "Nec temere nec timede." These were their arms, but I know not who claims them now. There is a

chantry chapel, at the south-east corner of Rochdale parish church, "founded in 1487, by Dr. Adam Marland, of Marland; Sir Randal Butterworth, of Belfield; and Sir James Middleton, 'a brotherhood maide and ordayned in the worship of the glorious trinity, in the church of Rochdale;' Sir James being appointed trinity priest during his lyfe; and, among other things, he was requested, when he went to the lavoratory, standing at the altar, and, twice a week, to pray for the co-founders, with 'de profundis.'" In this little chantry there is a recumbent stone effigy of a mailed warrior, of the Buckley family, placed there by the present lord of the manor, whose property the chapel is now. I know that some of the country people who had been reared in the neighbourhood of Buckley Hall, watched its demolition with grieved hearts. And when the fine old hall at Radcliffe was taken down not long since, an aged man stood by, vigorously denouncing the destroyers as the work went on, and glorying in every difficulty they met with; and they were not few, for it was a tough old place. "Poo," said he, "yo wastril devils, poo! Yo connut rive th' owd hole deawn for th' heart on yo! Yo'n ha' to blow it up wi' gunpeawdhur, bi'th mass. It wur noan bigged eawt o' club brass, that wur nut, yo shabby thieves! Tay th' pattern on't, an yo'n larn summut! What mak' o' trash wi'n yo' stick up i'th plaze on't, when its gwon? Those wholes u'll bide lheynin again, better nor yors! Yo'n never big another heawse like that while yo'n teeth an' e'en i' yo'r yeds! Eh, never, never! Yo' hannut stuff to do't wi'!" But down came the old hall at Radcliffe; and so did Buckley Hall, lately; and the materials were dressed up to build the substantial row of modern cottages which now stand upon the same site, with pleasant gardens in front, sloping down the knoll, and over the spot where the old fish pond was, at the bottom. Some of the workpeople at the neighbouring woollen mill find comfortable housing there now. There is an old tradition, respecting the Buckley family, connected with a

massive iron ring which was found fastened in the flooring of a deserted chamber of the hall. A greyhound belonging to this family, whilst in London with its master, took off homeward on being startled by the fall of a heavy package, in Cheapside, and was found dead on the door-step at Buckley Hall at five next morning, after having run one hundred and ninety-six miles in sixteen hours. When visiting relatives of mine near Buckley, I have met with a story in the neighbourhood relating to one of the Buckleys of old, who was a dread to the country side; and how he pursued a Rossendale rider, who had crossed the moors from the wild, old forest, to recover a stolen horse from the stables of Buckley Hall by night; and how this Buckley, of Buckley, overtook and shot him, at a lonely place called "Th' Hillock," between Buckley and Rooley Moor. There are other floating oral traditions connected with Buckley Hall, especially the tale of "The Gentle Shepherdess," embodying the romantic adventures and unfortunate fate of a lady belonging to the family of Buckley, of Buckley. And in this wide parish of Rochdale, in the eastern nook of Lancashire,—once a country fertile in spots of lone and rural prettiness, and thinly inhabited by as quaint, hearty, and primitive a people as any in England,—there is many a picturesque and storied dell; some tales of historic interest; and many an interesting legend connected with the country, or with the old families of the parish;—the Byrons, of Butterworth Hall, barons of Rochdale; the Entwistles, of Foxholes; the Crossleys, of Scaitcliffe; the Holts, of Stubley, Grislehurst, and Castleton; the Cleggs, of Clegg Hall, the scene of the tradition of "Clegg Ho' Boggart;" the Buckleys, of Buckley; the Marlands, of Marland; the Howards, of Great Howard; the Chadwicks, of Chadwick Hall, and Healey Hall; the Bamfords, of Bamford; the Schofields, of Schofield; the Butterworths; the Belfields; and many other families of ancient note, often bearing the names of their own estates, in the old way.

In this part of South Lancashire, the traveller never meets with a plain, or any considerable extent of level land; and though the county contains great moors, and some mosses, yet there is not such another expansive tract of level country to be found in it as that lonely grave of old forests, "Chat Moss," which is crossed by the line of railway from Manchester to Liverpool. South-east Lancashire is all picturesque ups and downs, retired green nooks, and "quips and cranks and wanton wiles," and silent little winding vales, with endless freaks of hill and hillock, knoll and dell, dingle and shady cleft, laced with numerous small streamlets and clear rindles of babbling water, up to the foot of that wandering wilderness of moorland hills, the "Back-bone of England," which runs across the island, from Derbyshire into Scotland, and forms a considerable part of Lancashire upon its way. The parish of Rochdale partly consists of and is bounded by this tract of hills on the east and north; and what may be called the lowland part of the parish, looks, when seen from some of the hills in the immediate neighbourhood, something like a green sea of tempest-tost meadows and pasture lands, upon which fleets of cotton mills ride at anchor, their brick masts rising high into the air, and their streamers of smoke waving in the wind.

Leaving the open part of the high road, opposite Shaw House, and losing sight of Buckley, we began to rise as we passed through Brickfield up to Smallbridge. This village is seated on an elevation, sloping gently from the northern bank of the river Roch, which rise continues slightly through the village and up northward, with many a dip and frolic by the way, till it reaches the hills above Wardle Fold, where nature leaps up in a very wild and desolate mood. Some of the lonely heights thereabouts have been beacon-stations in old times, and their names indicate their ancient uses, as "Ward Hill," above the village of Wardle. "Jack th' Huntsman" used to declare, vehemently, that Brown Wardle Hill was

"th' fine'st hunting-greawnd i' Lancashire." And then there is "Tooter's Hill," "Hornblower's Hill," and "Hades Hill." From the summit of the last, the waters descend on one side to the Irish Sea, on the west, on the other to the German Ocean, on the east. The remains of a large beacon are still visible on the top of it. Looking southward, from the edge of Smallbridge, the dale lies green and fair in the hollow below; and the silent little Roch winds through it towards Rochdale town. The view stretches out several miles beyond the opposite bank of the river, over the romantic township of Butterworth, up to the Saddleworth hills. Green and picturesque; a country of dairy farms, producing matchless milk and butter; yet the soil is evidently too cold and poor by nature, for the successful production,—by the modes of agriculture at present practised in the district,—of any kind of grain, except the hardy oat; and that crop mostly thin and light as an old man's hair. But, even this extensive view, over a beautiful scene in other respects, lacks the charm which green woods lend to a landscape; for, except a few diminutive tufts and scattered patches, where young plantations struggle up, there are scarcely any trees. From Smallbridge, taking a south-east direction, up by "Tunshill," "Dolderum," "Longden End," and "Booth Dheyn," and over the Stanedge road into the ravines of Saddleworth, would be a long flight for the crow; but to anybody who had to foot the road thither, it would prove a rougher piece of work even than it looks, and, before he had done it, he would not be likely to sneer at the idea of taking a guide, with a sufficient wallet of provision, for such a trip. The village of Smallbridge itself, consists principally of one street, about half a mile long, lining the high road from Rochdale to Littleborough. It will have a dull, uninteresting look to a person who knows nothing previously of the place and its neighbourhood, nor of the curious generation dwelling thereabouts. Smallbridge has a very plain, hard-working, unpolished,

every-day look. No wandering artist, in search of romantic bits of village scenery, would halt, enchanted with Smallbridge. It has no architectural relic of the olden time in it; nor any very remarkable modern building,—nothing which would tell a careless eye that it had been the homestead of many generations of Lancashire men. It consists chiefly of the brick-built cottages inhabited by weavers, colliers, and factory operatives, relieved by the new Episcopalian church, at the eastern end; the little pepper-box bell-turret of which peeps up over the houses, as if to remind the rude denizens of the village of something higher than bacon collops and ale. But, we must not look only at these alehouse-garnished rows of country workshops and workmen's houses, to find out the true pivot of the interest which distinguishes Smallbridge, except so far as these reflect the living characteristics of its population; for the principal interest of the place lies in the peculiar features of the human life which goes on in it. And we must not look into its mouth to find out its age, as we do by a horse; for Smallbridge is reported to have come of "a great family, and has been "respectably connected." And yet, although the present inhabitants of Smallbridge are uncouth and rough, they are still notable for industry and honesty, in speech and action, They hold the patents of their honours in their own living deeds, and do not derive them entirely from old parchments, nor pave the barren pathway of a useless life with the reputations of dead men. About half a mile up the road which leads out of the centre of the village, northward, in the direction of Wardle Fold, stands a substantial, plain-looking, stone mansion, apparently about one hundred and fifty years old, called "Great Howarth." It stands upon a shapely knoll, the site of an older hall of the same name, and has pleasant slopes of green land about it, and a very wide prospect over hill and dale. Extensive alterations in the course of the last hundred years, have removed most of the evidences of this

place's age and importance; but its situation, and the ancient outbuildings behind, and the fold of cottages nestling near to the western side of the hall, with peeping bits of stone foundation, of much older date than the building standing upon them; the old wells, and the hue of the lands round about; all show that it has been a place of greater note than it is at present. This Great Howarth, or Howard, is said to be the original settlement of the Howard family, the present Dukes of Norfolk. Some people in the neighbourhood also seem to indicate this, for, as we entered Smallbridge, we passed by "The Norfolk Arms," a little public-house. One Osbert Howard was rewarded by Henry the First ("Beauclerk,") for his faithful services, with lands situate in the township of Honorsfield, or Hundersfield, in the parish of Rochdale, also with what is called "the dignified title of Master of the Buck Hounds." Robertus Howard, abbot of Stanlaw, was one of the four monks, from this parish, whose names appear among the list of the fraternity, at the time of their translation to Whalley. He died on the 10th of May, 1304. Dugdale, in his "Baronage of England," says, respecting the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk:—"I do not make any mention thereof above the time of King Edward the First; some supposing that their common ancestor in the Saxons' time took his original appellation from an eminent office, or command; others (afterwards), from the name of a place." * * * "I shall therefore (after much fruitless search to satisfy myself, as well as others, on this point), begin with William Howard, a learned and reverend judge of the Court of Common Pleas, for a great part of King Edward the First's and beginning of Edward the Second's time." So that there seems to be a possibility of truth in the assertion that Great Howard, or Howarth, near Smallbridge, was the original settlement of the Howards, ancestors of the Dukes of Norfolk. But I must leave the matter to those who have better and completer evidence than this. Aiken, in his "History of Manchester," mentions a direful

pestilence, which severely afflicted that town about the year 1645. A pestilence called the "Black Plague," raged in the parish of Rochdale about the same time. "The whole district being filled with dismay, none dared, from the country, to approach the town, for fear of catching the contagion; therefore, to remedy, as much as possible, the inconveniencs of non-intercourse between the country and town's people, the proprietor of Great Howarth directed a cross to be raised on a certain part of his estate, near to Black Lane End, at Smallbridge, for the purpose of holding a temporary market there, during the continuance of the plague," Thence originated "Howarth Cross," so named to this day; also, the old "Milk Stones," or "Plague Stones," lately standing at about a mile's distance from the town of Rochdale, upon the old roads. I well remember two of these, which were large heavy flag stones, with one end embedded in the hedge side, and the other end supported upon rude stone pillars. One of these two was in "Milk Stone Lane," leading towards Oldham, and the other at "Sparth," about a mile on the Manchester road. This last of these old "Milk Stones," or "Plague Stones," was recently taken down. I find that similar stones were erected in the outlets of Manchester, for the same purpose, during the pestilence, about 1645. The village of Smallbridge itself, as I have said before, has not much either of modern grace or antique reverence about its outward appearance. But, in the secluded folds and corners of the country around, there is many a quaint farmstead of the seventeenth century, or earlier, such as Waterhouse, Ashbrook Hey, Howarth Knowl, Little Howarth, Dearnley, Mabroyd, Wuerdle, Little Clegg, Clegg Hall (the haunt of the famous "Clegg Ho' Boggart"). Wardle Fold, near Wardle Hall, was fifty years since only a small sequestered cluster of rough stone houses, at the foot of the moorland heights, on the north, and about a mile from Smallbridge. It has thriven considerably by manufacture since then. In some of these old settlements there are houses

where the door is still opened from without by a "sneck-bant," or "finger-hole." Some of these old houses have been little changed for two or three centuries; around others a little modern addition has gathered in the course of time; but the old way of living and thinking lingers in these remote corners still, like little standing pools, left by the general tide of ancient manners, which has gone down, and is becoming matter of history or of remembrance. There, and in the still more lonely detached dwellings and folds, which are scattered among the bleak hills and silent cloughs of the "Edge," they cling to the speech, and ways, and superstitions, and prejudices, and pastimes of their "rude forefathers of the hamlet." A tribe of hardy, industrious, old-fashioned, simple-hearted folk, whose principal fear is poverty and "boggarts." They still gather round the fire in corners, where factories have not yet reached them, in the gray gloaming, and on dark nights in winter, to feed their untutored imaginations with scraps of old legend, and tales of the local boggarts, fairies, and "feeorin," that haunt their native hills, and dells, and streams; and they look forward with joy to the ancient festivals of the year, as the principal reliefs of their lonely round of toil. But Smallbridge had other interests for us besides those arising out of its remote surrounding nooks and population. We had known the village ever since the time when a ramble so far out from Rochdale seemed an adventurous feat for tiny legs, and, as we passed each well-remembered spot, the flood-gates of memory were thrown open, and a whole tide of early reminiscences came flowing over the mind:—

> "Floating by me seems
> My childhood, in this childishness of mine:
> I care not—'tis a glimpse of 'Auld lang syne.'"

The inhabitants of different Lancashire towns and villages have often some generic epithet attached to them, supposed to be expressive of their character; as, for the inhabitants of

Oldham and Bolton, "Owdham Rough Yeds," and "Bowton Trotters;" and the people of Smallbridge are known throughout the vale by the name of "Smo'bridge Cossacks." Within the last twenty years the inhabitants of the village have increased in number, and visibly improved in general education and manners. Before that time the place was notable for its rugged, ignorant people; even in a district generally remarkable for an old-world breed of men and manners. Their misdemeanours arose more from exuberant vigour of heart and body, combined with great lack of mental enlightenment, than from natural moral debasement. They were illiterate as the blindest of those owls could desire who seek to conceal faulty schemes from just scrutiny by limiting popular knowledge. Success to Free Libraries! We hope to hear of one even in Smallbridge soon now, after the start in Manchester. There is no investment which would prove so truly remunerative as books and schools for the poor. Twenty years since there was no church in Smallbridge, no police to keep them in orderly trim, no very effective school of any sort. The working weavers and colliers had the place almost to themselves in those days. They worked hard, and ate and drank as plentifully as their earnings would afford, especially on holidays, or "red-letter days;" and, at by-times they clustered together in their cottages, but oftener at the road side, or in some favourite alehouse, and solaced their fatigue with such scraps of news and politics as reached them; or by pithy, idiomatic bursts of country humour, and old songs. Sometimes these were choice snatches of the ballads of Britain, really beautiful

"Minstrel memories of times gone by;"

such as, unfortunately, we seldom hear now, and still seldomer hear sung with the feeling and natural taste which the country lasses of Lancashire put into them while chanting at their work. Some of Burns's songs, and many songs commemorating

the wars of England, were great favourites with them. Passing by a country alehouse, one would often hear a rude ditty like the following, sounding loud and clear from the inside :—

"You generals all, and champions bold,
Who take delight i'th field;
Who knock down palaces and castle walls,
And never like to yield;
I am an Englishman by birth,
And Marlbro' is my name
In Devonshire I first drew breath;
That place of noble fame."

Or this finishing couplet of another old ballad :—

"To hear the drums and the trumpets sound,
In the wars of High Garmanie!"

I well remember that the following were among their favourites :—"Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?" "Jockey to the fair," "Old Towler," "The Banks of the Dee," "Black Eyed Susan," "Highland Mary," "The Dawning of the Day," "The Garden Gate," and "The Woodpecker." There are, also, a few rough, humorous songs in the Lancashire dialect, which are very common amongst them. The best of these are the rudely-characteristic ballad called "Jone o' Greenfelt," and "The Songs of the Wilsons," of which the following, known by the name of "Johnny Green's Wedding, and Description of Manchester College," by Andrew Wilson, is sufficient to show the manner, and characteristics of the remainder of these popular local songs :—

"Neaw lads, wheer are yo beawn so fast?
Yo happun ha no yerd what's past:
Aw gettun wed sin aw'r here th' last,
Just three week sin come Sunday.
Aw ax'd th' owd folk, an aw wur reet,
So Nan an me agreed tat neet,
At iv we could mak boath eends meet,
We'd be wed o' Ayster Monday.

"That morn', as prim as pewter quarts,
Aw th' weuches coom, an browt t' sweethearts;
Aw fund we're loike to ha' three carts, –
Twur thrunk as Eccles wakes, mon;

We donn'd eawr tits i' ribbins too,—
One red, one green, an tone wur blue;
So hey! lads, hey! away we flew,
Loike a race for th' Ledger stakes, mon.

"Reight merrily we drove, full bat;
An eh! heaw Duke an Dobbin swat;
Owd Grizzle wur so lawm an fat,
Fro' soide to soide hoo jow'd um:
Deawn Withy Grove at last we coom,
An stopt at th' Seven Stars by gum,
An drunk as mich warm ale an rum,
As 'ud dreawn o' th' folk i' Owdham.

"When th' shot wur paid, an th' drink wur done,
Up Fennel-street, to th' church for fun,
We doanced loike morris-doancers dun,
To th' best o' aw my knowledge;
So th' job wur done, i' hauve a crack;
Boh eh! what fun to get th' first smack,
So neaw, my lads, 'fore we gwon back,
Says aw, 'We'n look at th' College.'

"We see'd a clock-case first, good laws!
Where Deoth stonds up wi' great lung claws;
His legs, an wings, an lantern jaws,
They really look't quite feorink.
There's snakes an watchbills, just like pikes,
At Hunt an aw th' reformin' tikes,
An thee, an me, and Sam o' Mikes,
Once took a blanketeerink.

"Eh! lorjus days, booath far an woide,
Theer's yards o' books at every stroide,
Fro' top to bothum, eend, an soide,
Sich plecks there's very few so:
Aw axt him iv they wur'n to sell,
For Nan loikes readink vastly well;
Boh th' measter wur eawt, so he could naw tell,
Or aw'd a bowt her Robinson Crusoe.

"Theer's a trumpet speyks an maks a din,
An a shute o' clooas made o' tin,
For folk to goo a feightink in,
Just like thoose chaps o' Boney's;
An theer's a table carved so queer,
Wi' as mony planks as days i'th year,
An crinkum-crankums here an theer,
Like th' clooas-press at my gronny's.

"Theer's Oliver Crumill's bombs an balls,
An Frenchmen's guns they'd tean i' squalls,
An swords, as lunk as me, o' th' walls,
An bows an arrows too, mon:

Aw didna moind his fearfo words,
Nor skeletons o' men an burds;
Boh aw fair hate th' sect o' greyt lung swords,
Sin th' feight at Peterloo, mon.

"We see'd a wooden cock likewise;
Boh dang it, mon, these college boys,
They tell'n a pack o' starin' loies,
As sure as teaw'rt a sinner;
'That cock, when it smells roast beef, 'll crow,'
Says he; 'Boh' aw said, 'teaw lies, aw know,
An aw con prove it plainly so,
Aw've a peawnd i' my hat for th' dinner.'

"Boh th' hairy mon had miss'd my thowt,
An th' clog fair crackt by th' thunner bowt,
An th' woman noather lawmt nor nowt,
Theaw ne'er seed loike sin t'ur born, mon.
Theer's crocodiles, an things, indeed,
Aw colours, mak, shap, size, an breed;
An if aw moot tell toan hauve aw see'd,
We moot sit an smook till morn, mon.

"Then deawn Lung Millgate we did steer,
To owd Mike Wilson's goods-shop theer,
To bey eawr Nan a rockink cheer,
An pots, an spoons, an ladles:
Nan bowt a glass for lookink in,
A tin Dutch o'on for cookink in;
Aw bowt a cheer for smookink in,
An Nan axed th' price o' th' cradles.

"Then th' fiddler struck up 'Th' Honey Moon,'
An off we set for Owdam soon;
We made owd Grizzle trot to th' tune,
Every yard o' th' way, mon,
At neet, oytch lad an bonny lass,
Laws! heaw they doanc'd an drunk their glass;
So tyrt wur Nan an me, by th' mass,
At we lee till twelve th' next day, mon."

When the horn sounded to gather the harriers, or the "foomart dogs," the weaver lads used to let go their "pickin'-pegs," roll up their aprons, and follow the chase afoot, with all the keen relish of their forefathers, returning hungry, tired, and pleased at night, to relate the adventures of the day. Sometimes they sallied from the village, in jovial companies, attended by one or more of their champions, to have a drinking-bout, and challenge "th' cocks o' th' clod" in some neigh-

bouring hamlet. Such expeditions often led to a series of single combats, in which rude bodily strength and pluck were the principal elements of success; sometimes a general *melee*, or "Welsh main," took place; often ending in painful journies, with broken bones, over the moors, to the "Whitworth Doctors." As far as rough sports and rough manners went, "the dule" seemed to have "thrut his club" specially over Smallbridge in those days. That man was lucky who could walk through the village without being assaulted by something more inconvenient than mere looks of ignorant wonder, and a hearty pelting of coarse jokes; especially if he happened to wear the appearance of a "teawn's buck." They had a kind of contempt for "teawn's folk," as an inferior race, especially in body. If town's people had more intelligence than was common in the country, these villagers often affected to consider it a knavish cleverness; and if they seemed externally clean, they looked upon it as an hypocritical concealment of the filth beneath. If they were well dressed, the old prevailing doubt arose, as to its being "o' paid for;" and if one appeared among them who had no settled home or connections, and whose demeanour they did not like, he had "done summat wrang somewheer, or elze he'd ne'er ha' bin o' that shap." In fact, it was hardly possible for people bred in a town to be as clean, strong, or honest, as those bred in the country. Town's folk had nothing wholesome about them; they were "o' offal an' bhoylin-pieces." When they visited Manchester, or any of the great towns about, they generally took a supply of eatables with them for the journey; "coud frog-i'-th'-hole puddin," or "fayberry cake," or "sodden moufin an' cheese," or such like homely buttery-stuff; for if they had occasion to enter any strange house in such places, to satisfy their hunger, they often ate with a jealous anxiety about the authenticity of the animal they were feeding upon, every mouthful went down among painful speculations as

to what the quadruped was when alive, and what particular reason it had for departing this life. Burns alludes affectionately to

"The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;"

and oatmeal porridge, and their famous oat-cake, enters largely into the diet of country people in this part of Lancashire. They used to pride themselves in the name of the "Havercake Lads." A regiment raised in Lancashire during the last war bore this name. This oat cake is baked upon a peculiar kind of stone slab, called a "back-stone;" and the cry of "Havercake Back-stones" is a familiar sound in Rochdale, and the villages around it, at this day. Oatmeal porridge forms an important element of a genuine Lancashire breakfast in the country. I have often noticed the air of satisfaction with which a Lancashire housewife has filled up the great breakfast bowl with hot, well-boiled oatmeal porridge, and, clapping the pan on the floor, said, "Theer, lads, pultiz yo'r stomachs wi' thoose!" And the hungry, hearty youngsters have gathered hastily round their old dish, welcoming it with the joyous ejaculation of "That's th' mak'!" The thick unleavened oat-cake, called "Jannock," is scarcely ever seen in South-east Lancashire now; but it used to be highly esteemed. The common expression, "That's noan Jannock," applied to anything which is not what it ought to be, commemorates the fame of this wholesome old cake of theirs. But they have no inclination to an exclusively vegetarian diet; in fact, they generally express a decided relish for "summat at's deed ov a knife;" and, like their ancient progenitors, the Saxons, they naturally prefer heavy meals, and long draughts, to any kind of light epicurean nicety.

There are many old prejudices and overdone jealousies still cherished by the country people of South-east Lancashire, as is their old belief in witches, witch-doctors, and "Planet-rulers;" but they are declining, through increasing

communion with the rest of the world. And then these things show only the unfavourable side of their character; for they are hospitable, open-handed, frank, and benevolent, by nature. How oft have I seen them vehemently defend the downcast and the stranger; or shut up ungenerous suspicions, and open all the sluices of their native kindness by the simple expression, "He's somebody's chylt!"

"Owd Roddle" is a broken-down village fuddler, in Smallbridge; perpetually racking his brains about "another gill." His appearance is more that of an Indian Fakeer than an English country gentleman. He is as "concayted as a whisket" in some things, but not in eating or drinking; for he will "seawk lamp-hoyle through a bacco-pipe iv onybody 'll give him a droight o' ale to wesh it deawn wi'; an' as for heytin', he'll heyt mortal thing,—dhyed or alive,—iv he con get his teeth into't." A native of Smallbridge was asked, lately, what "Roddle" did for his living, and he replied, "Whaw, he wheels coals, and trails abeawt wi' his clogs loce, an' may's a foo' ov hissel' for ale." Yet utterly lost as Roddle is himself in person and habits, he is strongly imbued with the old prejudices against town's people. To him, the whitest linen worn by a townsman, is only what the country folk call a "French White." A well-dressed person from Rochdale chanced one day, unwittingly, to awaken "Roddle's" ire, who, eyeing him from head to foot, with a critical sneer, said, "Shap off whoam, as fast as tho con, an' get tat buff shurt sceawr't a bit, wilto; an' thy skin an' o'; for theawr't wick wi' varmin; an' keep o' thy own clod, whol tho con turn eawt some bit like." "But," continued my informant, "aw'm a bit partial to th' offal divul for o' that; he's so much gam in him, an aw like a foo i' my heart! Eh, he used to be as limber as a treawt when he're young; but neaw he's as wambley an' slamp as a barrow full o' warp sizin'. Th' tother mornin' aw walked up to him for a bit ov a crack as uzal, but th'owd lad had gettin his toppin cut off close to

his yed; an' he wacker't an' stare't like a twitchelt dog; an' gran at mo like mad. Aw're fore't to dray back a bit, at th' furst, he glooart so flaysome. It're very frosty, an' his e'en looked white an' wild, an' as geawl't as a whelp. Iv the dule had met Roddle at th' turn ov a lone that mornin' he'd a skriked hissel' eawt ov his wits, an' gwon deawn again. Ir measther sauces me sometimes for talkin' to Roddle; but aw olez tell him at aw'st have a wort wi' th' poor owd twod when aw meet him, as what onybody says."

There is a race of hereditary sand-sellers, or "sond-knockers," in Smallbridge; a rough, uncouth, mountaineer breed, who live by crushing sandstone rock into powder, for sale in the town of Rochdale, and the villages about it. This sand is used for strewing upon the flagged house floors, when the floor is clean washed; and while it is yet damp, the sand is ground over it by the motion of a heavy "scouring-stone," to which a long, strong, wooden handle is firmly fixed, by being fastened to an iron claw, which grasps the stone, and is embedded into it by molten lead. This sand-scouring is a universal cleaning custom amongst the housewives of South Lancashire. The motion of the "scouring-stone" works the flags into smoothness, and leaves an ornamental whiteness on the floor when it gets dry; it breeds dust, however, and much needless labour. The people who knock this sand and sell it, have been known over the country side for many years by the name of "Th' Kitters," and the common local proverb, "We're o' ov a litter, like Kitter pigs," is used in Smallbridge, as an expression of friendship or of kinship, and an hospitable encouragement. As regular as Saturday morning came, the sand-carts used to come into Rochdale heavily laden; and I remember that they were often drawn by horses which, like the steed of the crazy gentleman of Spain, were "many-cornered," and, generally ill-conditioned; and in addition to that, sometimes afflicted by some of the more serious ills which horse-flesh is heir to. They have better horses now, I believe,

and they are better used. But I used to notice these horses about twelve years ago. When they could no longer "paw in the valley," and "rejoice in their strength," they had been handed over to the sand-knocker at an old-horse price, as some youngsters are sent to London,—to be finished. Their last needy owners cudgelled the last pennyworth out of them; labouring upon their skinful of bones, to hammer out a spark of their old mettle. Their infirmities and hardships grew together, till kind old death released them from the thrall, and their bones were rattled over the stones to the knacker's yard, where the owner would stand, with a pint of ale in one hand, chaffering over the cold body, about "th' tother sixpence." Merchandise to the last minute! The train of attendants which usually accompanied these sand carts into the town was of a curious description. Hardy, bull-necked, brown-faced drivers, generally dressed in strong fustian, which, if heavily plated with patches in particular quarters, was still mostly whole, but almost always well mauled, and soiled with the blended stains of sand, and spilt ale, and bacon fat; with clumsily stitched rips visible here and there. The whole being a kind of tapestried chronicle of the wearer's way of living, his work, his fights, fuddles, and feasts. Then they were often bareheaded, with their breeches ties flowing loose at the knees, and the shirt neck wide open, displaying a broad, hairy, weather-beaten chest; and the jovial-faced, Dutch-built women too, in blue lin aprons, blue woollen bedgowns, and clinkered shoon: and with round, wooden, peck and half-peck measures tucked under their arms, ready for "hawpuths" and "pennuths." As the cart went slowly along, the women went from house to house, on each side of the road, and, laying one hand upon the door cheek, looked in with the old familiar inquiry, "Dun yo want ony sond this mornin'?" "Hah, yo may lhyev a hawputh. Put it i' this can." When they came to an old customer and acquaintance, sometimes a short conversation

would follow in a strain such as this, "Well, an heaw are yo, owd craythur?" "Whau, aw'm noan as aw should be by a dhyel. Aw con heyt naut mon, an' aw connut tay my wynt." "Aw dunnot wonder at tat; yo'n so mich reech abeawt here. If yo'rn up at th' Smo'bridge, yo'dd'n be fit to heyt yirth-bobs an' scaplins, welly. Mon, th' wynt's chlyen up theer, an' there's plenty on't, an' wi' can help irsels to't when we like'n. Wi'n yo come up o' seein' us?" "Eh, never name it! Aw's ne'er get eawt o' this hole till aw'm carried eawt th' feet formost!" "Come, wi'n ha' noan o' that mak o' talk! Aw'd as lief as a keaw-price at yo'dd'n come. Yo'n be welcome to th' best wi' ha'n, an' wi'n may yo comfortable beside; an' bring yo deawn again i'th cart. But ir Jem's gwon forrud wi'th sond. Let's see; did'n yo gi' mo th' hawp'ny? * * * Oh, hah! It'll be reet! Neaw, tay care o' yorsel', an' keep yo'r heart eawt o' yo'r clogs!" When the cart came to a rut, or a rise in the road, all hands were summoned to the push, except one, who tugged and thumped at the horse, and another, who seized the spokes of the wheel, and, with set teeth and strained limbs, lent his aid to the "party of progress" in that way. Sometimes a sturdy skulker would follow the cart, to help to push, and to serve out sand, but more for a share of the fun, and the pile of boiled brisket and cheese an' "moufin," lapt in a clout, and stowed away in the cart-box at starting, to be washed down with "bally-droights" of cold fourpenny at some favourite "co'in-shop" on the road.

The old custom of distinguishing persons by Christian names alone, prevails generally in Smallbridge, as in all country parts of Lancashire, more or less. It sometimes happens, in small country villages like this, that there are people almost unknown, even among their own neighbours, by their surnames. Roby gives an instance of this kind in his "Traditions of Lancashire," where he mentions a woman, then living in the village of Whitworth, for whom it would be useless to

inquire there by her proper name; but anybody in the village could have instantly directed you to "Susy o'Yem's o' Fair-off's, at th' top o' th' Rake," by which name she was intimately known. Individuals are often met, whose surnames have almost dropt into oblivion by disuse, and who have been principally distinguished through life by the name of their residence, or some epithet, descriptive of a remarkable personal peculiarity, or some notable incident in their lives. Such names as the following, which will be recognised in their locality, are constantly met, and the list of them might be authentically extended to any desirable degree:— "Tum's o' Charles o' Billy's," or "Red Tum," "Bridfuut," "Corker," "Owd Fourpenny," "Tum o' Meawlo's," "Rantipow," and "Ab o' Pinder's" who fought a battle in the middle of the river Roch, at a great bull-bait in Rochdale, more than thirty years ago; "Bull Robin," "Jone o' Muzden's," "Owd Moreover," and Bonny Meawth." This last reminds me of the report of a young villager near Smallbridge, respecting the size of the people's mouths in a neighbouring district. "Thi'n th' bigg'st meawths i' yon country," said he, "at ever aw seed clapt under a lip! Aw hove one on 'em his yure up, to see if his meawth went o' reawnd; but he knockt mo into th' slutch." Many of these quaint names rise in my memory as I write; "Owd Dragon," "Paul o' Bill's," "Plunge," "Ben o' Robin's o' Bob's o' th' Brid-stuffers, o' Buersil Yed," "Collop," "Tolloll," "Pratty Strider," "Lither Dick," and "Reawnt Legs,"—

> "Reawnt Legs he wur a cunnin' owd twod,
> He made a mule draw a four-horse lwod."

And then there was "Johnny Baa Lamb," a noted character in Rochdale twelve years ago. He was low in stature, rather stout, and very knock-knee'd; and his face was one paradise of never-fading ale-blossoms. Johnny's life was spent in helping about the slaughter-houses, and roaming from alehouse to alehouse, where, between his comical appearance,

his drunken humour, his imitations of the tones of sheep, lambs, and other animals, and his old song,—

> "The mon and the mare,
> Flew up in the air,
> An' aw think aw see 'em yet, yet, yet;"—

the chorus of which he assisted by clattering a great poker on the hearth, he was a general favourite; and kept himself afloat in ale,—the staple of his ambition,—by being the butt of every tap-room; where his memory remains embarmed. There was "Barfuut Sam," a carter, who never would wear any foot-gear; "Ab o' Slender's," "Broth," "Sthyem," "Scutcher," "Peawch," and "Dick-in-a-Minnit." Most of these were as well known as the church clock. And then there was "Daunt o' Peggy's," "Brunner," "Shin 'em," "Ayli o' Joe's o' Bet's o' Owd Bullfuut's," and "Fidler Bill," who is mentioned in the Lancashire song, "Hopper hop't eawt, an' Limper limp't in,"

> "Then aw went to th' Peel's Arms to taste of their ale;
> They sup'n it so fast it never gwos stale;
> An' when aw'd set deawn, an' getten a gill,
> Who should come in boh Fidler Bill.
>
> He rambles abeawt through boroughs an' teawns,
> A' sellin, folk up as boh ow'n a few peawnds;"

and then there was "Jone o' Isaac's," the mower, "Pheyswad," and "Bedflock," who sowed blendspice in his garden for parsley seed; and "Owd Tet, i' Crook," an amiable and aged country woman, who lately lived in a remote corner of the moors, above Smallbridge, and whose intended husband dying when she was young, she took it deeply to heart. On being pressed to accept the hand of a neighbour, who knew her excellent qualities, she at last consented, assuring him, however, that her heart was gone, and all that she could promise him was that she could "spin, an' be gradely;" which saying has become a local proverb. In the Forest of Rossendale I have met with a few names of more curious structure than even any of the previous ones,

such as "Eb o' Peg's o' Puddin' Jane's," "Bet o' Owd Harry's o' Nathan's at th' Change," "Enoch o' Jem's o' Rutchot's up at th' Nook," "Harry o' Mon John's," "Ormerod o' Jem's o' Bob's," and "Henry o' Ann's o' Harry's o' Milley's o' Ruchot's o' John's o' Dick's, through th' ginnel, an' up th' steps, an' o'er Joseph's o' John's o' Steen's;" which rather extraordinary cognomen was given to me by a gentleman living near Newchurch, as authentic, and well known in a neighbouring dale. In a village near Bolton, there was, a few years since, a letter-carrier, who had so long been exclusively known by a nickname that he had transiently forgotten his proper name. By an uncommon chance, however, he once received a letter directed to himself, but not remembering the owner, or anybody of that name, he carried the letter in his pocket for several days, till he happened to meet with a shrewd old villager one day, whom his neighbours looked upon as "larnt up," and able to explain everything, from ale, bull-dogs, and politics, to the geography of the moon and the mysteries of theology. The postman showed his letter to this Delphic villager, inquiring whether he knew anybody of that name. The old man looked an instant, then, giving the other a thump, he said, with a laugh, "Thea foo', it's thysel'!" I have heard of many an instance in different parts of Lancashire, where some generic "John Smith," after being sought after in vain for a while, has been at last discovered concealed under some such guise as "Iron Jack," "Plunge," "Nukkin," or "Bumper." I remember an old student of the Pentateuch in Rochdale, who used to take considerable pains in trying to drill sundry poor lads into a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. The early part of the Bible was his favourite theme; and he interlarded his conversation with it to such a degree that he won for himself the very distinguished title of "Th' Five Books o' Moses."

In Collier's tale of "Tummus and Meary," he illustrates the personal nomenclature of these parts, in his own time, by the following passage, which, though it may appear very extraordinary in the eyes of people dwelling in the great cities and populous places of the south of England, yet does not exaggerate the actual custom of naming at present prevailing in the remoter parts of the county of Lancaster :—

"*Meary:* True Tummus; no marvel at o' wur so flayed; it wur so fearfo dark.

Tummus: Heawe'er, aw resolv't mayth best on't, an up speek aw,—'Whooas tat?' A lad's vhoyce answer't in a cryin din, 'Eh, law; dunnah tay meh, dunna tay meh.' 'Naw,' said aw, 'aw'll na tay tho, belady! Whooas lad art to?' 'Whau,' said he, 'aw'm Jone o' Lall's o' Simmy's, o' Marriom's o' Dick's o' Nathan's, o' Lall's o' Simmy's i'th Hooms; an aw'm gooin' whoam.' 'Odd,' thinks aw't mysel', 'theaw's a dree-er name t'in me.' An here, Meary, aw couldna boh think what lung names some on us han; for thine an mine are meeterly; boh this lad's wur so mich dree-er, at aw thowt it dockt mine tone hawve.

Meary: Preo, na; tell meh ha these lung names leet'n.

Tummus: Um—m; lemme see. Aw conno tell tho greadly; boh aw think it's to tell folk by.

Meary: Well, an hea did'n eh go on with him?

Tummus: Then (as aw thowt he talkt so awkertly) aw'd ash him for th' wonst, what uncuths he yerd sturrin'. 'Aw yer noan,' said he, 'but at Jack o' Ned's towd mo, at Sam o' Jack's o' Yed's Marler has wed Mall o' Nan's o' Sal's o' Peg's, at gus abeawt o' beggin churn-milk, with a pitcher, with a lid on.' Then aw asht him wheer Jack o' Ned's wooant. Says he, 'he's 'prentice weh Isaac o' Tim's o Nick's o'th Hough-lone, an he'd bin at Jammy's o' George's o' Peter's i'th Dingles, for hawve a peawnd o' traycle to scaws'n a beest-puddin' weh; an his faythor and moother wooan at Rossenda; boh his gronny's alive, an wooans weh his noant Margery, eh Grinfilt, at pleck wheer his nown mother coom fro.' 'Good lad,' says aw, 'boh heaw far's tis *Littlebrough* off, for aw aim't see it to-neet iv eh con hit.' Says t' lad, 'It's abeawt a mile; an yo mun keep straight forrud o' yor lift hont, an yoan happen do.' So a-this'n we parted; but aw mawkint, an lost my gate again, snap."

A curious instance of the prevalence of nicknames in this district occurred, a few years since, about a mile from Smallbridge. A country lass had got married out of a certain fold in that part, and going down to Rochdale soon after, a female acquaintance said to her, "Whau Sally, thea's getten wed, hasn't to?" "Yigh," said Sally, "aw have." "Well, an' what's te felley code?" replied the other. "Whau," said Sally, "some folk co's him 'Jone o' Nancy's lad, at th' Pleawm Heawse,' but his gradely name's 'Clog-Bant.'" We sometimes

hear of a son who bears the same Christian name as his father, as "Jamie o' James's," and "Sol ov Owd Sol's o' th' Hout Broo," and I have often heard a witless nursery rhyme, which runs,—

"Owd Tum, an' yung Tum,
An' Owd Tum's son;
Yung Tum 'll be a Tum
When Owd Tum's done:"

but the poor people of Lancashire sometimes have a superstitious fear of giving the son the same Christian name as the father.

The ancient rural festival of "Rushbearing," in the month of August, used to make a famous stir in Smallbridge; but the observance of it seems to decline, or, at least, assumes a soberer form, as the village gradually acquires additional means for mental enlightenment. The school provision is still inadequate to the wants of the population; but the educational machinery which now exists there, with some outward causes, have produced a visible change in the demeanour and appearance of its people. A great number of local proverbs and quaint sayings, are continually being thrown up by the population there, which, in spite of their rude garb, show, like nuggets of mental gold, what undeveloped riches lie hidden in the human mind, even in Smallbridge. Their language abounds in forcible and appropriate tropes of the most direct and, at the same time, unpolished description. They are wonderfully apt at the discernment and at the delineation of character. It is very common for them to utter graphic sentences like the following:—"He's one o' thoose at'll lend onybody a shillin', iv thi'n give him fourteen pence to stick to." One of them said, with expressive surprise, on receiving a present of game from his son in Yorkshire, "It isn't so oft at th' kittlin' brings th' owd cat a meawse, but it has done this time." These are two or three out of a whole troop of anecdotes told of the natives of this quarter, which have the air of nature about

them sufficiently to indicate what some of the characteristics of these villagers were in past years. Two young men, were slowly taking their road, late one night, out at the town end, after the fair, when one of them lingering behind the other, his comrade shouted to him to "Come on!" "Stop an' rosin!" said the loiterer, "aw hannut faughten yet!" "Well," replied the other, with cool indifference, "Get faughten, an' let's go whoam!" In the Rev. W. Gaskell's lectures on the Lancashire dialect, he says, "The following dialogue is reported to have taken place, between two individuals on meeting:—'Han yo bin to Bowton?' 'Yigh.' 'Han yo foughten?' 'Yigh.' 'Han yo lickt'n?' 'Yigh; an' aw browten a bit'n him whoam i' my pocket!" "Owd Bun" is a collier, and a comical country blade dwelling near Smallbridge. He was illiterate, and rough as a hedgehog. Bun had often heard of cucumbers, but had never tasted one. Out of curiosity he bought a large one, curved like a moslem scymitar; and, reckless of all culinary guidance, he cut it into slices lengthwise, and then fried the long, cold, indigestible green slabs, all together, in bacon fat. He ate his fill of them, too; for nothing which mortal stomach would hold came amiss to Bun. When he had finished his curious collops, and wiped the grease from his mouth with the back of his hand, he said, "By th' mon, fine folk 'll heyt aught! Aw'd sanur o' had a potito!" They tell a tale, too, of the difficulties of a poor country lass who had been newly married, which is not without its hints. Her husband told her to boil him some eggs, and to "bhoyle 'em soft." He went out a while, and on his return they were boiling, but not ready. He waited long, and then shouted, "Are thoose eggs noan ready yet?" "Naw," said she, "they are nut; for, sitho, aw've bhoylt 'em aboon an heawur, un thir no softer yet." Now he did not care much for this; but when he saw her take the child's nightcap off its head to boil his dumpling in one morning, he declared that "he couldn't ston it."

Bidding adieu to Smallbridge and its *distingué* population, we rattled out at the end of the village, past the Red Lion, and up to the top of the slope, where, after a run of about two hundred yards, we descended into the hollow where the sign of the "Green Gate" stands. In the season of the year, people passing that way in a morning will often see the door-way of this public-house crowded with hunting-dogs, and a sturdy rout of country rabble, waiting to follow the chase, afoot, through the neigbouring hills. Rising again immediately, we crossed another knoll, and down again we came to the foot of the brow, where four roads meet, close by the "Green Man Inn," which stands opposite to the dilapidated and almost deserted little hamlet of Wuerdale, perching with its lone, distressed look, upon a little ridge near the roadside, like an old beggar silently craving charity. On we went, enjoying the quiet of nature, and the romantic variety of the scene, as the green ups and downs of the valley opened out to view, with its scattered farms and mills, all clipt in by the hills, which began to cluster near.

About half a mile further on, where the road begins to slant suddenly towards Featherstall, Stubley Hall stands, not more than twenty yards from the roadside, and rather below the level of it. A much older hall than the present one must have stood here prior to the 13th century, for in 1322, and 1323, mention is made of Nicholas and John de Stubley. (His. Whalley.) It subsequently came into the possession of the Holt family, of Grislehurst and Castleton; a branch of the Holts, of Sale, Ashton, Cheshire. Some of this family fought in the Scottish wars, and also in favour of the royal cause at Edgehill, Newberry, Marston Moor, &c. and were named in Charles's projected order of the Royal Oak. There was a Judge Holt, of the Holts of Sale; and a James Holt, whose mother was co-heiress to Sir James de Sutton; he was killed on Flodden Field, Mary, the daughter of James Holt, the last of the family who resided at Castleton, in this parish,

married Samuel, brother of the famous Humphrey Cheetham. The Castleton estate came into Humphrey's hands in 1744. The manor of Spotland was granted by Henry VIII. to Thomas Holt, who was knighted in Scotland by Edward, Earl of Hertford, in the thirty-sixth year of the reign of that king. The Holts were the principal landowners in the parish of Rochdale at the close of the sixteenth century. John Holt held the manor of Spotland, with its appurtenances; also fourscore messuages, three mills, one thousand acres of enclosed land, three hundred acres of meadow, one thousand acres of pasture, and forty acres of woods, in Hundersfield, Spotland, and Butterworth; besides a claim to hold of his majesty, as of his duchy of Lancaster, one third of the manor of Rochdale. The arms of the Holts are described as "Argent on a band engrailed sable, three fleur-de-lys of the first. Crest, a spear head proper. Motto, 'Ut sanem vulnera.'" The present hall at Stubley was built by Robert Holt, about the year 1528. Dr. Whittaker notices this house, which is of considerable size, forming three sides of a square. It is now inhabited by several families; and much of the rich old carved oak and other relics of its former importance, have been removed from the interior.

From the top of the slope near Stubley, we now saw the spire of Littleborough Church, and the village itself, prettily situated at the head of the vale, and close to the foot of the hills which divide Lancashire and Yorkshire. The bold mole of the Manchester and Leeds Railway line runs though the village. On the top of Blackstone, and about half a mile to the south of "Joe Faulkner's," the well-known old sheltering spot for travellers over that bleak region, we could now more distinctly see the regular streak of green which marks the line of the Roman road, till it disappears upon the summit of the Edge.

Featherstall is a flourishing little hamlet of comfortable cottages, at the bottom of the brow in the high road near

Stubley Hall, warmed by the Rising Sun, and another, an old-fashioned public house, apparently as old as the present Stubley Hall. The inhabitants are principally employed at the mills and collieries in the neighbourhood. The open space in the centre of the village, is generally strewn with scattered hay and other horse-meat; and the lights from the public-houses gleam forth into the clear watering troughs in front as the traveller goes through at night. A rough old road leads out of the centre of the place, northward, over Calder-moor and the hills, towards Todmorden. From Featherstall, the approach to Littleborough is lined with mills, meadows, and tenter-fields on the north side; and, on the south, two or three fine green fields divide the highway from the railway; and a few yards on the other side of the railway, the line of the Rochdale Canal runs parallel with both. And thus these three roads run nearly close together past Littleborough, and all through the vale of Todmorden, up to Sowerby Bridge, a distance of twelve miles; and, for a considerable part of the way, the river forms a fourth companion to the three roads, the four together filling the entire bottom of the valley in some places; and, in addition to that, may be seen, in other parts, the old pack-horse roads leading down from the moorland steeps into the hollow. Carts, boats, railway trains, and sometimes pack-horses, seem to comment upon one another as they pass and re-pass; and form a continual and palpable lecture on modes of transit, such as is not often met with in such distinct shape. Littleborough consists principally of one irregular street of houses, winding over a slight elevation, and down to its centre near the railway station, at the water side, and thence across the bridge, up towards Blackstone Edge. It is a substantial, healthy-looking village, prettily situated in a romantic spot. There are many poor working people in the village, but there is hardly anything like dirt or squalor to be seen there; except, perhaps, a little of that migratory kind, which is unavoidable in all great thoroughfares, and which remains here for a night, on its way, at a

roadside receptacle which I noticed at the western end of the village, where I saw on a little board, certain ominous hieroglyphics about "Loggins for travlurs." The lands in the valley, all round Littleborough, have the appearance of fine meadow and pasture; and, taken with the still better cultivated, and ornamented grounds, and woods and gardens, about the mansions of some of the opulent people of the neighbourhood, the whole looks beautifully verdant, compared with the bleak hills which look down upon the vale. The old Royal Oak Inn, in the middle of the village, is pointed out as a house which John Collier used to frequent when he visited the neighbourhood, and where he fixed the scene of Tummus's misadventure in the inn, where he so unadvisedly "Eet like a Yorsharmon, and clear't the stoo," after he had been to the justice with his bandyhewit, "Nip;" and where the encounter took place between "Mezzilt Face" and "Wythen Kibbo":—

"Aw went in, an fund at two fat throddy folk wooant theer; an theyd'n some o'th warst, fratchingst company at e'er eh saigh; for they'rn warrying, banning, an co'in one another 'leawsy eawls,' as thick as leet. Heawe'er, aw poo'd a cricket, an keawr't meh deawn i'th nook, o' side o'th hob. Aw'd no soyner done so, boh a feaw, seawr-lookt felley, with a wythen kibbo he had in his hont, slapt a sort ov a wither, meazzilt-face't mon, sitch a thwang o'th scawp, at he varry reecht again with it; an deawn he coom o'th harstone, an his heeod i'th esshole. His scrunt wig feel off, an a hontle o' whot corks feel into't, an brunt an frizzlt it so, at when he awst don it, an unlucky carron gen it a poo, an it slipt o'er his sow, anit lee like a howmbark on his shilders. Aw glendurt like a stickt tup, for fear ov a dust mysel'; an crope fur into th' chimbley. Oytch body thowt at mezzil-face would mey a flittin' on't, an dee in a crack; so some on um cried eawt, 'a doctor, a doctor,' whol others made'n th' londlort go saddle th' tit to fotch one. While this wur eh dooin', some on um had leet ov a kin ov a doctor at wooant a bit off, an shew'd him th' mou o'th harstone. He laid howd on his arm, to feel his pulse aw geawse, an poo'd as iv he'd sin dyeth poo'in' at th' tother arm, an wur resolv't o'er-poo him. After lookin' dawkinly-wise a bit, he geet fro his whirly-booans, an said to um aw, 'Whol his heart bhyets an his blood sarcilates, there's hopes, boh when that stops, its whoo-up with him i'faith. Mezzil-face hearin' summot o' 'whoo-up,' startud to his feet, flote noan, boh gran like a foomart-dog, an seet at t' black, swarffy tyke weh bwoth neaves, an wawtud him o'er into th' galker, full o' new drink, wortchin'. He begun o' pawsin' an peylin him into't so at aw wur blendud together, snap. 'Sflesh, Meary; theaw'd ha' weet teh, to sin heaw'th gobbin wur awtert, when at tey pood'n him eawt; an what a hobthurst he look't weh aw that berm abeawt him. He kept dryin' his een, boh he moot as weel ha' sowt um in his hinder-end, till th' londlady had made an heawer's labbor on him at th' pump. When he coom in again, he glooart awvishly at mezzil-face, an mezzil-face glendurt as wrythenly at him again; boh noather warrit, nor thrapt. So they seet um deawn, an then th' londlady coom in, an would mey um't

pay for th' lumber at teyd'n done hur. 'Meh drink's war be a creawn,' said hoo, 'beside, there's two tumblers, three quiftin' pots, an four pipes masht, an a whol papper o' bacco shed.' This made um 't glendur at tone tother again; boh black tyke's passion wur coolt at th' pump, an th' wythen kibbo had quite'nt tother, so at teh camm'd little or noan, boh agreed t'pay aw meeon; then seet'n um deawn, an wur friends again in a snift."

This house used to be a great resort on Saturday nights and fair-days, and holidays, and it was often crammed with the villagers, and the neighbours from the surrounding hill-sides; and no small addition from Rochdale and Todmorden. The windows were generally thrown open at such times; and, standing at some distance from the place, one might perhaps be able, in some degree, to sort the roar of wassailry, going on inside. But if he wished to know what were the component parts of the wild medley of melodies, all gushing out from the house in one tremendous discord, he would have to draw under the windows, where he might hear:—

"Our hounds they were staunch, and our horses were good
As ever broke cover, or dashed in a wood;
Tally ho! hark forward, huzza; tally ho!"

Whilst, in another corner of the same room, a knot of strong-lunged roysterers, joined, at the top of their voices in the following chorus, beating time to it with fists, and feet, and anything else which was heavy and handy:—

"'Then heigho, heigho!
Sing heigho,' cried he;
Does my wife's furst husband remember me?
Fal de ral, de ral, de ral, de rido!"

In another room, he would probably hear "Boyne Water" trolled out in a loud voice:—

"The horse were the first that ventured o'er;
The foot soon followed after;
But brave Duke Schomberg was no more,
At the crossing o' Boyne water."

Whilst another musical tippler, in an opposite corner, sang, for his own special amusement, the following quaint fragment:—

"Owd shoon an' stockin's!
An' slippers at's made o' red leather!"

Or this incomprehensible country lyric :—

"Iv aw this world wur o' one religion,
Every living thing must die ;
And, if aw prove false to my lovely stranger,
Then you may my love deny.
Then iv you'll hollo, I will follow,
Through the world that is so wide ;
My heart is with her, o' together,
Though I live not where I love."

In another quarter you might hear the fiddle playing the animated strains of the "Liverpool hornpipe," or "The Divul rove his Shurt," while a levy of nimble, hearty youngsters, in wooden clogs, battered the hearthstone to the tune, with wonderful agility and truth. In a large room above, the lights flared in the wind, as the lads and lasses flitted to and fro in the "Haymaker," "Sir Roger de Coverley," or "The Triumph ;" or threaded through a reel and set till the whole house shook ; whilst in other regions, and partly from all parts, you would be sure to hear, louder than all else, the clatter of pots, and hunting-cries ; the thundering hurly-burly of drunken anger, or the crash of furniture, mingling with the boisterous tones of equally drunken fun. Whoever entered this bacchanalian country temple at such a time, in the hope of finding a quiet corner, where he could be still, and look round upon the curious mixture of quaint, rough character, and the wild riot of drunken vehemence, blent with hearty country jollity, would very likely suddenly find that he had planted himself in the very retreat chosen by a drunken, maudlin old fellow, who, with one eye closed, sat uttering, by fits, noisy salutations of affection to the pitcher of ale before him ; or, with one leg over the other, his arms folded, and his head veering lazily with drunken langour, first to one side, and then to the other, poured forth a stream of unconnected, inebriate jargon, in this style :—"Nea then ; yollo chops ! What's to do wi' thee ? Arto findin' things cawt ? Whether wilto have a pipe o' bacco, or a bat o' th ribs ? Aw ve summat i'th inside o' my box ; but it looks like a brunt ratton bi

Guy! Help thysel' an' dray up, whol aw hearken tho thi catechism. * * * Con te tell me what natur belungs to?—that's the phoynt! Come, oppen eawt! Aw'm ready for tho. * * * An' iv thea's naut to say, turn thi yed; aw dunnut like to be stare't at wi' a bigger foo' nor mysel'. * * Sup; an' gi' me houd! * * There's a lot o' nice, level lads i' this cote, isn't there? * * Aw'll tell tho what, owd dog; th' world swarms wi' foos, donn'd i' o' maks o' clooas; an' aw deawt it olez will do; for, as fast as th' owd uns dee'n off, there's fresh uns comes. An, by th' mass, th' latter lot dunnut mend thoose at's gwon; for o' at te're so brawsen wi' wit. It'd mend it a bit iv oytch body'd wortch for their livin', an' do as they should'n do. Hah, thae may look as fause as to likes; but thea'rt one o'th rook; an' thae'll dee in a bit, as sure as thea'rt livin', owd craytur. Thae'rt to white abeawt th' ear-roots to carry a gray toppin whoam, aw deawt. Gray yure's heavy, mon; it brings um o' to th' floor. But thir't to leet for heavy wark, my lad. * * * * * Behave thysel'; an' fill thi bally when tho's a choance, for thea looks clemmed. Arto leet gi'n? Cose, i' tho art, thea'd betthur awter, or elze thae'll be lyin' o' thi back between two bworts, wi' thi meawth full o' sond, afore th' hawve o' thi time's up. * * Sitho at yon bletherin', keaw-lipped slotch wi' th' quart in his hond! He's a breet-lookin' brid, is'nt he? Aw dar say thae thinks thysel' bwoth hon'somer an' fauser nor him. Thae may think so, but,—aw know. Thae'rt no betthur nor porritch—i'tho're look't up; for o' at to's sich a pratty waiscut on. What breed arto? There's summat i' that. But, it mhyens naut; yo're o' alike at th' bothom! There's ir Jammy; he's as big a wastril as ever stare't up a lone. He ax't me to lend him one ov ir lads, yesterday: , Lend te a lad o' mine'; aw said, 'naw, bi' th' heart! Aw would'nt lend te a dog to catch a ratton wi'!' * * Hello! my ale's done!

"Then he doffed his shoon,
An' he took't i'th o'on."

Aw'll go toaurd ir Mally, aw think. Hey, Blossom! Beauty! Beawncer! Bluebell! For shame o' thausel', Bluebell! By dogs; by! Yo-ho! Come back, yo thieves!" And so on, in a drunken, sententious jumble, for hours together.

Littleborough is the last village the traveller leaves on the Lancashire side of Blackstone Edge; and an high road from Manchester to Leeds passes over the top of these moorland hills, gently ascending all the way from Littleborough, by a circuitous route, to the summit,—nearly three miles. A substantial hostelry stands prominently upon the brow of the hill, called "Th' White House," and sometimes "Joe Faulkner's," from the name of an eccentric landlord who kept the house in the old coaching time. This house can be seen, from the vallies on the Lancashire side, for many miles. It was a celebrated baiting-place for the great stream of travellers which went over these hills, before the railway drifted it through the vale of Todmorden. The division stone of the counties of York and Lancaster, stands about half a mile beyond this old inn. Littleborough itself is prettily situated by a little stream, in the hollow of the valley, at the foot of this wild range of sterile mountains, and at the entrance of the Todmorden valley. It is surrounded by scenery which, though varied in its character, is often highly picturesque,—but never tame. Dark vast moorlands, lofty and lonesome; craggy glens; woody cloughs, and green valleys, full of busy life; with picturesque lakes, and little streams which tumble from the hills. The village has many advantages of situation, both for pleasure and manufacture. Useful stone and coal, and good water, are abundant all round it; and it is fast thriving by the increase of woollen and cotton manufacture there. It is still a great thoroughfare for Lancashire and Yorkshire; and a favourite resort of botanists, geologists, sportsmen, and not unfrequently of invalids. Northward from the village, there are many romantic moorland cloughs, but, perhaps, the finest of these is the one called "Long

Clough, at the head of which is a remarkably fine spring, called "Blue Pots Spring." The artificial lake of "Hollingworth" is about half a mile from the village, on the south side; and there is a beautiful walk leading up to its bank, through the shady, secluded clough called "Cleggswood." This lake, when at its height, is three miles round. It supplies the Rochdale Canal with water, and is well stocked with fish. Its elevation places it far above the bustle of the valley below, where the highways and byeways, the iron-ways and water-ways, interweaving thickly about the scene, are alive with the large traffic and labour of this important district. The valley is throng with the river, the railway, the canal, and excellent high roads; and a hardy and industrious population, which generally finds abundant employment at the woollen and cotton mills, in the coal mines and stone delphs, or on the dairy and sheep farms of this picturesque border region of South-east Lancashire. The shelvy banks of "Hollingworth" consist of irregular tiers and slopes of pasture, meadow, and moor lands. The latter are, in some directions, abrupt, lofty, and vast, especially on the eastern side, where the sterile, rugged mass of Blackstone Edge shuts out the view; whilst a wild brotherhood of dark, heathery hills, belonging to the same range, wind about the scene in a fine semicircle, which stretches far away, out of sight, in the north-west. But the landscape upon the immediate borders of the lake, is of a rural, romantic, and serene character, though touched here and there with moorland bleakness and sterility; and there is hardly anything in sight over the expansive range of vision to remind a spectator that he is surrounded by the most populous and active manufacturing district in the world. But the distant rumble of train after train, thundering through the neighbouring valley, and the shrill railway whistle, rising up clear over the green hill to the north of the water, are amply sufficient to dispel any pastoral reverie which the mere sight of

this pretty lake and its surrounding scenery may lead to. On every holiday, in summer time, the green country around the margin of this water is animated by numerous companies of visitors from the hill sides, and the populous villages and towns of the neighbouring vallies. A little steamer plies upon it; and boats may be hired at the Fisherman's Inn, and other places around the banks. The scattered farm houses of the vicinity, and the two or three country inns near to the borders of the lake, are merry with roaming pleasure parties. In winter, the landscape about "Hollingworth" is very bleak, wild and lonesome; and the water is sometimes so completely frozen over that a horse and light vehicle may be driven across it, from bank to bank, a mile's distance. It is a favourite resort for crowds of skaters, from all parts of the surrounding districts; though the ice is often dangerously uneven in some places, by reason of the strong springs, and other causes. Many lamentable accidents have happened through incautious skating upon insecure localities in the ice of this water. Going home late one night in the depth of winter, to my residence by the side of this lake, I found the wintry midnight scene,—which, at that season of the year was always wildly dark and stirless, when there was no moon, and the wind was low,—dimly illumined in the distance by a sombre gleam of lights upon the lake; and the clear, echoing sound of pick-axes breaking up the ice, fell with a startling significance upon the ear. Our dog, "Captain," did not come out to meet me, when I whistled, as usual; and I hurried by a short cut over the fields, and through the wood, towards the spot where the lights were visible. There I found a silent company of neighbouring farmers and weavers, standing upon the bank, close to the water, with one or two of the wealthy employers from the village of Littleborough, who had drags in their hands, and were giving directions to a number of workmen employed in breaking a channel through the ice for the passage of a boat to a part of the water where, on the

evening of the same day, the ice had broken in with the weight of three fine young men belonging to the neighbourhood; whose bodies, this melancholy midnight gathering, were working by lantern-light to recover from the water. I remained upon the spot until two of the corpses were brought to the bank, and removed in a cart to the farm house where I resided, previous to being conveyed to their own homes in the distant town, later on in the morning, and while it was yet dark. I shall never forget the appearance of these fine fresh-looking youths, as they lay stretched out side by side, cold and stiff, in their skating gear, upon a large table, in the long passage which led up to my bed chamber.

The margin of the lake is adorned with patches of sloping wood in some places; and the hills stand round the scene in picturesque disorder. At certain seasons of the year, large flocks of wild fowl may be seen resting upon its waters. There are other artificial lakes, or reservoirs, farther up in the hills; but the position and beauty of Hollingworth makes it a universal favourite with all visitors to the district.

> "When westling winds and slaughtering guns
> Brings autumn's pleasant weather,
> And the moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
> Amang the blooming heather;"

the Littleborough inns are throng with sportsmen, equipped for the grouse shooting; for which sport the moors of the neighbourhood are famous. Littleborough has a modern look from the railway station, near to which the neat new church stands, on a slight elevation, about the centre of the place, and upon the site of the old one. Yet, though the village has quite a modern appearance, everything known of its history shows that it is a settlement of considerable antiquity; perhaps, as early as the time of Agricola, the Roman. A few passages respecting the present church, and the old one, which stood on the same site, with other local antiquarian matter, may not be uninteresting to some, and will help to illustrate the history

of the village and its neighbourhood. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1844, p. 182, I find the following passage, respecting the new church, at Littleborough :—

"The church of this picturesque village has just been embellished by the erection of a magnificent east window of painted glass. This window is an indifferent specimen of the perpendicular style of architecture, and consists of five compartments, with a middle transom, and some head tracery in the turning of the arches. The glass of the upper compartments is brilliantly rich, and consists of an exuberance of geometrical design and decoration. In the centre division is a large full-length figure of the Apostle St. Peter, crowned with an open screen of richly tabernacled niches. The drapery is singularly beautiful, and the character of the whole figure dignified and expressive. The sacred monogram IHS is appropriately placed above this painting. These, with some other pieces, are the gift of the ladies in the neighbourhood. Below the transom, in the five lights, are various intersecting lines of great beauty and integrity of design, consisting principally of glass of a ruby and green hue, tastefully relieved by the insertion of seventeen shields, being the heraldic arms of some of the most ancient and opulent families of the parish, many of which, however, are now extinct in the male line. The middle division contains the arms of the bishop of the diocese, the Vicar of Rochdale (who is the patron of living), and those of the incumbent. The simplicity of the design in this compartment, strikingly contrasts with the rich, varied, and elaborate workmanship above it, whilst the intersecting circles, lozenges, and other sacred emblems in the lateral windows of the church, have produced a soft and subdued light, as well as having greatly improved the appearance of the interior."

The old chapel at Littleborough, which was a primitive building in appearance, was licensed for mass, by the Abbot of Whalley, A.D. 1476. It remained in its original architectural state, until it became dangerously ruinous in some parts, and was taken down about thirty years ago, to make way for the present church.

The following matter is contained in old manuscripts in the possession of Mr. John Rutter, son of the late Rev. Mr. Rutter, formerly minister of Littleborough church :—

"In the reign of Edw. VI. this chap. was sold by one of the Commissioners belonging to the King (into whose hands it came for 40s.) the Inhabs. of this chapelry and their heirs for ever, to solemnize Div. service therein : not long after which, ('tis believed in the beginning of Q. Mary's R.) some of the chief Inhabs. were empowered to make seats, and to appoint the Inhabs. their places in ym. upon yr. agreeing to paye £10 p. Ann. to the main. of ye min. in proportion to their seats and estates, which has continued ever since."

"There is a school in Littleborough for the free teaching of ten children, elected by three feoffees, and endowed with £5 per ann. for the master, by Theophilus Halliwell, of Pike House, near Littleborough, out of his lands at Sowerby, Yorkshire."

In the immediate vicinity of Littleborough there are several interesting old houses, now standing upon sites, where families of importance in past times have settled very early. Some of these old families have become extinct in the male line; the property of others has changed hands, like Scholefield Hall, Stubley Hall, Lightowlers, and Windy Bank. Few of these old families have held together and flourished through the mutations of time like the family of Newall, of Town House, near Littleborough, respecting which I find the following passage in the "Gentleman's Magazine," June, 1844, p. 593, which serves to elucidate the character and position of a large portion of the ancient landlords of the parish of Rochdale :—

"The family of Newall is one of those ancient families who have for centuries resided on their paternal estate, but in the retirement of respectable life holding the rank of yeomanry, which in former times, and particularly in the age when the Newalls first settled in Lancashire, formed no unimportant portion of society—sufficiently elevated beyond the humbler classes to preserve a tolerable degree of influence and authority amongst them: while they were sheltered in their retirement from those political storms which distracted the higher circles of the community, and which led to the ruin of many of the best families of the kingdom, and to the confiscation of their estates."

Burke's "Visitation of Seats and Arms," contains the following account of the Newalls, of Town House, Hare Hill, and Wellington Lodge, Littleborough, an influential family in this neighbourhood during several centuries past; and, still, owners and occupiers of their old estates, as well as extensive woollen manufacturers, near Littleborough, at the present day :—

"The Newalls are a family of considerable antiquity, and, from grants of land, title deeds, and other documents still in the possession of the family, deduce a continued and unbroken line of descent, connected with residence on the family estate of Town House, for nearly four centuries. The estate formerly called Town House, or Logher Town House, came into their possession through the marriage of William Newall, of Shipden, near Halifax, in the county of York, temp. Henry VI. with Isabella, daughter and elder co-heiress of Christopher Kyrshagh, of that place, the descendant and representative of the ancient and feudal family of De la Town. The first mention we find of the family is in a deed, dated 21st December, 1346 (St. Thomas's day), of Beatrice, daughter of Thomas de Wood, of Gomersall, conveying a toft and croft, in Clayton, to John, son of Robert de Newall. Then Lawrence

Newall appears, in a deed dated 8th July, 31 Henry VI. as a grantee for life of certain messuages in the town of Northowram, being in Shipden, in the parish of Halifax, in the county of York, with remainder to his son William and his wife Isabella, and their heirs. Lawrence's son, William Newall, married Isabella, elder daughter and co-heiress (with her sister Eleanor, wife of Jordan Chadwick, ancestor of the Chadwicks of Healey Hall, Rochdale, in the county of Lancaster, and Malveysin Ridware, in the county of Stafford), of Christopher Kyrshagh, of Town House, in the county of Lancaster, now called Lower Town House, and with her acquired that estate. Their son, Lawrence Newall, Esq. living 16th July, 18th Edward IV. as appears by a deed of lands from his father, and also by other deeds (12 Henry VII. and 13 Henry VIII.) of settlement on the marriage of his son and grandson. He died before 24 Henry VIII. leaving, by Sibel, his wife, a son, William Newall, who married, first, 12 Henry VII. Margaret, daughter of John Milne, and secondly, 13 Henry VIII. Jone, daughter of Richard Clayden, of Longton, in the county of Lancaster, and by the former had a son, Lawrence, whom his father, by the articles of his second, covenanted that he should marry Jane, the other daughter of Richard Clayden; but this marriage was dissolved in 1548, by the sign-manual of Edward VI. which document, with the royal seal attached, is now in the possession of Mrs. Newall, of Town House. Mr. William Newall's will, dated 17th September, 1550, was proved 11th October following, in the Consistory Court of Chester. This son, Lawrence Newall, of the Logher Town House (so described in his will dated April, 1557), survived his father about seven years, and was father of Robert Newall, who died 4th February, 23 Elizabeth, seized of Town House and lands in Castleton and in Hundersfield, as appears by an *inq. post-mortem*, taken 2nd Sept. 40 Elizabeth. He left besides, a daughter, Dorothy, who married James Kaye; a son, Robert Newall, who had been contracted in marriage, when in his minority, to Alice Belfield, of Rochdale; but this marriage was, by reason of their minority, declared void, 21st January, 1592, and the sentence of divorce was registered at Chester. He died in 1659, leaving by Mary, his wife, a numerous family, of whom the eldest son, Robert Newall, of Town House, baptised in 1599, married Mary, daughter of James Fielden, Esq. of The Heights, in Huddersfield, and by her had, besides other children, Lawrence Newall, his eldest son, who died, unmarried, in 1711, aged 87; William, who succeeded him in the family estate, and Jane, who married James Dearden, Esq. F.S.A. lord of the manor of Rochdale. The second son, and eventual inheritor, William Newall, Esq. of Lower Town House, had issue one son, Robert, who, by his wife Jane, daughter of Joshua Dawson, of Heptonstall, county York, was the father of Lawrence Newall, who died in 1786, aged 69, having married Sarah, daughter and co-heiress of John Travis, gent. the kinsman of the venerable George Travis, archdeacon of Chester (celebrated for his controversy with Porson). By her he had issue, two sons, William, the elder, who died in 1805, ancestor of Newall of Town House, and of Wellington Lodge; and Lawrence, the younger, ancestor of Newall, of Hare Hill, both near Littleborough, Rochdale, county Lancaster.

FAMILY OF KYRSHAGH.

John de Kyrkeshagh paid a rate of two shillings to William de Litholres ante 1281, 9 Edward I. His own son, Matthew de Kyrkeshagh, living at that time, married Margery, dau. of William de Litholres, and received from his father-in-law by deed, a circuit of land, called Longleghheye, Litholres, and Milne, in Honersfield. He was father of Henry de Kyrkeshagh, who, by Isabella his wife, had a son, "Galfridus del Kyrkeshagh," living 44 Edward III. who settled all his lands in Honersfield, Butterworth, &c. on John Fytheler, vicar of Rochdale, his trustee, 14 Richard II. Henry's widow, Isabella, released in 1408 all her claims in

the lands of Litholres, Belfield, and Newbold, in the villes of Honersfield, Butterworth, and Castleton, to her son John de Kyrkeshagh, of Kyrshagh, of Town Houses, near Rochdale, who married Margaret, dau. of Thomas le Hayward. This John was living 2 Henry VII. and was father of Christopher Kyrshagh, of Town Houses, who left two daughters, his co-heirs, the eldest of whom, Isabella, married William Newall, and conveyed the estate of Town House to that family. The other daughter, Eleanor, married Jordan Chadwick, ancestor of Hugo Malveysin Chadwick, of Healey Hall, near Rochdale, co. Lancaster, and New Hall, co. Warwick, Esq.

ARMS.—Quarterly, 1st and 4th, Newall: Per pale qu. and az. three covered cups or. within an orle of the last. 2nd, for Kyrkeshaw: Or. on a chief per pale qu. and sa. three bezants or. 3rd, for Litholres: Vert. a lion rampant, or. semée of caltraps sa.

CREST.—A saracen's head, affronté, ppr. wreathed round the temples or. and qu. suspended from the mouth by a ribband of the last, a shield paly indented of four, also vr. and qu.

MOTTO.—"Non Recedam."

The following arms, illustrative of the family connections to which allusion is made in the previous passage, are placed, with others, in the window of Littleborough chapel:—

KYRKESHAGH, of Town House: Or, on a chief per pale gules and sable three bezants.

LITHOLRES, of Litholres: Vert, a lion rampant, or semé of calthraps sable.

NEWALL, of Town House: Quarterly, first and fourth, Per pale gules and azure, three covered cups within an orle or: second, Kyrshagh: third, Litholres.

CHADWICK, of Healey: Quarterly, first, Chadwick, Gules, an inescutcheon within an orle of martlets argent: second, Kyrkeshagh: third, Healey, Gules, four lozenges engrailed in bend ermine: fourth, Butterworth, Argent, a lion couchant azure, between four ducal coronets gules.

BUCKLEY, of Howarth Parva; a chevron between three bull's heads caboshed argent; quartering Butterworth. (The Chadwicks of Healey quarter Buckley of Buckley. Coll Arm.)

HOLT, of Stubley: Argent on a bend engrailed sable three fleurs-de-lis of the field. (Also quartered by the Chadwicks. Coll. Arm.)

BELFIELD, of Cleggswood: Ermine, on a chief qu. a label of five points ar.

Ten other shields contain the arms of the ancient families of the district, as Bamford of Shore, Ingham of Cleggswood, Halliwell of Pike House, &c., and those used by the bishop of the diocese, the clergy connected with the parish, and some of the gentry of the neighbourhood.

The present mansion of Town House was built about sixty years ago, on the site of the old house. There are several portraits of ancient members of the family there, with a model and drawings of the old mansion; and many other interesting ancient relics belonging to the Newalls.

As we left Littleborough, I began, once more, silently to speculate upon the claims set up for it as having been a

Roman station; but my thoughts had no firmer footing in that direction than the probabilities put forth in support of such opinion by Dr. Whittaker, and some other writers, who have, perhaps, often followed him. Yet, the fact that the silver arm of a small Roman statue of Victory, with an inscription thereon, was dug up in the neighbourhood some time ago, together with the direction of the Roman road as marked in the late ordnance map, and the visible remains of a small, triangular-shaped Roman entrenchment, on each side of the road, on the summit of Blackstone Edge, seem to support the probabilities which gave rise to the opinion, and may yet enable the antiquarians of Lancashire to give us something more certain about the matter than I can pretend to.

Passing under the railway arch near the church, and leaving the long, narrow, woody glen of Cleggswood on the right hand, we began to ascend the hills by the winding road which crosses the Rochdale canal, and leads through a little hamlet called "Th' Durn," consisting of an old substantial house or two by the roadside, and a compact body of plain cottages, with a foundry in the middle. "Th' Durn" is situated on one of the shelves of land which the high road crosses in the ascent of Blackstone Edge; and overlooks the vale in the direction of Todmorden. It is shaded on the south by a steep hill, clothed with fir, and stunted oaks. Over that hill top, on the summit of a wild and lonely eminence, lifted out from the din and travel of mankind, stand two or three remarkable old folds, called "Th' Whittaker," "Th' Turner," and "Th' Sheep Bonk," like so many eagles' nests, overlooking on the east, great heathery solitudes lying between there and Blackstone Edge, the silent domain of moor fowl, and scattered black-faced sheep; seldom trodden by human feet, except a wandering gamekeeper or two, and a few sturdy sportsmen, in August. Looking forth from this wild natural observatory, about where "Th' Whittaker" stands, the view to westward takes in a very extensive and interesting landscape.

The vale of the Roch is under the eye in that direction, with its pretty sinuosities, its receding dells, and indescribable varieties of undulation; nearly surrounded by hills, of different height and aspect." Distance lends" some "enchantment to the view," as the eye wanders over the array of nature spread out below;—green cultivated dells, waving patches of wood, broad pleasant pastures; the clear lake of "Hollingworth" rippling below; old farmhouses, some prettily embowered in their native green, and scattered about the pleasant little knolls and cloughs, by the side of brooklets that shine silverly in the distance; the blue smoke curling up quietly and distinctly, from each little hamlet and village; dotted with mills, collieries, tenterfields, and manifold evidences of the great native industry and growing manufacturing vigour of the district. In these vallies, all nature seems to yield tribute to the energy of the inhabitants, and rural life and manufacture seem to work into each other's hands with amity and advantage. Standing on this spot, with these things spread out before me, I have been forcibly struck with the belief, that this comparatively unfavourable region for agriculture, would not have been so well cultivated even as it is now, but for the introduction of the manufacturing system. Far west, the eye rests upon the town of Rochdale, with its clusters of chimneys, and hovering canopy of smoke; the small square tower of its old church, and the steeples of St. Stephen's and St. James's, with some of the town-clad ridges of Wardleworth and Castleton, clearly seen, if the day be fine. On a still Sunday afternoon, in the summer time, I have sat upon the hill-top at "Whittaker," listening to the distant sound of Rochdale bells, that notable peal of eight, the music of which I shall never forget; and which I would back for a trifle against any bells in England for sweetness. And, at such quiet times, as evening came on, when

"Lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,"

I have almost fancied, in the Sabbatical calm of the hour, that I could hear the fine Sunday chime of Rochdale Old Church, "My soul, praise the Lord," come floating up the vale, in the twilight, with a wonderful charm of peace and solemnity in the sound. Immediately above "Th' Durn," the high road leading up to Blackstone Edge rises again as we pass by the old public-house at the right hand of the road, called "Th' Wet Rake," or "Weet Rake." This house stands at the foot of a steep and stony path, leading up to "Windy Bank," an old, substantial, little stone hall, once inhabited by an ancient family of the neighbourhood. Windy Bank stands upon the edge of a high, rocky eminence, rising almost perpendicularly from the road side by which we had to go. I remember many years ago being greatly smitten with the lonely charm of this romantic perch, and making some efforts to get part of it to reside in for a while. There used to be a carter in Rochdale, known by the name of "Owd Woggy," who upset his cart in the rough, craggy road, called "Windy Bonk Steele. He returned to his master in the town with the tidings. "Woggy" always stammered badly in his speech, but in this case he was worse than usual, and his looks told more than his tongue. His master watched in vain a while, for "Woggy's" painful delivery, in the usual way, but tired at last, he said, "Sing it, mon, wilto? when "Wog" instantly sang out, *con spirito*, and with a fluent and melodious voice,

"Aw've wanted wi' th' cart at th' Wyndy Bonk Steele,
An' aw've broken th' tone wheel."

As we wound round the foot of the rock on which "Windy Bank" is situated, we found the high road rutty and uneven, being covered with the gritty, perishable, sandstone rock from the hills, broken up and ploughed into slushy gutters by the heavy stone-waggons from the quarries thereabouts. Pike House, the seat of the old local family of Halliwell,—one of whom endowed the Free School at Littleborough,—stands

near to the north side of the road here; and, at a short distance behind, there is an interesting house, formerly of some importance, with its quaint fold attached, called "Light-owlers." Leaving Pike House, we drove close by the edge of a deep clough, called "Sladen Hollow," with its woollen mill at the bottom; and a hundred yards more brought us to the "Moor Cock Inn," formerly a much more lively place than now, as a shelter and refreshing place for travellers, when this mountain road was one of the great thoroughfares between Lancashire and Yorkshire. The "Moor Cock" was the last house but one on the Lancashire side of Blackstone Edge. The house has a rude, wholesome look still, but is little frequented. Few folk go up that road in these days, except stone-getters, sand-knockers, shepherds, sportsmen, and a few curious wanderers. We agreed to leave the drag at the "Moor Cock," and walk up Blackstone Edge on foot. "Gray Bobby" was evidently pleased with the prospect of a feed and a rest, for it is tough work upon these hill sides, and the roads are not so favourable to transit as the streets of Manchester are,—in spite of the slippery Welsh sets. He seemed to look round with a thoughtful eye, and pricked his ears to the tread of the brisk young mountaineer,—albeit he had a lame leg and a crutch,—who came forth to loose his traces and lead him to the stable. As "Bobby" looked at the stable, I could almost imagine him saying to himself, "There's no place like home;" it looked so rough; but he went in willingly towards the reconciling odour of sweet-smelling hay. Having disposed of him, we entered the house, where we found three or four hardy-looking men; brown-faced, broad-shouldered moor farmers or shepherds, apparently, who did a little weaving. Their strong, sagacious dogs, lounged about the floor. Such men, in such places, generally receive strangers as if they were "fain to see aught at's wick." They happened to have a liberal newspaper among them, and free trade was the topic of their talk, as it was almost everywhere at

that time. Their conversation, if it was deficient in some beauties of rhetoric, showed by its simple, and sensible, earnestness, that there were men, even up there, who knew who paid the piper for the great protection delusion, and who looked upon it as a downright aristocratic swindle in all its bearings. I have often been amused by the plain, blunt, shrewd discourse of country people in the manufacturing districts, respecting the difference in the condition and feelings of the people in the reigns of "George o' owd George's," and his brother, "Bill o' George's," and the condition and hopes of the people now, in the reign of the "pratty little woman at coom a seein' us latly." In previous reigns, the tone of their loyalty might have been, at the best, summed up in what "Jone o' Greenfelt" says of his wife, "Margit,"—

> "Hoo's naut ogen th' king,
> But hoo likes a fair thing,
> An' hoo says hoo con tell when hoo's hurt."

I have heard them talk of some kings, and great statesmen, "wi' kindling fury i' their breasts," in terms which would disturb the nerves of a city dandy a little. And, in their "brews," and clubs, and little coteries which meet for the spread of such like information, they discuss the merits of political men and measures, and "Ferlie at the folk in Lunnon," in a shrewd, trenchant style, which would considerably astonish some dillettanti members of the collective wisdom of the nation, could they but conveniently overhear it sometimes. The people of Lancashire generally, are industrious collectors of political information from such sources as they can command; they possess great integrity of judgment, and independence of character, and cannot be long blinded to the difference between wise statesmen and political knaves,—or fools, who might be useful "to sceawr warps, or to wesh barrils eawt at th' back o'th' Bull's Yed; but are no moor fit to govern a nation nor Breawn at th' Shore, or Owd Batterlash, at beat th' wayter for runnin'." But whatever comments happen to be going in the general

direction of politics in these days, I never hear a whisper of complaint against Queen Victoria. They are an honest and a decent people, and would be governed by such. A short time since, I was talking with an old politician, from Newton Heath, near Manchester, about monarchy, and he said, "Dun yo know what we ha'n oppo th' throne o' Englan' just meet neaw? A mother an' her childher, mon; a mother an' her childher! And a greadly dacent little woman, too, as ever bote off th' edge of a moufin. That mends it a bit, doesn't it?" This populace evinces some valuable sparks of perception of what is naturally due to themselves, as well as to their masters; and they only know how to be loyal to others who are truly loyal to themselves; therefore, I hold that the tone of loyalty to the crown in these parts, is becoming of a more sound and dignified kind than popular loyalty used to be. It is getting to be of that quality which it is worth a monarch's while to deserve.

When the lame ostler had attended to his charge, he came into the house and sat down with the rest. Somehow, the conversation glided in the direction of Robert Burns, and we were exchanging quotations from his poems and songs, when one of us came to a premature halt in reciting a passage. To our surprise, the brisk young limper who had rubbed down "Grey Bobby," took up the broken thread, and finished the lines correctly, with good discretion and evident relish. I fancied that we were having it all to ourselves: but the warm-hearted poet who "mourned the daisy's fate," and

> "Walked in glory and in joy, behind his plough,
> Upon the mountain side,"

had been at the Moor Cock before us, and touched a respondent chord in the heart of our ostler. I forget who it is that says, "It is the heart which makes the life;" but it is true, and it is the heart which sings in Robert Burns, and the heart will stir to the sound all the world over. There are few towns, hamlets, or folds in England, where a man could

dwell long without hearing some of Burns' songs gush out in some quarter of his neighbourhood. What a dreary gap there would be in England if it were possible to take out of its life all the good that Burns and such as he have diffused in it. How many political essays, and lectures, and election struggles, would it take to produce the humanising effect which the song, "A man's a man for a' that," has awakened? It glows with the convincing eloquence of true emotion, as well as practical truth. It would sound well in the British houses of parliament, sung in vigorous chorus occasionally between the speeches.

After resting ourselves about three quarters of an hour in the Moor Cock, we started on foot along the high road, proceeding about half a mile up the hill side, to a point of the road a little past the toll-bar and the old oil mill in the hollow at the right hand. Here we struck across the moor, now wading through the heather, now leaping over great ruts and holes, where blocks of stone had been got out; then squashing through a patch of deceitful, mossy swamp, and sinking into the soft wet turf, or avoiding such spots by a circumbendibus, till we reached the old moss-covered pavement, which the ordnance surveyors have called a Roman road. It is entirely out of any ordinary route of travel. A clearly-defined and regular line of road of about forty feet wide, and which we traced and walked upon up to the summit of the Edge, and down the Yorkshire side, a distance of nearly two miles from our starting place upon this track. We could distinguish it clearly more than a mile beyond the place we stopped at, to the point where it crossed the road at Ripponden, and over the moor beyond, in a north-westerly direction, preserving the same general features as it exhibited in those parts where it was naked to the eye. Here and there, we met with a hole in the road, where the great stones of the pavement had been taken out and carried away. While we were resting on a bank at this old road side, one

of the keepers of the moor came up with his dogs, and begged that we would be careful not to use any lights or matches whilst upon the moor, for fear of setting fire to the heath, which was inflammably dry. I took occasion to ask him what was the nature of the path we were upon. He said he did not know, but he had always heard it called "Th' Roman Road." At a commanding point, where this massive old pavement reaches the edge of "Blackstone," from the Lancashire side, the rocky borders of the road rise equally, and rather abruptly, in two slight elevations, opposite each other, upon which we found certain moss-grown and weatherworn large blocks of stone, half buried in the growth of the moor. There was a similarity in the general appearance, and a certain kind of order visible in the arrangement of these remains, which looked not unlikely to be the dim relics of some heavy ancient masonry, once standing upon these elevations; and at the spot which is marked, in the line of the "Roman Road," in the ordnance maps, as an "Entrenchment."

The view along the summits of the vast moors, from any of the higher points of this mountain barrier between the two counties of Lancaster and York, looks primevally-wild and grand towards the north and south; where dark masses of bleak solitude stretch away upon the horizon, as far as the eye can see. In every other direction, the landscape takes in some cultivated lands upon the hill sides, and the bustle and beauty of many a pleasant green vale, lying low down among these sombre mountains; with many a picturesque and cultivated little dingle, and green ravine, higher up in the hills, in spots where farm-houses have stood for centuries; sometimes with quaint groups of cottages gathered round them, and clumps of trees spreading about, and shading the frolicsome current of a moorland rivulet, as it leaps from the craggy fissures of the hills. In the vallies, the river winding through green meadows; man-

sions and mills, villages and churches, and numerous scattered cottages, whose little windows wink cheerfully through their screen of leaves—

> "Old farms remote and far apart, with intervening space
> Of black'ning rock, and barren down, and pasture's pleasant face;
> The white and winding road, that crept through village, vale, and glen,
> And o'er the dreary moorlands, far beyond the homes of men."

Standing upon these proud and rugged desolations, which look down upon the changeful life of man in the vallies at their feet with such an air of eternal strength and serenity,—whilst the toiling swarms of Lancashire and Yorkshire are scattered over the wide landscapes beyond, in populous hives,—the contrast is peculiarly strong; and I have wondered whether these old hills, which have seen the painted Celt stealthily tracking his prey through the woods and marshes below, and worshipping "in the eye of light," among wild fanes of giant rock, upon these mountain wildernesses, — which have listened to the onward tread of the firm legions of old Rome; and have watched the brave and burly Saxon, swinging his heavy axe among the forest trees, and with patient labour slowly making these vallies into green and homely pasturages; and which still behold, with unaltered look, the restless, iron horses of modern days, which run about the hollows every hour, snorting fire and steam; I have wondered whether these old hills, at whose feet so many generations of brave men have come and gone upon the earth like swathes of grass, might not yet again see these native vallies of mine as desolate and stirless as themselves. These moorland hills, the stern and bleak companions of the mist and cloud and rushing tempest, rise up one after another upon the scene, till they grow dim in the distant edge of the sky. Lying upon my back, among the heather, I looked along the surface of the moors; and I shall long remember the peculiar loneliness of the landscape's aspect, seen in this way. Nothing was in sight but a wild

infinity of moors, and mountain tops, succeeding each other, like great heaving waves, of varied form. Not a sign of life was visible over all the scene, except upon the moor where we were resting, and where, now and then, we could discern a black-faced sheep, lifting its head above the dark heather, and staring with a mingled expression of wonder and fear, at these new intruders upon its solitary pasturage. Occasionally, a predatory bird might be seen upon these hills, sweeping across the lone expanse, like an highwayman of the skies; and, here and there, the moor-fowl sprang up from the cover, in whirring flight, and with that wild clucking cry, which, in the stillness of the scene, came upon the ears with a clearness and precision that made the profound solitude of its mountain lair more evident to the senses. A rude shepherd's hut, too, could be seen sheltering near a cluster of rough crags upon the hill side, and, hardly distinguishable from the numerous heather-grown mounds, and rocks of all sizes and shapes, which lay scattered irregularly over the surface of the moor. But, in the distance, all seemed one continuous wilderness of silent, and untrodden mountain sterilities, as quiet as death. The sky was cloudless and clear the whole day whilst we wandered upon the barren heights; and the blue dome looked down, grand and still, upon the lonely landscape, which was covered with a glorious sunshine.

> "No stir of air was there,
> Not so much life as on a summer day
> Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
> But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest."

The heavens and the earth were two magnificent stillnesses, which appears to gaze serenely and steadily at each other, with the calm dignity, and perfect understanding of ancient friends, whose deep and genuine affinities can never be unsettled except by the omnipotent fiat of him who first established them. Looking horizontally along the moors, in this manner,

nothing was visible to us of those picturesque and populous creases, lying deep between these great mountain ridges, and teeming with the industrious multitudes, and material wealth of Lancashire and Yorkshire.

These hills form part of a continuous range, running across the island, in different elevations, and familiarly known as the "Backbone of England." Looking southward, and south-east, in the direction of the rocky waste called "Stanedge,"—which is crossed by the high road from Manchester to Huddersfield,—and "Buckstones," which, according to oral tradition of the vales, was formerly an highwayman's haunt,—the whole country is one desolate and rocky moorland wild; and the romantic hills and vallies of Saddleworth, with the dim and distant summits of the Derbyshire mountains, bound the view. Northward, the landscape has the same general appearance. In this direction, Studley Pike lately stood upon the summit of a lofty moorland ridge, overlooking the beautiful vallies between Hebden Bridge and the picturesque little town of Todmorden, being part of an extensive district famous for its hearty and comely breed of people, and for the charms of its scenery, in which wealth and comfortable industry are scattered throughout the most verdant and retired vales, interweaving among hills of a very wild and romantic character. The sides of these hills often consist of great precipices of crag, which overfrown the green valleys; and of thick woods, through which little cascades tumble down from the mountains. Studley Pike was a tall and massive stone tower, or pillar, erected to commemorate the restoration of peace, at the end of our wars with Napoleon. Singularly, it came thundering to the ground, on the day of the recent declaration of war against that imperial slave-owner and filcher of kingdoms, the autocrat of all the Russias; cunning as the fox, and cruel as the hyena; and, apparently, so infatuated by the barbaric

servilities and superstitions of his own gloomy empire, as to prefer urging his savage hordes to ruthless destruction, against the whole civilised world, armed in defence of common justice and liberty, rather than abate anything of his despotic pride and rapacity. This monument of peace is again in course of erection.

On the west, the fine valley of the Roch, covered with wealthy towns and villages, stretches away out from this group of hills. Pretty Littleborough nestles immediately at the foot of the mountain, and the eye wanders along the busy vale, from hamlet to hamlet, till it reaches the towns of Rochdale, Bury, Heywood, Middleton, and the smoky canopy of Manchester in the distance. On a favourable day, many other large and more distant Lancashire towns may be distinctly seen.

On the east, or Yorkshire side, looking towards Halifax, the hills appear to be endless. The vallies are smaller and more numerous, often lying in narrow gorges and woody ravines between the hills, hardly discernible from the distance. The mountain sides have a more cultivated look; and hovering halos of smoke, rising up from the mountain hollows, with sometimes the tops of factory chimneys peering out from the vales, show where villages like Ripponden and Sowerby are situated, On the distant edge of the horizon, a grey cloud hanging steadily beyond the green hill called "King Cross," marks the *locale* of the town of Halifax. Green plots of enclosed and cultivated land are creeping up the steep moors; and comfortable farm-houses with little folds of cottages, built of the abundant stone of the district, are strewn about the lesser hills, giving life and beauty to the scene.

For native men, the moors of this neighbourhood, as well as the country seen from them, contain several objects of considerable interest. The hills standing irregularly around, —the rivers and streams,—the lakes and pools below,

and in the fissures of the mountains; we knew their names. The lakes, or reservoirs, about Blackstone Edge, form remarkable features in its scenery. One of these, "Blackstone Edge Reservoir," takes its name from the mountain upon whose summit it fills an extensive hollow. This lake is upwards of two miles close by the water's edge. The scenery around it is a table-land, covered with heather, and rocks, and turfy swamps. The other two, "White Lees" and "Hollingworth," lie lower, about half-way down the moors,—"White Lees" in a retired little glen, about a mile to the north-west of the "White House," on the top of Blackstone Edge; and "Hollingworth," the largest and most picturesque of the three, is situated about two miles south-west of the same spot. Close by the side of the present high road from Lancashire, over these hills into Yorkshire, this old hostelry, called the "Coach and Horses," better known as "Th' White House," is situated near the top of Blackstone Edge, looking towards Lancashire. The division-stone of the two counties stands, also, by the road side, and about half a mile eastward of this public-house. The high northern bank of the road, upon which the division-stone stands, shuts out from the view of the passing traveller, this gloomy, bleak-bordered lake, called "Blackstone Edge Reservoir,"—a scene which "sky-lark never warbles o'er," and whose water reflects every hue and shape of the sky, and sympathises with every mood of the weather upon these wild heights. In rough seasons, a passenger may hear the dashing of its waves, as he walks down the road. A solitary cart-road leads off the highway, at the eastern corner of the reservoir, and, crossing the moor in a north-easterly direction, goes down into a very lone and picturesque valley, of considerable extent, called "Crag Valley," or "The Vale of Turvin," for it is known by both names. This valley winds irregularly through the heart of these moors, nearly four miles, emptying itself at Mytholmroyd, into the famous vale of Todmorden. Fifty

years ago, "Crag Valley" was almost entirely a savage and unfrequented region, little known, and much feared. Now, there are thriving clusters of rude population in it; and many comfortable and sometimes very pretty homesteads, where industrious people dwell, sprinkled in isolated situations about the sides of the glen. Manufacture has crept up the margin of the stream which runs through "Turvin," and the whole valley is changing its appearance. "Turvin" is becoming a resort of adventurous ramblers from the border towns and villages of the two counties, on account of the picturesque wildness, and frequent beauty of its scenery, which is of a very varied, and interesting description. In some places, the stream of the valley dashes violently through deep and narrow gorges of ragged rock, overhung with thick wood; peeping through which, one unacquainted with the spot might be startled by the sight of a gloomy, precipitous steep, shrouded with trees, and the foaming water rushing wildly below over its fantastic channel of stone. There are several mills in the length of the valley now; and, in places where level holms lie down in the hollow by the water side, the land is beautifully green. The vale is prettily wooded in many parts of its length; but the barren moorland hills overlook the whole length of lonely Turvin. The inhabitants of this remote glen, are even yet somewhat rugged in appearance and manner, like their hills. In former times, the valley was notable among the people of the surrounding districts, as the rendezvous of coiners and robbers; and the phrase "a Turvin shilling," grew out of the once famous dexterity of these counterfeiting outlaws, who are said to have lurked a long time in impregnable security, in days gone by, among the dreary seclusions of this lonesome moorland glen.

Approaching Turvin by the rough open road across the moor from the top of Blackstone Edge, it leads down into a deep corner of the valley, in which stands the new church of "St. John's in the Wilderness," built a few years ago, for the

behoof of the straggling inhabitants of the neighbouring moors, and the little community of factory people which has followed the mills into this remote nook of the earth. Near the church, there is a small fold of new cottages, occupied principally by factory operatives; and a clean-looking modern public-house,—a very welcome and useful convenience to anybody who is hardy and curious enough to ramble over the moors, down into this singular, secluded corner.

Upon the summit of one of the neighbouring mountains, there is a great platform of moorland desolation, distinguished, even among this numerous brotherhood of stony wastes, as "The Wilderness;" and, I think that, whoever has visited the spot, will be inclined to say that the roughest and most primitive prophet that ever brooded over his inspired visions in the solitary places of the earth, could not well wish for a wilder Patmos than this savage moor-top. On the right-hand of the public-house near St. John's Church, which lies in a deep hollow of the glen, several rough roads lead in different directions. The centre one goes up through a thick wood which clothes the mountain side, and on by circuitous and wearisome climbing routes, to this lofty "cloud-capped" wilderness. On a distant part of this bleak tract, stand two remarkable Druidical remains,—called "Th' Alder Stones," or, the "Altar Stones,"—sombre masses of blackening rock, upon which the Druid priests of our island performed their sacrificial rites, before the wild and fiery Celts of the district,—belonging to the brave Brigantes, the most powerful section of all the Ancient Britons. The position and formation of these two stones, which have each a sloping top, with a hollow in the middle, and a channel thence downward, seem to confirm the character generally attributed to them.

Returning from "St. John's in the Wilderness," towards Blackstone Edge, a quaint and ancient stone building, called "Erringdale Hall," occupies a shady situation upon the hill

side at the right hand of the vale, and at the edge of the extensive tract of hills called "Erringdale Moor." This ancient hall contains many valuable specimens of carved oak furniture, which have been preserved, with the building, from the time of its old owners. A few years ago, the keeper of Erringdale Moor dwelt in the hall, and kept the place in trim as a refreshing-rendezvous, or lodge, for the entertainment of the owners of the moor, and their sporting friends, in the grouse season.

Between the moorside, on which "Erringdale Hall" is situated, and the road up to the top of Blackstone Edge, a moorland stream runs along its craggy channel down in the deep gut of the hills. I remember that many years ago, I wandered for hours, one summer day, up this lonely water, in company with a young friend of mine. In the course of our ramble upon the banks of the stream, little dreaming of any vestiges of human creation in that region, we came suddenly, almost upon the roof of a substantial cottage, rudely, but firmly built of stone. We descended the bank by a little steep, sloping path, leading to the door. There was no smoke, no stir nor sound, either inside or out; but, through the clean windows, we saw a pair of hand-looms, in good condition, with an unfinished piece upon them. We knocked loudly and repeatedly, hoping to obtain some simple refreshment after our long, fatiguing stroll; but there was no answer. We knocked again and again; and just as we were about to leave the lonely tenement, and take our way homewards,—for the twilight was coming on, and we had nearly ten miles to go,—we heard the approaching sound of a pair of clogs in the inside of the cottage; and the door was opened by a tall, strong man, well-boned and well-bodied, with hard, round limbs; and apparently about thirty-five years of age. His light, clear-complexioned face was full of frankness and calm simplicity. His head was large and well-formed, and covered with thick, bristling, brown hair, cut very short. Yawning, and stretching his arms out, he accosted us at once,—as

unreservedly as if we were old friends, for whom he had been looking out some time,—with "Well; heaw are yo, to-day!" We asked him for a drink of milk, or of water. He invited us in, and set two chairs for us in a little kitchen, in which the furniture was rudely simple and sound; and everything in very good order, and cleaned to its height. He brought forth brown pitchers full of butter-milk, plenty of thick oatcakes, and the sweet butter, for which these hills are famous; and we feasted. The cool of the evening was coming on, and, there was no fire in his grate; so, he fetched a great arm-full of dry heather from an inner room, and cramming it into the fireplace, put a light to it. Up blazed the inflammable eilding with a crackling sound, making the room look cheerful as himself. A few books lay upon the window-sill, which we asked leave to look at. He handed them to us, commenting on them, in a shrewd and simple way, as he did so. They were chiefly books on mathematics, a science which he began to discourse about with considerable enthusiasm. Now, my young companion happened to have a great passion for that department of knowledge; and he no sooner discovered this remarkable affinity between himself and our host, than to it they went pell-mell, with books and chalk, upon the clean flags; and I was bowled clean out of the conversation at once. Leaving them to their promblems, and circles, and triangles, I walked out upon the moor; and sitting upon a knoll above the house, wrote a little rhyme in my note-book, which some years after appeared in the corner of a Manchester newspaper. When I returned, they were still at it, ding-dong, about something or another in differential calculus; and I had some difficulty in impressing upon the mind of my companion, the important superficial area lying between us and our homes. This lonely moorland mathematician, it seemed, was a bachelor, and he got his living by weaving, and watching the moor for the owners; and as I looked upon him, I almost envied the man his

strong frame, his sound judgment, his happy unsophisticated mind, and his serene and simple way of life. He walked over the moor with us nearly two miles, without hat, conversing about his books, and the lonely manner of his life, with which he appeared to be perfectly contented. Although our moorland hermit was a bachelor, there was no evidence of negligence about his person or clothing; but, under some circumstances, that fact alone would help to account for the man's happiness and orderliness. At our parting, he pressed us earnestly to come over the moors again the first opportunity, and spend a day with him at his cottage, which, I am sorry to say, we never did. I have hardly ever met with another man who seemed so strong and sound in body; and so frank, and sensible, and simple-hearted, as this humble mathematical eremite of the mountains. That enthusiastic attachment to science, which so strongly distinguishes him in my remembrance, is a very common characteristic of the native working people of Lancashire generally, among whom, in proportion to the entire population, there is an extraordinary number of well-read and practised mechanics, botanists, musicians, and mathematicians; and the booksellers, even in the country towns of the county, know that any standard works upon these subjects, and some upon divinity, are sure to find a large and ready sale among the operative classes.

We wore the afternoon far away in rambling about the high and open part of Blackstone Edge, between the immense group of black rocks called "Robin Hood's Bed," and the solitary inn called the "White House," upon the Yorkshire road. Wading through the fern and heather, and turfy swamps; climbing rocks, and jumping over deep gutters and ancient lodgments of dark-brown stagnant water, had made us so hungry and weary, that we made the best of our way, with a good will,—often sinking among shaky patches of moorland bog,—to this inn, while the sun was yet up above the distant hills. Here, the keen appetite we had awakened

upon the moors was amply responded to; and we refreshed, and rested ourselves a while; conversing about the country around us; and exchanging anecdotes, characteristic of its remarkable local characters; and reminiscences of our past adventures in the neighbourhood. Many of these related to "Old Joe," the humourous gamekeeper, at Hollingworth,—a kind of local "Leather Stocking,"—who has many a time rowed me about the lake in his fishing-boat, talking of dogs, and guns, and game; and recounting the sporting exploits of his youth.

When we came out of the inn, the sun had gone down beyond the darkening hills upon the opposite side of the scene. Night's shrouding shadows were climbing up the broad steeps; but their great, undulating summit-lines still shewed in clear relief against the western sky, where the waning sunset's glory lingered. In every other direction, the skirts of the landscape were fast fading from view. Rochdale town, with its church towers, and stacks of tall chimnies, had disappeared in the dusky distance. The mountainous wastes, stretching away, dark and still, on the north, south, and east, were melting into gloomy, indistinct masses; and below the hills, quiet evening's dreamy shades were falling softly down, and folding away for the night, all the hamletted vallies between the top of Blackstone Edge, and the fading boundary of the scene. Day's curtains were gently closing to, and the watchers of night beginning their golden vigil; while all the air seemed to be growing thick with dreams. We descended from the moor-top by a rough, steep bye-path, which diverges, on the right hand side of the ordinary highway, a little below the "White House," and cuts off a mile of the distance between that point and the "Moor Cock," where we had left "Grey Bobby" and the white-chapel. Far down, from scattered cots and folds which were slowly disappearing in the deepening twilight, little lights were beginning to glimmer. That frontlet jewel of

mild evening's forehead,—"the star that bids the shepherd fold,"—was glowing in the sapphire dome above us; whilst, here and there, dim twinklings of golden fire were stealing out from the blue expanse. As we slowly picked our way down the rocky moor, the stillness of the dark tract around us seemed to deepen as the light declined; and there was no distinguishable sound in the neighbourhood of our path, except the clear gurglings and silvery tricklings of indiscernable rills, which,—like traits of genuine delicacy, deep-hidden in the characters of men of rugged exterior; only revealed in serene hours, and to wakeful perceptions,—were, thus, unseen, doing their gentle spiriting and unostentatiously beautifying the air of this rough solitude with their low, sweet music. From the farms below, the far-off bark of dogs, and lowing of cattle, came floating up, mingled with the subdued rush and rattle of railway trains, sweeping along the distant valley.

Half an hour's active and erratic walk down the hill brought us back to the "Moor Cock." Limper, the ostler, got "Grey Bobby" from the stable, and put him into the harness. Out came the folk of the house, to see us off. Our frisky tit treated us to another romp; after which, we drove steadily down the road, in the grey gloaming, and on through Littleborough and Smallbridge to Rochdale, by the light of the stars.

THE TOWN OF HEYWOOD, AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy."

WORDSWORTH.

ONE Saturday afternoon, about midsummer, I was invited by a friend to spend a day at his house, which is pleasantly situated in the green outskirts of the manufacturing town of Heywood. The town has a dusky, monotonous, cotton-spinning look, as those who know the place will distinctly remember; yet, it is surrounded by a very verdant country, and has much scenery of a highly-picturesque description in its immediate vicinity. Several weeks previous to this invitation had been spent by me wholly amongst the bustle of our "Cotton Metropolis," and, during that time, I had often thought how sweetly the summer was murmuring with its "leafy lips," beyond the town, almost unseen by me, except when I took a twopenny ride into a certain suburb, and walked about an hour or two in a scene which the season seemed to smile upon, almost in vain; and, where the unsatisfactory verdure was broken up with daub-holes and rows of half-built cottages; and the air mixed with the aroma of brick-kilns and melting lime. Sometimes, too, I stole down into "Smithy Door Market," on a Saturday morning, to smell at the fresh flowers, and buy a "posey" for my button-hole; and I was always fain to see them, though they did look a bit mauled sometimes. It reminded me of the time when I used to forage, with such

glee about my native hedges, for bunches of the wild rose and branches of the white-blossomed thorn. To one who loves the country, and whose days are pent up in a web of streets full of noisy life, the simplest wild flower is a sweet sight; for beside the "tribute of pleasure" which its own prettiness brings, it epitomises to his mind the whole realm of nature's loveliness. But now, as the rosy time of the year grew towards its height, I began to hanker more and more after those wild moors and noiseless glens of Lancashire, where, even yet, nature seems to have it all her own way. I longed for the quiet green vallies, and their murmuring waters; the rustling trees; and the cloudless summer sky, seen through fringed openings in the wild wood's leafy screen.

"Better for man,
Were he and nature more familiar friends."

Somebody says that "we always find better men in action than in repose;" and, though there are contemplative spirits who instinctively shun the turmoil of towns, and, turning towards the tranquil sequestrations of nature, read a lofty significance in its infinite forms and moods of beauty, yet, the heat of the battle of life lies where men are clustered. A man may spend his days in cities with, perhaps, greater benefit to his kind than elsewhere, if he possess those qualities which enable him to master their follies and distractions, as brave old Doctor Johnson did. Shakspere, too, dwelt in the bustle, and transacted the detail of city life, yet his commanding spirit surrounded itself with an atmosphere of serenity, within which he reigned secure, at once sympathising with the restless living panorama around him, and interpreting it. And Milton, whose "soul was like a star, and dwelt apart," struggled nobly through life as a denizen of London, often beset with with his own mundane troubles, as well as actively engaged in important and dangerous employments connected with the national troubles of his time. But these are extraordinary examples; and ordinary people, drifted

about by the gales of circumstance, must be content to snatch at any means likely to improve or relieve their lot; and it will do any care-worn inhabitant of the town good to "consider the lilies of the field," a little now and then. Country folk come to town to enliven the monotony of their lives, and town's folk go to the country for refreshment and repose. To each, the change may be beneficial; at least I thought so, and, as light as any leaf upon tree, hailed my journey; for none of Robin Hood's men ever went to the greenwood with more pleasure than I do.

It was nearly three when we passed the "Old Church," on our way to Hunt's Bank Station. The college lads, in their quaint blue suits, and little flat woollen caps, were frolicking about the quadrangle of that ancient edifice which helps to keep alive the honourable name of old Sir Humphrey Chetham. The twopenny omnibuses were rushing by, with full loads. I said, "full loads," but there are omnibuses running out of Manchester, which I never yet knew to be so full that they would not "just hold another," especially on wet nights, and holidays. But on we went, talking about anything which was uppermost; and in a few minutes we were seated in the train, and darting over the tops of that miserable human jungle known by the inappropriate name of "Angel Meadow." The railway runs close by a little hopeful oasis in this moral desert, the "Ragged School," at the end of Ashley Lane; and, from the carriage window, we could see "Charter Street,"—that notable den of Manchester Yezidees. Society seems to be more careful to preserve the breed of this remarkable generation, with its striking characteristics, rather than run the risk (by any hasty and free infusion of morals and enlightenment among them), of misleading them into any unfashionable way of theologic thinking, more deadly than their present devotional peculiarities; or any governmental subservience, worse than the extraordinary freedom of their present condition,—when they happen to be out of the

hands of the police. These two very significant neighbours, "Charter Street," and the "Ragged School," comment eloquently upon one another. Here, all is mental and moral malaria, and the wild revelry of the place sounds like a forlorn cry for help. There, the same human elements are trained, by a little judicious, timely culture, towards honour and usefulness. Any thoughtful man, with an unsophisticated mind, looking upon the two, might at least be allowed simply to say, "Why not do enough of *this* to cure *that?*" On the brow of Red Bank, the tower and gables of St. Chad's catholic church overlook the swarming hive of ignorance, toil and squalor, which fills the valley of the Irk; and which presents a fine field for those who desire to spread the gospel among the heathen, and enfranchise the slave. And, if it be true that the poor are "The Riches of the Church of Christ," there is an inheritance there worth looking after by any church which claims the title. Uprose a grove of tall chimneys from the dusky streets lining the banks of that little slutchy stream, creeping through the hollow, slow and slab, towards its confluence with the Irwell, at Hunt's Bank, where, it washes the base of those rocks upon which, five hundred years ago, stood the "Baron's Hall" or manor-house of the old lords of Manchester. On the same spot, soon after the erection of the old Collegiate Church, that quaint quadrangular edifice was built as a residence for the Warden and Fellows which afterwards became, in the turns of an eventful fortune, a mansion of the Earls of Derby, a garrison, a prison, an hospital, and a college. By the time we had taken a few reluctant sniffs of the curiously-compounded air of that melancholy waste, we began to ascend the incline, and lost sight of the Irk, with its factories, dyehouses, brickfields, tan-pits and gas works; and the unhappy mixture of stench, squalor, smoke, hard work, ignorance and sin, which makes up the landscape on its borders; and, after a short stoppage at the Miles Platting station, our eyes were wandering over the summer fields as we

whirled along. Nature was drest in her richest robes, and every green thing looked lush with the bounty and beauty of an unusually fine season. As we looked abroad on this wide spread array of

"The splendour of the field, and the glory of the flower,"

it was exhilerating to see the sprouting honeysuckle, and the peace-breathing palm, of holy memory; and there, too, creeping about the hedges—all covered with fresh leaves and prickles—was that old acquaintance of life's morning, the rambling bramble, which will be putting forth its "small white rose" about the time that country folk begin to house their hay; and when village lads in Lancashire are gathering gear to decorate their rush-carts with. Clustering primroses were there, and the celandine with burnished leaves of gold; and wild violets, prancked with gay colours; with troops of other wild flowers, some full in view, others dimly seen as we swept on; and a world of floral summer beauty thickly embroidering the green mantle of the landscape, though beyond the range of discriminating vision; but clear to the eye of memory and imagination, which assured us that these stars of the earth were making their old haunts beautiful again. The buttercup was in the fields, holding its pale gold chalice up to catch the evening dews. Here and there grew a tuft of slender-stemmed white lilies, graceful and chaste; and then a sweep of bluebells, tinging the hedge sides and the moist slopes under the trees, with their azure hue—as blue as a patch of sky—and swinging the fine incense from their pendant petals into the sauntering summer wind. Then came the tall, gaudy foxglove, and thick bushes of the golden-blossomed furze, covered with bright, brave, gleaming spears, upon the banks of the line. Oh, rich summer! Time of blossoms, and honey dews; and flowers of every colour! Thy lush fields are rich with clover and herb-grass! Thy daylights glow with glory; thy soft, gray twilights

are full of dreamy sights and sounds; and the finest odours of the year perfume the air, when

> "The butterfly flits from the flowering tree;
> And the cowslip and bluebell are bent by the bee!"

The throstle sang loud and clear in the trees and little dells near the line as we rolled along; and the blithe "layrock" made the air tremble between heaven and the green meadows with his thrilling lyric. That tall, white flower, which country folk call "posset," spread out its curdy top among the variety of elegant summer grasses, quietly swaying to and fro with the wind. And then, the daisy was there! There is no flower so well becomes the hand of a child as the daisy does! That little, simple, "crimson-tippet" companion of the lark, immortalised in the kind poet's plaintive wail! Tiny floral jewel of the fields of England; favourite of the child and of the poet! Daisies lay like snow,—a scattered drift of summer's snow,—upon the green landscape; and the hedges were white with the scented blossom of the thorn. To eyes a little tired of the wide-spread city's smoky hives of brick,—

> "Where stoop the sons of care,
> O'er plains of mischief, till their souls turn gray;"

it was refreshing to peer about over the green and beautiful summer expanse, which lay smiling at the skies, towards the blue hills of South Lancashire, rising up on the edge of the horizon, solemn and serene. Every season has a beauty of its own, and so has every scene. Nature is full of variety in her features and moods; and full of expression in her variations. These fine "shapes, and sounds, and shifting elements," both in detail and combination, are beholden to the mind that contemplates them; but their arrangement teems with significant originality, and at every moment, and in every place, they wear a new aspect of beauty, that

> "Sole permanence in being's ceaseless flow."

My own general impression of the natural charms of this part of Lancashire is, perhaps, in some respects a little warmer

and more accepting than that of an experienced and unbiassed stranger would be; for the wheels are beautiful which roll me towards the country where I first pulled the wild flowers and harkened to the lark. In this district, there are none of those rich depths of soil which, with little labour and tilth, burst forth in full crops of heavy corn. There are large tracts seen from the railway, hereabouts, which have a bare and poor appearance. But the land is mostly clothed with pastoral verdure, and fine meadows; and the farming is almost entirely of the dairy kind. It is a country of green hills and vales, and clusters of dusky mills, surrounded by their busy radiations of industrial life; and, except on the wild, high moorland regions, there is very little land now, even of the old mosses and morasses, which is not enclosed, and in progress of cultivation. The scenery has features of natural beauty peculiar to itself. It consists of a succession of ever-varying undulations, full of green, sequestered cloughs, and clefts, and shady corners; threaded by many a little meandering stream which looks up at the skies through over-lapping verdure from its green hollow; and which

> "Changes oft its varied lapse,
> And ever as it winds, enchantment follows,
> And new beauties rise."

Travellers from the midland and southern counties of England often notice the remarkable scarcity of trees in this quarter. The native woods were chiefly oak, ash, birch, beech, and yew,—very useful timbers. But, when the time came that Lancashire began to strip some of its old customs and ornaments for a vigorous fulfilment of its manufacturing destiny, every useful thing upon the soil was seized, and applied to the absorbing purposes of the new time. The land itself began to be wanted for other ends than to grow trees upon. And then, when old landlords happened to be pressed for money, the timber of their estates—daily becoming more valuable for manufacturing necessities—sometimes

presented the readiest way of raising it. Their lands, also, often followed in the same track. And now, the landscape looks bald. Trees are scanty and small, except at a few such places as Hopwood Hall, and Chadderton Hall; and a few thin, isolated clumps, like that which crests the top of "Tandle Hills." In that part of this district which lies between "Boggart Ho' Clough" near the old village of Blackley on the west, the town of Middleton on the east, and the Manchester and Leeds railway line on the south, there is a large and bare platform of level land, called "Th' White Moss." It is rather elevated above the surrounding country; and it is quite removed from any of the great highways of the neighbourhood, which, nevertheless, wind near to the borders of this secluded moss in some places, with their restless streams of business. In former days, this tract has been a densely-wooded and unfrequented wild; and, even within these twenty years last past, it was one great, unreclaimed marsh, in whose peaty swamps the massive relics of its once heavy woods lay buried. Since that time, nearly two hundred acres of the moss have been brought into cultivation; and, it is said that this part of it now produces as fine crops as any land in the neighbourhood. In turning up the bog, enormous roots and branches of old trees, principally oaks, are often met with. Very fine oaks, beeches, firs, and sometimes yew trees, of a size very seldom met with in this part of Lancashire in these days, have frequently been found embedded in this morass, at a depth of five or six feet. Samuel Bamford, in his description of the "White Moss," says, "The stems and huge branches of trees were often laid bare by the diggers, in cultivating it. Nearly all the trees have been found lying from west to east, or from west to south. They consist of oaks, beeches, alders, and one or two fine yews. The roots of many of them are matted and guarded, presenting interesting subjects for reflection on the state of this region in unrecorded ages. Some of these trees are in

part charred when found. One tremendous oak, lying on the north-west side of the moss, has been traced to fifteen yards in length, and is twelve feet round." This solitary moss was one of those lonely places to which the people of these districts sometimes found it necessary to retreat, in order to hold their political meetings in safety, during that hard and eventful period of Lancashire history which fell between the years 1815 and 1821. It was a time of great suffering and danger in these manufacturing parts. The working people were often driven into riot and disorder by the desperation of extreme distress; which distress and disorder was often increased by the discreditable espionage, and ruthless public severities employed by the authorities to crush political discussion among the populace. Of the gallant band of reformers which led the van of the popular struggle, many a humble and previously-unnoted pioneer of liberty has left an heroic mark upon the history of that time. Some of these are still living; others have been many a year laid in their quiet graves,—but their memories will long be cherished among a people who know well how to esteem men who sincerely love freedom and justice, and are able to do and to suffer for them, in a brave spirit.

In this active arena of modern industrialism, there are many objects and places of historic interest scattered over the green, uneven country spreading out on both sides of the line, up to the hills which bound the view; old halls and churches, where our forefathers have lived and worshipped many centuries; and quaint relics of ancient hamlets, hidden among the great overgrowth of modern factory villages, mingled with immense mills and costly mansions, often belonging to men who were poor lads a few years ago, wearing wooden clogs, and carrying the woollen pieces back from the loom at their own houses, upon their shoulders. As we cross the valley immediately beyond the Middleton station, the little, picturesque old parish church of Middleton stands

full in sight, upon the top of a green eminence, about a mile northward from the line, and just above the town, which lies chiefly down in the valley, north-west of the church. In the interior of this old fane, still hang against the southern wall, the standard and armour of Sir Richard Assheton, which he dedicated to St. Leonard of Middleton, on returning from the fight at Flodden Field, where he greatly distinguished himself; taking prisoner Sir John Foreman, serjeant-porter to James the Sixth, of Scotland, and Alexander Barrett, high sheriff of Aberdeen ; and capturing the sword of the standard-bearer of the Scottish king. He was accompanied to the battle by a brave array of picked Lancashire archers, the flower of his Middleton tenantry. At the western base of the hill upon which the old church of St. Leonard of Middleton is situated, two large cotton factories now stand close to the spot which, even so late as the year 1845, was occupied by the picturesque, heavy-timbered old hall of the Asshetons, lords of Middleton. The new gas-works of the town fills part of the space once covered with the gardens of the hall. Middleton lies principally in the heart of a pleasant vale, with some relics of its ancient quaintness remaining, in good condition, such as the large, antique, wood-and-plaster inn, in the hollow at the front of the parish church. But the green vallies of Middleton are fast filling with cotton and silk mills, and dye works, and a thriving population. The manor of Middleton anciently belonged to the honour of Clithero, and was held by the Lacies, Earls of Lincoln. In the reign of Henry III., the heir of Robert de Middleton held a knight's fee in Middleton, of the fee of Edmund or Edward, Earl of Lincoln, who held it of the Earl of Ferrars, the king's tenant in capite. And Baines, in his history of Lancashire, further says :—

"In 3 Edward II., the manor of Middleton is found in the inquisition post mortem of Henry de Lacy, amongst the fees belonging to the manor of Tottington, held by service of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster. With Henry, Earl of Lincoln, this branch of the Lacies passed away ; and their possessions in this country, with his daughter and

heiress, devolved upon Thomas Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster. The heirs of Robti (Robert) de Midelton, possessed lands in *Midelton*, by military service, in the reign of Henry the Third, 1216–1272. At a later period, the manor was possessed by Richard Barton, Esq.; the first of this family who is recorded in connexion with Middleton, was living in the reign of Henry the Fourth, 1410. He died without surviving issue, and the manor passed to the heirs of his brother, John Barton, Esq., whose daughter Margaret, having married Ralph Assheton, Esq., a son of Sir John Assheton, Knt., of Ashton-under-Lyne, he became lord of Middleton in her right, in the seventeenth of Henry the Sixth, 1438, and was the same year appointed a page of honour to that king. He was knight marshal of England, lieutenant of the Tower of London, and sheriff of Yorkshire, 1473–1474. He attended the Duke of Gloucester at the battle of Haldon, or Hutton Field, Scotland, in order to recover Berwick, and was created a knight *banneret* on the field, for his gallant services, 1483. On the succession of Richard the Third to the crown, he created Sir Ralph vice-constable of England, by letters patent, 1483."

Thus began the first connection of the town of Middleton with that powerful Lancashire family, the Asshetons, of Ashton-under-Lyne, in the person of the famous "Black Lad;" respecting whom Dr. Hibbert says, in his historical work upon Ashton-under-Lyne, as follows:—

"It appears that Ralph Assheton became, by his alliance with a rich heiress, the lord of a neighbouring manor, named Middleton, and soon afterwards received the honour of knighthood, being at the same time entrusted with the office of Vice-Chancellor, and it is added, of Lieutenant of the Tower. Invested with such authority, he committed violent excesses in this part of the kingdom. In retaining also for life the privilege of *guld riding*, he, on a certain day in the spring, made his appearance in this manner, clad in black armour (whence his name of the *Black Lad*), mounted on a charger, and attended by a numerous train of his followers, in order to levy the penalty arising from neglect of clearing the land from *carr gulds*. The interference of so powerful a knight belonging to another lordship, could not but be regarded by the tenants of Assheton as a tyrannical intrusion of a stranger, and the name of the *Black Lad* is at present regarded with no other sentiment than that of horror. Tradition has indeed still perpetuated the prayer that was fervently ejaculated for a deliverance from his tyranny:—

'Sweet Jesu, for thy merey's sake,
And for thy bitter passion;
Save us from the axe of the Tower,
And from Sir Ralph of Assheton.'"

Happily, with the death of this terrible guld-rider of Assheton, the custom was abolished; but the sum of five shillings is still reserved from the estate, for the purpose of commemorating it by an annual ceremony. Ralph Assheton, of Middleton, was an energetic adherent to the parliamentary

cause, during the civil wars. On the 24th September, 1642, about one hundred and fifty of his tenants, in complete arms, joined the forces of Manchester, in opposition to the royalists. He commanded the parliamentary troops at the siege of Warrington, which he captured. He was engaged at the siege of Lathom House; and led the Middleton Clubmen at the siege and taking of Bolton-le-Moors by the royalists, May 28, 1644. In 1648 he was a major-general, and commanded the Lancashire soldiery, of the commonwealth, on the marshalling of the parliamentary forces to oppose the Duke of Hamilton. In the same year, he took Appleby from the royalists. His eldest son, Richard, who died an infant, March 25th, 1631, was supposed to have been bewitched to death by one Utley, "who, for the crime, was tried at the assizes at Lancaster, and executed there." His son Ralph espoused the cause of Charles the Second, and was created a baronet in 1663.

As we glide out of sight of Middleton, a prominent feature of the landscape on the opposite side of the railway is the wood-crowned summit of "Tandle Hills." These hills overlook the sequestered dairy farms and shady dingles of an extensive district called "Thornham;" which, though surrounded at short distances by throng, smoky, manufacturing villages and towns, is a tract full of quaint farm folds, little grassy uplands and dells, interlaced with green old English lanes and hedge-rows. This quiet district is a succession of pretty rural scenes. Before the train reaches Blue Pits station, it passes through the fine estate of the Hopwoods, of Hopwood; and, at some points, as it passes, the chimnies and gables of Hopwood Hall peep through its surrounding woods, in a retired and well-cultivated valley, on the north side of the line. As the train begins to slacken on its approach to the station, the tiny, old roadside village of Trub Smithy, the scene of many a humourous local story, lies nestling beyond two or three fields to the south, at the foot of a slope, in the

high road from Manchester to Rochdale. Blue Pits used to be an insignificant adjunct to the neighbouring village of Trub Smithy; but since the former became the junction station for the Manchester and Leeds, and the Liverpool lines of rail, it has been expanding into a busy little town; and its new manufactories, inns, and cottages, are creeping over the surrounding scene, and are destined soon to absorb the little old neighbouring village. Here the hills begin to show themselves. On reaching the station, we obeyed the usual noisy summons to "Change here for Heywood," and were put upon the branch line which leads through that place to Liverpool.

The railway hence to Heywood, winds through green fields all the way, and is divided from the woods of Hopwood by a long, straight stripe of gleaming canal, kept in excellent order. As we rolled on towards Heywood, the moorland heights of Ashworth; wild, round-topped Knowl; Rooley; and Lobden, rose boldly up in the back ground of the scene before us, seemingly at a short distance; and before any glimpse was seen of the town of Heywood, lying low between us and the hills. But as we drew near, a canopy of smoky cloud hung over the valley in front; and "we knew by the smoke"—as the song says—that Heywood was near; even if we had never known it before. Heywood is one of the last places in the world where a man who judges of the surrounding country by the town itself, would think of going to ruralise. But, even in this smoky manufacturing town, the general appearance of which seems so barren of anything calculated to elevate the taste, or please the eye,—and which is also, so meagre in historical interest,—there is some significant peculiarities connected with its rise and progress, and the aspects of its present life; and some interesting traits in the characteristics of its inhabitants. And, in its surrounding landscape, there are many picturesque scenes; especially towards the hills, where the rising grounds are pierced, here and there, by romantic and craggy glens; long, lonesome, and woody, and wandering

far up towards the moors, like "Simpson Clough;" and sometimes green and pleasant by the quiet water side, like Tyrone's Bed," and "Hooley Clough."

As the train drew slowly up to that little station, which always looks busy when there are a dozen people in the office, the straggling ends of Heywood streets began to dawn upon the sight, in the valley off at the north-west side of the line, with the peeping chimney tops of many of the cotton mills, which lay yet too low down and far off to be wholly seen. Some costly mansions were visible also, belonging to wealthy men of the neighbourhood,—mostly rich cotton-spinners,—perched on "coignes of vantage," about the green uplands and hollows in the valley, and on the more woody and picturesque hill sides to the north; and generally, at a respectful distance from the town. Many of the cotton mills began to show themselves here entirely,—here and there in clusters,—the older ones looking very dusky and dreary, and altogether uninviting to the eye; whilst the new ones were as smart as new bricks and long lines of glittering windows could make their bald, dull, square forms appear. A number of brick-built cottages, part of the south-eastern skirts of the town, bristled about the summit of a slope which rose gently up in front of us from the station, and closed from view the bulk of the town, lying down in the valley immediately beyond We went up the slope, and took a quiet bye-path which leads through the fields along the southern edge of Heywood, affording a good view of the town and the valley in which it is situated, and entering the town near to the market place. And here let us take a glance at the history, and some of the present features of this monotonous manufacturing town.

So far as the history of Heywood is known, it has not been the arena of any of those great historical transactions of England's past, which have so shaken and changed the less remote and more populated parts of the country. The present appear-

ance of Heywood would not, perhaps, be any way delightful to the eye of anybody who had no attractive local interest in it. Yet, a brief review of the history, and the quick growth of the place, may not be uninteresting. Heywood is the capital of the township of Heap, and stands principally upon a gentle elevation in a wide valley, about three miles from each of the important towns of Rochdale, Bury, and Middleton. The township of Heap is in the parish and manor of Bury, of which manor the Earl of Derby is lord. This manor has been the property of the Derby family ever since the accession of Henry VII., after the battle of Bosworth Field, when it was granted by the king to his father-in-law, Thomas Stanley, first Earl of Derby, who figures in Shakspere's tragedy of "Richard the Third." The previous possessors were the Pilkingtons, of Pilkington. Sir Thomas Pilkington was an active adherent of the York faction, in the wars of the Roses; and, in a manuscript of Stowe's, his name appears, with a large number of other friends of Richard, who "swaře Kynge Richard shuld were ye crowne." There is a picturesque and secluded little hamlet of old-fashioned houses in this township, called Heap Fold, situated on a hill about half-a-mile west of Heywood. This hamlet is generally admitted to be the oldest, and, probably, the only settlement in the township of Heap in the times of the Saxons, who first cleared and cultivated the land of this district. Previous to that time, it may be naturally supposed that, like many similar parts of South Lancashire, this district was overrun with woods, and swamps, and thickets. Edwin Butterworth published a little pamphlet history of Heywood, from which I quote the following notes:—"The origin of the designation Heap is not at all obvious; in the earliest known mention of the place, it is termed *Hep*, which may imply a tract overgrown with hawthorn-berries. The name might arise from the unevenness of the surface,—*heep* (Saxon) indicating a mass of irregularities. The denomination 'Heywood' manifestly denotes the site of a wood in a field, or

a wood surrounded by fields." Farther on, in the same pamphlet, he says:—"The local family of Hep, or Heap, has been extinct a considerable time. The deed of the gift of the whole forest of Holecombe, to the monks of St. Mary Magdalen, of Bretton, in Yorkshire, by Roger de Montbegon, is witnessed amongst others by Robert de Hep; but without date, being of an age prior to the use of dates. Roger de Montbegon, however, died 10th Henry III., so that this transaction occurred before 1226." It may be true that, what is here alluded to as the local family of Hep or Heap, is extinct; but, the name of Heap is, now, more prevalent among the inhabitants of Heywood and the immediately surrounding towns, than any where else in England. With respect to the two suppositions as to the origin of the name; almost every Lancashire lad will remember that he has, at one time or another, pricked his fingers with getting "heps," the common bright red berry, which, in other parts, goes by the name of the "hip." And then, there is some show of likelihood in the supposition that the name has come from the Saxon word "heep," meaning "a mass of irregularities," as Butterworth says; for the whole district is a succession of hills and holes, and undulations, of ever-varying size and shape. Again, he says, "Heap was doubtless inhabited by at least one Saxon family, whose descendants, it is probable, quietly conformed to Norman rule. In that era, or perhaps earlier, the place was annexed to the lordship and church of Bury, of which Adam de Bury, and Edward de Buri, were possessors shortly after the conquest.* A family of the name of Hep or Heap, held the hamlet from the paramount lords. In 1311, third of Edward II., Henery de Bury held one half of the mannor of Bury."† Previous to the fifteenth century, this township must have been part of a very wild, roadless and untempting region, having, for the most part,

*Testa de Neville.
†Harl. MSS. Codex 2085, fo. 443.

little or no settled population, or communion with the living world beyond; and, the progress of population, and cultivation of the land up to that time, appears to have been very slow, and only in a few isolated spots; since, although there were several heys of land at that time, near to a wood, and thence called "Heywood," upon the spot now occupied by a busy community of people, numbering twenty thousand at least, principally employed in the cotton manufacture, yet, there is no record of any dwelling upon that particular spot, until shortly after the fifteenth century, when a few rural habitations were erected thereon. From this comparatively recent period may be reckoned the dawn of the little rural village which has since expanded into the present stirring manufacturing town of Heywood, now thriving at a greater rate than ever, under the impulse of modern industrialism. About this time, too, began the residence there, of a family bearing the local name. "In 1492 occurs Robert de Heywood. In the brilliant reign of Elizabeth, Edmund Heywood, Esq., was required, by an order dated 1574, to furnish a coat of plate, a long bowe, shéffe of arrows, steel cap, and bill, for the military musters."* James Heywood, gentleman, was living before 1604. Peter Heywood, Esq., a zealous magistrate, the representative of this family in the reigns of James the I., and Charles the I., was a native and resident of the present Heywood Hall, which was erected during the sixteenth century. It is said that he apprehended Guido Faux, coming forth from the vault of the house of parliament, on the eve of the gunpowder treason, November 5th, 1605; he probably accompanied Sir Thomas Knevett, in his search of the cellars under the parliament house. The principal interest connected with the earliest history of the town of Heywood, seems to be bound up in the history of Heywood Hall and its inhabitants, which will be noticed farther on.

*Hard. MSS., 1296. There is a pedigree of this family in Dodsworth's MSS. Bodelian Lib. vol. lxxix.

The old episcopal chapel, near the market-place, dedicated to St. Luke, is a very plain little building, with nothing remarkable in its appearance, or its situation It seems to have been founded at the beginning of the seventeeth century. It contains inscriptions commemorative of the Holts, of Grizlehurst, and the Starkies, of Heywood Hall. A dial-plate on the eastern exterior, bears the date 1686, with the initials of Robert Heywood, Esq., of Heywood Hall, who was governor of the Isle of Man, in 1678.

Besides the Heywoods, of Heywood Hall, there were several powerful local families in the olden time seated at short distances round the spot where Heywood now stands. The Heaps, of Heap; the Bamfords, of Bamford; the Marlands, of Marland; the Holts, of Grizlehurst; and the Hopwoods, of Hopwood; which last, still reside upon their ancient estate.

Heywood, or "Monkey Town," as sarcastic people in other parts of Lancashire sometimes call it, is now a manufacturing place of at least twenty thousand inhabitants. It owes its rise almost entirely to the rise and progress of cotton manufacture; and the history of the latter incorporates the history of the former in a much greater degree than that of any other considerable town in the district. This gives it a kind of interest which certainly does not belong to any beauty which the external appearance of the town at present possesses. A few years before those potent mechanical inventions became known which ultimately made Lancashire what it is in our day, Heywood was a little, peaceful, and comparatively unfrequented country fold; but a few years after these inventions came into action, it began to grow into what the people of those days perhaps thought "something rich and strange," with a celerity akin to the growth of great towns in the United States of America. About two hundred years ago, a few little rural cottages first arose upon this previously almost unpeopled spot; and at the time when the manufacture of

cotton began in South Lancashire, it was still a small agricultural village, prettily situated in a picturesque and quiet scene, about the centre of the long, gentle ridge of land, which is now nearly covered by the present busy, smoky town full of cotton factories. This little rural nucleus clustered near to the old, white-washed episcopalian chapel which stands in the market-place. Previous to the invention of the fly shuttle, by Kay, in the neighbouring town of Bury; and the ingenious combinations and applications of the inventions of his contemporaries by Arkwright, the enterprising Preston barber, almost every farm-house and little agricultural cottage in this part had the primitive spinning-wheel and the old-fashioned hand-loom in them, wherewith to employ any time the industrious and frugal inhabitants could spare from their rural occupations. At the time of Arkwright's first patent, the people of these parts little knew what a change the time's inventions were bringing upon their quiet native haunts—still less of the vast radiating influences which were to arise therefrom, combining to the accomplishment of incalculable ends; and they were, at first, slow to wean from their old, primitive, independent way of living partly by farming and partly by manufacturing labour, which they could do in their own houses, and at their own leisure. "Manchester manufacturers are glad," says Arthur Young, in 1770 (the year of Arkwright's first patent), when bread is dear, for then the people are forced to work." But though the supply of yarn in those days, was less than the demand, and the people were not yet draughted clean away from their old manner of life, they were caught in the web of that inevitable and inscrutable destiny which will have its way, in spite of the will of man. The world's master had new commissioners abroad for the achievement of new purposes. These wonder-working seeds of providence, patiently developing themselves in secret, were soon to burst forth in a wide harvest of miraculous change upon the field of human

life. Certain men of mechanical genius arose, and their creative dreams wrought together in a mysterious way to the production of extraordinary results. John Kay, of Bury, invented the "picking peg," or fly-shuttle, in 1738; and his son Robert Kay, invented the "drop-box," used in the manufacture of fabrics of various colours,—and that wonderful cotton and woollen carding machine, which stretches the wire out of the ring, cuts it into lengths, staples and crooks it into teeth, pricks holes in the leather, and puts in the teeth, row after row, with extraordinary speed and precision, till the cards are finished. Thomas Highs, the humble and ingenious reed-maker, at Leigh, in 1763, originated that first remarkable improvement in spinning machinery which he called after his favourite daughter "Jenny;" and he also, introduced the "throstle" or water frame, in 1767. This man lingered out his old age in affliction and dependance. James Hargreaves, the carpenter, of Blackburn, improved upon the original idea of the spinning-jenny, and invented the crank and comb, "an engine of singular merit for facilitating the progress of carding cotton." The ignorant jealousy of the Lancashire operatives in those days drove this ingenious man to seek shelter in Nottinghamshire, where he was but ill received, and where he ended his days in miserable poverty. He died in a workhouse. Arkwright, the Preston barber, was more endowed by nature with the qualities requisite for worldly success than these ingenious, abstracted, and simple-minded mechanical dreamers. He was a man of great perseverance and worldly sagacity With characteristic cunning, he appears to have wormed their valuable secrets out of some of these humble inventors; and then, with no less industry and enterprise than ingenuity, he combined these with other kindred inventions of the period, and wrought them into a practical operation, which, by its results, quickly awakened the world to a knowledge of their immense power. He became a rich man, and "Sir Richard." In 1780, the "spinning-mule," was first introduced by its

inventor, Samuel Crompton, a poor dreamy weaver, then dwelling in a dilapidated corner of a quaint old Lancashire hall, called "Th' Hall i'th Wood," in Turton, near Bolton. This machine united the powers of the spinning-jenny and the water-frame. The spinning-mule is now in general use in the cotton manufacture. This poor weaver gave his valuable invention to the public, without securing a patent. His remuneration in the shape of money, was therefore left to the cold chances of charity; and it would doubtless have been more prompt and secure, and more productive, under the protection of a patent. He was, however, at first, rewarded by a subscription of one hundred guineas; and twenty years afterwards, by an additional subscription, of four hundred guineas; and, in 1812, parliament awarded the sum of five thousand pounds to the dreamy old weaver, in his latter days. In 1785, the first patent for the power-loom was obtained by the Rev. Edmund Cartwright, of Kent, who invented it; and after considerable improvements, it has at last contributed another enormous impulse to the manufacturing power of these districts. Whilst these great mechanical agencies were developing themselves, James Watt was busy with his steam-power; and Brindley, in conjunction with the Duke of Bridgewater, was constructing his gigantic water-ways. They were all necessary parts of one great scheme of social alteration, the end of which is not yet. These men were the immediate sources of the present boasted manufacturing power and wealth of Lancashire. Up rose Arkwright's model mill at Cromford; and the comfortable, industrious, and independent people of South Lancashire, who were spinning and weaving in the old way, in their scattered cottages and folds, began to find themselves drawn by irresistible spells into new combinations, and new modes of living and working. Their remote haunts began to resound with the busy tones of clustering labour; their quiet rivers, late murmuring clear through silent glens and cloughs,

began to be dotted and dirtied with new mills; and their little villages speedily shot up into large and active manufacturing towns. "From 1770 to 1788, the use of wool and linen in the spinning of yarns had almost disappeared, and cotton had become the almost universal material for employment; the hand wheels were superseded by common jennies, hand carding by carding engines, and hand picking* by the fly shuttle. From 1788 to 1803 was the golden age of this great trade; the introduction of mule yarns, assimilated with other yarns producing every description of goods, gave a preponderating wealth through the loom. The mule twist being rapidly produced, and the demand for goods very large, put all hands in request; and weavers' shops became yearly more numerous,—the remuneration for labour was high, and the population was in a most comfortable condition. The dissolution of Arkwright's patent in 1785, and the general adoption of mule spinning in 1790, concurred to give the most extraordinary impetus to the cotton manufacture. Numerous mills were erected, and filled with water frames; and jennies and mules were made and set to work with almost incredible rapidity."†

Heywood had already risen up, by the previous methods of manufacture, to a place of about two thousand inhabitants, in the year 1780—that changeful crisis of its history when the manufacture of cotton by steam power first began in the township of Heap with the erection of Makin Mill, hard by the north side of Heywood. This mill was built by the firm of Peel, Yates, and Co., of Bury—the principal of which firm was Robert Peel, Esq., (afterwards Sir Robert), and father of the memorable Sir Robert Peel, late prime minister of England, whose name is honourably connected with the abolition of the Corn Laws; a man who won the gratitude of a

* The "picking rod" is a straight wooden handle, by which the hand-loom weaver used to impel his shuttle. "As straight as a pickin' rod," is a common phrase among country people in South Lancashire.

† "Radcliffe's Origin of Power-loom Weaving" pp. 59—66.

nation by bravely daring to turn "traitor" to a wrong in order that he might embrace a right. This mill is now the property of Edmund Peel, Esq., brother of the late Sir Robert. It stands about half a mile from Heywood, in a shady clough, and upon the banks of the river Roch, which rises in the hills on the north-east extremity of the county, and flows down through the town of Rochdale, passing through the green glen called "Tyrone's Bed;" and through "Hooley Clough," which is a very prosperous and comfortable manufacturing village, picturesquely situated about three quarters of a mile north of Heywood. The river then winds on westward, by the town of Bury, three miles off. The course of this water is now well lined with manufacturing power, nearly from its rise to its embouchere. A stranger may always find the mills of Lancashire by following the courses of its waters.

Before the factory system arose, when the people of this quarter did their manufacturing work at their homes,—when they were not yet brought completely to depend upon manufacture for livelihood, and when their manner of life was, at least, more natural and hardy than it became afterwards,—their condition was, morally and physically, very good compared with the condition which the unrestricted factory system led to in the first impetuous and triumphant rush after wealth which it suddenly aroused, especially in the employment of young children in mills. The amount of demoralisation and physical deterioration then induced and entailed upon the after population, particularly in isolated nooks of the country where public opinion had little or no controlling influence upon such millowners as happened to possess more of capital and reckless avarice than of humane care for their operative dependents, must have been great. It was a wild manufacturing steeple chase for wealthy stakes, in which whip and spur were used with little mercy, and few were willing to peril their chances of the plate by any lingering considerations for the sufferings of the animal that carried them. But

the condition of the factory operatives, since the introduction of the Ten Hours' Bill,—and, perhaps, partly through the long-continued and earnest public discussions which led to that enactment,—has very considerably and visibly begun to improve. Benevolent and just men, who own mills, have, of their own accord, in many honourable instances, paid a much more liberal attention to the general welfare of their workpeople even than the provisions of the law demanded; and those millowners whose only care for their operatives was bounded by a vigorous desire to wring as much work as possible out of them for as little pay as possible, were compelled to fulfil certain humane regulations, which their own sympathies would have been slow to concede. The hours of factory labour are now considerably and systematically shortened; and the operatives are not even so drunken, riotous, and ignorant, as when they were wrought, monotonously as their machinery, from bed-time to bed-time. Books and schools, and salutary recreation, and social comfort, are more fashionable among them than they used to be—partly because they are more practicable things to them than before. The mills themselves are now necessarily healthier in many respects than formerly; factory labour is restricted to children of a reasonable age; and that elementary education which is essential to every child's welfare, is now, by a wisdom worthy of extension, administered through the necessary impulse of the law to all children of a certain age, in factories. The new system has worked so well hitherto, that all gainsayers,—even the most powerful political-economical opponents of legal interference between the factory operative and his master appear to be silenced by the excellence of the result; and the operatives themselves are now comparatively comfortable and satisfied.

Heywood town is altogether of too modern an origin to contain any buildings very interesting to the antiquarian, or the admirer of those quaint, expressive and instructive relics

of ancient architecture which may generally be found, more or less of them, in unaltered nooks of the older towns of the county; and which, although their condition and character may be unsuited to the fashions and requirements of modern manufacturing life, yet please and instruct the thoughtful mind, as so many suggestive old architectural tales; breathing a kind of relieving historic interest and beauty among the great, sudden overgrowth of dull-looking modern buildings forced up by the hot atmosphere of Lancashire industrialism in the course of the last seventy years. The only places in Heywood around which an antiquarian would be likely to linger and muse a little while with anything like satisfaction, would be the little episcopal chapel in the market-place, founded in the seventeenth century; and Heywood Hall, which stands about half a mile from the town, and of which more anon. With these exceptions, there is probably not one building in the place more than two hundred years old.

The appearance of Heywood, whether seen in detail or as a whole, presents as complete, unrelieved, and condensed an epitome of the still-absorbing spirit of manufacture in the region where it originated, as can be found anywhere in Lancashire. And, in all its irregular, serpentine main street, consisting of more than a mile of most monotonous, brick-built little shops and cottages—together with the dingy, radiating little streets and alleys diverging therefrom—there does not appear even one modern building remarkable for taste, or for any other distinguishing excellence, sufficient to induce an ordinary man to halt and admire it for a minute. There is not even an edifice characterised by any singularity whatever, calculated to awaken wonder or curiosity in an ordinary beholder, except its great square, brick cotton mills, machine shops, and the like; and, when the outside of one of these has been seen, the outside of the remainder is no novelty. The heights and depths principally cultivated in Heywood appear to be those of factory chimnies and coal-

pits. Of course, the interior of the mills teems with mechanical wonders and ingenuities; and the social life and characteristics of the population is full of indigenous interest. But the general exterior of the town exhibits a dull and dusky succession of manufacturing sameness. Its inns, with one or two exceptions, look like jerry-shops, and its places of worship like little warehouses. A living writer has said of the place, that it looks like a great funeral on its way from Bury to Rochdale, between which towns it is situated midway. When seen from any neighbouring elevation, on a dull day, this strong figure hardly exaggerates the truth. The whole life of Heywood seems to be governed by the ring of factory bells—at least, much more than by any other bells. The very dwelling houses look as if they, too, worked in the factories. To persons accustomed to the quaint prettiness of well-regulated English rural villages, and the more natural hue and general appearance of the people in such places, the inhabitants of Heywood would, at first sight, have somewhat of a sallow appearance, and their houses would appear to be slightly smeared with a mixture of soot, sperm oil, and cotton fluz. And, if such observers knew nothing of the real character and habits of the factory population, they would be slow to believe them a people remarkably fond of cleanliness and substantial homely comfort, as far as compatible with the nature of their employment. A close examination of these Heywood cottages would show, however, that their insides are more clean and comfortable than the first glance at their outsides might suggest; and would also reveal many other other things not discreditable to the native disposition of the people who dwell in them. But the architecture and general characteristics of Heywood, as a town, evince no taste, no refinement, nor even public spirit or liberality, commensurate with its wealth and energy. The whole population seems yet too completely wrapt in its laborious manufacturing dream, to care much about the general adornment

or improvement of the place, or even about any very effective diffusion of those influences which tend to the improvement of the health and the culture of the nobler faculties of the people. But Heywood may yet, perhaps, emerge from its dreary apprenticeship to blind toil; and, wiping a little dust from its eyes, look forth towards things quite as essential, and of a nobler kind than this unremitting fight for bread for the day, and for the satisfaction of the lower cravings of nature. The dim dawn of such a time is visible in its book shops and its mechanics' institution; and even its little sickly newspaper may indicate some awakening aspirant vitality, and prove the precursor of better things. Perhaps Heywood may even find some day, that it can afford a "Free Library" for the use of its twenty thousand people, when it has more fully discovered how much they need that kind of thing, and what a wise expenditure its cost would prove. At present, however, the laudable little which Heywood has done for the education of its population is considerably less than the necessity. There is yet an enormous preponderance of jerry-shops over any book-shops, libraries, and schools which it contains.

Wherever one wanders among the streets of Heywood on week-days, the same manufacturing indications present themselves It is plain that its people are nearly all employed in one way, directly or indirectly. This is suggested, not only by the number and magnitude of the mills, and the general aspect of the habitations of the people, but by every living movement on the streets. Every vehicle that passes; every woman and child about the cottages; every lounger in the market-place tells the same story. One striking feature of week-day life in Heywood, more completely even than in many other kindred towns, is the clock-work punctuality with which the operative crowds rush from the mills, and hurry along the streets, at noon, to their dinners; sauntering back again in twos and threes, or speeding along in solitary haste

to get within the mill-doors in time for that re-awakening boom of the machinery which is seldom on the laggard side of its appointment. And, it is not only in the dress and manners of this numerous body of factory operatives—in their language and deportment, and the prevailing hue of their countenances, that the character and influence of their employment is indicated; but also in a modified variety of the same features in the remainder of the population, who are either immediately connected with these operatives, or indirectly affected by the same general manufacturing influences. I have noticed, however, that factory operatives in country manufacturing towns like Heywood, have a more wholesome appearance, both in dress and person, than the same class in Manchester. Whether this arises from any difference in the atmosphere, or from more healthy habits of factory operatives in the country, than those induced among the same class by the temptations of a great town like Manchester, I cannot say.

In the course of the year, there are two very ancient festivals which are kept up, each with its own quaint peculiarities, by the Heywood people; and commemorated by them with general rejoicing and cessation from labour. One of these is the "Rushbearing," held in the month of August; an old feast which seems to have died out almost everywhere else in England, except in Lancashire, Here, in Heywood, however, as in many other towns of the county, this ancient ceremony of "Rushbearing" is still observed, with two or three days' holiday hilarity and feasting, in the hay season. The original signification of this annual "Rushbearing," and some of the old features connected with the ceremony, such as the bearing of the rushes, with great rejoicing, to the church, and the strewing of them upon the earthen floor of the sacred fane, have long since died out. The following racy passage, is taken from a poem called "The Village Festival," written by Elijah Ridings, a living author, of local celebrity, and is descriptive of the present characteristics of a

Lancashire "Rushbearing," as he had seen it celebrated in his native village of Newton, which stands upon Newton Heath, between Manchester and Oldham:—

"When wood and barn-owls loudly shout,
As if were near some rabble rout;
When beech trees drop the yellow leaf,
A type of human hope and grief;
When little wild flowers leave the sun,
Their pretty love-tasks being done;
And nature, with exhaustless charms,
Let's summer die in autumn's arms:
There is a merry, happy time,
With which I'll grace my simple rhyme;—
The wakes—the wakes—the jocund wakes!
My wand'ring memory forsakes
The present busy scene of things,
And soars away on fancy's wings,
For olden times, with garlands crown'd,
And rush-carts green on many a mound,
In hamlets bearing a great name,*
The first in astronomic fame;
With buoyant youth, and modest maid,
Skipping along the greensward glade,
With laughing eyes and ravished sight,
To share once more the old delight!
Oh! now there comes—and let's partake—
Brown nuts, spice bread, and Eccles cake;†
There's flying-boxes, whirligigs,
And sundry rustic pranks and rigs;
With old "Chum"‡ cracking nuts and jokes,
To entertain the country folks;
But more, to earn a honest penny,
And get a decent living, any,
Aye, any an humble, striving way,
Than do what shuns the light of day.
Behold the rush-cart, and the throng
Of lads and lasses pass along!
Now watch the nimble morris-dancers,
Those blithe, fantastic antic-prancers,
Bedeck'd with gaudiest profusion
Of ribbons, in a gay confusion
Of brilliant colours, richest dyes,
Like wings of moths and butterflies;

* The village of *Newton*, on Newton Heath, near Manchester.

† A kind of spiced cake, for which the village of Eccles, near Manchester, is famous.

‡ A quaint old vendor of nuts and Eccles cakes, who used to be well known at Lancashire wakes and fairs.

Waving white kerchiefs here and there,
And up and down, and everywhere;
Springing, bounding, gaily skipping,
Deftly, briskly, no one tripping;
All young fellows, blithe and hearty,
Thirty couples in the party;
And on the foot-paths may be seen
Their sweethearts from each lane, and green,
And cottage home; all fain to see
This festival of rural g'ee;
The love-betrothed, the fond heart-plighted,
And with the witching scene delighted;
In modest guise, and simple graces,
With roses blushing on their faces;
Ah! what denotes, or what bespeaks
Love more than such sweet apple-cheeks?
Behold the strong-limbed horses stand;
The pride and boast of English land;
Fitted to move in shafts or chains,
With plaited, glossy tails and manes;
Their proud heads each a garland wears
Of quaint devices,—suns and stars;
And roses, ribbon-wrought abound;
The silver plate,‖ one hundred pound,
With green oak boughs the cart is crowned,
The strong, gaunt horses shake the ground.
Now see the welcome host appears,
And, thirsty mouths, the ale-draught cheers;
Draught after draught is quickly gone—
"Come; here's a health to every one!"
Away with care, and doleful thinking;
The cup goes round; what hearty drinkiug!
While many a youth the lips is smacking,
And the two drivers' whips are cracking:
Now, strike up musie; the old tune;
And louder, quicker, old bassoon;
Come, bustle lads, for one dance more;
And then *cross-morris* three times o'er.
Another jug—see how it foams;
And next the brown October comes—
Full five years old, the host declares,
And if you doubt it, loudly swears
That it's the best in any town—
Ten-penny ale, the real nut-brown.
And, who was he, that jovial fellow,
With his strong ale so old and mellow?
A huge, unweildy man was he,

‖ Much valuable silver plate is sometimes lent by the inhabitants of Lancashire villages, to adorn the front of their native rush-cart, during its annual peregrinations.

Like Falstaff, fat and full of glee;
With belly like a thirty-six,§
(Now, reader, your attention fix,)
In loose habiliments he stands,
Broad-shouldered, and with brawny hands;
Good humour beaming in his eye,
And the old, rude simplicity;
Ever alive for rough and smooth,
That rare old fellow, Bill o' Booth!"¶

There is another old festival famous here, as well as in the neighbouring town of Bury. It is a peculiarly local one, also; for, I believe, it is not celebrated anywhere else in England except in these two towns. It begins on Mid-Lent Sunday, or "Simblin-Sunday," as the people of the district call it, from the name of a spiced cake which is prepared for this old feast in great profusion, and in the making of which there is considerable expence and rivalry shewn. On "Simblin Sunday," the two towns of Bury and Heywood swarm with visitors from the surrounding country, and "Simblins" of extraordinary size and value are exhibited in the shop windows. The festival is kept up during two or three days of the ensuing week. In the Rev. Wm. Gaskell's interesting lectures on the "Lancashire Dialect," the following passage occurs relative to this "Simblin-cake;"—"As you are aware there is a kind of cake for which the town of Bury is famous and which gives its name in these parts to Mid-Lent Sunday —I mean "symnel." Many curious and fanciful derivations have been found for this; but I feel no doubt that we must look for its true origin to the Anglo-Saxon "simble" or "simle," which means a feast, or "symblian," to banquet. "Simnel" was evidently some kind of the finest bread. From the chronicle of Battle Abbey, we learn that, in proof of his regard for the monks, the Conqueror granted for their daily uses thirty-six ounces of "bread fit for the table of a

§ A thirty-six gallon barrel.

¶ He was the landlord of an old road-side inn, on Newton Heath, with a pleasant bowling-green behind it. The house is still known as "Bill o' Booth's."

king, which is called *simenel;*" and Roger de Hoveden mentions, among the provisions allowed to the Scotch king, at the court of England, "twelve *simenels.*" "Banquet bread," therefore, would seem to come very near the meaning of this word. I may just observe in passing, that the baker's boy, who, in the reign of Henry VII., personated the Earl of Warwick, was most likely called "Lambert Simnel," as a sort of nickname derived from his trade."*

The amusements, or what may be called the leisure-habits of the factory population in Lancashire manufacturing towns are much alike throughout. Some are sufficiently jaded when their day's work is done, or are too apathetic by nature to engage heartily in anything requiring further exertion of body or mind. There are many however, who, when they leave the factory in the evening, go, with a kind of renovating glee, to the perusal of such books as opportunity brings within their reach; or to the systematic prosecution of some chosen study, such as music, botany, mechanics, or mathematics, which are favourite sciences among the working people of Lancashire. And, even among the humblest, there are often shrewd and well-read, if not extensively-read politicians; chiefly of the Cobbett school; men who are enthusiastic in the pursuit of that sort of knowledge, and generally very earnest and honest in the enunciation of their convictions. This reading and thinking part of the operatives is increasing with the increase of educational influences. But the greatest number occupy their leisure almost wholly with rude physical sports, or those coarser indulgences which, in a place like Heywood, are more easily attainable than books and schools,

* The following note is attached to this passage, in Mr. Gaskell's lectures:—"That noble master of language, Walter Savage Landor, who has done me the honour to refer to my lecture, in the "Examiner," says of this word "symble," a feast, it is very like "symbslum," which means the same, in form of pic-nic; and adds, "In Tuscany, a fine cake is called *semolino.* When I was a boy at Rugby, I remember a man from Banbury, who sold *simnels,* very eatable. The interior was not unlike *mince-pie* without fat, but flavoured with saffron; the exterior was hard, smooth, and yellow."

especially by that part of the people which has been brought up in a toilful and apathetic ignorance of these latter elements. The tap-room is, unfortunately, the most convenient school, library and soiree for these; and the tap rooms are numerous, and well attended. In many of them, factory lads congregate nightly, clubbing their hard-earned pence for the usual swill of cheap ale; and whiling the night hours away in ignorant ribaldry and dominoes, or in vigorous contention in the art of single-step dancing upon the ale house hearth-stone. This clog-hornpipe, or single-step dancing, is a favourite exercise with them; and their wooden-soled clogs are often very neatly made for the purpose, lacing closely up to above the ankle, and gaudily ornamented with a multitude of bright brass lace holes. The quick, well-timed clatter of these clog-dancers upon the tap-room flags, generally tells the whereabouts of such dancing haunts to a stranger as he goes along the streets; and, if he peeps into one of them, he will sometimes see a knot of factory lads clustered about the tap-room door inside, watching some favourite caperer, and encouraging him with such exclamations as, "Deawn wi' thi fuut, Robin! Crack thi rags, owd dog!" The favourite out-door sports of the working class are foot-racing, and jumping-matches; and sometimes football and cricket. Wrestling, dog-fighting, and cock-fighting are not uncommon; but they are more peculiar to the hardier population outside the towns. Now and then, a rough "up and down" fight takes place, improvised at an ale-house door, or brought off more systematically in a nook of the fields. This rude and ancient manner of personal combat is graphically described by Samuel Bamford, in his well known "Passages in the Life of a Radical." The moors north of Heywood afford good sport in the grouse season. Some of the local gentry keep packs of harriers; and now and then, a "foomart-hunt" takes place down by the water-side, with the long-eared dog, whose mingled cry, when heard from the hill-sides, sounds like a chime of bells in the

distant valley. The entire population, closely as it is engaged in manufacture, evinces a visible love of the fields and field sports, and a strong tincture of the rough simplicity, and idiomatic quaintness of their forefathers, or "fore-elders," as they sometimes call them.

In an old fold near Heywood, there lived a man a few years since, who was well known and feared thereabouts as a fighter. The lads of his hamlet were proud of him, as a local champion. Sometimes, he used to call at a neighbouring ale-house, to get a gill, and have a "bout" with anybody so inclined and worth the trouble, for our hero had a sort of chivalric dislike to spending his time on "wastrils" unworthy of his prowess. When he chanced to be seen advancing from the distance, the folk in the house used to say, "Hellho! so and so's coming; teen th' dur!" whereupon the landlord would reply, "Naw, naw; Ihyev it oppen, or else he'll punce it in! But, yo'n no 'casion to be fyerd; for he's as harmless as a chylt to aught at's wayker nor his sel!" He is said to have been a man of few words, except when roused to anger, when he uttered terrible oaths with great vehemence. The people of his neighbourhood say that he once swore so heavily when in a passion, that a plane-tree growing at the front of his cottage, withered away from that hour. Most Lancashire villages contain men of this stamp—men of rude, strong frame and temper, whose habits, manners, and even language, smack a little of the days of Robin Hood. Yet it is not uncommon to find them students of botany and music, and fond of little children.

Jane Clough, a curious local character, died at a great age, near Heywood, about a year a half ago. Jane was a notable country botanist, and she had many other characteristics about her, which made her remarkable. She was born, and lived till her death upon Bagslate Heath, a moorland tract, up in the hills, to the north-east of Heywood. I well remember that primitive country amazon, who, when I was a lad,

was such an old-world figure upon the streets of Rochdale and Heywood. Everybody there, knew old Jane Clough. She was very tall, and of most masculine face and build of body; very strong-boned and robust; with a clear and healthy complexion. She was mostly drest in a strong, old-fashioned blue woollen bed-gown, and thick petticoats of the same stuff. She wore a plain but very clean linen cap upon her head loosely covered with a silk kerchief; and her foot-gear consisted of heavy clouted shoon, or wooden clogs, suitable to her rough country walks, her great strength, and masculine habits. Botany was always a ruling passion with rough old moorland Jane. She was the queen of all flower growers in humble life upon her native clod; especially in the cultivation of the polyanthus, auricula, tulip, and "ley" or carnation. Jane was well known at all the flower-shows of the neighbourhood, where she was often a successful exhibitor; and, though she was known as a women of somewhat scrupulous moral character—and there are many anecdotes of her illustrative of this—yet, she was almost equally well known at foot-races and dog-battles, or any other kind of battles; for which, she not unfrequently held the stakes.

There used to be many a "hush-shop," or house for the sale of unlicensed drink, about Heywood; and, if the district was thrown into a riddle they would turn up now and then yet; especially in the outskirts of the town, and up towards the hills. These are generally sly spots, where sly fuddlers, who like ale for its own sake, can steal in when things are quiet, and get a belly-full at something less than the licensed price; or carry off a bottle-full into the fields after the gloaming has come on. Of course "hush-shop" tipplers could not often indulge in that noisy freedom of drunken speech, nor in those peculiar ebullitions of bacchanalian activity vulgarly known by the name of "hell's delight," of which licensed ale-houses are often the unavoidable arena; and where the dangerous Lancashire ale-house game, called

"Th' Bull o'th Bauk," has sometimes finished a night of drunken comedy with a touch of real tragedy. The most suitable customers for the "hush-shop," were quiet, silent, steady soakers, who cared for no other company than a full pitcher; and whose psalm of life consisted of scraps of old drinking songs like the following, trolled out in a low chuckling tone:—

"Oh good ale, thou art my darling,
I love thee night, I love thee morning,
I love thee new, I love thee old;
I love thee warm, I love thee cold!
Oh! good ale!"

There is an old English drinking-song just re-published in "The Songs of the Dramatists," and which was printed in 1575, in Bishop Still's comedy of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," though probably known earlier. Fragments of this old song are still known and sung, with local modifications, in some parts of the north of England. The burden runs thus in a Lancashire version:—

"Back and side, go bare, go bare,
Foot and hond, go coud;
But bally, God send thee good ale anuf,
Whether its yung or owd!"

In the regular temples of Bacchus, there is generally some noisy worshipper, blurting out with jovial furor an emphatic announcement, in prose or rhyme, of his belief that

"A quart of ale is a dish for a king;"

but the "hush-shop" favourite must always be able to be beastly without being boisterous. However full, he must never be above nor below that judicious medium of stupidity which would enable him to go when needful, and, when he did go, always to do it without kicking up a row.

Having glanced, in this brief way, at the progress of Heywood, from the time when it first began to give a social human interest to this locality, as a tiny hamlet, about the end of the fifteenth century,—at which time the valley where it now stands was a comparatively unfrequented solitude—up

to its present condition as a busy cotton spinning town of twenty thousand inhabitants, surrounded by a district which is now all alive with manufacturing activities, I will return to the narrative of my visit to the place, as it happened on one fine afternoon about the end of June.

We had come round from the railway station, along the southern edge of the town, and through the fields, by a foot-path, or "fuut-gate," which led us into Heywood about one hundred yards from the old episcopal chapel in the middle of the town. The mills were all stopped. Country people were coming into town to do their errands, and a great part of the working population of Heywood appeared to be sauntering along the main street, stopping at the shops to make their markets as they went along; or casting about for their Saturday night's diversion, and gazing eagerly from side to side, to see what could be seen. Clusters of factory girls were gathered about the drapers' windows. These girls were generally clean and tidy; and, not unfrequently, there were very intelligent and pretty countenances amongst them; though many of them were evidently a little inclined to tawdry ornament. The older part of the factory operatives, both men and women, had often a staid and jaded look. The shops were busy with customers buying clothing, or food, or cheap publications; and the ale-houses were getting lively. A little company of young "factory-chaps" were collected about the bookseller's shop opposite the old Queen Anne, looking out for news, or pictures, or reading the periodicals exposed in the windows. Now and then, a select straggler wended his way across the road to change his "library-book" at the Mechanics' Institution. There was considerable stir lower down the street, where a noisy band of music was marching along, followed by an admiring multitude. And, amongst the whole, a number of those little, active, mischief-loving lads, which are so well known in every manufacturing town by the name of "Doffers," were clattering about, and darting after one

another among the crowd as blithe as if they had never known what work was. We crossed through the middle of the town, passed by the "Queen Anne," and went down the north road into an open tract of meadow land, towards the residence of mine host.

The house was pleasantly situated in a garden, about two stones' throw from the edge of Heywood, in a wide level of rich grass land, called "Yewood Ho' Ghreyt Meadow." The road from the town towards the moorlands on the north, goes close by the end of the garden. We entered the garden by a little iron side-gate, which opens upon the road; and on we went, under some richly-blossomed apple trees, and across the grass-plat, into the house. The old housekeeper began to prepare tea for us; and, in the meantime, we made ourselves at home in the parlour, which looked out upon the garden and meadows at the front of the house. Mine host sat down to the piano, and played over some of that fine old psalmody which the country people of Lancashire take such delight in. His family consisted of himself, a staid-looking old housekeeper, and his two motherless children. One of these was a timid, bright-eyed little girl, with long flaxen hair, who, as we came through the garden, was playing briskly, alone, with her hoop upon the shady grass-plat, under the blossomy apple trees; but who, on seeing a stranger, immediately sank into a shy and thoughtful stillness. The other was a contemplative and taciturn lad, about thirteen, with a Melancthon style of countenance. I found him sitting alone in the parlour, deeply absorbed in "Roderick Random." It has generally been thoughtful lads who have turned the world upside down in the old time; and there is no knowing what rich and strange things may be quietly engendering, even in Heywood, to surprise the coming generation, when there are lads like this going about silently reading and working, watching and dreaming, and thinking. Perhaps this manufacturing Nazareth of Lancashire may

yet turn a great man out of some unexpected corner. As soon as tea was over, we walked forth in the cool of the evening, to see the daylight die upon the meadows around. We could hear the stir of Saturday night life in the town. Through the parlour window, we had caught glimpses of the supernatural evolutions of a large bat; and, as we stood bare-headed in the garden, it still flitted to and fro about the eaves, on noiseless wings, in dusky, vivid motions. As the still, cool night stole on, we went in, and the shutters closed us from the scene. We lingered over supper, talking of what newspaper writers call "the topics of the day," and of books, and local characters and customs; and, about half an hour before midnight, we crept off quietly to our beds.

When I rose from bed, and looked through the window of my chamber, the rich haze of an unclouded midsummer morning suffused the air. The sunshine lay glittering all over the dewy fields; for the fiery steeds of Phœbus had not yet drunk up those limpid springs

"On chaliced flowers that lie."

The birds had been up many an hour, and were carolling and chirping gleefully about the eaves of the house, and in the gardens. The splendour and serenity of the day had touched even the dull manufacturing town on the opposite ridge with its beautifying magic; and Heywood seemed to rest from its labours, and rejoice in the glory and gladness which clothed the heavens and the earth. The long factory chimnies, which had been bathing their smokeless tops all night in the cool air, now looked up serenely through the sunshine at the blue sky, as if they, too, were glad to get rid of the week-day fume, and gaze quietly again upon the loveliness of nature; and all the whirling spinning machinery of the town was lying still and silent as the overarching heavens. Another Sabbath had dawned upon the world; and that day of God, and god of days, was breathing its fine balm among the

toilers again. It is a poor heart that never rejoices in the freedom and joy of nature, nor is touched by her gentle hints;—it is a dull soul which never felt the serene and sacred suggestiveness of an English Sunday morning:—

> "Man has another day to swell the past,
> And lead him near to little, but his last;
> But mighty nature bounds as from her birth;
> The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth:
> Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
> Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.
> Immortal man! behold her glories shine,
> And cry, exulting inly, "They are mine!"
> Gaze on, while yet thy gladden'd eye may see;
> A morrow comes when they are not for thee;
> And, grieve what may above thy senseless bier,
> Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear;
> Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,
> Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all;
> But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,
> And fit thy clay to fertilise the soil."

It was a feast to the senses and to the soul to look round under the sun upon such a scene at such an hour, with the faculties fresh from repose, and instinctively conscious of reprieve from that relentless round of busy necessities that follow them, hot-foot, through the rest of the week. As I dressed myself, I heard mine host's little daughter, "Mary Ann," begin to play "Rosseau's Dream" on the piano, in the parlour below, and I went down stairs humming a sort of bass accompaniment to the tune; for it is a sweet and simple melody, which chimed in well with the tone of the hour; and then, almost any sort of music has power to move me, in some degree, to its mood. The little shy, flaxen-haired musician stayed her fingers, and rose timidly from her seat, as I entered the room; but a little judicious coaxing soon induced her to return to it, and she played the tune over and over again for us, whilst the morning meal was preparing.

Breakfast was soon over, and the youngsters dressed themselves for chapel, and left us to ourselves; for the one small

bell of "Heywood Cathedral" was going "Toll—toll—toll;" and straggling companies of clean, healthy children, were wending up the slope from the fields towards their Sunday schools. Through the parlour window, I watched these little companies of country children—so fresh, so glad, and sweet-looking—and as they went their way, I thought of the time when I, too, used to start from home on a Sunday morning, dressed in my holiday suit, clean as a new pin from top to toe, and well content with a plentiful breakfast of oatmeal "porritch" and butter-cakes; and accompanied to the door with a world of good and gentle admonitions. I thought of some things I learned "while standing at my mother's knee;" of the little prayer and the blessing at bed-time; of the fine old solemn tunes which she used to sing when all the house was still, whilst I sat and listened, instinctively drinking in those plaintive old strains of devotional melody, never to forget them more. I thought of the simple joys, the painful, lonely struggles, and the well-remembered sorrows of those days; and of the silent churchyard, where both the troublers and the troubled creep at last out of the weary ways of life, to lie down in peace together; and, as these things came over my mind, the feelings of childhood touched me across the changeful gap which lies between.

We were now alone in the silent house, and there was a Sabbatical stillness all around. The sunshine gleamed in at the windows and open doors; and, where we sat, we could smell the odours of the garden, and hear the busy music of birds outside. We walked forth into the garden, among little beds of flowers, and blooming apple trees. The subdued chirrup of children's voices was still going up the road hard by, towards the town. From the thick woods round Heywood Hall, there came floating over the meadows a thrilling flood of mingled bird-music from an innumerable choir of feathered singers, sporting among those leafy shades. All nature

was at morning service, and it was good to listen to this universal canticle of praise to Him "whose service is perfect freedom. A kind of hushed joy seemed to pervade the landscape, which did not belong to any other day, however fine; as if the hills and vales, the woods and waters, also, knew that it was Sunday:—

"Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke;
While, wandering slowly up the river's side,
He meditates on Him, whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its roots; and while he thus surveys,
With elevated joy, each rural charm,
He hopes"—

To the wisest and best men, the whole universe is one magnificent place of worship, and the whole course of human life one ceaseless divine service. The man who has a susceptible heart, and who loves nature with an unclouded sympathy, will find pleasure and renovation in communion with it, no matter what troubles and disasters may disturb him in the world of man's life:—

"For she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life
Shall e'er prevail against us or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty-mountain winds be free
To blow against thee."

The back yard of the house, where we were sauntering about in the sunshine, was divided from the woods and gardens of Heywood Hall by a wide level of rich meadows; and the thick summer foliage which lapped the old mansion

from view, looked, in the distance, a very inviting shelter from the heat of a cloudless midsummer forenoon—a place where we could wander about old swardy plots and lawns, among embowered nooks and mossy paths—bathing, meanwhile, in the pleasant coolness of its thick, green shades; in which a blithe multitude of small birds were waking the echoes of the woods with the sweet tumult of their blending melodies. Being disposed for a walk, we instinctively took the way leading thitherward. The high road from the town of Heywood, northward, goes close by the front gates of Heywood Hall. This road was formerly lined by a thick grove of trees, reaching nearly from the edge of the village to the gates, and called "Th' Lung Nursery." This grove so shut out the view, and overhung each side of the way, that the walk between looked very lonely after dark; and country folk, who had been loitering late over their ale, in Heywood, began, when they reached "Th' Lung Nursery," to toot about from side to side, with timid glances, and stare with fear at every fitful rustle of the trees. Even if two were in company, they hutched closer together as they approached this spot, and began to be troubled with vivid remembrances of manifold past transgressions, and to make internal resolutions thenceforth to "fear God, an' keep th' co'sey," if they could only manage to "hit th' gate" this once, and get safely through t'he nursery, and by the water-stead in Hooley Clough, where "Yewood Ho' Boggart comes a suppin', i'th dhyed time o'th neet." This road was then, also, flanked on each side by a broad, sprawling thorn-edge, overgrown with wild mint, thyme, and nettles; and with thistles, brambles, stunted hazles, and wild rose bushes; with wandering honeysuckles weaving about through the whole. It was full of irregular dinges, and "hare-gates," and holes, from which clods had been riven; and perforated by winding, mysterious tunnels and runs, where the mole, the weazel, the field-mouse, and the hedge-hog wandered at will. Among the thorns at the top there was

many an erratic, scratchy, half-made breach, evidently the result of the frequent incursions of country herbalists, hunters, bird-nesters, and other restless roamers of the woods and fields. It was one of those rich, old-fashioned hedges which country lads delight in; where they could creep to and fro, in a perfect revel of freedom and fun, among the brushwood and prickles, with no other impediment than a wholesome scratching; and where they could fight and tumble about gloriously among nettles, and mint, mugwort, docks, thistles, sorrel, "Robin-run-i'th'-hedge," and a multitude of other wild herbs and flowers, whose names and virtues it would puzzle even a Culpepper entirely to tell; rough and free as so many snod-backed young modiwarps, ripping and tearing, and soiling their "good clooas" as the country mothers used to call them, by tumbling among the dry, fine soil of the hedge-side, and then rolling slap into the wet ditch at the bottom, among "cuckoo-spit," and "frog-rud," and all sorts of green pool-slush; to the inexpressible dismay of sundry communities of limber-tailed "Bull-Jones," and other little necromantic fry that inhabit such like stagnant moistures. Some looked for nests, and some for nuts, while others went rustling up the trees on climbing adventures, trying the strength of many a bough; and all were blithe and free as the birds among the leaves; until the twilight shades began to fall. Whilst the sun was still up in the sky, they thought little about those numerous native boggarts, and "fairees," and "feeorin'," which, according to local traditions, and superstition, roam the woods, and waters, and lonely places; sometimes with the malevolent intent of luring into their toils any careless intruder upon their secluded domain. Some lurking in the streams and pools, like "Green Teeth," and "Jenny Long Arms," waiting, with skinny claws and secret dart, for an opportunity to clutch the unwary wanderer upon the bank into the water. Others, like "Th' White Lady," "Th' Skrikin' Woman," "Baum Rappit," "Grizlehurst Boggart," and "Clegg Ho'

Boggart," haunting lonely nooks of the green country, and old houses, where they have made many a generation of simple folk pay a considerable toll of superstitious fear for some traditional deed of darkness, done in the dim past. Others, like "Nut Nan," prowled about the shady recesses of the woods, "wi' a poke-full o' red-whot yetters, to brun nut-steylers thir e'en cawt." But, when dusky evening began to steal over the fading scene, and the songs of the birds, and all the sounds of day began to die upon the ear—when the droning beetle, and the weird bat began to flit about; and busy clouds of midges danced above the road, in mazy eddies, and spiral columns, between the eye and the sky; then, the superstitious teachings of their infancy began to play about the mind; and, mustering their traps, the lads turned their feet homeward, tired, hungry, scratched, dirty, and pleased; bearing away with them—in addition to sundry griping feeds of unripe dogberry which they had eaten from the hedge-sides—great store of hazle-nuts, and earth-nuts; hips and haws; little whistles, made of the tough bark of the wicken-tree; slips of the wild rose-bush, stuck in their caps and button-holes; yellow "skedlocks," and whip-lashes made of plaited rushes; and, sometimes, also, stung-up eyes and swollen cheeks, the painful trophies of desperate encounters with the warlike inhabitants of "wasp-nests," unexpectedly dropt on, in the course of their rural frolic.

"Oh, sweet youth; how soon it fades;
Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting!"

The road home was beguiled with clod-battles, "Frog-Leap," and "Bob Stone," finishing with "Trinel," and "High Cock-olorum," as they drew near their quarters. The old hedge and the nursery have been cleared away, and now the fertile meadows lie open to the view, upon each side of the road.

On arriving at the entrance which leads up from the high road to Heywood Hall, we turned in between two grey, dila-

pidated gate-pillars, standing in a semicircle, receding a little from the road side. These old, headless, battered gate-pillars, had a lone and disconsolate appearance about them. The crest of the Starkies is gone from the top, and the dismantled shafts look conscious of their shattered fortunes. The wooden gate, now ricketty and rotten, swung to and fro with a grating sound, upon its rusty hinges, as we walked leisurely up the cool, spacious avenue of tall trees, towards the hall. The fine old wood, so thick with its fresh green, was a glorious sight, with the strong flood of summer sunshine pouring down upon it, and stealing through its fretted roof of many-patterned foliage, in freakish threads and bars of sunlight, which played about beautifully among the leaves and upon the fresh verdure underneath the trees, weaving a constant interchange of green and gold within that calm and pleasant shade, as the plumage of the wood moved with the wind. The scene strongly reminded me of a passage in Spenser's "Faery Queene:"—

"And all within were paths and alleies wide
With footing worne and leading inward farre:
Faire harbour that them seems: so in they entred ar."

* * * * * * *

"Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling pine; the cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propp elme: the poplar never dry;
The builder oake, sole king of forests all;
The aspine good for staves; the cypress funerall;

The laurell, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage; the firre that weepeth still;
The willow, worne of forlorne paramours;
The eugh, obedient to the bender's will;
The birch for shafts; the sallow for the mill;
The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;
The fruitful olive: and the plantane round;
The carver holme; the maple seldom inward sound."

We went on under the trees, along the old carriage road, now tinged with a creeping hue of green; and past

the spacious old garden, with its long, low, bemossed brick wall; and, after sauntering to and fro among a labyrinth of neat footpaths, which wind up and down the cloisters of this leafy cathedral, we came to the front of the hall. It stands, now tenantless and silent in the midst of its ancestral woods, upon the brow of a green eminence, overlooking, on the north, a little green, well-wooded valley, watered by the river Roch. The landscape was shut out from us by the surrounding trees, and the place was as still as a lonely hermitage in the heart of an old forest. The tread of our feet upon the flagged terrace in front of the mansion resounded upon the ear. We peeped through the windows, where the rooms were all empty and quiet; but the state of the walls and floors, and the remaining mirrors, showed that some care was still bestowed upon this deserted hall. Ivy hung thickly upon some parts of this large, straggling old building, which has evidently been built at different periods; though, so far as I could judge, the principal part of it appears to be about two hundred years old. When manufacture began greatly to change the appearance of the neighbouring village and its surrounding scenery, the Starkies left the place; and a wooded mound, in front of the hall, was thrown up and planted by order of the lady of the last Starkie who resided here, in order to shut from sight the tall chimneys which were gradually rising up in the distance. We wandered about the grass-covered yards, and among the extensive, straggling outhousing, at the rear of the hall. A very large household must have been kept here in the palmy days of the Starkies. The following passage, relative to the ancient inhabitants of Heywood Hall, is quoted from Edwin Butterworth's "History of the Town of Heywood and its Vicinity":—

"A family bearing this name flourished here for many generations; but they were never of much note in county genealogy, though more than one were active in public affairs. In 1492 occurs Robert de Heywode. In the brilliant reign of Elizabeth,

Edmund Heywood, Esq., was required by an order, dated 1574, to furnish a coate of plate, a long bowe, sheffe of arrowes, steel cap, and bill, for the military musters.* James Henwood, gent. was living before 1604. Peter Heywood, Esq. a zealous magistrate, the representative of this family, in the reigns of James the first, and Charles the first, was a native and resident of Heywood hall, which was erected during the sixteenth century. It is said that he apprehended Guido Faux coming forth from the vault of the house of parliament on the eve of the gunpowder treason, Nov. 5, 1605. He probably accompanied Sir Thomas Knevett, in his search of the cellars under the parliament house. In 1641, "an order was issued that the justices of the peace of Westminster, should carefully examine what strangers were lodged within their jurisdiction; and that they should administer the oaths of allegiance and supremacy to all suspected of recusancy, and proceed according to those statutes. An afternoon being appointed for that service in Westminster hall, and many persons warned to appear there, amongst the rest one ——— James, a papist appeared, and being pressed by Mr. Hayward, (Heywood) a justice of the peace, to take the oaths, suddenly drew out his knife, and stabbed him; with some reproachful words, "for persecuting poor catholics." This strange, unheard of outrage upon the person of a minister of justice, executing his office by an order of parliament, startled all men; the old man sinking with the hurt, though he died not of it. And though, for ought I could ever hear, it proceeded only from the rage of a sullen varlet, (formerly suspected to be crazed in his understanding) without the least confederacy or combination with any other; yet it was a great countenance to those who were before thought over apprehensive and inquisitive into dangers; and made many believe it rather a design of all the papists of England, than a desperate act of one man, who could never have been induced to it, if he had not been promised assistance by the rest."† Such is lord Clarendon's account of an event that has rendered Peter Heywood a person of historical note; how long he survived the attempt to assassinate him is not stated.

"It is highly probable that Mr. Heywood had imbibed an undue portion of that anti-catholic zeal which characterized the times in which he lived, and that he was the victim of those rancorous animosities which persecution never fails to engender.

"Peter Heywood, of Heywood, Esq, was one of the gentlemen of the county who compounded for the recovery of their estates, which had been requestrated 1643-5, for supporting the royal cause,—he seems to have been a son of the Mr. Heywood that was stabbed; he re-obtained his property for the sum of £351.‡

"The next of this family on record, is Peter *Heiwood*, Esq., who was one of the 'counsellors of Jamaica,' during the commonwealth;—one of his sons, Peter *Heiwood*, Esq. was commemorated by an inscription on a flat stone in the chancel of the church of St. Anne's in the Willows, Aldersgate-ward, London, as follows:—

"'Peter Heiwood, that deceased Nov. 2, 1701, younger son of Peter Heiwood, one of the counsellours of Jamaica, by Grace, daughter of Sir John Muddeford, Knight and Baronet, great grandson to Peter Heywood, in the county palatine of

*Harl. MSS. 1926. There is a pedigree of this family in Dodsworth's MSS. Bodleian Lib. vol. lxxix.

† Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, edit. 1714, v. 1, p. 196.

‡ Baines' 4to. Hist. Lancashire, v. 1, p. 586: v. 2, 676. 12mo: v. 1, p. 55. Adams's Cat. of Lords, &c. who compounded for their Estates, p. 54.

Lancaster; who apprehended Guy Faux with his dark lanthorn; and for his zealous prosecution of papists, as justice of peace, was stabbed in Westminster hall, by John James, Dominican friar, anno. domini. 1640.

"'Reader, if not a papist bred,
Upon such ashes gently tread.'"‖

"Robert Heywood, of Heywood, Esq. married Mary Haslam, of Rochdale, Dec. 20, 1660; and was probably elder brother of Peter *Heiwood*, of London.

"In the visitation of 1664, are traced two lines of the Heywoods, those of Heywood and Walton, from the latter was descended Samuel Heywood, Esq., a Welch judge,¶ uncle of Sir Benjamin Heywood, Baronet, of Claremont, near Manchester. The armorial bearing of the Heywoods, of Heywood, was argent, three torteauxes, between two bendlets gules."

"The property of this ancient family, principally consisting of Heywood Hall and adjoining lands, is said to have been purchased by Mr. John Starkey, of the Orchard, in Rochdale, in the latter part of the seventeenth, or the beginning of the eighteenth century.—Mr. Starkey was living in 1719; his descendant John Starkey, Esq. married Mary, daughter of Joseph Gregge, Esq. of Chamber Hall, Oldham.—John Starkey, Esq. who died March 13, 1780, was father of James Starkey, Esq., of Fell Foot, near Cartmel, Lancashire, the present possessor of Heywood Hall, born September 8, 1762, married September 2, 1785, Elizabeth, second daughter of Edward Gregg Hopwood, Esq.—In 1791, Mr. Starkey served the office of high sheriff of the county;—from this family branched the Starkies of Redivals, near Bury."

Heywood town itself looks anything but picturesque, or pretty, at present; but, judging from the features of the country about Heywood Hall, especially the whole of the north side, and what the aspect of that country has been beforetime, this old house must have been a very pleasant and retired country seat about a century and a half ago.

Descending from the pleasant eminence, upon the northern edge of which Heywood Hall is situated, and which was probably the first inhabited settlement hereabouts, at a time when the ground now covered by the manufacturing town hard by, with its twenty thousand inhabitants, was a tract of woods and thickets, wild swards, turf moss, and swamps,—we walked westward, along the edge of the Roch, towards the manufacturing hamlet of Hooley Clough. This beautiful little valley, by the water side, is a very serene spot, and has a

‖ Survey of London, by Stowe, Strype's edition, 1720, vol. 1, fol. 102.

¶ Corry's Lancashire, v. 2, p. 619. In Dodsworth's MSS. Bodleian Lib. v. cxvii. p. 163, is a record of Robert Heywood, Esq.

sylvan and well-cultivated appearance. The quiet river winds round the old pastures of the hall, which slope down to the water from the well-shaded summit upon which it stands. The opposite heights are clad with well-conditioned woods and plantations; and Crimble Hall looks forth prominently from the lawns and gardens upon the summit. About a mile up this valley, towards Rochdale town, in a quiet green glen, lies the spot, pointed out in Roby's "Tradition" of "Tyrone's Bed," as the place where the famous Irish rebel, the Earl of Tyrone, lived in concealment some time during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Even at this day, country folks, who know little or nothing of the tradition, know the place by the name of "Yel's o' Thorone"—an evident corruption of the "Earl of Tyrone." This was the wild Irish chieftian who burnt the poet Spenser out of his residence, Rathcormac Castle. It was dinner time when we reached the stone bridge at Hooley Clough; so we turned up the road towards home, for the walk had sharpened our appetites.

The youngsters and the dinner were both waiting for us when we got back to the house; so we fell to without further delay. The little girl was rather more communicative during dinner; and, after the meal was over, we had more music. But, while this was going on, the silent lad stole away to some nook that he knew of, with a book in his hand. And, soon after, the master of the house and I, found ourselves, once more alone, smoking and talking together.

As one glides out of youth into manhood, and begins to mingle with the dizzy whirl of life's business, the world gradually makes its weight sensible upon the heart,

"Let a man do what he can,"

as the song says; but, in spite of this, I am grateful sometimes when I feel that something of that love of nature still lingers in my mind, which often made me happy when a boy. I had enjoyed this summer day so far, and was inclined

to make the most of it; so, when dinner was over, I went out at the back, and down by a thorn-edge, which divides the meadows. I was soon followed by mine host, and we sauntered on together till we came to a little shelving hollow, in which a still pool lay gleaming like a sun among the meadows. It looked cool, and brought the skies to our feet. Sitting down upon its sloping bank, we watched the reflection of many a straggling cloud of gauzy white sailing over its surface, eastward. Little fishes, leaping up now and then, were the only things which stirred the burnished mirror, for a second or two, into a thousand tiny tremulations of liquid gold; and spiritual water-flies darted to and fro upon the pool, like nimble fancies in a quiet and fertile mind. Little Albert came after us with his book, and sat down near to read. And thus we rested, saying little, but lazily enjoying the glory of a summer day in the fields; while

> "The lark was singing in the blinding sky,
> And hedges were white with may."

But we had a few prime cigars with us, and a great jug of fresh buttermilk, which, at this time of the year, is proverbially worth about "a guinea a quart." And we took long drinks of it. I hardly need say to those who prefer a state of buttermilk to what finikin folk call "a state of beer," that it swelled us more than it elevated us, and we lolled about upon the green grass in a state of dull, full, rotund sobriety. After a while, we drifted dreamily asunder, and I crept under the shade of a fence hard by, to avoid the heat, and there lay on my back, looking towards the sky, through my fingers, to keep sight of a little fluttering spot, from which a skylark poured down its rain of blithe melody upon the fields around us. My face was half buried in tall grass and meadow herbs; and I soon fell asleep with them peeping about my eye-lids. After half-an-hour's dreamy dose, thus in the sun—during which my mind appeared to have acted over a whole

lifetime in masquerade, I woke up, and, after shaking the buzz of field flies out of my ears, we gathered up our pots, and books, and went back into the house.

When it drew towards evening, we left the house again; for it was so fine outside, that it seemed improvident to remain under cover longer than necessary; and we walked through the manufacturing village in Hooley Clough, and on, northward, up hill, and down dell, until we came to a wild and picturesque upland expanse, called Birtle, which stretches away, along the lonely base of Ashworth Moor. The great sun was nearly touching the top of the hills when we reached that elevated tract; and the western heavens were glowing with the grandeur of his decline as we walked slowly over the fields towards the solitary old homestead, called Grislehurst. Here we stayed a while, conversing with an ancient cottager and his dame, about the history of their native corner, its legendary associations, and other matters interesting to them, and to us. We left Grislehurst in the twilight, by a route which led us through the woods and rocky deeps of Simpson Clough; and on, homeward, just as the first lamps in evening's blue vault were lighting up; rejoicing in the beautiful approach of a cloudless summer night, as we had rejoiced in the glorious day which had just gone down into the west.

The next morning, I returned by an early train to Manchester; and, since that time, it has often been a pleasure to me in the crowded city, to recollect that livelong summer day, spent in the picturesque country north of the manufacturing town of Heywood. Its images never return to my memory, but I wish to hold them in my mind a while. And it was not less the exhilerating freedom and delight of roaming over my native hills and cloughs, drest in their summer green, than in the magnificent harmony of changing grandeurs, which heaven and earth made up "from morn to dewy eve" that day; and which stirred me with a scarce and inde-

scribable joy, the very remembrance of which has something of freedom and pure elevation in it; a feeling which interprets to me the significance of what the philosophic Emerson says in the following passage, relative to the influence of nature's beauty:—"I have seen the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as from a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations: the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. How does Nature deify us with a few and cheap elements! Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria; the sunset and moon-rise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of faerie; broad noon shall be my England of the senses and the understanding; the night shall be my Germany of mystic philophy and dreams." If men had their eyes open to the beauties and uses of those elements which are open to all alike, and truly felt the grandeur of this earth, which is the common home of all the living, how much would it reconcile them to their differences of social position, and moderate their ill-conditioned repinings at the superiority of this man's housing, and that man's dress and diet.

Looking back at the present character, and at the previous history of this town of Heywood, there is some suggestive interest in both the one and the other. The period of its existence, from the time when it first arose in an almost uncultivated spot, as an habitation of man, till now, is contained in such a comparatively brief space of time, that to any studious native man who cares to consider the nature of its origin, and the character of the social influences which have combined to make it such as it now is, the materials for guiding him to a comprehension of these things, lie almost as much within his reach as if the place were a plant which

he had put into the soil for himself, and the growth of which he had occasionally watched with interest. In this respect, although Heywood wears much the same general appearance as other cotton-spinning towns, it has something of a character of its own, different from most of the other towns of Lancashire, whose histories go back many centuries, often through eventful changes, till they grow dim among the early records of the kingdom in general. Unlike those in this, however, Heywood is almost entirely the creation of the cotton trade, which itself arose out of the sudden and wonderful combination of a few ingenious thoughts, put into energetic practice by a people who seem to have been eminently fitted by nature to perceive their value, and to act enterprisingly upon what they perceived.

If it had been possible for an intelligent man to have lifted himself into mid-air, above Heywood, about two hundred years ago, when its first cottages began to cluster into a little village, and to settle himself comfortably down upon a cloud there, so as to be able distinctly to watch and quietly to reason upon the gradual growth of the place below, with all the changing phases of its life from then till now, it might present to him a very different aspect, and lead him to very different conclusions to those engendered by people living and moving actively among the busy swarms of human action. In the mind of such a serene overlooker, distinctly observing the detail and the whole of the manner of life beneath him, and fully comprehending the nature of the rise and progress of this Lancashire manufacturing town of twenty thousand people, many valuable thoughts might arise, which would not so easily occur to those who creep about the crowded earth, from day to day, full of little perturbations. But, to almost any thoughtful man, the history of this modern manufacturing town, would illustrate the power which a little practical knowledge gives to a practical people over the physical elements of creation, as well as over that

inert portion of the people who have little or no education, and are, therefore, drifted hither and thither by every wind of circumstance which wafts across the surface of society. It might suggest, too, how much society is indebted for whatever force or excellence there is in it, to the scattered seeds of silent thought which have quietly done their work among the noise of action, for ever pointing it on to still better action; and it might suggest how much the character of the next generation depends upon the education of the present one. Looking at this question of education merely in that point of view in which it affects production, the following passage, by an eminent advocate of education, shall speak for itself:—"Prior to education, the productive power of the six millions of workers in the United Kingdom, would be the physical force which they were capable of exerting. In the present day, the power really exerted is equal to the force of a hundred millions of men at least. But the power of the uneducated unit is still the physical force of one man, the balance being exerted by men who understand the principles of mechanics and of chemistry, and who superintend the machine power evolved thereby. Thus the power originated by the few, and superintended by a fraction of society, is seventeen times greater than the strength of all our workers, and is hourly increasing." If a man was a pair of steam-looms, how carefully would he be oiled, and tended and mended, and made to do all that a pair of looms could do. What a loom full of miraculous faculties is he compared to these—the master-piece of nature for creative power, and for wonderful variety of excellent capabilities; yet, with what a profuse neglect he is cast away, like the cheapest rubbish on the earth.

THE GRAVE OF GRISLEHURST BOGGART.

"Thought-wrapt, he wandered in the breezy woods,
In which the summer, like a hermit, dwelt:
He laid him down by the old haunted springs
Up-bubbling, 'mid a world of greenery,
Shut-eyed, and dreaming of the fairest shapes
That roam the woods."

ALEXANDER SMITH.

"Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares."

BURNS.

WHEN one gets a few miles off any of these populous manufacturing towns in Lancashire, many an old wood, many a retired clough and running stream, many a lonely well and ancient building is still the reputed haunt of some old local sprite, or "boggart;" or is enveloped in an atmosphere of dread by the hereditary superstitions of the folk of the neighbourhood, as being the resort of fairies, or of "feearin."* This is frequently the case in retired vales and nooks of, what may be called, the lowlands of Lancashire, lying between the populous towns. But it is particularly so in the hilly parts of the county, where the old manners of the people are yet but little changed; and where many tiny hamlets, or homelets, of past ages, still stand in their old wild isolations; and like their sparse population, retain many of their ancient characteristics in spite of the sweeping changes of this manufacturing age. In such places, the weird legends and superstitions of the forefathers of Lancashire are cherished by the people with a tenacity which would hardly be credible to the

* *Feearin.*—Fearful things.

inhabitants of English cities in these days. They have still a lingering belief in witchcraft, and in the power of certain persons to do ill through peculiar connection with the evil one. They believe, also, that others—known to them as "witch-doctors"—are able to "rule the spells," or counteract the malign intents of necromancy, and possess secret charms which afford protection against the foul fiend, and all his dark brood of infernal agencies.

A few years ago, I lived at an old lonesome farm, called "Peanock," up in the hills toward Blackstone Edge. At that time, a strong little fellow about twenty three years of age, called "Robin," was employed as "keaw-lad," or man-servant, at the farm. Robin used to tell me fearful tales of the witches and boggarts of the neighbourhood. The most notable one of them all was "Clegg Ho' Boggart," which is commemorated by the late Mr. John Roby, of Rochdale, in his "Traditions of Lancashire." This local sprite is still the theme of many a superstitious winter's tale, among the primitive people of the hills about Clegg Hall. The proverb "Aw'm here again—like Clegg Ho' Boggart," is common there, and in all the surrounding towns and villages. I remember Robin saying that when he had to go into the "shippon" or cow-house, early on a winter's morning, with a light, after opening the door, he used to advance his lantern and let it shine a minute or two into the "shippon" before he durst enter himself, on account of the number of witches and other "feeorin" which "swarmed up an deawn th' inside i'th neet time." But, he strongly affirmed that "things o' that mak couldn't bide leet," for, as soon as his lantern glinted into the place, he could see "witches begin a scutterin through th' slifters o'th wole by theawsans; like bits o' leet'nin." He used to tell me, too, how that a dairy-lass at a neighbouring farm had to let go her "churn-pow," because "a rook o' little green divuls begun a-swarmin up th' hondle as hoo wur churnin'." And then he would glance, with a

kind of unconscious timidity, towards a certain nook of the yard, in which direction there stood three old cottages connected with the farm; and in one of which there dwelt a very old and deaf man, of singular habits and weird appearance, of whose supposed supernatural powers many of the people of that neighbourhood harboured a considerable degree of superstitious fear; and, as he glanced toward the corner of the building where the old man generally made his appearance, he would tell me in an undertone that the little Irish cow, "Red Jenny," which used to be "as good a keaw as ever whiskt a tail or gav a meal o' milk, had never lookt up sin th' day at 'owd Billy glented at hur through a hole i'th' shippon wole one mornin as Betty wur milkin hur." Prejudices of this kind are still very common in thinly-peopled nooks of the Lancashire hills.

"Boggarts" appear, however, to have been more numerous than they are now upon the country-side when working-people wove what was called "one lamb's wool" in a day; but when it came to pass that they had to weave "three lamb's wools" in a day, and the cotton trade arose, witches, and fairies, and "feeorin" of all kinds began to flee away from the increasing clatter of shuttles in their ancient haunts, and the tired weaver was very fain to creep from his looms to bed, where he could rest his body, while he wove his fearful fancies into the freakish pattern of a dream. And then, railway trains began to snort and rumble hourly through solitudes where the "little grey folk" of past days had held undisturbed sway, laden with multitudes of busy, curious people, who recked little of witchcraft; and perhaps these helped to dispel some of those romantic dreams of old glamour which had been fostered by the ignorance of the past.

Far on in the afternoon of a fine mid-summer day, I sat at tea with an acquaintance who dwells in the fields outside the town of Heywood. We had spent the forenoon in visiting Heywood Hall, and rambling among its surrounding woods,

and through a pleasant green clough, watered by the Roch, which winds along the northern base of the wooded eminence upon whose eastern brow that venerable mansion stands. We lingered over the afternoon meal, talking of themes which involved something of the past and present of the district around us. We speculated upon the ancient aspect of the country, and the condition and characteristics of its early inhabitants; we talked of the old local gentry, their influence, their residences, and their fortunes; of remarkable local scenes and men; and of the present features of social life in these districts. Part of our conversation related to the scenery and legends of that wild tract of green hills and cloughs which comprises the whole country, rising, northward, from Heywood up to the lofty range of moorlands which seperates that part of Lancashire from the romantic district of Rossendale, which latter was formerly a royal chase, and is still generally known by the name of "The Forest of Rossendale," although its picturesque vallies are now fast becoming scenes of manufacturing activity.

Up in this remote tract of hills and cloughs, between Heywood and these wild moors, on the north, which look down into Rossendale, there is a small solitary hamlet, called Grislehurst. To a stranger's eye, the two quaint farm-steads, which are now the sole relics of the hamlet, would be interesting to see, if only on account of the retired beauty of their situation, and the romantic character of the scenery around them. Grislehurst stands on a lone elevated platform of land, called Birtle, or Birkle, the place of birches. It is bounded on the north by the dark range of Ashworth moor, and the round lofty mass of Knowl hill; and on the east by Simpson Clough, a deep ravine, about two miles long, running up into the northern moors. This shady glen of rugged, precipitous crags, and wood-shrouded waters, is chiefly known to those people in the vicinity who like rough and lonesome country walks; and to anybody who loves to ramble among

such wild, green, legend-haunted solitudes, a moonlight walk through Simpson Clough would be a pleasure not easily forgotten. Grislehurst stands about a stone's throw from the western brink of this clough, and its situation is so lifted out of the route of ordinary observation, that few, except the people of the immediate locality, know its whereabouts. But it is not only the lone charm of its situation, and the character of the neighbouring scenery, which makes this now insignificant looking hamlet interesting, Grislehurst is an old settlement of the early inhabitants of the district; and it was for some centuries one of the seats of the Holt family, of Grislehurst, Stubley, and Castleton, in this parish; a branch of the Holts of Sale, Ashton, Cheshire. Some of this family fought in the Scottish wars, and also in favour of the royal cause, at Edgehill, Newberry, Marston Moor, &c., and were named in King Charles's projected order of the Royal Oak.* There was a Judge Holt, of the Holts of Sale; and a James Holt, whose mother was co-heiress to Sir James de Sutton; he was killed at Flodden Field. Mary, the daughter of James Holt, the last of the family who resided at Castleton Hall, in this parish married Samuel, brother of the famous Sir Humphrey Cheetham. The manor of Spotland was granted by Henry VIII,, to Thomas Holt of Grislehurst, who was knighted in Scotland, by Edward, Earl of Hertford, in the thirty-sixth year of the reign of that monarch. The Holts were the principal landowners in the parish of Rochdale, at the close of the sixteenth century. What remains of Grislehurst, is still associated in the mind with the historic interest which attaches to this once-powerful local family. The place is also closely interwoven with some interesting ancient traditions of the locality, oral and written.†

* Thomas Posthumus Holt, Esq., was one of the intended Knights of the Order of the Royal Oak. According to a M.S. memorandum, he died 26th March, 1669, "after sown-sett a hower, as they report it."—*Burke's Commoners.*

† See "Tyrone's Bed," in Roby's "Traditions of Lancashire."

In earlier years, I had sometimes wandered hours together about the wild woods and waters, and rocky recesses of this lonely, storied glen, thinking of the tale of the rebel Earl* who is said to have concealed himself, two centuries ago, in the neighbouring clough, which bears his name; and of the chronicles of the old inhabitants; and, wrapt in a dreamland of my own, sometimes a little tinctured with the wizard-lore which lingers among the primitive people dwelling in that quarter. But in all my walks thereabouts, I had never seen nor sought for Grislehurst, till this summer afternoon, when, as we sat talking of the place, my curiosity impelled me to propose an evening ramble to the spot, from which we could return, by another route, through Simpson Clough.

We were not quite half-an-hour's walk from Grislehurst when we started on the north road from Heywood; and the sun was still up in the heavens. Half a mile brought us down into Hooley Clough, where the road leads through the village of Hooley Bridge. This village lines the opposite banks of the Roch at that place. Its situation is retired, sheltered, and picturesque. The quiet vale in which it lies is agreeably adorned with modern plantations, and the scattered remains of old woods; and the whole scenery is green, diversified and pleasant. The village itself, as a whole, had a more orderly and wholesome appearance than any other manufacturing hamlet which I remember. The houses were clean, and comfortable-looking, and the roads in fair condition. I noticed that nearly every cottage had its stock of coals piled up under the front window, and quite open to the street, the "cobs" neatly built up into a square wall, the centre of which was filled up with the "sleck an' naplins." It struck me that if the people of Manchester were to leave their coals thus open and unprotected to the world, the course of a single night would, generally, "leave not a wreck behind." The

* The turbulent Earl of Tyrone, who headed the Irish rebellion in the reign of Elizabeth

whole population of the place is employed by the Fenton family, whose extensive mills stand close to the margin of the river, in the hollow of the clough.

We went up the steep cart-road which leads out of Hooley Clough towards the north, emerging into the highway from Bury to Rochdale, about a quarter of a mile above the hollow where it crosses the lower end of Simpson Clough, and nearly opposite the front lodge of Bamford Hall, now the seat of one branch of the Fenton family. The country thereabouts is broken into green hills and glens, with scattered patches of old woods, chiefly shading the sides of the cloughs. It is bleak and sterile in some parts, in others wildly-picturesque, and altogether thinly populated over the whole tract, reaching up to the long range of mountainous northern moors. As we descended the highway into Simpson Clough, a wood clothed the southern side of the road. But, through an opening in the trees, we caught a glimpse of Makin mill, low down in a green valley to the west. This little old mill was the first cotton factory erected in the township of Heap. It was built about 1780, by the firm of Peel, Yates, and Co., and now belongs to Edmund Peel, Esq., brother to the late prime minister. Looking over the northern parapet of the bridge, in the hollow of the road, the deep gully of Simpson Clough, below, is filled with a cluster of mills and the cottages attached to them. Woody heights rise abruptly around, and the rocky sides of the clough overfrown this little nest of manufacture lying far below in the bottom of the sombre ravine. We climbed up the steep, shady road, in the direction of Bury, and on reaching the summit, at a place called "Th' Top o'th Wood," we turned off at the end of a little row of stone cottages, and went to the right on a field-path which leads across the green table land, to Grizlehurst. Half a mile's walk along the field-path brought us up to two large old farm-houses, standing a little apart. We were at a loss to know which of the two, or whether either of them belonged to

Grislehurst Hall, or its outhousing. The largest took our attention most, on account of some pieces of quaint, ornamental masonry built up in its walls, though evidently not originally belonging to the building. We went round to look at the other side, in which similar pieces of ancient masonry were incorporated. The building, though seemingly more than a century old, was too modern, and had too much of a utilitarian, barn-like plainness about it to be the hall of the Holts. And then, the country around was all green meadow and pasture; and if this building was not Grislehurst Hall, there was none. I began to think that the land, as usual, was the most remarkable relic of antiquity about the place. But one part of the west side of this building formed a comfortable cottage residence, the window of which was full of fresh plants and flowers, in pots. An hale old man, bareheaded and in his shirt-sleeves, leaned against the door-cheek with his arms folded. He was a short and very broad-set man, with fresh complexion and bright eyes; and his firm, full features and solid figure, spoke a life of healthy habits. He wore new fustian breeches, tied with black silk ribbon at the knees. Leaning there, and, looking calmly over the fields in the twilight, he caught sight of us, and eyed us earnestly, as country folk do when strangers wander into their unfrequented corners. The daylight was just beginning to glide away and the soft summer evening was coming beautifully down on that remote, green tract, stretching away along the base of Ashworth moor. The old man's countenance had more country simplicity than patriarchal force of character in it; yet he was very comely to look upon, and seemed a natural part of the landscape around him; and the hour and the man together, somehow, brought to my mind a graphic line in the book of Genesis about the patriarch Isaac going out "to meditate in the field at eventide." After we had sauntered about the place a few minutes, during which the quiet old cottager watched us with a calm but curious eye, we

went toward him with the usual salutation about it being a "very fine neet," and such like. He melted at once from his statuesque and silent curiosity, and, stepping slowly from the threshold, with his arms still folded, he replied, "Ay, it is, for sure. * * Wi'n had grand groo-weather* as week or two. But a sawp o' deawnfo' ud do a seet o' good just neaw; an' we'st ha' some afore lung, or aw'm chetted. Owd Know† has bin awsin to put hur durty cap on a time or two to day; an' as soon as hoo can shap to tee it, there'll be wayter amoon us yo'n see."

His dame, having heard the conversation as she sat in the cottage, now came forth to see what was going on, and she wandered slowly after us as we sauntered down the lane. She was a strong-built and portly old country woman, rather taller than her husband; and her light-complexioned face beamed with rustic health and simplicity. The evening was very mild and still, and the old woman wore no bonnet, nor even the usual kerchief on her head as she walked out. Her cap and apron were white as new snow, and all her attire looked sound and sweet, though of homely cut and quality. I knew, somehow, that the clothes she had on were scented with "neps" or lavender, or such like odourous herbs, which country folk lay at the bottom of the "kist," for the sake of the goodly smell which they impart to their clothing. And no king's linen could be more wholesomely perfumed. Give me a well-washed shirt, bleached on a country hedge, and scented with country herbs!

The hues of sunset glowed grandly above the lofty moors in front of us, and the stir of day was declining into the low, rich hum of a summer evening. The atmosphere immediately around seemed clearer than when the sun was up, but a slight shade of hazy gray was creeping over the far east. We

* *Groo-weather.*—Growing weather.

† Knowl-hill, between Rochdale and Rossendale.

lounged slowly along the lane, with the comely dame still following us silently, at a distance of three or four yards, wondering who or what we could be; and why we had wandered up into that mountain nook at such a time.

After a little quiet, discursive talk with the old man, about the prospects of the hay crop, the news of the town, and such like, we asked him whether the spot we were upon was not Grislehurst; and he replied, "Yigh, this is Gerzlehus' for sure. Yor oppo the very clod."

We then inquired where Grislehurst Old Hall stood, and whether the large stone building of which his own cottage was a part, had been any way connected with it.

He brightened up at the mention of Grislehurst Hall; and turning sharply round, he said, with an air of surprise—"Gerzlehus' Ho'! What! dun yo pretend to know aught abeawt Gerzlehus' Ho'? * * Nut so mich, aw think, bi'th look on yo."

I told him that all we knew of it was from reading, and from what we had heard people say about it; and that, happening to be in the neighbourhood, we had wandered up there this fine evening, to see if there were any remains of that ancient hall in existence.

"Ay, well," said he—and as he said it, his tone and manner assumed a touch of greater importance than before—Iv that's o' th' arran yo han', aw deawt yo'n made a lost gate. Aw can tell yo to begin wi', at nother yo nor nobory elze needs to look for Gerzlehus' Ho' no moor, for yo'n never see't. It's gwon, lung sin! * * But, yo'n let reet for yerrin a bit o' summat abeawt it, iv that'll do." He then turned slowly round, and, pointing over the low stone wall in front of his cottage, to a plot of meadow land which abutted upon an oblong green dingle, to the south, he said, "Yo see'n that piece o' meadow lond at th' edge o'th green hollow theer?" "Yes." "Well; that's the spot wheer Gerzlehus' Ho' stoode when aw're a lad. To look at't neaw,

yo wouldn't think at othur heawse or hut had studd'n oppo that green clod; for it's as good a bit o' meadow lond as ever rain weet or scythe went o'er. * * But that's the very spot wheer Gerzlehus' Ho' stoode. An' it're a very ghreyt plaze too, mind yo, once't on a day. There's naut like it oppo this country side neaw, as heaw 'tis; nother Baemforth new ho', nor noan on um. But what, things are very mich awturt sin then. * * New-fangle't folk, new-fangle't ways—new-fangle't everything. Th' owd ho's gwon neaw, yo see'n; an' th' treece are gwon at stoode abeawt it—the dule steawnd theem at cut um deawn, say aw!* An' then th' orchart's gwon; an' th' gardens an' o' are gwon; nobbut a twothore treece ov a very scarce mak, at's laft o'er anent this biggin—aw dar say yo see'd um as yo coom up—they're moréls. * * An' then, they'n bigged you new barn oppo th' know; an' they'n cut, an' they'n carve't, an' they'n potter't abeawt th' owd plaze so, whol it doesn't look like th' same at it did once't ov a day; it doesn't for sure—nut like th' same."

We now asked him again whether the large stone building, in part of which he lived, had belonged to the old hall. "Ay, well," said he, looking towards it, "that's noan sich a feaw buildin', that isn't. That're part o'th eawt-heawsin' to Gerzlehus' Ho'. Yo may see. There's a window theer, an' a dur-hole, an' some moor odd bits abeawt it, of an owdish mak. Yo con happen tay summat fro thoose. But it's divided into different livin's neaw, yo seen. There's a new farmer lives i'th top end theer. He's made ghreyt awterations. It's a greadley good heawse i'th inside, iv yo see'd through."

"Well," said I, "and what sort of a place was Grislehurst Old Hall itself?" "What, Gerslehus' Ho'?" replied he.

"Well, aw should know, as hea 'tis, iv onybody does. Aw've bin a good while oppo th' clod for naut iv aw dunnut.

* "*The dule steawnd theem at cut um deawn.*"—The devil astonish those who cut them down.

* * Ay, yo may laugh; but aw're weel acquainted wi' this greawnd afore thir born, my lad,—yers to mo neaw?"*

I made some sort of an excuse for having smiled, and he went on.

"Gerzlehus' Ho' wur a very ghreyt plaze, yo may depend. It're mwostly built o' heavy oak bauks. * * There wur ir Jammy lad,† an' me, an' some moor on us,—eh, we han carted some ov a lot o' lwods o' rare fine timber an' stuff off that spot, at time an' time! An' there's bin a dhyel o' greadley good flags, an' sich like, ta'en eawt o'th lond wheer th' owd heawse stoode, an' eawt o'th green hollow below theer—there has so."

"How long is that since?" said I.

The old woman, who had been listening attentively as she stood behind us, with her hands clasped under her white apron, now stepped slowly up, and said, "Heaw lung sin? Whau, its aboon fifty year sin. He should know moor nor yo abeawt it, aw guess." "Ay," said the old man, "aw've known this clod aboon fifty year, for sure. An' see yo," continued he, pointing into the little vale below the eminence on which the hall had been, "there wur a shootin'-butts i' that hollow, sin aw can tell on. And oppo yon green," said he, turning round towards the north, and pointing off at the end of the building, "oppo yon green there stoode a fine owd sun-dial i'th middle ov a piece o' lond at's bin a chapel-yort aforetime. They say'n that there's graves theer yet. An' oppo that know theer, wheer th' new barn stons, there wur an' owd plaze o' worship—so th' tale gwos.

It began to be very evident that we had set him fairly going on a favourite theme, and we must, therefore, bide the issue.

Turning his face to the west, he pointed towards a green eminence which stood at a short distance, and said, "To this day they co'n yon green hillock 'Th' Castle,' oppo keawnt

* "*Yers to mo, neaw?*"—Hearest thou me, now?

† "*Ir Jammy lad.*"—Our James's son.

on there once being a place theer where prisoners were confine't. An' that hee greawnd's known to everybody hereabeawts by th' name o'th 'Gallows Hill'— what for, aw know nut." He then paused an instant and, pointing to a little hollow about two hundred yards from the place where we stood, he slightly lowered his voice as he continued—"An' then, aw' reckon yo seen yon bend i'th lone, wheer th' ash tree stons?"

"Yes."

"Well," said he, "that's the very spot wheer Gerzlehus Boggart's buried."

My thoughts had so completely drifted away in another direction during the fore-part of the conversation, that I was not at all prepared for such an announcement as this. I was well enough aware that the simple-hearted inhabitants of that wild moorland district, clung tenaciously to many of the strong superstitions of their forefathers; but the thing came upon me so unexpectedly, and when my mind was so quietly absorbed in dreams of another kind, that, if the old man had fired off a pistol close to my ear, I should not have been so much astonished, though I might, possibly, have been more startled. The recal, however, was complete, as it was sudden. All that I had been thinking of, vanished, at once, into the shady region from whence it came; and, my curiosity was centered in this new development of the old man's story. I looked into his face, to see whether he really meant what he had said. But, there it was, sure enough. In every outward and visible feature he serenely, but authentically endorsed the sincerity of his inward feeling and imagination. His countenance was as solemn, and mysteriously eloquent as an unlettered grave stone.

"Grislehurst Boggart;" said I, looking towards the place once more.

"Ay;" replied he. "That's wheer it wur laid lhow; an' some ov a job it wur, aw believe. Yo happen never yerd on't afore.

The old woman now took up the story, with more earnestness even than her husband.

"It's a good while sin it wur laid; an' there wur a cock buried wi' it, with a stoop* driven through it, into th' greawnd. It're noan sattle't with a little, aw'll uphowd yo."

"And, do you really think, then," said I, "that this place has been haunted by a boggart?"

"Has bin—be far!" replied she. "It is neaw! Yodd'n soon find it eawt, too, iv yo live't uppo th' spot. It's very mich iv it wouldn't may yor yure fair ston ov an end, some soon; othur wi one marlock or another.† There's noan so mony folk oppo this country-side at likes to go deawn yon lone at after delit,‡ aw con tell yo."

"But, if its laid and buried," replied I, "it surely doesn't trouble you much now."

"Oh, well," said the old woman, "iv it doesn't, it doesn't; so there needs no moor. Aw know some folk winnut believe sich things; there is at'll believe naught at o', iv it is'nt fair druvven into um, wilto, shalto;§ but this is a different case, mind yo. Eh, never name it; thoose at has it to dhyel wi' knows what it is; but thoose at knows naut abeawt sich like, —whau, it's like summat an' naut talkin' to um abeawt it; so we'n e'en lap it up where it is."

"Well, well, but stop," said the old man. "Yo say'n at it doesn't trouble us neaw at its buried. Whau, it isn't aboon a fortnit, see yo, sin th' farmer's wife at th' end theer yerd summat i'th dhyed time o'th neet; an' hoo wur welly thrut eawt o' bed too, beside;—so then."

"Ah," said the old woman, "sich wark as that's very scarrin'‖ i'th neet time. * * An' they never could'n find

* *Stoop.*—A stake; a long piece of pointed wood.

† *Marlock.*—A freak; a prank.

‡ *Delit.*—Daylight.

§ *Wilto, shalto*—By force; against the will.

‖ "*Scarrin.*"—Scaring, terrifying.

it eawt. But aw know'd what it wur in a minute. Th' farmer's wife an' me wur talkin' it o'er again, nobbut yesterday; an' hoo says at ever sin it happen't hoo gets as timmersome as a chylt a twelmonth owd, as soon as it drays toawrd th' edge o' dark, iv there's nobory i'th heawse but hersel'. * * Well, an' one very wyndy neet, as aw're sittin' bi'th fire, aw yerd summat like a—

Here the old man interrupted her.

"It's no use folk tellin' me at they dunnut believe sich like things," said he, seeming not to notice his wife's story; "It's no use tellin' me at they dunnut believe it! Th' pranks at it's played abeawt this plaze, at time an' time, ud flay ony wick soul to yer tell on."

"Never name it!" said she, "aw know whether they would'n or not. * * * One neet, as aw're sittin' by mysel'—

Her husband interposed again.

"Unyaukin' th' bhyes'"—he began, with an abstracted air.

"Well; thee tell it;" said she.

"Unyaukin' th' bhyes', an' turnin' carts an' things o'er ith deep neet time; an' shiftin' stuff up an' deawn th' heawse when folk are i' bed; it's rather flaysome, yo may depend. But then, aw know there isn't a smite o' sense i' flingin' one's wynt away wi' telling o' sich things to some folk. * * It's war nor muckin' wi' sond, an' drainin' wi' cinders."

"And it's buried yonder," said I.

"Ay;" replied he, "just i'th hollow, where th' ash tree is. That used to be th' owd road to Rachda', when aw're a lad."

"Do you never think of delving th' ground up," said I.

"Delve! naw;" answered he, "Aw'st delve noan theer, as hea 'tis."

The old woman broke in again—

"Naw; he'll delve noan theer—nut iv aw know it. * * Nor no mon elze dar lay a finger oppo that greawnd. Joseph

Fenton's* a meeterly bowd chap, an' he's ruvven every thing up abeawt this country side, welly, but he dar nut touch Gerzlehus' Boggart for his skin! An' aw houd his wit good, too, mind yo!"

It was clearly useless attempting to unsettle the superstitions of this primitive pair. They were too far gone. And it was, perhaps, every way best, to let the good old couple glide on through the evening of their life, untroubled by any ill-timed wrangling about matter-of-fact philosophy. But the old dame suspected, by our looks, that we were on easy terms with our opinion upon this supernatural story; and she said to us, "Aw dunnut think yo believ'n a wort abeawt it!" This made us laugh in a way that left little doubt upon the question; and she turned away from us saying, "Well; yo're weel off iv yo'n naut o' that mak o' yor country side."

We had now got into the fields in the direction by which we intended to make our way home; and the old people seemed inclined to return to their cottage. We halted, and looked round a few minutes, before parting.

"You've lived here a good while," said I to the old man, "and are well acquainted with all the country round."

"Aw know every fuut o'th greawnd about this part—hill an' hollow, wood an' wayter-stid."

"You are getting to a good age too," continued I.

"Well," said he, "aw'm gettin' middlin' boudly on into th' fourth score. Ir breed are a lungish-wynded lot, yo seen; tak um one wi' another.

"You appear to have very good health, considering your age," said I.

"Well," replied he, "aw ail mich o' naut yet—whau, aw'm mheyt-whol,† an' sich like; an' aw can do a day-wark wi' some

* One of the Fenton family who own the land there.

† *Mheyt-whol.*—Meat-whole; able to eat his meals.

o'th yung uns yet, thank God for't. * * But then, aw'st come to't in a bit, yo know'n—aw'st come to't in a bit. Aw'm so like.* Folk connut expect to ha' youth at bowth ends o' life, aw guess; an' wi' mun o' on us othur owd be or yung dee, as th' sayin' is."

"It's gettin' time to rest at your age, too."

"Whau; wark's no trouble to me, as lung as aw con do't. Beside, yo see'n, folk at's a dur to keep oppen, connut do't wi'th wynt.†

"Is'nt Grizlehurst very cold and lonely in winter time?"

"Well; it is—raythor," said he. "But, we dunnut think as much at it, as teawn's-folk would do. * * * It'll be a ghreyt dhyel warse at th' top o' Know hill yon, see yo. It's cowd enough theer to starve an otter to dhyeth, i' winter time. But, here, we're rect enough for that matter. An' as for company we gwon o' neighbourin' a bit, neaw an then, yo see'n. Beside, we getten to bed raythor sooner ov a neet nor they dun in a teawn."

"To my thinkin'," said the old woman, "aw would'nt live in a teawn iv eh mut wear red shoon."

"But, you hav'nt many neighbours about you, here."

"Oh, yigh;" said he. "There's th' farmer's theer; and one or two moor. An' then, there's th' 'Top o'th Wood' folk; an' plenty moor, a bit off, o' reawnd. Then there's 'Hooley Clough,' and th' 'War Office,'‡—we can soon get to othur o' thoose when we want'n a bit ov an extra do. * * Oh! ah; we'n plenty o' neighbours! But th' Birtle folk are a dhyel on um sib an' sib, rib an' rib,—o' ov a litter—Fittons an' Diggles, an' Fittons an' Diggles o'er again. * * An' wheer dun yo come fro, sen yo?

We told him.

* "*Aw'm so like.*"—It may naturally be expected that I shall.

† "*Folk at's a dur to keep oppen, connut do't wi'th wynt.*"—Folk that have a house to maintain, cannot do it with the wind.

‡ "*Th' War Office.*"—A name applied to the village of Bamford.

"Well;" said he, "an' are yo it'h buildin' line;—at aw mun be so bowd?"

We again explained the principal motive for our visit.

"Well;" said he, "its naut to me, at aw know on—nobbut aw're thinkin' like. * * * Did'n yo ever see Baemforth owd ho', afore it're poo'd deawn?"

"Never."

"Eh, that're a nice owd buildin'! Th' new un hardly comes up to't i' my e'en—as fine as it is. * * * An' are yo beawn back this road, then?"

"Yes; we want to go through the clough."

"Well; yo mun mind heaw yo gwon deawn th' wood-side; for its a very rough gate. So, good neet to yo!"

We bade them both "Good Night!" and were walking away, when he shouted back—

"Hey! Aw say! Dun yo know Ned o' Andrew's, at Hooley fowd?"

"No."

"He's the very mon for yo! Aw've just unbethought mo! He knows moor cracks nor onybody o' this side—an' he'll sit a fire eawt ony time, tellin' his bits o' country tales. Sper ov anybody at Hooley Bridge, an' they'n tell yo wheer he lives. So, good neet to yo!"

Leaving the two interesting old moorland cottagers, and their boggart-haunted hamlet of Grizlehurst, we went over the fields towards Simpson Clough. The steep sides of this romantic glen are mostly clothed with woods, which consist principally of oak and birch. For nearly a mile's length, the clough is divided into two separate ravines, deep, narrow, and often craggy—and shady with the trees upon the banks. Two streams flow down from the high moors above, each through one of these gloomy defiles, till they unite at a place from whence the clough continues its way southward, in one wider and less shrouded expanse, but still between steep and rocky banks, partly wooded. When the rains are heavy and

long upon Ashworth moors, these two streams rush furiously through their rock-bound courses in the narrow ravines, incapable of mischief there, till they meet at the point where the clough becomes one, when they thence form one powerful and impetuous torrent, which has, at least once, proved destructive to some of the mill property lower down the valley.

Coming to the western brink of this clough, we skirted along, in search of an opening by which we could go down into the hollow with the least difficulty. A little removed from the eastern edge of the clough, and nearly opposite to us, stood Bamford new hall, the residence of James Fenton, Esq., one of the wealthy cotton-spinners, of that name, in this locality. A few yards from that mansion, and nearer to the edge of the clough, stood a few years ago, the venerable hall of the Bamfords, of Bamford, one of the oldest families, belonging to the old local gentry; and, probably, among the first Saxon settlers there. Thomas de Bamford occurs about 1193. Adam de Bamford granted land in villa de Bury, to William de Chadwick, in 1413; and Sir John Bamford was a fellow of the Collegiate Church of Manchester, in 1506.* A William Bamford, Esq., of Bamford, served the office of High Sheriff of the county, in 1787. He married Ann, daughter of Thomas Blackburne, Esq., of Orford and Hale, and was father of Ann, lady of John Ireland Blackburne, Esq., M.P. He was succeeded by Robert Bamford, Esq., who from his connection with the Hesketh's of Cheshire, took the name of Robert Bamford Hesketh, Esq., and married Miss Francis Lloyd, of Gwrych Castle,—Lloyd Hesketh Bamford Hesketh, Esq., of Gwrych Castle, Denbighshire, married Emily Esther Anne, youngest daughter of Earl Beauchamp.† The venerable and substantial old hall of the Bamfords was taken down a few years ago. I do not remember ever seeing it myself, but the following particulars respecting it have been kindly

* *Hollingworth's Mancuniensis.*—Willis's edition, p. 53.

† Court Magazine, vol. 8, No. 45.

furnished to me by a native gentleman who knew it well, and South Lancashire generally:—"It was a fine old building of the Tudor style, with three gables in front, which looked towards the high-road: it was of light coloured ashler stone, such as is found in the neighbourhood, with mullions, and quaint windows and doors to match, and was, I think, dated about 1521. Such another building you will certainly not find on this side of the county. Castleton Hall comes, in my opinion, nearest to it in venerable appearance; but Bamford Hall had a lighter and more cheerful aspect: its situation also, almost on the edge of the rocky chasm of Simpson Clough, or as it is often called Guestless, i. e. Grizlehurst Clough, gave an air of romance to the place, which I do not remember to have noticed about any ancient residence with which I am acquainted."

Stillness was falling upon the scene; but the evening wind still sung its lulling vespers in Grislehurst wood, and now and then, there rose from the gently-rustling green overhead, the silvery solo of some lingering singer in those leafy choirs, as we worked our way among the deepening shade of the wood, down the broken steep, by blind paths, until we came to the rocky bed of "Nadin Water," low in the shrouded hollow of the clough. The season had been dry, and the water lay in quiet pools in the fantastic basins and crevices of the channel, gleaming in the gloom, where the light fell upon them through the trees. We made our way onward, sometimes by leaping from stone to stone in the bed of the stream, sometimes tearing our path over the lower part of the sloping bank, which was mostly broken and irregular, and, in some places, scattered with moss-greened fragments of fallen rock, in others, slippery and swampy with old lodgments of damp, fed by the tiny rindles and driblets of water, running more or less in all seasons from little springs, here and there, in the wood-shaded steep. In some parts, the bank was overgrown with close-woven, scratchy thickets, com-

posed of dog-berry stalks, wild rose-bushes, prickly hollins and thorns, young hazles and ash trees; broad-leaved docks, and tall drooping ferns; and, over all, the thick summer green of the spreading wood. Pushing aside the sweeping branches of the trees, we laboured slowly on, till we came into the pleasant opening where the two streams combine, and the two narrow ravines terminate. A stone bridge crosses the water at this spot, leading up to the high and woody ridge of land which separates the two ravines in the upper or northern part of the clough. Here we climbed up from the stony, irregular bed of the stream, and got upon a cart-road which led us southward, out of the clough, and up to the Rochdale road, which crosses the lower end of it, at a considerable elevation.

The thin, clear crescent of a new moon's rim hung like the blade of a silver sickle in the sky; and the stars which herald the approach of night, were beginning to glow in "Jove's eternal house;" whilst the fading world below seemed hushed with wonder and awe, to see that old, mysterious sprinkling of golden lights coming out in silence once more from the over-spanning blue. We walked up the slope of the road, from the silent hollow, between the woods, and over the knoll, and down into Hooley Clough again, by the way we came at first. Country people were sauntering about, in the balmy twilight, upon the main road, and the green bye-lanes thereabouts, in twos and threes. In the village of Hooley Bridge, the inhabitants were lounging at their cottage doors, in neighbourly talk, enjoying the last beautiful hours of a departing summer day; and, probably, "Ned o' Andrew's" was sitting in some quiet corner of the village, amusing a circle of eager listeners with his quaint country tales.

A short walk brought us to the end of our pleasant and interesting ramble, and we sat down to talk over what we had seen and heard. My visit to Grislehurst had been all the more interesting that I had no thought of meeting with such

a strong living evidence of the lingering superstitions of Lancashire there. I used to like to sit with country folk, hearkening to their old-world tales of local boggarts, and goblins, and faries,

> "That plat the manes of horses in the night,
> And cake the elf-lock in foul sluttish hairs;"

and I had thought myself well aquainted with the boggart lore of my native district; but this goblin of Grislehurst was new to me.

By this time, I knew that in remote country houses, the song of the cricket and the ticking of the clock were beginning to be distinctly heard, and that in many a solitary cottage, these were, now, almost the only sounds astir, except the plaintive cadences of the night-wind sighing around, and turning every crevice into a mysterious voice of supernatural import to many a superstitious listener; while, perhaps, the low rustle of the trees, blended with the dreamy ripple of some neighbouring brooklet. The shades of night would by this time have fallen upon the lonely, haunted homesteads of Grislehurst, and, in the folds of its dusky robe, would have brought to the old moorland cottagers, their usual nightly fears, filled with

> "Shaping fantasies, that apprehend
> More than cool reason ever comprehends;"

and I could imagine the good old simple pair creeping off to repose, at the old time, and covering up their eyes more carefully than usual from the goblin-peopled gloom, after the conversation we had with them about Grislehurst Boggart.

BOGGART HO' CLOUGH.

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here we shall see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather."

SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is a quiet little rural clough about three miles from Manchester, on the north-east side, near to the ancient village of Blackley. The best entrance to it, which I know of, is by a gateway leading down from the southern edge of a shady steep called "Entwisle Broo," in the high road from Manchester to Middleton, which runs close by the northern end of the clough. Approaching the spot, in this direction, a winding road leads down between a low bemossed wall on the right, and a thorn hedge which partly screens the green depth on the left. The trees which line the path, over-lap it loftily with a pleasant shade in summer time, till it reaches the open hollow of the clough, where there stands a comfortable and commodious brick-built farm house—the only habitation in it—with its outbuildings and gardens spreading around; and sheltered in the rear by the green, wooded bank of the clough. Thence, this pretty little Lancashire dell wanders on, southward, for a considerable distance, in pastoral and picturesque quietude. The township of Blackley, in which it is situated, retains many traces of its former rural beauty, and some scattered remnants of the woods which once

covered the district. As a whole, it is, even yet, so pleasantly varied in natural features as fairly to entitle it to rank among the prettiest scenery in the immediate neighbourhood of Manchester; although its green vallies are now, almost all of them, more or less, surrendered to the conquering march of manufacture—all, except this little secluded and shady glen, known by the mysterious name of "Boggart Ho' Clough." Here, still, in this old sylvan "deer-leap" of the Saxon hunter, the dreamy student, the lover of nature, and the jaded townsman, have a green and tranquil sanctuary, where they can quietly wander, and worship if they will, serenely cloistered off from the tumults of man's life; and perhaps, there is many a contemplative rambler unknown to fame, who, when wearied by the tricks and troubles of the crowd, sometimes seeks the serene retirement of this leafy dell, the whole aspect of which seems to invite the mind to hold a "sessions of sweet, silent thought." Here while calmly reviewing the footsteps of his past life, and considering the purposes and tendency of its future, the quiet beauty of the scene may chance to touch the feelings of such a wanderer with some sweet influence of nature, and he may depart from the spot with a clearer head and a better heart to renew his pilgrimage among the world of action.

One can imagine that this is such a place as a man of poetic temperament would delight to linger in occasionly; and the interest which has gathered around it is not lessened by the fact that before Samuel Bamford, the Lancashire poet, left this district, to take up his abode in the metropolis, he dwelt at a pleasant cottage, on the summit of the green upland, a little distance from the eastern edge of the clough. And, here, in his native sequestration, he may have sometimes felt the significance of Burns's words,

> "The muse, nae poet ever fand her,
> Till by himsel' he learn'd to wander,
> Down by some streamlet's sweet meander,
> And no think lang."

The rural charms, and retired peacefulness of "Boggart Ho' Clough"—though these would not be accounted extraordinary, if situated among the Lake Scenery of England—might well in the vicinity of a place like Manchester, account for part of its local celebrity—but not entirely so. The superstitions of the locality, and the shaping power of imagination have endued the place with a name and an interest which does not solely belong to its shady groves and the embowered gloom of its green recesses; nor to its broken, picturesque steeps, overgrown with tall fern and wild spreading tanglements of prickly underwood; nor to the deep, shrouded seclusions of its utmost remoteness; nor to the verdant beauty of its swardy holm, spreading out a pleasant space in the centre of the vale; nor to the wimpling rill which wanders through it from end to end

> "Emongst the puny stones, which seem to plaine,
> With gentle murmure, that his course they do restraine."

Nor does it belong solely, even to that romantic combination of these which nature has here fashioned. Man has clothed the scene with a weird-drapery of wonder and fear, woven in the creative loom of his own heart and imagination. Any superstitious stranger, unprompted by previous knowledge of the legendary reputation of the spot, and wandering there alone, under the witching influence of a midsummer midnight moon, would probably think this just a likely place for the resort of those spiritual beings who "fly by night." He might truly say, at such an hour, that if ever Mab held court on this green earth, "Boggart Ho' Clough" is just such a green nook as one can imagine that her mystic choir would delight to dance in, and sing

> "Come, follow, follow me,
> Ye fairy elves that be,
> Light tripping o'er the green,
> Come follow Mab your queen;
> Hand in hand we'll dance around,
> For this place is fairy ground."

The place is now, in a certain sense, a classic spot, associated with the superstitions of the district; and, on that account, as well as on account of its natural attractions, it has been the theme of more than one notable pen. In Roby's "Traditions of Lancashire," there is a story called "The Bar-Gaist, or Boggart," which is connected with "Boggart Ho' Clough." From this story which was contributed to that work by Mr. Crofton Croker, author of "The Fairy Legends," I quote the following:—

"Not far from the little snug smoky village of Blakeley, or Blackley, there lies one of the most romantic of dells, rejoicing in a state of singular seclusion, and in the oddest of Lancashire names, to wit, the "Boggart-Hole." Rich in every requisite for picturesque beauty and poetical association, it is impossible for me (who am neither a painter nor a poet) to describe this dell as it should be described; and I will, therefore, only beg of thee, gentle reader, who, peradventure, mayst not have lingered in this classical neighbourhood, to fancy a deep, deep dell, its steep sides fringed down with hazel and beech, and fern and thick undergrowth, and clothed at the bottom with the richest and greenest sward in the world. You descend, clinging to the trees, and scrambling as best you may,—and now you stand on haunted ground! Tread softly, for this is the Boggart's clough, and see in yonder dark corner, and beneath the projecting mossy stone, where that dusky sullen cave yawns before us, like a bit of Salvator's best; there lurks that strange elf, the sly and mischievous Boggart. Bounce! I see him coming; oh no, it was only a hare bounding from her form; there it goes—there!"

"I will tell you of some of the pranks of this very Boggart, and how he teased and tormented a good farmer's family in a house hard by, and I assure you it was a very worthy old lady who told me the story. But, first, suppose we leave the Boggart's demesne, and pay a visit to the theatre of his strange doings."

"You see that old farm-house about two fields distant, shaded by the sycamore tree: that was the spot which the Boggart or Bar-gaist selected for his freaks; there he held his revels, perplexing honest George Cheetham, for that was the farmer's name, scaring his maids, worrying his men, and frightening the poor children out of their seven senses, so that, at last, not even a mouse durst show himself indoors at the farm as he valued his whiskers, five minutes after the clock had struck twelve."

The story goes on describing the startling pranks of this invisible torment of honest George Cheetham's old haunted dwelling. It tells how that the Boggart which was a long time a terror to the farmer's family, "scaring the maids, worrying the men, and frightening the poor children," became at last a familiar, mysterious presence—in a certain sense, a recognised member of the household troop—often heard, but never seen; and sometimes a sharer in the household conversation. When merry tales were being told around the fire, on winter nights, the Boggart's "small shrill voice, heard above the rest, like a baby's penny trumpet," joined the general laughter, in a tone of supernatural congeniality, and the hearers learned, at last, to hear without dismay, if not to love the sounds which they had feared before. But, boggarts, like men, are moody creatures; and this unembodied troubler of the farmer's lonely house seems to have been sometimes so forgetful of everything like spiritual dignity, or even of the claims of old acquaintance, as to reply to the familiar banter of his mortal co-tenants, in a tone of petty malignity. He even went so far, at last, as to revenge himself for some fancied insult, by industriously pulling the children up and down by the head and legs in the night time, and by screeching and laughing plaguily in the dark, to the unspeakable annoyance of the inmates. In order to get rid of this nocturnal torment, it appears that the farmer removed his children into other sleeping aparments, leaving the Boggart sole tenant

of their old bedroom, which seems to have been his favourite stage of action. The story concludes as follows :—

"But his Boggartship having now fairly become the possessor of a room at the farm, it would appear, considered himself in the light of a privileged inmate, and not, as hitherto, an occasional visitor, who merely joined in the general expression of merriment. Familiarity, they say, breeds contempt; and now the children's bread and butter would be snatched away, or their porringers of bread and milk would be dashed to the ground by an unseen hand; or, if the younger ones were left alone but for a few minutes, they were sure to be found screaming with terror on the return of their nurse. Sometimes, however, he would behave himself kindly. The cream was then churned, and the pans and kettles scoured without hands. There was one circumstance which was remarkable :—the stairs ascended from the kitchen; a partition of boards covered the ends of the steps, and formed a closet beneath the staircase. From one of the boards of this partition a large round knot was accidentally displaced; and one day the youngest of the children, while playing with the shoe-horn, stuck it into this knot-hole. Whether or not the aperture had been formed by the Boggart as a peep-hole to watch the motions of the family, I cannot pretend to say. Some thought it was, for it was called the Boggart's peep-hole; but others said that they had remembered it long before the shrill laugh of the Boggart was heard in the house. However this may have been, it is certain that the horn was ejected with surprising precision at the head of whoever put it there; and either in mirth or in anger the horn was darted forth with great velocity, and struck the poor child over the ear."

"There are few matters upon which parents feel more acutely than that of the maltreatment of their offspring; but time, that great soother of all things, at length familiarised this dangerous occurrence to every one at the farm, and that which at the first was regarded with the utmost terror, became

a kind of amusement with the more thoughtless and daring of the family. Often was the horn slipped slyly into the hole, and in return it never failed to be flung at the head of some one, but most commonly at the person who placed it there. They were used to call this pastime, in the provincial dialect, "laking wi't' Boggart; that is, playing with the Boggart. An old tailor, whom I but faintly remember, used to say that the horn was often "pitched" at his head, and at the head of his apprentice, whilst seated here on the kitchen-table, when they went their rounds to work, as is customary with country tailors. At length the goblin, not contented with flinging the horn, returned to his night persecutions. Heavy steps, as of a person in wooden clogs, were at first heard clattering down stairs in the dead hour of darkness; then the pewter and earthen dishes appeared to be dashed on the kitchen floor; though in the morning all remained uninjured on their respective shelves. The children generally were marked out as objects of dislike by their unearthly tormentor. The curtains of their beds would be violently pulled to and fro,—then a heavy weight, as of a human being, would press them nigh to suffocation, from which it was impossible to escape. The night, instead of being the time for repose, was disturbed with screams and dreadful noises, and thus was the whole house alarmed night after night. Things could not long continue in this fashion; the farmer and his good dame resolved to leave a place where they could no longer expect rest or comfort; and George Cheetham was actually following with his wife and family the last load of furniture, when they were met by a neighbouring farmer named John Marshall."

"Well, Georgey, and soa you're leaving th' owd house at last?" said Marshall."

"Heigh, Johnny, ma lad, I'm in a manner forced to't, thou sees," replied the other: "for that wearyfu' Boggart torments us soa, we can neither rest neet nor day for't. It seems loike to have a malice again't young ans,—an' it ommost

kills my poor dame here at thoughts on't, and soa thou sees we're forc'd to flitt like."

He had got thus far in his complaint, when, behold, a shrill voice from a deep upright churn, the topmost utensil on the cart, called out—"Ay, ay, neighbour, we're flitting, you see."

"Od rot thee!" exclaimed George: "if I'd known thou'd been flitting too, I wadn't ha stirred a peg. Nay, nay,—its to no use, Mally," he continued, turning to his wife, "we may as weel turn back again to th' owd house, as be tormented in another not so convenient."

Thus endeth Crofton Croker's tradition of the "Boggart," or "Bar-gaist," which according to the story, was long time a well-known supernatural pest of old Cheetham's farm-house, but whose principal lurking-place was supposed to be in a gloomy nook of "Boggart Ho' Clough," or "Boggart Hole Clough," for the name adopted by the writer of the tradition appears to be derived from that superstitious belief. With respect to the exact origin of the name, however, I must entirely defer to those who know more about the matter than myself. The features of the story are, generically, the same as those of a thousand such like superstitious stories still told and believed in all the country parts of England,—though perhaps more in the northern part of it than elsewhere. Almost every lad in Lancashire has, in his childhood, heard either from his "reverend grannie," or from some less kin and less kind director of his young imagination, similar tales connected with old houses, and other haunts, in the neighbourhood of his own birth-place.

Among those who have noticed "Boggart Ho' Clough," is Mr. Samuel Bamford, well known as a poet, and a graphic prose writer upon the stormy political events of his earlier life, and upon whatever relates to the manners and customs of Lancashire. In describing matters of the latter kind, he has the advantage of being "native and to the manner born;" and, still more specially so in everything connected with the

social peculiarities of the immediate locality of his birth. He was born at Middleton, about two miles from "Boggart Ho' Clough," and, as I said before, he resided for some years close to the clough itself. In his "Passages in the Life of a Radical," vol. i. p. 130, there begins one of the raciest descriptions of Lancashire characteristics with which I am acquainted. The first part of this passage contains a descriptive account of "Plant," a country botanist, "Chirrup," a bird-catcher, and "Bangle," a youth "of an ardent temperament, but bashful," who was deeply in love with "a young beauty residing in the house of her father, who held a small milk farm on the hill side, not far from Old Birkle." It describes the meeting of the three, in the lone cottage of Bangle's mother, near Grislehurst wood; the conversation that took place there; and the superstitious adventure they agreed upon, in order to deliver young Bangle from the hopelessness of his irresistible and unrequited love-thrall. "His modest approaches had not been noticed by the adored one; and as she had danced with another youth at Bury fair, he imagined she was irrecoverably lost to him, and the persuasion had almost driven him melancholy. Doctors had been applied to, but he was no better; philters and charms had been tried to bring down the cold-hearted maid, but all in vain:—

"He sought her at the dawn of day;
He sought her at the noonin';
He sought her when the evening gray
Had brought the hollow moon in.

He call'd her on the darkest night,
With wizard spells to bind her:
And when the stars arose in light,
He wandered forth to find her."

"At length sorcerers and fortune-tellers were thought of, and Limping Billy, a noted seer, residing at Radcliffe Bridge, having been consulted, said the lad had no chance of gaining power over the damsel, unless he could take Saint John's

Fearn seed; and if he but secured three grains of that, he might bring to him whatever he wished, that walked, flew, or swam."

Such being the conditions laid down, and believed in by the three, they resolved to venture, together, on the taking of St. John's Fearn seed, with strict observance of the time and the cabalistic ceremonials enjoined by "Limping Billy," the seer, of Radcliffe Bridge. "Plant," the botanist, "knew where the finest clump of fern in the country grew;" and he undertook to accompany "Chirrup" and "Bangle" to the spot, at the time appointed, the eve of St. John the Baptist. The remainder of the passage describes "Boggart Ho' Clough," the spot in which Saint John's Fern then grew in great abundance, and where the botanists of the district still find the plant; it describes also the fearful enterprise of the three at the witching hour of midnight, in search of the enchanted seed:—

"On the left hand, reader, as thou goest towards Manchester, ascending from Blackley, is a rather deep valley, green swarded, and embowered in plantations and older woods. A driving path which thou enterest by a white gate hung on whale-jaw posts,* leads down through a grove of young trees, by a modern and substantial farm house, with green shutters, sashed windows, and flowers peeping from the sills. A mantle of ivy climbs the wall, a garden is in front, and an orchard, redolent of bloom, and fruit in season, nods on the hill-top above. Here, at the time Plant was speaking of, stood a very ancient house, built partly of old fashioned bricks, and partly of a timber frame, filled with raddlings and daub, (wicker work plastered with clay.) It was a lone and desolate-looking house indeed; misty and fearful, even at noon-day. It was known as "Boggart-ho," or "Fyrin-ho;" and the gorge in which it is situated, was, and is still known, as "Boggart," or "Fyrin-

* Those somewhat remarkable posts have been removed of late years, and stout pillars of stone occupy their places.

ho' Kloof," "the glen of the hall of spirits." Such a place might we suppose, had Milton in contemplation when he wrote the passage of his inimitable poem.

> "Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
> To earn his cream-bowl, duly set,
> When, in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
> His shadowy flail had thrash'd the corn
> Which ten day-labourers could not end;
> Then lies him down, the lubber fiend:
> And, stretch'd out, all the chimney's length,
> Basks at the fire, his hairy strength;
> And cropful, out of door he flings,
> Ere the first cock his matin sings."

"By the side of the house, and through the whole length of the valley, wends a sickly, tan-coloured rindle; which, issuing from the great White Moss, comes down, tinged with the colour of its parent swamp. Opposite the modern house, a forbidden road cuts through the plantation on the right, towards Moston-lane. Another path leads behind the house, up precipitous banks, and through close bowers, to Booth Hall; and a third, the main one, proceeds along the kloof, by the side of the stream, and under sun-screening woods, until it forks into two roads: one a cattle track, to "The Bell," in Moston; and the other a winding and precipitous foot-path, to a farm house at "Wood-end;" where it gains the broad upland, and emerges into unshaded day.

"About half way up this kloof is an open cleared space of green and short sward: it is probably two hundred yards in length, by sixty in width; and passing along it from Blackley a group of fine oaks appear on a slight eminence, a little to the left. This part of the grove, was, at the time we are concerned with, much more crowded with underwood than at present.* The bushes were then close and strong; fine sprouts of "yerth groon" hazel and ash, were common as nuts;

* Those oaks have been felled, and the kloof is now comparatively denuded of timber; the underwood on the left side is nearly swept away. Sad inroads on the ominous gloom of the place,

whilst a thick bush of bramble, wild rose, and holly, gave the spot the appearance of a place inclosed and set apart for mysterious concealment. Intermingled with these almost impervious barriers, were tufts of tall green fern, curling and bending gracefully; and a little separate from them, and nearer the old oaks, might be observed a few fern clumps of a singular appearance; of a paler green than the others—with a flatter, and a broader leaf,—sticking up, rigid and expanded, like something stark with mute terror. These were "Saint John's Fearn;" and the finest of them was the one selected by Plant for the experiment now to be described.

* * * * * * * * *

"A little before midnight on the eve of Saint John, Plant, Chirrup, and Bangle, were at the whale-jaw gate, before mentioned; and having slightly scanned each other, they proceeded without speaking, until they had crossed the brook at a stepping-place, opposite the old Fyrin-ho'. The first word spoken was, "What hast thou?"

"Mine is breawn an' roof,"

said Plant, exhibiting a brown earthen dish. "What hast thou?" he then asked.

"Mine is breet enough."

said Chirrup, shewing a pewter platter; and continued, "What hast thou?"

"Teed wi' web an' woof,
Mine is deep enough,"

said Bangle, displaying a musty, dun skull, with the cap sawn off above the eyes, and left flapping like a lid, by a piece of tanned scalp, which still adhered. The interior cavities had also been stuffed with moss and lined with clay, kneaded with blood from human veins; and the youth had secured the skull to his shoulders by a twine of three strands, of unbleached flax,—of undyed wool,—and of woman's hair; from which

also depended a raven black tress, which a wily crone had procured from the maid he sought to obtain.

"That will do,"

said a voice, in a half whisper, from one of the low bushes they were passing. Plant and Chirrup paused; but Bangle who had evidently his heart on the accomplishment of the undertaking, said, "Forward,—if we turn now a spirit has spoken, we are lost—Come on," and they went forward.

"A silence, like that of death, was around them as they entered on the open platting. Nothing moved either in tree or brake. Through a space in the foliage the stars were seen pale in heaven; and a crooked moon hung in a bit of blue, amid motionless clouds. All was still and breathless, as if earth, heaven, and the elements were aghast. Anything would have been preferable to that unnatural stillness and silence—the hoot of the night owl—the larum of the pit sparrow—the moan of the wind—the toll of a death bell—or the howl of a ban-dog—would, inasmuch as they are things of this world, have been welcome sounds amid that horrid pause. But no sound came—no object moved.

"Gasping, and with cold sweat oozing on his brow, Plant recollected that they were to shake the fern with a forked rod of witch hazel, and by no means must touch it with their hands; and he asked in a whisper if the others had brought one? Both said they had forgotten, and Chirrup said they had better never have come; but Plant drew his knife, and stepping into a moonlighted bush, soon returned with what was wanted, and they went forward.

"The green knowe—the old oaks—the encircled space—and the fearn—were now approached: the latter stiff and erect in a gleamy light.

"Is it deep neet?" said Bangle.

"It is," said Plant.

"The star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold."

"And they drew near. All was still and motionless.

"Plant knelt on one knee, and held his dish under the fearn.

"Chirrup held his broad plate next below, and

"Bangle knelt, and rested the skull directly under both, on the green sod; the lid being up.

"Plant said,

"Good Saint John, this seed we crave,
"We have dared; shall we have?"

"A voice responded:

"Now the moon is downward starting
"Moon and stars are all departing;
"Quick, quick; shake, shake;
"He whose heart shall soonest break,
"Let him take."

"They looked, and perceived by a glance, that a venerable form, in a loose robe was near them.

"Darkness came down like a swoop. The fearn was shaken, the upper dish flew into pieces,—the pewter one melted,—the skull emitted a cry, and eyes glared in its sockets; lights broke,—beautiful children were seen walking in their holiday clothes,—and graceful female forms sung mournful and enchanting airs.

"The men stood terrified and fascinated; and Bangle, gazing, bade "God bless 'em." A crash followed, as if the whole of the timber in the kloof was being splintered and torn up,—strange and horrid forms appeared from the thickets,—the men ran as if sped on the wind,—they separated and lost each other. Plant ran towards the old house, and there, leaping the brook, he cast a glance behind him, and saw terrific shapes, some beastly, some part human, and some hellish, gnashing their teeth, and howling and uttering the most fearful and mournful tones, as if wishful to follow him, but unable to do so.

"In an agony of terror he arrived at home, not knowing how he got there. He was, during several days, in a state bor-

dering on unconsciousness; and when he recovered he learned that Chirrup was found on the White Moss, raving mad, and chasing the wild birds. As for poor Bangle, he found his way home over hedge and ditch; running with supernatural and fearful speed,—the skull's eyes glaring at his back, and the nether jaw grinning and jabbering frightful and unintelligible sounds. He had preserved the seed however, and having taken it from the skull, he buried the latter at the cross road from whence he had taken it. He then carried the spell out, and his proud love stood one night by his bed-side in tears. But he had done too much for human nature,—in three months after she followed his corpse, a real mourner, to the grave!

"Such was the description my fellow-prisoner gave of what occurred in the only trial he ever made with Saint John's Fearn seed. He was full of old and quaint narratives, and of superstitious lore, and often would beguile time by recounting them. Poor fellow! a mysterious fate hung over him also."

This description of "Boggart Ho' Clough," with its accompanying vivid dramatic picture of one of our strong local superstitions is all the more interesting from the vigourous and graphic pen of one who knew the place and the people around it so well. I know no other writer who is so able to pourtray the distinctive characteristics of the people of South Lancashire as Samuel Bamford.

It is now some years since I first visited the scene of the foregoing traditions. At that time I was wholly unaquainted with the last of these legends, and I knew little more about "Boggart Ho' Clough," in any way, than its name indicates. I sought the place, then, solely on account of its natural attractions. Feeling a little curious, however, respecting the import of its name,—and dimly remembering Roby's tradition,—I made some enquiry while lingering in the neighbourhood, and found that, although some attributed the name to the superstitious credulity of the native people, there was

one gentleman who nearly destroyed that theory in my mind at the time, by saying that, a short time previous, he had dined with a legal gentleman, who informed him in the course of a conversation upon the same subject, that he had recently been at a loss how to describe the place in question, having to prepare some notices to be served on trespassers; and on referring to the title deeds of the property, he found that a family of the name of "Bowker" had formerly occupied a residence situated in the clough, and that their dwelling was designated "Bowker's Hall." This, he, perhaps rather hastily, adopted as the origin of the name, and described it accordingly. But the testimony of every writer who notices the spot, especially those best acquainted with it, inclines to the other derivation.

But the locality has other points of interest, besides this romantic rural nook and the tales of glamour connected with it. In it there is many a boggart story, brought down from the past, many a spot of fearful repute among native people. Apart from all these things, the chapelry of Blackley is enriched with historic associations well worth remembering, and it contains some very interesting relics of the ancient manner of life there. In former times, the chapelry had in it several fine old quaint Lancashire halls, Booth Hall, Nuthurst Hall, Lightbowne Hall, Hough Hall, Crumpsall Hall, and Blackley Hall. Some of these still remain, and are worth seeing. Some of them have been the homes or the birth-places of men of decided eminence in their day—eminent for worth as well as station—among whom, there is more than one, who has left a long trail of honourable recollections behind him. Such men were Sir Humphrey Chetham, Bishop Oldham, and others. Bradford the martyr, also, is said to have resided in this township. William Chadderton, D.D., Bishop of Chester, and afterwards bishop of Lincoln, was born at Nuthurst Hall, about the year 1540. George Clarke, the founder of the charity which bears his name, and

one of Fuller's worthies, resided in Crumpsall. The following particulars respecting the district and its notabilities, I glean from the recently-published "History of the Ancient Chapel of Blackley," by the Rev. John Booker, B.A., of Magdalene College, Cambridge, curate of Prestwich :—

First with respect to the ancient state of Blackley, in the survey of Manchester, as taken in the 15th Edward II. (1322), and preserved by Kuerden,* the following official notice of the township occurs :—"The park of Blakeley is worth in pannage, aëry of eagles, herons and hawks, honey-bees, mineral earths, ashes, and other issues, fifty-three shillings and four-pence. The vesture of oaks, with the whole coverture, is worth two hundred marks [£133 6s. 8d.] in the gross. It contains seven miles in circumference, together with two deer-leaps, of the king's grant." This short but significant passage is sufficient to give the reader a glimpse of the appearance of Blackley township five hundred years ago. From the same authority, we learn, that Blackley park (seven miles in circumference) was, at that time, surrounded and fenced in by a wooden paling. "The two 'deer-leaps' were probably cloughs or ravines, of which the most remarkable is the 'Boggart Hole Clough', a long cleft or dell between two rocks, the sides of which rise abruptly and leave a narrow pass widening a little here and there, through which flows a small brook. This is the last strong-hold of Blackley's ancient characteristic features where rural tranquility still reigns free from the bustle and turmoil of mercantile industry around it."

The following particulars respecting the etymology of the name "Blackley," will not be unacceptable to students of language :—

"Its etymology is yet a disputed point, "owing to the various significations of the Anglo-Saxon word, *blac*, *blæc*, *bleac*, which means not only *black*, *dark*, *opaque*, and even *gloomy*, but also *pale*, *faded*, *pallid*, from "blæcan," to bleach

* Kuerden's MS. fol. 274, Chetham Library.

or make white. And, as if these opposite meanings were not sufficiently perplexing, two other forms present themselves, one of which means *bleak, cold, bare,* and the other *yellow;* the latter syllable in the name *ley, legh, leag,* or *leah,* signifying a *field* or place of *pasture.*" On this point, Whittaker says, in his History of Manchester, "The Saxon *blac, black,* or *blake,* frequently imports the deep gloom of trees; hence we have so many places distinguished by the epithet in England, where no circumstances of soil and no peculiarities of water gave occasion to it, as the villages of Blackburn and Blackrode in Lancashire, Blakeley-hurst, near Wigan, and our own Blackley, near Manchester; and the woods of the last were even seven miles in circuit as late as the fourteenth century."

"Leland, who wrote about the year 1538, bears testimony to the altered aspect of Blackley, under the influence of cultivation, and to the changes incident to the disafforesting of its ancient wood-lands. He says:—'Wild bores, bulles, and falcons, bredde in times past at Blakele, now for lack of woodde the blow-shoppes decay there.'"*

"Blackley had its resident minister as early as the reign of Edward VI. in the person of Father Travis, a name handed down to us in the pages of Fox and Strype. Travis was the friend and correspondent of Bradford the martyr. In the succeeding reign he suffered banishment for his protestant principles, and his place was probably supplied by a papist."

The site upon which, in 1815, stood the quaint old hall of Blackley, is now occupied by a print-shop. Blackley Hall "was a spacious black-and-white half-timbered mansion in the post and petrel style, and was situated near to the junction of the lane leading to the chapel and the Manchester and Rochdale turnpike road. It was a structure of considerable antiquity, and consisted of a centre and two projecting wings, an

* Leland's Itinerary, (Hearne's edit.) vol. vii, p. 42.

arrangement frequently met with in the more ancient manor-houses of this county, and bore evidence of having been erected at two distinct periods."

"Like most other houses of similar pretentions and antiquity, it was not without its traditionary legends, and the *boggart* of Blackley Hall was as well known as Blackley Hall itself. In the stillness of the night it would steal from room to room, and carry off the bedclothes from the couches of the sleeping, but now thoroughly aroused and discomfited inmates."*

The township of Crumpsall bounds Blackley on the north side, and is divided from it by the lively but now turbid little river Irk, or Iwrke, or Irke, which means "Roebuck." "From time immemorial, for ecclesiastical purposes, Crumpsall has been associated with Blackley." The present Crumpsall Hall stands on the north side of the Irk, about a mile and a half from "Boggart Ho' Clough." The earlier orthography of the name was "Crumeshall, or Curmeshall. For its derivation we are referred to the Anglo-Saxon, the final syllable 'sal' signifying in that language a hall or place of entertainment, of which hospitable abode the Saxon chief, whose name the first syllable indicates, was the early proprieter. Thus too Ordsall in the same parish." Here, in later days, Sir Humphrey Chetham was born, at Crumpsall Old Hall. The author of the "History of the Ancient Chapel of Blackley," from whose book I gather all this information, also describes

* The following note is attached to this passage in Mr. Booker's volume :—"The annals of Blackley bears ample testimony to the superstition of its inhabitants. It has had its nine day's wonder at every period of its history. Hollingworth, writing of that age of portents and prodigies which succeeded the Reformation, says :—'In Blackley, neere Manchester, in one John Pendleton's ground, as one was reaping, the corne being cut seemed to bleede ; drops fell out of it like to bloud ; multitudes of people went to see it : and the straws thereof, though of a kindly colour without, were within reddish, and as it were bloudy !' Boggart-hole Clough, too was another favoured haunt of ghostly visitants, the legend of which has been perpetuated by Mr. Roby in his *Traditions of Lancashire*, vol. ii p. p. 295, 391. Nor has it ceased in our day : in 1852 one of its inhabitants imperilled the safety of his family and neighbours, by underminding the walls of his cottage, in his efforts to discover the hidden cause of some mysterious noise that had disturbed him."

a quaint old farm-house, situated in a picturesque and retired spot in the higher part of Crumpsall, and pointed out as the dwelling in which Hugh Oldham, bishop of Exeter, who founded the Manchester Grammar School, was born. About four years ago, when rambling about the green uplands of Crumpsall, I called at this farm to see a friend of mine who lived in a cottage at the back of the house, in the garden. While there I was shown through this curious old dwelling, by the tenants; and I very well remember that they took especial pains to acquaint me with its local importance, as the place of Bishop Oldham's nativity. It is still known as "Oldham's tenement," and, also as "Th' Bongs (Banks) Farm." The following is a more detailed account of the place and the man:—

"It is celebrated as the reputed birthplace of Hugh Oldham, bishop of Exeter, who, according to tradition current in the neighbourhood was born there about the middle of the fifteenth century, and it is stated to have been the residence of the Oldhams for the last four hundred years. The house itself, a long narrow thatched building, bears evidence of considerable antiquity; the walls appear to have been originally of lath and plaster, which material has gradually in many places given place to brick-work; and the whole exterior is now covered with white-wash. A room on the ground floor is still pointed out as the domestic chapel, but there are no traces of its ever having been devoted to such use."

"Hugh Oldham, L.L.B., bishop of Exeter, was descended from an ancient family of that name. According to Dodsworth (MSS. folio 152), he was born at Oldham in a house in Goulbourne-street, but this assertion is contradicted by the testimony of his other biographers: Wood and Godwin state that he was born in Manchester, by which they mean not so much Manchester town as Manchester parish; and Dugdale in his Lancashire visitation states more definitely in what part of the parish, correcting at the same time the misstate-

ment of the others, "not at Oldham, but at Crumpsall near Manchester." In 1503 he was created Archdeacon of Exeter, and in the following year was raised through the influence of the Countess of Richmond to the see of Exeter. In 1515 having founded the Grammar School of Manchester, he endowed it with the corn-mills situate on the river Irk, which he purchased from Lord de la Warre, as well as with other messuages and lands in Manchester."

In relation to Bishop Oldham, it may be worth while noticing that, in the *Manchester Guardian*, of yesterday, Wednesday, January 10th, 1855, I found the following letter respecting an aged and poor descendant of this native prelate, who founded the Manchester Grammar School, and endowed it with the corn-mills situate on the river Irk, as well as with other messuages and lands in Manchester, above three hundred years ago. In the course of that time, this endowment has very greatly increased in value. This brief notice of the character and condition of an aged and poverty-stricken descendant of the Bishop's,—a soldier's wife, who has followed the fortunes of her husband, as a prisoner of war, and through the disasters of battle, shipwreck, and imprisonment in a foreign land—is not uninteresting :—

"THE FIRST SUNDAY SCHOLAR IN MANCHESTER.

"*To the Editor of the Manchester Guardian.*

"Sir,—There is now living in this city a poor, aged woman, who, it appears, is a descendant of the founder of the Manchester Grammar School, and who was also (in 1783) the first scholar in the first Sunday School opened in Manchester. In subsequent years, as a soldier's wife, she followed the fortunes of her husband in the tented field, as prisoner of war, and also in shipwreck. She is in full possession of her mental powers, and though in a certain sense provided for, I am persuaded that many of those whose *Alma Mater* was the Grammar School, and the Sunday school teachers and scholars would be delighted to honour her.

"I shall be happy to receive any suggestions, or give further information to any gentleman interested in her case—I am, Sir, yours very respectfully,

"THOS. P. HASSALL.

"59, Lord-street, Cheetham, 8th Jan. 1855."

Crumpsall, in the chapelry of Blackley, was also the birthplace of that noble native gentleman, Sir Humphrey Chetham,

one of Fuller's Worthies, and a man whom Manchester has every reason to hold in reverent remembrance. The following matter relative to Sir Humphrey and the place of his birth, is from the same volume:—

"He was born at his father's residence, Crumpsall hall, and was baptised at the Collegiate church, Manchester, July 15th, 1580. He probably received his education at the Grammar School of his native town. Associated with his brothers, George and Ralph, he embarked in trade as a dealer in fustians, and so prospered in his business that in 1620 he purchased Clayton hall, near Manchester, which he made his residence, and subsequently, in 1628, Turton Tower. 'He signally improved himself,' writes Fuller, 'in piety and outward prosperity, and was a diligent reader of the scriptures, and of the works of sound divines, and a respecter of such ministers as he accounted truly godly, upright, sober, discreet, and sincere. He was high-sherriff of the county in 1635, and again in 1648, discharging the place with great honour, insomuch that very good gentlemen of birth and estate did wear his cloth at the assize, to testify their unfeigned affection to him; and two of them (John Hartley and Henry Wrigley, esquires), of the same profession with himself, have since been sheriffs of the county.'"

"By his will, dated December 16th, 1651, he bequeathed £7,000 to buy a fee-simple estate of £420 per annum, wherewith to provide for the maintenance, education, and apprenticing of forty poor boys of Manchester, between the ages of six and fourteen years—children of poor but honest parents—no bastards, nor diseased at the time they are chosen, nor lame, or blind; 'in regard the town of Manchester hath ample means already (if so employed) for the maintenance of such impotents.' The hospital thus founded was incorporated by Charles II. In 1700 the number of boys was increased to sixty, and from 1779 to 1826 eighty boys were annually maintained, clothed, and educated. In the year 1718 the

income of the hospital amounted to £517 8s. 4d. and in 1826 it had reached to £2,608 3s. 11d."

"He bequeathed, moreover, the sum of £1,000 to be expended in books, and £100 towards erecting a building for their safe deposit, intending thus to lay the foundation of a public library; and the residue of his estate (amounting to near £2,000) to be devoted to the increase of the said library and the support of a librarian. In 1826 this fund was returned at £542 per annum. The number of volumes is now about 20,000. Mr. Chetham died unmarried September 20th, 1653, and was buried at the Collegiate Church, where a monument has recently been erected to his memory at the cost of a former participator in his bounty."

The following description of the house, at Crumpsall, in which Humphrey Chetham was born, is also given in Booker's History of Blackley Chapel:—

"Crumpsall Hall, the residence of this branch of the Chetham's was another specimen of the half-timbered mansions already described. In design the same arrangement seems to have been followed that is met with in many of the halls erected during the fourteenth and two succeeding centuries—an oblong pile forming the centre, with cross gables at each end, projecting some distance outwards. The framework consisted of a series of vertical timbers, crossed by others placed tranversely, with the exception of the gables, in the upper part of which the braces sprang diagonally from the centre or king-post. The roofs were of high pitch, and extended considerably beyond the outer surface of the walls, thus not only allowing of a more rapid drain of water, but also affording a greater protection from the weather. The hall was of two stories, and lighted chiefly by bay-windows, an occasional dormer-window in the upper storey rising above the roof and adding to the effect of the building by destroying that lineal appearance which it would otherwise have assumed. This mansion, though never possessing any great pretensions

to architectural excellence, was nevertheless interesting from the picturesque arrangement of its details, and may be considered a very creditable example of the middle-class houses of the period to which it is referred. It occupied a site distant nearly a quarter of a mile from that of the present hall, and was taken down about the year 1825."

Well may Fuller, writing of Humphrey Chetham, say, "God send us more such men!" The "poor boys" of Manchester may well repeat the prayer, and pray also, that heaven may send after them men who will strictly look to the righteous administration of the bequests which such men leave behind them.

It is not yet a week since I went down to the Chetham Library, to copy, from Booker's History of Blackley, the foregoing particulars respecting its founder. The day was dark and damp, and the great quadrangle of the college was as still as a church-yard. Going up the old stair-case, and, treading as lightly as I could with a heavy foot, as I went by the principal librarian's room door, I entered the cloistral gloom of the old library. All was stirless and silent, as I wandered on through the dark array of book-laden and undisturbed shelves. The sub-librarian was writing in some official volume upon the sill of a latticed window, in one of the shelved recesses. Hearing an approaching foot, he came out, and looked the usual quiet enquiry. "Booker's Blackley," said I. He went to one of the recesses, unlocked the door, and brought out the book. "Will you enter it, sir," said he, pointing to the oblong volume kept for that purpose. I did so, and walked on into the "Reading Room" of the library; glancing as I went in, at Oliver Cromwell's sword which hangs above the door-way. There was a good fire, and I had that interesting, antique apartment all to myself. The lofty, arched old room looked very clean and comfortable, and the hard, oaken floor resounded to the footstep. The whole furniture was of the most quaint and substantial character. It

was panelled all round with bright old black oak. The windows were latticed, and the window-sills broad. The heavy tables were of solid oak; and the chairs of the same, with leather-covered, and padded seats and backs, studded with brass nails. A curiously carved black oak book-stand stood near the door; and several antique mirrors, and dusky portraits hung around upon the dark panelling. Among these is the portrait of Bradford, the martyr, a native of Manchester. In the library there is a small black-letter volume, entitled "Letters of Maister John Bradford, a faythfull minister and a syngular pyllar of Christe's Church: by whose great trauiles and diligence in preaching and planting the syncerity of the Gospel, by whose most goodly and innocent lyfe, and by whose long and payneful imprisonments for the maintenance of the truth, the kingdom of God was not a little aduanced: who also at last most valiantly and cheerfully gaue his blood for the same. The 4th day of July. In the year of our Lord 1555." The portrait of Humphrey Chetham, the founder, stands immediately above the old-fashioned fireplace, under the emblazoned arms of his family. Sitting by the fire, at a little oak table covered with green baize, I copied the particulars here given, relative to Chetham's bequest to the people of his native locality. I could not but lift my eyes, now and then, towards that solemn and gentlemanly old face—inwardly moved by a feeling which reverently said "Will it do?" The countenance of the fine old merchant seemed to wear an expression of sorrow, not unmingled with quiet anger, at the spectacle of twenty thousand books—intended as a "Free Library," though now, in comparison with its possibilities, free chiefly in name,—twenty thousand books, packed together in gloomy seclusion, yet surrounded by a weltering crowd of five hundred thousand busy people, a great number of whom really hunger and thirst for the mass of knowledge here, in a great measure—consigned, with most excellent registrative care and general bibliopolic skill—

to dusty oblivion and the worm. It is true that this cunningly-secreted "Free Library" is open six hours out of the twenty-four, but these hours fall precisely within that part of the day in which, people who have to work for their bread, are cooped up at their occupations, At night, however, when the casino, the singing-room, and the ale-house, and all the low temptations of a great city are open, and actively competing for their human prey, the Chetham Library is dark and still, and has been locked up for hours. I am not perfectly sure that the noble-hearted founder would be enthusiastically satisfied with it all, if he saw the relations of these things now. It seems all the more likely that he would not be so, when one observes the significant tone in which, in his will, he alludes to the administration of certain other local charities existing in his own time. After specially naming the class of "poor boys" for whose benefit his Hospital was intended, he specially excludes certain others, "*in regard the town of Manchester hath ample means already (if so employed) for the maintenance of such impotents.*" Judging from the glimpse we have in this passage, of his way of thinking upon matters of this kind, it seems likely that if, by means of spirit-rapping or otherwise, it were possible to consult him upon the subject, he would, at the very least, consider it a pity that the twenty thousand books, in the library, and the five hundred thousand people, outside the walls, are not brought into better acquaintance with each other. So, also, murmurs many a poor and thoughtful man, as he walks by the college gates, in his hours of leisure, when the library is closed.

And now, good Reader, Farewell! Our journey together has not been a long one; may it have seemed to you even shorter than it has been in reality. *Au revoir!*

Galt, Kerruish, and Gent, Printers, 28, New Cannon-street, Manchester.