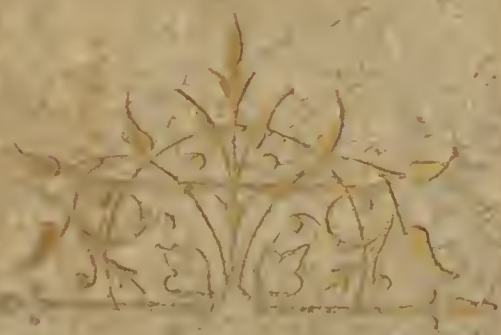


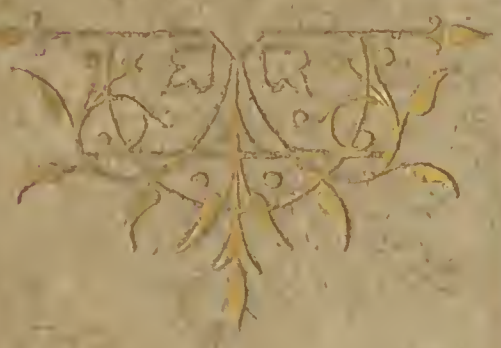
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INDEX TO ADVERTISEMENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
ADAMS, J. H. & Co.	iii.	HIGSON, J.	i.
ADAMS, E.	xxxix.	HILTON, J.	xix.
ALLSOPPS... ..	xix.	HOLDGATE & SMALL... ..	vii.
ASHTON, J.	xiv.	HOLT, R. D.	xxiv.
ASHTONS	xxvi.	HULME, E.	xxviii.
AVERILL, T. F.	v.	HUNTBACH, M. & Co., LTD... ..	xxxiii.
BAMBER, W. H.	iv.	JENKINS, W. & Co.	xi.
BARNFATHER BROS.	ix.	JESSHOPE, W. T. & Co.	xxvii.
BAYLASS	xxxi.	JOHNSON, A.	xxxvii.
BRIGGS, M. & SON	xxv.	JONES, E.	xxxiv., xxxviii.
CHATTERTON, W. H.	xxiii.	KEEN, GEO. & Co.	xx.
COPELAND, W. T. & SONS	xii., xiii.	LAMOND, G. T.	viii.
CROYDON, E. H.	xvi.	MARKS & GREATBATCH	xviii.
DAVIES, S.	x.	PEAKE, S.	xxxii.
DENNITTS, L.	ix.	PIM, GEO. & Co.	xxix.
EXTON, E.	viii.	ROBINSON & LEADBEATER... ..	vi.
FLEET, GEO. & Co.	xxxiv.	ROUND, W. J.	xi.
GILMAN, T. & R.	xxx.	STOKE CHURCH DAY SCHOOLS	xxi.
GOSS, W. H.	xv.	STUBBS & SONS... ..	xxxviii.
GREENHILL	xvii.	VYSE & HILL	ii.
HANCOCK, D.	xxxvi.	WEBSTER, W. N.	xxxv.



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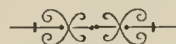
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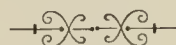
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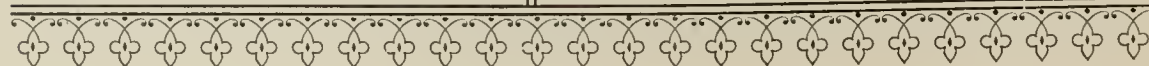
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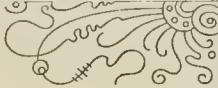

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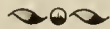
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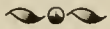




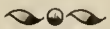
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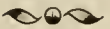
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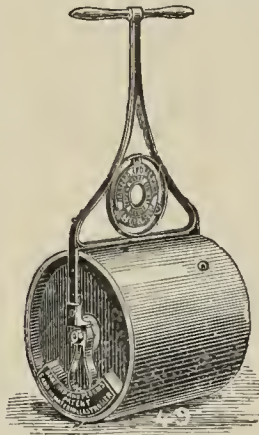
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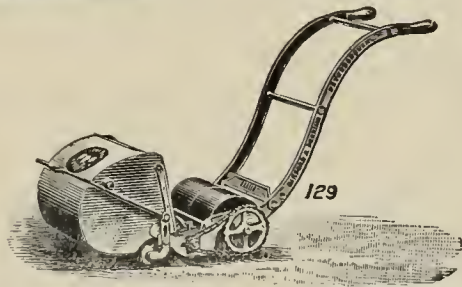
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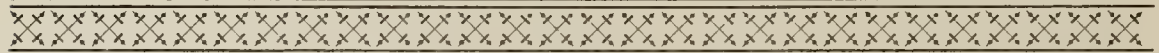
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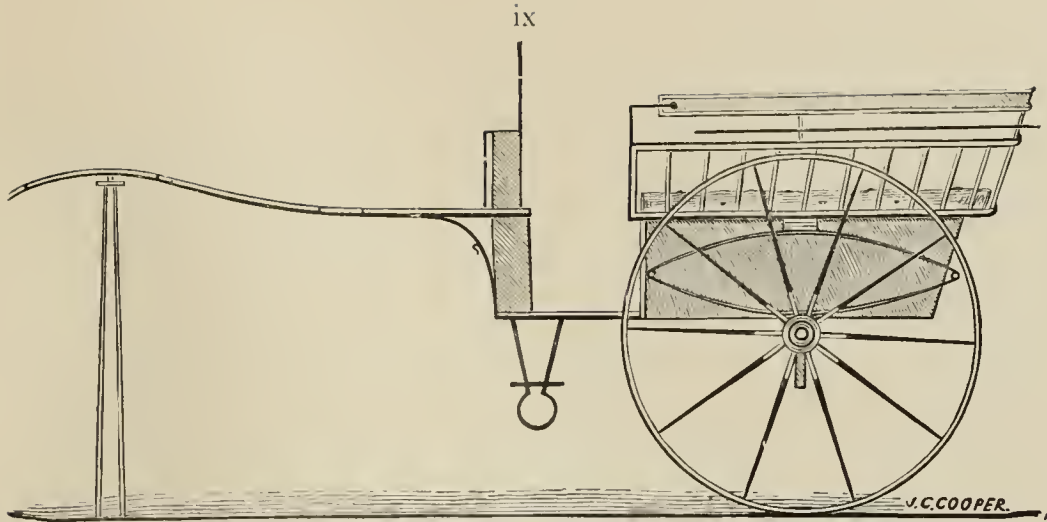
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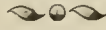
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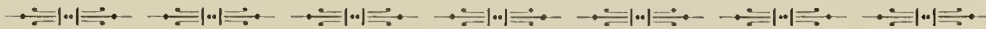
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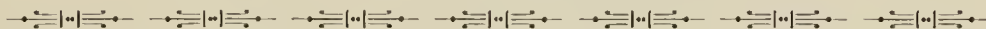
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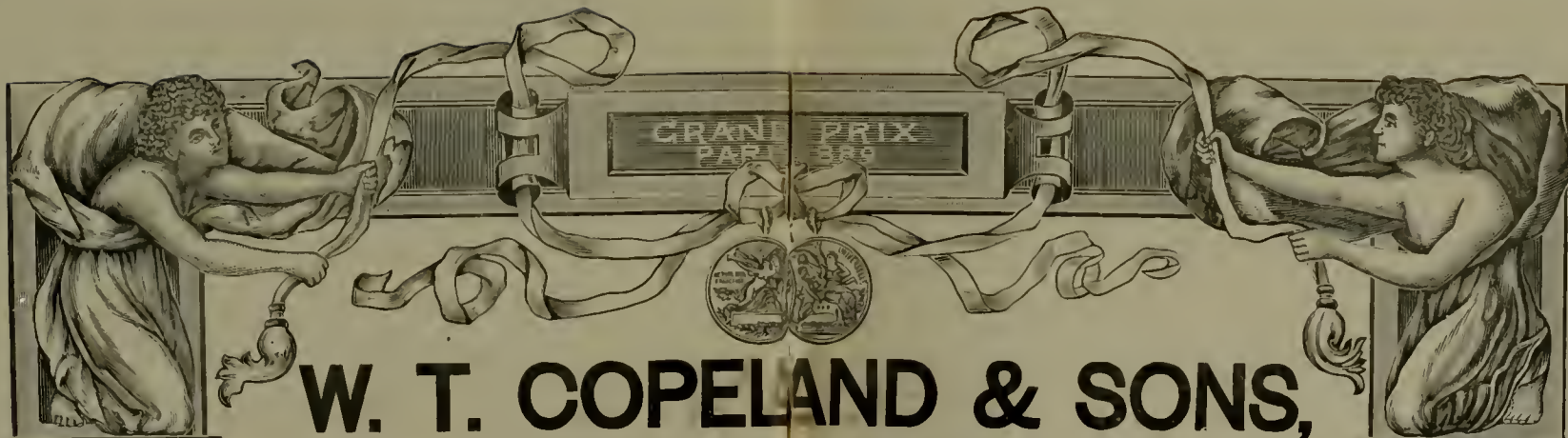
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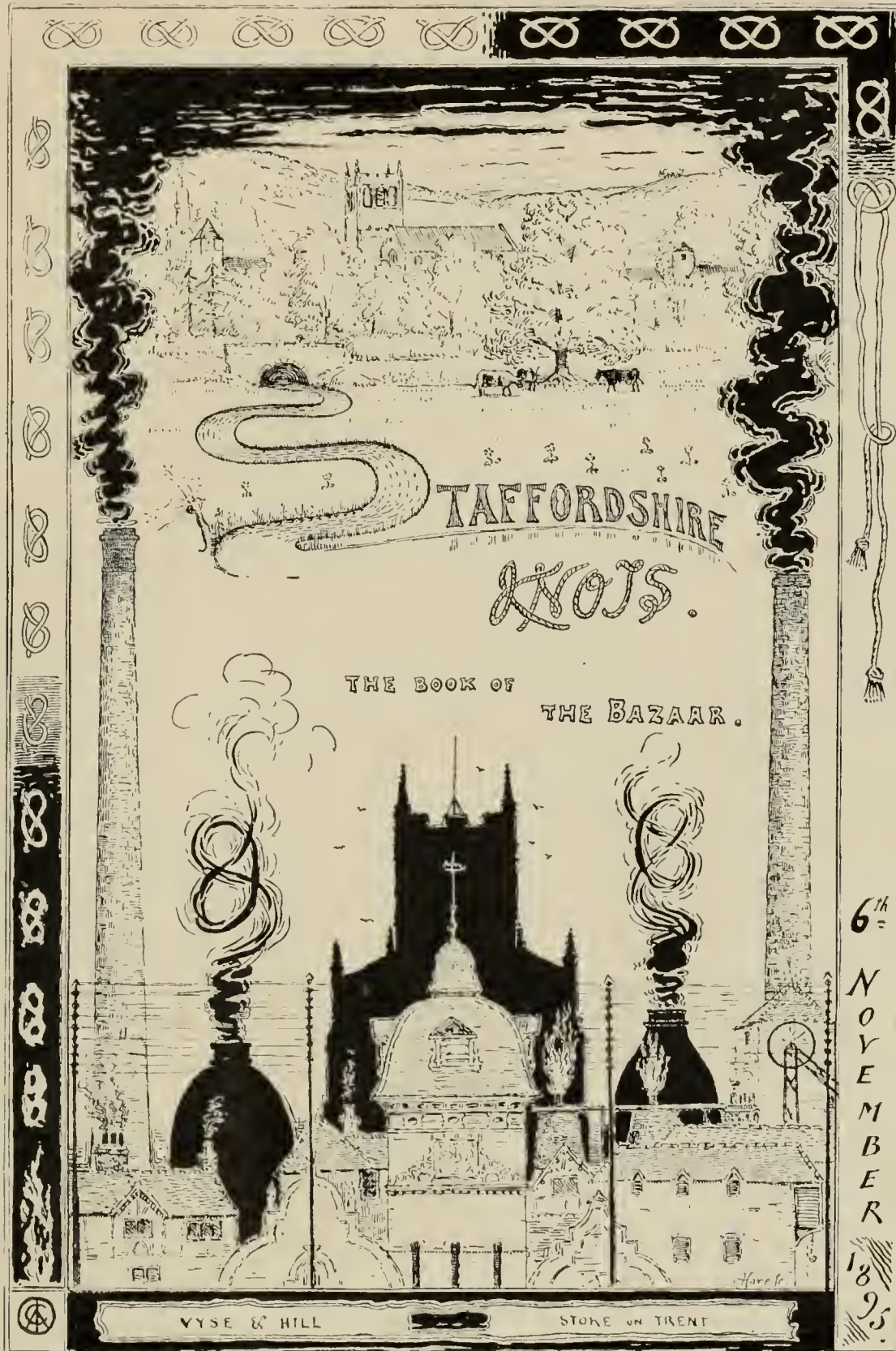
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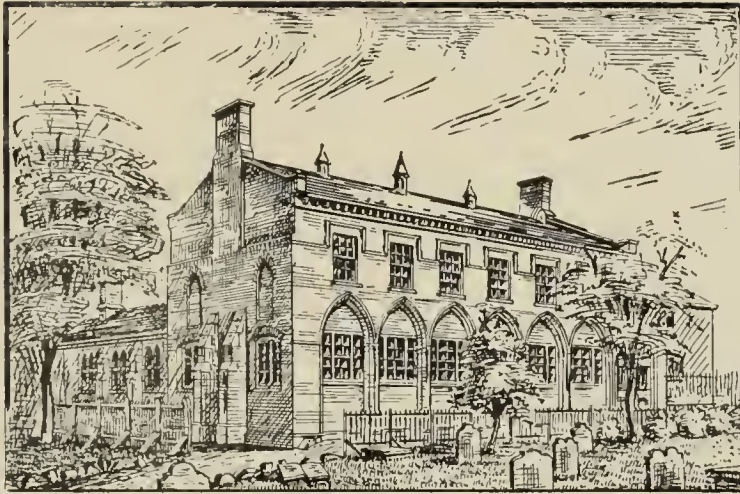
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E

Preface.

IT is proverbial that “time tries all things,” and Voluntary School Managers know, to their anxiety, that school buildings are not exempt from the universal law.

And, naturally, the older school buildings, those which may be said to have “grown grey” in the service of elementary education, have suffered most from the inevitable wear and tear to which all are always subjected, and, as the veterans in educational warfare, may be expected to display the most scars and seams.

And Voluntary School Managers know, too, and no less to their anxiety, that time tries the method of construction of school buildings, and that a marching age requires that the places of assembly of its elementary scholars shall keep step with itself in its forward course. What was sufficient fifty, twenty-five, five, or even two years ago, is not sufficient to-day; and many things which our fathers would have regarded as luxurious extravagancies are now merely the common-places of elementary school appointments.

The alternative to "up to date" buildings and to *fin de siècle* apparatus is a drastic one, namely, extinction. It is one that can only be contemplated by the upholders of the voluntary system of education when they have ceased to regard as of primary importance that definite religious instruction the preservation of which, as an essential constituent of true education, is the *raison-d'être* of Voluntary schools.

The Parishioners of Stoke-upon-Trent, in the possession of Church Schools whose honourable record extends far back into the century, and whose accommodation at the present time affords school places for more than 2,000 scholars, are called upon to meet requirements of the Education Department, which involve an expenditure exceeding £4,000.

Being thus "harnessed," they are resolute in the determination for the sake of the great principle at stake, *not* "to turn themselves back in the day of battle," but to strive to the utmost to discharge the heavy responsibility which has thus fallen upon them.

To augment the funds which must be provided to meet an expenditure from which they cannot escape, if their schools are to maintain the worthy traditions of the past, they have felt themselves compelled to have recourse to that "refuge for the destitute"—a Bazaar.

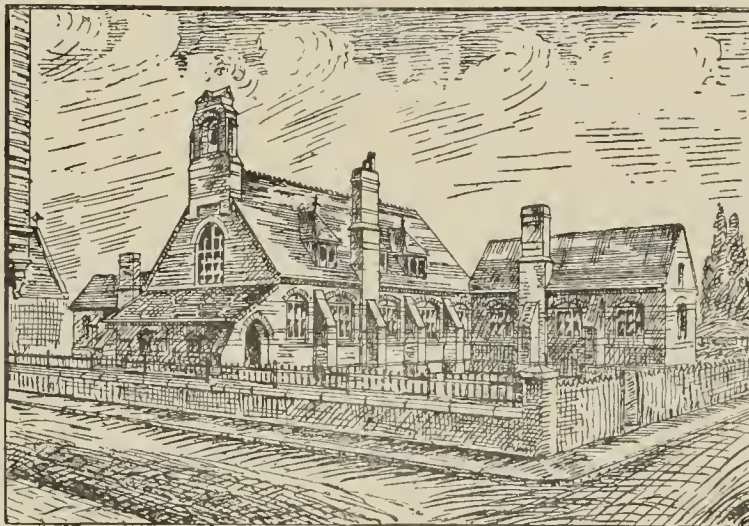
Whilst some £1,400 has been raised through subscriptions, &c., towards the necessary expenditure little, if anything, less than £3,000 still remains to be raised before the total cost has been provided for, and "the sheet anchor" of the Parishioners' hopes is now the Bazaar, to which "Staffordshire Knots" seeks to extend a helping hand. The Book is published in the hope that the profits realised by its sale may, to some extent, supplement the fund arising from the Bazaar proper.

The main feature of the volume is its strictly local character, all the contributors being, in one way or another, connected with the town or neighbourhood of Stoke-upon-Trent. It is believed that this must add to its interest, and that it will be a reflex of the literary life within our own locality in this present year of grace.

The task of editing the work has been rendered a pleasant and easy one by the generous response to our request for contributions. Our warm thanks are therefore due to those whose names appear on the following pages, as well as to others whose essays have had to be omitted through want of space. "The Upper Trent in Olden Time," by the late Robert Garner, and "Until her Death," by the late Mrs. Craik, are reprints. As these contributions were published many years ago, it has been thought that their reproduction would enhance the value of the book, both their distinguished writers having been so intimately connected with Stoke. We beg to thank their representatives for permission to include them in our work.

Our sincere thanks are also due to Messrs. Vyse and Hill, the printers and publishers, for the unstinted care and trouble which they have bestowed upon the production of the volume.

To the Editor, and to the Book Committee, the work which they have discharged has been "a labour of love." They earnestly trust that, in the result, it may prove also to have been a labour productive of pleasure to many supporters, and of profit to the Bazaar, which they have thereby sought to help forward to success.



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12



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CONTENTS.

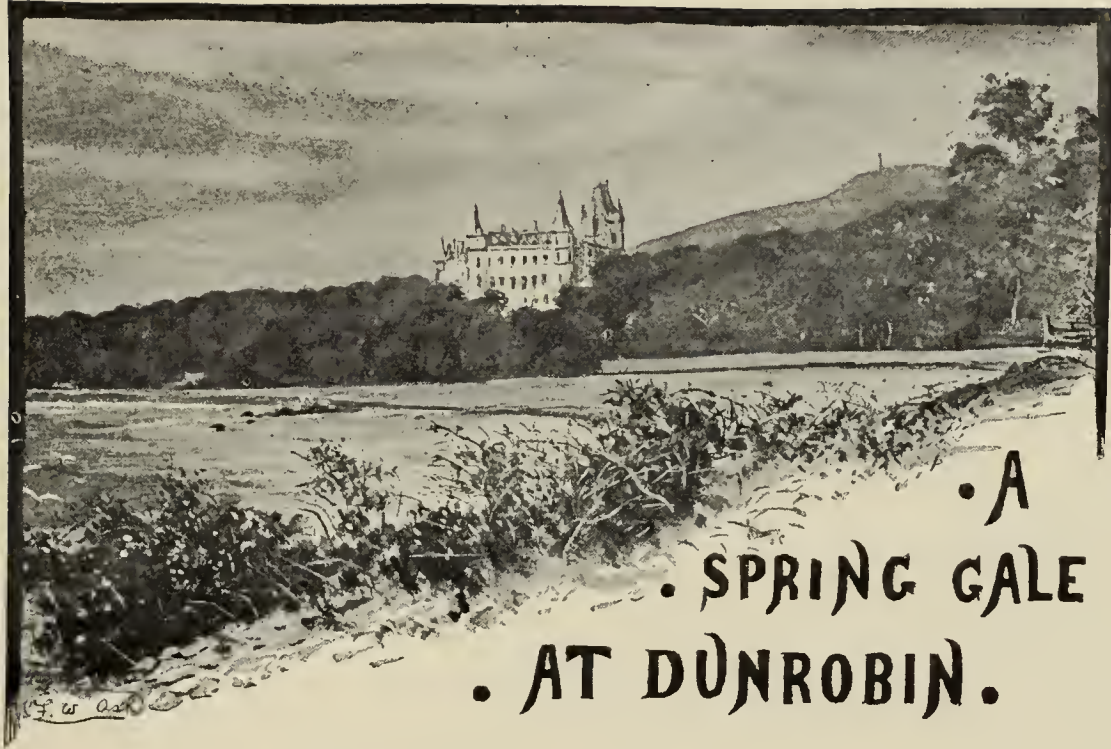
—
 DEDICATION.—BOOK COMMITTEE.—PREFACE.
 BAZAAR PATRONS.—STALLHOLDERS.—COMMITTEE.

	PAGE.
A SPRING GALE AT DUNROBIN, THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND	3
ABOUT BOOKS THE RECTOR OF STOKE	5
NOTES ON KNYPERSLEY J. T. ARLIDGE	20
THE MILL OF GRION... .. C. F. KEARY	25
WITH ROD AND LINE IN NORTH } STAFFORDSHIRE	31
TELEPATHY AND COINCIDENCE... .. J. A. OWEN	40
ALBUM LEAF C. SWINNERTON HEAP	46
FACES OF THE PAST LORD RONALD GOWER	49
A GOOD NURSE M. SHIRLEY	54
THE FOUR OF CLUBS G. W. HOLE	58
THE HEAVENLY PILGRIMAGE W. H. GOSS	72
FOLK-LORE ALICE A. KEARY	79
THE UPPER TRENT IN OLDEN TIME ... ROBERT GARNER	91
UNTIL HER DEATH MRS. GEORGE L. CRAIK	120
THE STORY OF St. CHAD EDITH BRADLEY	122
THE GEOLOGY OF STOKE-ON-TRENT F. BARKE	129
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MUSTARD PLASTER... J. B. ASHWELL	136
A BALLAD OF HIGH ART F. W. ASH	154
THE GREAT FROST A. M. McALDOWIE	156
THE MEMORIAL TILES IN } STOKE CHURCH	169
THE BRIDESTONES J. T. ARLIDGE	182
ENGLISH AS SHE IS SOMETIMES WRITTEN ... A. J. CADDIE	186
BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION } IN NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE	191
THE GIANT GOBBLEALL F. W. ASH	206

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.
THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND ... PHOTOGRAVURE	Frontispiece
TITLE-PAGE	JAMES McALDOWIE
ST. PETER'S SCHOOLS	EDWIN PENN Preface
ST. PAUL'S SCHOOLS	Do. Do.
A SPRING GALE AT DUNROBIN F. W. ASH 3
THE RECTOR OF STOKE-ON-TRENT	PHOTOGRAVURE 8
HOSPITAL SATURDAY F. W. ASH 24
ESSEX BRIDGE	PHOTOGRAVURE 38
A FAVOURITE SPOT ON THE RIVER SOW	Do. 38
LORD RONALD GOWER... .. .	Do. 52
THE DOXEY POOL	JAMES McALDOWIE 64
HERE, HERE, I LIVE JOHN EYRE 78
ARCHÆOLOGICAL MAP ROBERT GARNER 96
UNTIL HER DEATH	FREDK. T. PENSON 120
ST. CHAD'S GOSPELS, FACSIMILE	PAL. SACRA PICTORIA 128
FROZEN FOUNTAIN F. W. ASH 156
THE DOVE AT UTTOXETER	PHOTOGRAVURE 160
PARADE ON RUDYARD LAKE... .. .	Do. 160
ICICLES NEAR STONE	Do. 166
THE BISHOP OF SHREWSBURY	Do. 176
ALL SAINTS' SCHOOLS	EDWIN PENN 181
THE LIGHTS OF HEAVEN AND EARTH	EDMUND REUTER 184
OLD PARISH CHURCH, STOKE-ON-TRENT... 192
CLIFF VALE SCHOOLS	EDWIN PENN 205

Staffordshire Knots.



• A
 • SPRING GALE
 • AT DUNROBIN.

By Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland.



THE wind blows fresh : from north to south its quest ;
 Through last night's twilight, cold and fitful showers
 Shrouded in gloom the radiance of the west,
 And muttered warning of these stormy hours.

Open the casement wide. Hark ! how the breeze
 Sweeps from the mountain-top and pine-clad glades
 Lashing with shrieks, the sullen, mist-bound seas
 To dancing crests of foam, on inky shades.

Now a bright gleam, through half-a-minute's lull,
 Mirrors in silver, storm-clouds scudding past,
 And growing venturesome, the startled gull
 Rises, to whirl upon the mocking blast.

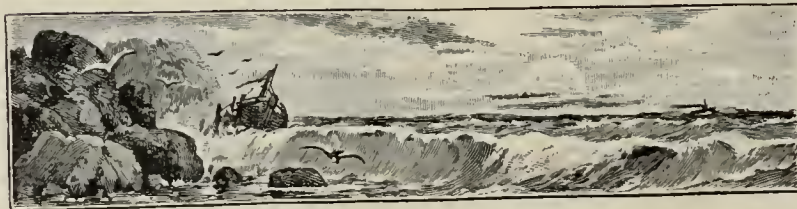
Hold out your hand, to snatch that eddying leaf,
A shrivelled token of the winter's death ;
In garden bowers below, all changed with grief,
Poor Nature mourns, the first-born of her breath,

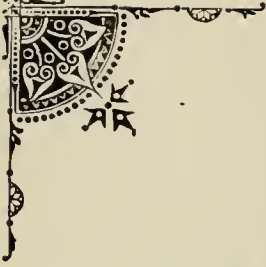
The broken hyacinth, the bud, the moth,
Blue violets powdered with the pathways dust,
Each, to the sun that wooed them, broken troth,
Sweet victims helpless to the gale's fierce lust.

Draw down the blind—the hours have done their worst,
And treacherous Spring has played her shameless tune,
Look up for Hope, and call things not accurst,
To-day is May—to-morrow will be June.


Millicent

Sutherland





ABOUT BOOKS.



*By the Rev. J. Herbert Crump, M.A., R.D.,
Rector of Stoke-on-Trent.*

WHAT wonderful opportunities are ours, in these present days, of widely extending our circle of book-friends—those dwellers in a world whose inhabitants have discovered for themselves the secret of perpetual youth, have attained the art of instructing without boring, of entertaining without surfeiting, of sympathizing without intruding, of interesting without aggravating!

Think what was *once* the condition of book producing, and what are *now* the circumstances governing their production. How laboriously, how perseveringly those old monks—to whom, for all that has been preserved to it by their unwearied diligence, the world should ever render a royal tribute of gratitude—how assiduously, with stylus and papyrus, with quill and parchment, they must have applied themselves day by day, week by week, and year by year, to the slow and laboured multiplication of the few literary masterpieces to which the ages of old gave birth! What a ‘magnum opus’ must have seemed the completion of even one book!

In the year 1274, Stowe tells us, a Bible finely written in 9 volumes “sold for 50 markes,” something like £34 in the money of that time, when wheat averaged $\frac{3}{4}$ per quartern, and ordinary labouring wages were 1d. per day. The Royal Library of Paris itself, down to the 14th century,

possessed only four of the classic authors: Cicero, Lucian, Ovid and Boethius. The Public Library of a very humble township in this century might compass a vastly more extensive, and more legible, collection at the price of a few shillings.

In early times a Saxon King bartered an estate of 800 acres for the possession of a single volume entitled "Cosmography, or the History of the World." To-day, it may be doubted whether half-a-dozen of our unroyal selves would give 800, or 80, or even 8 pence for a copy of the same work if we saw it lying upon a second-hand bookstall.

Then it was not an infrequent occurrence for a book to be as solemnly and as strictly entailed as are to-day those landed estates which, to the provoking of our advanced land reformers, still continue to be settled "in tail male."

At the commencement of a Breviary of the Bible, which is said to be still extant, stands this testamentary disposition:—"I, Philip, late Bishop of Lincoln, give this Book called 'Petrus de Aureole' to the new Library about to be built in the Church of Lincoln, reserving the use and possession of said Book to Richard Fryerly, Clerk, Prebendary of Milton, to hold in fee, for the term of his natural life, and afterwards to revert to the said Library or its keepers for the time being, faithfully or without delay."

And here is another serious extract of a somewhat similar kind to the foregoing taken from Peter the Lombard's "Liber Sententiarum":—

"This Book of Sentences belongs to M. Rogers, Archdeacon of Lincoln, who bought it from Geoffrey the Chaplain, brother of Henry, Vicar of Northalkeington, in the presence of Master John de Lea, Master John de Living, Richard of Luda, Clerks, Richard ye Almoner of said Vicar, *and many others*," (one would hardly have thought *any* others were requisite) "and ye said Archdeacon gave this boke, to God and S. Oswald,

to the friar and convent of Barden.”

Certainly have we of to-day very good cause to congratulate ourselves upon the fact that the sale, purchase, and donation of books is now transacted without the necessity for calling in quite so many witnesses, or engaging a solicitor to draft, fair copy, engross, seal, attest, stamp, and send in a “Bill of Costs” for a deed of conveyance to complete the assignment!

May it be that from these solemn and serious endorsements upon the title pages of these old Books is to be traced in direct lineal succession that not *very* solemn but very pregnant warning with which in schoolboy days some of us were wont to adorn the fly leaves of our literary treasures? It was much briefer than that of Philip, late Bishop of Lincoln, and that of M. Rogers, Archdeacon of Lincoln, but quite as emphatic, and in the long run, no doubt every whit as effective. Immediately beneath the proprietor’s name, which was generally written out in as imposing a fulness as possible, thus it ran :

“This Book’s mine,
By witness divine;
Whoever doth steal it,
By Jove! he shall feel it.”

Much was left to the imagination, but it was not beyond the capacity of the meanest purloiner to grasp the situation.

It may be a matter of interest to note that the earliest book known to have been written in our own language was the “Confessions of Richard, Earl of Cambridge,” in the year 1415.

The dangers and the difficulties attending the preservation of these ancient MSS. Books, even after they had been produced with such an immense amount of patient labour, may be gathered from one illustration which is peculiarly eloquent upon this particular point. Few schoolboys are aware how very nearly the burdens of a modern classical education were relieved for them to the full extent of the labours imposed by acquaintance with the works of Tacitus.

The Roman Emperor of that name, we are told, was very jealous of the fame of his illustrious literary ancestor, and with a pardonable pride he determined to insure the immortality of his ancestor's works. He caused copies of them to be made and to be placed in all the Libraries of the great Roman Empire, and every year he was careful that no less than 10 complete copies of the works of Tacitus should be transcribed. But this well-intentioned imperial protection was utterly powerless against the changes and ravages of time. The Roman Libraries all, somehow or another, perished, and it is a striking fact, that to a single incomplete but priceless copy of Tacitus, discovered in a monastery of Westphalia, the world possesses to-day the invaluable works of that famous author. The Westphalian monastery undesignedly achieved what imperial Cæsar impotently essayed, and ancient monks transcribed that British lads might groan!

The most casual glance at the byegone days of MS. books should take notice of the magnificent Bible presented by his favourite preceptor Alcuin (who was librarian to the Archbishop of York) to the great Charlemagne, after that Emperor had learned to read and write (which he only commenced to do, it is recorded, at the age of 45). So late as the year 1836, this Bible was sold in London, by Evans, in a state of good preservation, for the sum of £1,500!

The celebrated "Bedford Missal," one of the most famous of all MS. books, also calls for particular mention, whatever else through the exigences of space must be slightly passed over. It was executed for John, Duke of Bedford, the Regent of France under Henry VI., and by him presented to that king in the year 1430. There is an interesting story connected with it. After passing through various hands the relic descended to the Duchess of Portland whose valuable collection was sold in the year 1786. Information of the sale coming to the ears of King



Phubert Brumpe

George III., he sent for his bookseller and expressed his intention to become the purchaser of the "Bedford Missal." The bookseller ventured to submit to his Majesty that it would probably fetch a very high price. "How high?" said the King. "Probably as much as 200 guineas," replied the bookseller. "What! 200 guineas for a Missal; 200 guineas for a Missal!" exclaimed the Queen, who was present, lifting up her hands in stark amazement. "Well, well," said his Majesty, "I'll have it still, but since the Queen thinks 200 guineas so enormous a price for a Missal, I'll go no further." The Book was duly auctioned, and the biddings in behalf of the Royal Library did actually stop at the sum of 200 guineas.

A certain Mr. Edwards, a celebrated book collector of that day, unfortunately for King George III. (but no doubt mightily to the relief of the Queen) added just £3 more and became the purchaser. Subsequently, at Mr. Edwards' sale in 1815, the selfsame book was again put up for auction, and then realized no less a sum than £637 15s. sterling. In 29 years its value, in the eyes of book collectors, had actually trebled itself!

Brief mention might also be made of a literary curiosity which is referred to by D'Israeli the elder—a huge copy of the Koran—probably without a parallel as to its *size* in the history of letters. The characters are described as being three inches long, the book itself a foot in thickness, and its other dimensions 5 feet by 3 feet, not exactly what a modern publisher would describe as a "Pocket Edition." "It was doubtless designed," says a writer to whom the author of this article is indebted for many references, "for such followers of the Prophet as might be afflicted with imperfect vision." To the name of Gholam Moh-goodean, the scribe of this gigantic book, let us one and all pay a tribute of respectful admiration. We can conscientiously say of his achievement "It was a very *large order*."

And the bridge which spans the great gulf between those

olden days of MSS. few and precious, and these modern days of books many and cheap, of books whose leaves each year are the numerical rivals of the leaves of the forest, is of course the "Printing Press!"

Guttenberg at Mentz, about the year 1440, invented the moveable wooden types, by which an easy mechanical multiplication of books superseded the laborious manual method, and some few years later Peter Schaffer improved upon Guttenberg's invention by the introduction of cast metallic types.

And then a new power, in its use omnipotent for good, in its abuse omnipotent for evil, the Printing Press came into existence, thenceforward and for all time to play a leading character upon the stage of the world's history.

Its first effort was the production of the Holy Bible, in two folio volumes containing 1282 pages. We are told that this first achievement of the Printing Press has been justly praised "for the strength and beauty of the paper, the exactness of the register, and the lustre of the ink," and that, for a long time after it had been printed and offered for sale, not a single human being, save the artists themselves, knew how it had been accomplished. Eighteen copies of this first printed Bible are now known to be in existence, four on vellum (two of which are in England), and fourteen on paper (ten of which are in this country).

To prevent disappointment, in case any reader should determine upon trying to become the possessor of one of the copies (a very laudable ambition), it may just be stated that one of the vellum copies, when it last changed hands, realized the sum of 400 guineas. To be forewarned of the cost will, no doubt, suggest the advisability of being forearmed with the cheque!

The name of William Caxton is "familiar in our mouths as a household word," for to him we are indebted for the first book

printed in English, and for the first book printed in England, which is not quite the same thing, though it sounds almost as if it were. Caxton translated into his own mother tongue, and after working hard at it for three years published at Cologne, a certain French work entitled "The Recital of the History of Troye," and that, as far as can be ascertained, was the first book printed in *English*.

Caxton also translated into his own mother tongue a French work entitled "The Game and Play of the Chesse," which in the year 1474 he published in his own mother country, and that was the first book printed in *England*.

In the succeeding twenty years Caxton produced between fifty and sixty books, many being translations from the French, but all of which are described as "judiciously selected to promote a taste for literature and high morals." Honour be to him, to whom high honour is due, William Caxton! The garbage literature which has in some instances come forth from it and besmirched the white reputation of the British Press, is *not* the legitimate offspring of the pure and wholesome ancestors with whom William Caxton headed the pedigree of all the later generations of English Books.

A story told about one early printed book may be regarded as of sufficient interest to justify its repetition here. Pope Sixtus V., so it is said, was desirous of producing a very elaborate and typographically perfect edition of the Holy Bible, and accordingly he set about having one printed. To insure its freedom from mistakes, every sheet of it as it passed through the press was, for the purpose of revision and correction, submitted to the inspection of the Holy Father's individual eye.

It will scarcely be credited that after all these precautions and this systematic supervision, no less than 2,000, in fact rather *more* than 2,000 typographical errors were apparent in the completed work. That perhaps would not have been a

matter of so much importance (they might have been corrected in a later edition), had not his Holiness himself attached to his own edition a severe anathema against any person who should in the time to come, alter or change any portion of the supposed immaculate text.

But the errors in process of time became so glaring and self-assertive it was recognized that, notwithstanding the appended anathema, something must be done to relieve the text of so many gross and palpable blunders. The difficulty was at length supposed to have been overcome by an ingenious suggestion of his successor, Pope Clement VII., who proposed, and actually commenced, to correct the original text, not by alteration, but by adroitly placing amended printed strips over the defective portions. That however was not found to work out quite satisfactorily in practice, so Clement VII. boldly took the bull by the horns (may we say, the "Papal bull"?) and with a daring which must excite our wonderment, in the full face of his predecessor's terrible anathema actually had the whole text revised and thoroughly corrected in a new edition!! The narrator of the story adds "that thereby he virtually incurred his own excommunication," though history does not seem to suggest that such a result did literally follow upon his temerity. The real humour of the situation however lies in this, that notwithstanding what he himself had audaciously done, so impressed was Pope Clement with the virtue of an anathema for preserving inviolable the text of a volume, that he straightway added to his own revised edition a very similar anathema to that which Pope Sixtus had annexed to his.

From the date of the publication of the first printed book in 1474, and the sixty books, the output of the next twenty years, let us take a "giant stride" across the centuries, and settle down upon a recent year, that we may for a moment contrast present with past days in the matter of book production. In a single

year of recent date there were published in Great Britain a total of 5,124 books. Theology was responsible for 789, Educational works (the classifiers evidently did not account Theology as educational) 525, Juvenile works, 987, Novels, 420, Law (a very little law, as we know, goes a very long way with most people) 75, Politics, Trade, &c., 189, Art and Science, 344, Voyages and Travels, 244, History and Biography, 452, Poetry and Drama, 181, Year Books, 269, Medicine, 177, Essays, 106, Miscellaneous, including Pamphlets (“not Sermons,” the Classifier is careful to observe; perhaps he felt that there was no end to those, so he had better not begin to number them), 356: Total, 5124.

When we consider what the publication of one book entails—the author’s work, the reviser’s work, the paper manufacturer’s work, the ink manufacturer’s work, the compositor’s work, the pressman’s work, the binder’s work, the bookseller’s work (and it may be added, sometimes the book-buyer’s work in, as the Americans say, “getting through with it”), and when we multiply that several thousand times, we cannot but stand amazed, yet admiring, at the gigantic annual achievements of our modern book producers.

And this production will go on and increase! As the masses of the people come more and more within the best influences of the educational work undertaken by the Nation, so, in proportion, will the demand for literature within the compass of their means of purchase extend, and what we see going on now—standard works, well got up, and produced at popular prices—must in the future multiply enormously the output of the Press of this country.

And surely, to all of us who are concerned for the uplifting of humanity, it ought to be a subject of the greatest rejoicing that, alongside of a steadily spreading elementary education, and *pari passu* with that movement, good, solid, interesting, in-

structive, elevating and ennobling literature is possible of production by the Press of this country at a price which places it within the reach of the humblest toiler or spinner if he be minded to avail himself of it.

In the interval which separates Caxton and his first printed book from the legion printers and their myriad books to-day, the Printing Press has ushered into the world many superb and costly volumes. "The Shakespeare Gallery" of John Nicholls and John Boydell, published, if we remember rightly, at the end of the 17th century—to this day a wonderful monument of their skill and enterprise—is said to have entailed upon its projectors a loss of over £100,000. Dugdale's "Monasticon Anglicanum," an 8-vol. large folio work, was published in 54 parts, at the price of £238 10s. for an entire copy; a sum of money exceeding even the cost of those works which, in apparently interminable serial parts, the travelling agents of enterprising publishers so persuasively beguile you to "take in;" an arrangement very often found upon experience to be *mutual*; "you take the book in," and "the book takes you in."

A certain Duke of Bedford spent 3,000 guineas in bringing out a very beautiful illustrated work relating to the History of the House of Russell ("printed in a style of sumptuous magnificence" is the description given of it), of which book only *one single copy*, designed to be an heirloom in the family, was ever printed off. Lord Kingsborough's book, "The Aborigines of Mexico," which cost its noble author £30,000, and unfortunately ultimately ruined him (it is said that this munificent patron of literature actually died in a Dublin prison, where he was incarcerated for debt), was a splendid and magnificent example of the capabilities of the Press. "It was comprised in seven immense folio volumes, illustrated by about one thousand superb illustrations, coloured so exquisitely as to represent the originals with the most faithful exactness. A very limited

number of copies, it is believed only 50, were printed, after which the lithographic drawings from which the plates were taken were erased; these 50 copies were all appropriated for *gratuitous* presentation to the several Royal and public libraries of Europe."

But wonderful, curious, and beautiful as are the achievements of the Press in the directions of book production, of which the instances just cited are but as single ears plucked at random here and there upon a vast crop-laden plain, it is not so much these examples of magnificent works, published for the few and produced at stupendous cost, which measure the majestic grandeur of Guttenberg's revolutionizing invention, but rather its capacity to introduce friends, instructive friends, interesting, entertaining, encouraging, sympathizing and inspiring friends, in the guise of cheap and good books, to introduce these as family friends into the homes of "the million"—*i.e.*, of the men of limited means and of pressing necessities! It may be a source of delight to book-lovers to possess an unique copy of a famous book, or of a book of which only some few copies are extant, but a more wholesome pleasure surely must it be, to hold in one's hand a shilling or a sixpenny edition of some really good and instructive work, and looking upon it to realize that it can be possessed by *millions*.

In the year 1822 someone made and published the following curious calculations: "There are 1,000 books published per annum in Great Britain, on 600 of which there is a commercial loss, on 200 no gain, on 100 a trifling gain, and only on 100 any considerable profit. 750 are forgotten in the year, other 100 in two years, other 150 in three years, and not more than 50 survive seven years, and scarcely 10 are thought of after twenty years. Of the 50,000 books published in the 17th century, not 50 are now in circulation, and of the 80,000 published in the 18th century, not more than 300

are considered worth reprinting, and not more than 500 are sought after now. Since the first writings, 1,400 years B.C., *i.e.*, for 33 centuries, only about 500 works of writers of *all* nations have sustained themselves against the devouring influences of time."

That was in 1822, now 73 years ago, and it may be hoped that the condition as to profit and loss, and as to the percentage of books likely to live does not hold good in 1895. Concerning profit and loss for this reason—the great railway companies found out that it was the 3rd class passengers who were the parents of half-yearly dividends, and probably the great publishers are finding out a similar truth in connection with bookselling! And as concerning books likely to live—"the survival of the fittest" will, no doubt, continue to be the inevitable law in the Kingdom of Books, but probably every year more will be fit to survive, because authors of serious and scientific works, of works of research and so on, *start* now from the point to which their predecessors' ultimate investigations conducted them, and future scientific, artistic and professional works must be largely in the direction of additions to, and extensions of, books which have already proved their fitness to survive!

Still, if our anonymous friend of 1822 is to be taken as a guide, a very considerable number of the immortals (of course every author has one book which he hopes will achieve immortality, his *last*, even though it may happen to be also his *first*), a very considerable number of the immortals of 1895 are doomed to perish in 1896, and only a very few to survive to 1900! That is a sad reflection for the parents of the immortals, albeit the world in general will regard it with a marvellous equanimity.

And as, in bewildered amazement, we reflect upon the vast yearly additions to the already teeming Kingdom of Books, we may well feel confused and hesitating as to what we shall read

and what we shall leave unread; and with which of all the abounding myriads we shall cultivate a close friendship, and with which we may, without any appreciable loss to ourselves, afford to forego even the most casual acquaintance. Of course, we cannot pretend to read everything! There are people one meets with occasionally whom you might from their conversation imagine to have accomplished even that wonderful feat! It is however a dangerous pretension, as the following little story illustrates:—"A few years since," says a certain book lover in one of his works, "I had the singular felicity of an introduction to one of that class of persons who have 'read everything.' Would that it had been one of the 'other sex,' for the honour of 'the fair'! A young lady was visiting in the town to which I had repaired for a little relaxation, and one evening she was admitted to our social circle. Every work referred to she had perused. She 'could do nothing without books.' A gentleman very politely said, 'During your stay amongst us, my library is quite at your service. It is tolerably extensive, but I should fear it contains nothing with which you are not perfectly acquainted. You have read Milton, I presume?' 'Milton! Milton!' replied the young lady, 'I have no doubt I have, but just at this moment I forget who it is by'!

If one should presume to try and find a happy solution of the perplexed problem: "Out of the multitude which now issue yearly from the press, what books should be read to advantage?" it might run thus: "Make one definite subject, be it one of the arts, or a science, or a philosophy, or a period of history, or what not, your own; strive for a mastery 'over that; give to the books which treat of it the strong right hand of your warm fellowship; and after that (or rather along with that), if you want to really enjoy literature, and to LOVE books, hold out a hand in welcome friendship to all that are clean in what they speak, and righteous in what they design! And then, when

you find after all what a very little you can read, and what a mass of books and subjects you are obliged by the limitations of time and of a finite personality to leave untouched, you may gather some consolation from the reflections which this last little story is capable of suggesting.

One of the old kings of India was the possessor of a Library so numerous that one hundred Brahmins were scarcely sufficient to keep it in order, and it required one thousand dromedaries to transport it from one place to another. He commanded the Librarians to set to work on an epitome, in order that, gathered up into small compass, he might be able to possess himself of *all* the wisdom and all the thoughts stored up in his many books. In 20 years they produced a cyclopædia of 12,000 volumes. They presented it to their royal master, but to their amazement he professed himself incapable of such extensive studies ; the process of condensation—the boiling down of the encyclopædia—was repeated till the quintessence was reduced to a single folio ! Meanwhile the monarch had become decrepit with age, and he was unable to read even the single volume. His Vizier said to him, “ Illustrious Sultan, though I have but a very imperfect knowledge of your library, yet I will undertake to deliver you a very brief and satisfactory abstract of it ; you shall read it through in one minute, and yet you shall find matter in it for reflection throughout the rest of your life.”

Having said this, he took a palm leaf, and wrote upon it with a golden stylus the four following sentences :—

1. The greater part of the sciences comprise but one single word, “ Perhaps ;” and the whole history of mankind contains no more than three, they are “ born,” “ suffer,” and “ die.”

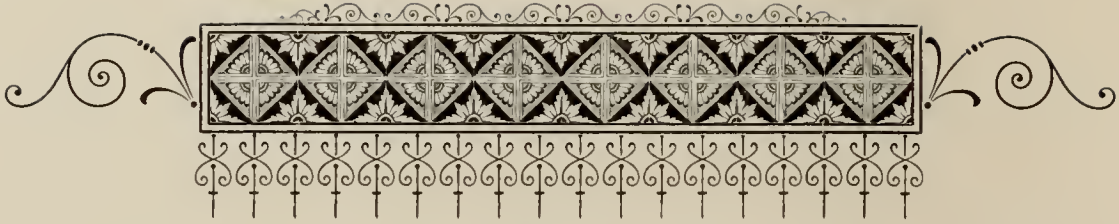
2. Love nothing but what is good, and do all that thou lovest to do. Think nothing but what is true, and speak not all that thou thinkest.

3. O Kings ! tame your passions, govern yourselves, and it

will then be child's play to you to govern the world.

4. O Kings! O People! it can never be often enough repeated to you, what the half-witted venture to doubt, that there is no happiness without virtue, and no virtue without the fear of God.





NOTES ON KNYPERSLEY

ITS MANOR AND ITS POSSESSORS.

By John T. Arlidge, B.A., M.D., F.R.C.P.

SOME years ago . . . after a visit to Biddulph Old Hall, or Castle, made by the members of the North Staffordshire Naturalists' Field Club and Archæological Society, I contributed a paper entitled: "Biddulph and its Possessors," wherein I sketched the history of the building and narrated the origin and history of the family, so far as I could trace it.

The two manors of Biddulph and Knypersley adjoin, and the early history of the one is almost the same as that of the other. For, as was the rule in remote Saxon and Norman times, estates were very large, and one owner frequently usurped a county, or a considerable part of several counties, holding direct from the king, as tenant *in capite*, and having under him numerous inferior lords or thanes besides nobility of lesser grade.

The over-lord in this district was Ormus of Darlaston, whose stronghold was the entrenched camp now known as Bury Bank, between Trentham and Darlaston Bridge. The

word "Bury" is of Saxon origin, and signifies a fortified enclosure, and is perpetuated in the word "Borough." A son Robert succeeded him in most of the manors he held in this district. An only surviving daughter followed, who married Robert de Gresley, whose family has been preserved in Staffordshire to the present day. Having apparently full powers to do so, she divided her entire property into four portions, and allotted Biddulph and Knypersley to her uncle Alured. The deed of conveyance executed by this noble lady has been well preserved, and is given in full by Ward in his History of Stoke-upon-Trent.

One of her daughters, Petronella, married a De Verdun, a lord paramount in Staffordshire, who held, among other castles, those of Alton, and of Knypersley.

I have thus briefly noticed the first appearance of Knypersley on the scene of history. Unfortunately, it has never played a part of any moment in the history of our country to attract the attention of antiquaries and others, or to leave behind in the annals of the country a notice of stirring events. But the Pipe-rolls and the records of the civil and criminal courts of the county shew that the De Knypersley family held the manor until the time of Richard II., at which period there is an entry indicating that Knypersley and Biddulph were held conjointly. In this same reign the Bowyers, otherwise spelt Bowers, appear on the scene, one Thomas Bowyer, of Newcastle-under-Lyme, having very prudently married Katherine, the heiress of Knypersley, and thereby acquired the manor. From the time of Richard II. there was a succession of Bowyers holding possession of Knypersley, until again by failure of the male line the estate changed hands by marriage and passed to the Gresleys of Drakelow. This is a remarkable event, for, as already described, Biddulph and Knypersley were by marriage in the time of the Conqueror connected with the same family of

Gresley. However the Bowyers enjoyed a long tenure of Knypersley, extending from the reign of Richard II. to that of George III. 1736. Then following the precedents of bygone years, in the absence of male line, it passed by marriage to the Adderley family, the present Lord Norton, as an offshoot, bearing the old name of Bowyer in addition to his own.

Some of the earlier Bowyers did not live in peace among themselves or with their neighbours. Two of the family were at feud over the estates in the reign of Richard II., and soon after there was litigation respecting some portion of them between a Bowyer and a Morton, a name very familiar to us in connection with that most interesting old English mansion, Morton Old Hall, the seat of an ancient family, several members of which have held the office of Mayor of Congleton.

A Bowyer played a rather prominent part in the Parliamentary army under Cromwell, and was indirectly concerned in the destruction of Biddulph Hall. He held the position of Colonel, was a baronet and governor of Leek at the time, and though he was not the actual destroyer of the ancient seat of his family, the mischief was done by one of his officers, the famous Captain John Ashenhurst, in 1642, who captured Charles II. at Boscobel. But the family had previously gained distinction, for in the reign of Charles I. a Sir William, who had been created a baronet, served the office of High Sheriff of Staffordshire, and had a son, John, to succeed him in his property and dignity. But this John became renegade from the loyalty of his father; for, being a clever man and discerning the signs of the times, he joined the Parliamentary army and, as already stated, wrecked Biddulph Castle. He appears to have sought to atone for deserting the Royal cause, by the erection in Biddulph Church of an elaborate monument, with a fulsome epitaph to his father's memory, recounting the many virtues he had displayed.

Sir John secured to himself not only his personal safety and

his estates, but also the recognition of his Parliamentary patrons. In an order issued in January, 1645, he is styled by the "Safety Committee"—"our loving friend"; but this affectionate title he did not so very long deserve, for with the same adroitness, with which he had changed sides after his father's death, again stood him in good stead when the fortunes of the commonwealth began to wane and the kingly party rose in the ascendant; and he lived long enough to secure the notice and favour of the restored king.

There is little doubt that Knypersley possessed a Manorial mansion or Castle, for we read that a deer park belonged to it; however there are now no remains of such a structure above ground. The Rev. W. H. Painter, when Vicar of the village, who resided in the present building, stated to me that there are underground vaults and cellars which bespeak the existence at one time of an ancient building of importance; and history informs us that a hall once occupied the present site, and was erected by the Bowyers during their ownership. Further, that on its passing to the Gresleys, Sir Nigel set to work to reconstruct the mansion according to the fashion of the time (1760) and so far succeeded as to conceal the work of his predecessors, by casing the outer walls with brickwork, whereby they were increased in solidity if not in beauty. What the structure looked like after this proceeding is conveyed by a picture painted on a presentation china plate, given to Mr. John Bateman, the son of Mr. James Bateman, who had acquired the property in the early part of this present century. This represents it as a solid looking square brick edifice, with sundry ornamentation once considered to be classic, and pierced by those common square windows which have so long held sway in English domestic architecture.

The hall continued in the possession of the Gresley family until the early part of the present century, when the executors

of Sir Nigel sold it to Mr. James Bateman, from whom it passed to the late Mr. Robert Heath.

The primitive old castle or manor house was destroyed long since, and no history of it or its appearance remains, and it seems to have been the lot of its successors on the site, when they have escaped complete demolition, to have fallen into the hands of restorers who have dealt with them in an unsympathetic, not to say barbarous fashion. Thus the Bowyers demolished the ancient home of the Knypersleys, and their own structure shared nearly the same fate at the hands of the Gresleys, whose mansion in its turn was for the greater part pulled down by Mr. James Bateman with the view of its re-construction in a more ornate style. Here its story at present ends, Mr. Heath not having further meddled with the Hall, which remains neither a modest residence, nor a lordly mansion, and therefore only an architectural ambiguity.

The portion of the Gresley building now left standing, formed a corner of the house, and is used as a drawing-room by those dwelling at what is still called Knypersley Hall. It is a room of no considerable dimensions and is remarkable for nothing else than a highly ornamental ceiling, constructed of wood and plaster, displaying wreaths, groups of animals, chiefly birds, of flowers and fruits, and also scenes of hunting and country life, and figures illustrative of the four seasons. It is a most painstaking work, though I doubt not architects of this era will call it meretricious art, offensive to æsthetic taste.





BANK 6



HOSPITAL SATURDAY.

(Drawn by F. W. Ash.)



THE MILL OF GRION.

By C. F. Keary,

Author of 'The Two Lancrofts,' 'A Mariage de Convenance,' &c.



WOMAN is always at the bottom of any trouble. If Nanette Sarpe had not danced three times running with the Belgian . . .

She knew well enough that Jules had the temper of . . .

That at any rate seemed to be the general verdict—I wasn't there myself—when what was known afterwards in the Police Reports as the "Affair of Grion" was discussed by us in the cafe of the *Lion d'or*. What is certain is that the row took place. And what seems strange is that we at Decloses, the next village, should have heard of the business and been talking it over within an hour or so of the fatal *contretemps*. "We" means Harrison the American and myself and the Frenchmen present, including old Jolivet the artist.

I do not say that all the details had come to hand. Had six Frenchmen been killed? Or four, or two? Or was it two Frenchmen and four Belgians? Or were all the victims Belgians? Or were there no victims at all? The details were not yet clear. What was certain, or almost so, was that the skirmish had begun in Sireau's cafe; that it had been continued in the village street when the Belgians who had been imported by the Marquis de Gazin to work on his vines (the

Marquis had had a standing quarrel with the people of Grion) were pursued by the villagers, were pelted with stones and with references to their parentage on the father's side, till one of them—somebody about this time remembered that there were but two—had drawn a knife, turned on his pursuers, and . . . the thing had been done. The victims or victim it is said were at this moment lying in the Mill of Grion. But, after all, this business was chiefly interesting in that it introduced old Jolivet's reminiscences of this Mill of Grion. We called him old Jollivet, let me explain, because he was over forty-five, and was therefore quite the *doyen* of our artist colony down there.

There were two mills on that stretch of the Oise, one just above, one just below, the village of Grion. Between the two lies the beautiful reach of river which generations of artists French, American, English (as generations are counted in the artist world) have made famous. It was the upper mill only that went commonly by the name of the Mill of Grion.

“When I went there first,” said Jolivet reflectively, “the Mill of Grion belonged to the Murderer.”

The murderer! Both our chairs, Harrison's and mine, made a slight sympathetic movement on the tiled floor, in response to so excellent a beginning; and Jolivet went on with his recollections.

“But before that there was an old lady lived there who was Pelitot's aunt.”

“But who was Pelitot?”

“Why I told you: Pelitot was *l'Assassin*. Old Madame Marron lived up there alone at the mill with nobody but a maid except during the day. Well, she had it seems some quarrel with Pelitot—a young ne'er-do-weel they say in those days—and said she was going to disinherit him as far as she could. She had scrip and money beside the real property. Then, one morning she and her maid were both found dead—had been

murdered during the night. Jacques Pelitot had gone away a few days previously: he came back a few days later. The property went to him. Everybody knew he had done it.

“Was there no enquiry?”

Jolivet shrugged his shoulders, “*Enfin*—yes,” he said. “Pelitot” he went on, “was treated with a good deal of respect such as people always shew to those who are believed to have committed an assassination. For as they say ‘A man like that might *flank* you a gun shot, some dark night. . . . He’s not a man to offend.’ But what was curious” the narrator continued breaking into his discourse a little, “was that the murderers of Madame Marron left on the wall of the room the writing ‘We are three.’ I saw it myself in the old mill. The police boarded it up and would not let it be touched hoping that it might some day be a clue. Well then, the next thing that happened was the death of Edouard Pelitot.”

“I thought you said his name was Jacques?”

“Ah, but that was another.” I could not help noticing how Jollivet’s face beamed while he talked: he took a good drink and wiped his mouth on the sleeve of his velveteen jacket. “Yes—he was another—younger than Jacques and people said always very much afraid of him. He I fancy *inherited* some of Aunt Marron’s money and went to live in Paris. It was years and years after he had left Grion that he hung himself.”

“Hung himself! The deuce!” (*Diantre!* was the expression I actually used as more suitable to our interlocutor.) The latter looked more and more happy. “Yes: hung himself in the Bois de Boulogne,” he went on. “He was found very early one summer morning hanging to a tree and was cut down by the police. You can fancy him hanging there with the light just breaking through the trees. So the thing was described to me.” Jolivet buried his nose in his wine-glass again and presently went on with his reminiscences.

“That Jacques Pelitot, how he used to hate all of us the artists. Every where one may land to make a sketch, that is understood. But with him never on either of the mill islands. The Assassin kept his mill-hands ready and on the look-out, directly you tried to moor a boat you were chased away. It was annoying like anything. Because you can only take the weir properly from the lower island. We on our part hated *him* you may believe. One evening my friend Bouchier, he had managed to get on and nearly finished his sketch before the old Pelitot saw him—it was I say the evening, perhaps the miller’s men had gone home. When the old murderer saw him he came running out himself across the bridge shouting and swearing. He was a big man and had grown very gross by that time. My friend waits there till he has got quite near and then pushes himself quietly off. And the Assassin comes to the edge and shouts at him and swears and makes as if he is going to launch his own boat. And Bouchier keeps quite near and pretends he cannot hear. ‘What, M. l’Assassin?’ he said ‘I can’t quite hear? If M. l’Assassin would speak a little louder.’ Till the other got quite mad. And he ran about trying to find a stone, and Bouchier was laughing to choke himself; at last the old man stoops down to pick up a stone and—puff—he had a fit or something and fell down flat with his head in the water. It was full evening now Bouchier told me. The man looked quite dark lying down there with his head in the river—of a strangeness, a picturesqueness—and on the water there was just that white light which you see when it is beginning . . .”

“But didn’t he try to pull him out?”

Jolivet looked up surprised. “But no, I think not. What was the good? (*A quoi bon?*) The man was already a murderer. . . .”

“Well; it was never proved.”

“Proved! But no body doubted it for an. . . .”

“Well: go on. I beg your pardon. My interruption was irrelevant.”

“There is no more. He was found lying there by the millers the next morning. A fit, no doubt. And so you see that was the end of two of the murderers of poor old Madame Marron.”

“If they were both concerned in it.”

“Oh, one never had any doubt of that; though Edouard may have been the less guilty, he was in such terror of his brother. And now the mill belongs to Thierry the advocate in Paris. They say he will stand for mayor the next time.”

Thereupon the conversation branched off for awhile to local politics. It was late enough—the event of the evening had kept people up long beyond their usual hour even for Sunday night—and Harrison and I were thinking of turning in when a new arrival entered.

“*Enfin*—he’s dead” the new-comer remarked as soon as he had ordered his “canette” of beer, and he seated himself.

“He, which?” said the others.

“There was but one.”

Thereupon went up a gentle sigh of disappointment from the company already in the cafe.

“The Belgian?”

“Why no. Young Jacques.”

“And who is young Jacques?” I asked.

“Why, the Assassin’s son,” said the new arrival.

“He had a son?”

“Pelitot? But certainly.”

“But that’s the end of them all now,” said Jolivet.

“So much the better,” said a third.

Harrison and I stared at each other. For each at the same moment thought of the writing on the wall. “*Nous sommes trois*—We are three,” I said, but rather as one speaking to my-

self. For the Frenchmen present had got tired of the subject of the fight of Grion and were now upon that of the coming Fête de Decloses.

“Where did he die?” some one, however, broke off once to ask.

“Who? Young Jacques?” said the last comer turning round, “Why where they had taken him, in the mill. I went in,” he continued to his interlocutor, “He was in the room they call the room of the murder (Madame Marron’s murder you know). There hadn’t been a Pelitot in the mill since the old man died.”





WITH ROD AND LINE IN NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE.

By Thomas Riley,

Head Master, Stoke Central Schools.

“ Let me live harmlessly ; and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place,
Where I may see my quill or cork down sink
With eager bite of perch, or bleak, or dace,
And on the world and my Creator think ;
While some men strive ill-gotten goods t’embrace,
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine, or worse, in war and wantonness.”

Davor.



LITTLE more than 50 years ago, the cradle of the Trent, North Staffordshire, was free from polluted streams. At the present time the pollution of the main stream extends from the source in Biddulph Valley, to Great Haywood, a distance of about 30 miles. At Stoke the

evil is increased by the additional waters of the Foulea, or Fowl Haye brook, which deposits its pestiferous burden in the Trent near the site of Stoke Old Church. The same remarks apply to the Lyme Brook, which joins the Trent at Hanford.

The causes of this pollution I do not now purpose to enquire into, more than to say that it is not to the greatest extent due to the increase of population and the resultant sewage increase, but rather is it another illustration of the usurpation of "Trade's unfeeling train," the noble stream being made the receptacle, or "common sink of the refuse from the factory. Since the passing of the Rivers' Pollution Act, great expectations have been raised in anglers' breasts as to the restoration of the river, but the evil remains and is intensified. Even the hardier water-weeds have all but disappeared in the unequal contest with the noxious chemicals. Strange to say, the Trent Conservancy Board, which is very active in the middle course of the river, appears to take much less interest in the upper. A few more fish-poisoning cases like the recent one—which extended as far as King's-Bromley—followed as it most probably will be by others more extensive still, will no doubt cause "the powers that be" to begin at the "fountain head."*

Thus, as things are, the Trent as a fishing river in this district has lost its charms. Fortunately however, for the angler, its tributaries—the Dove with its affluents, the Manifold, Churnet, and Tean Brook; the Blythe, and Gayton Brook, retain their purity and afford excellent sport. The Churnet suffers somewhat from the discoloration from the Leek factories, but otherwise is satisfactory. To a true disciple of "Izaak," however, fishing in an inky stream loses much of its charm.

Portions too of the Mersey and Severn basins lie in North

*Since the above was written, proceedings have been commenced against a firm at Milton. With what results, time will show.

Staffordshire, the Dane draining the former, and the Tern, with its affluent the Meese, the latter. The last-named should not be confounded with the Meace, which joins the Sow near Shallowford, nor, as is less likely, with another Mease further south, which joins the Trent at Croxall.

North Staffordshire, too, is well supplied with canals, reservoirs, meres, pools and ponds. Many of the largest specimens of the angler's art are caught from these sources. Pond fishing however is looked upon, especially by fly-fishermen, as very poor sport, but really to those who understand bottom fishing, and fishing for pike, it is anything but a dull recreation. To fish with rod and line for carp, for instance, in a pool where there are fish of good size, requires much nerve when a fish is hooked, and much previous experience in tackle and baits. Pond fishing was at one time a favourite pastime for ladies. Perhaps—from a ladies' point of view, it is to be regretted that it has fallen into disuse, for—

“ At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
They make the fishes *and the men* their prize.”

There are no lady members of the angling societies in the Pottery district, as far as I know.

From the report of the North Staffordshire Naturalists' Field Club for 1894, I gather that twenty-six species of fish are found in the Trent at the present time.

“The Compleat Angler” says “The Trent is so called from thirty kinds of fishes that are found in it, or for that it receiveth thirty lesser rivers.”

Of these only Trout, Grayling, Perch, Bream, Carp, Roach, Dace, Eel, Tench, Chub, and Pike are sought after by local anglers.

Trout are pretty evenly distributed throughout the district, and it is difficult to praise one stream more than another. The Dove and its affluents, the Blythe, the Dane, the Tern, the

Meace, and Gayton Brook are all alike excellent. Last year I caught a fine Trout in the Sow at Shugborough, and others are occasionally taken there on the shallows.

The Trout is perhaps best sought after with the fly, but to throw a worm in like fashion, with precision, requires some amount of practice. Larger, if perhaps fewer fish, are as a rule taken in this way.

Sometimes the fish is caught in a curious fashion. I well remember landing one without it touching the hook at all. The fish had previously been hooked, and a length of gut with a loop at the end protruded from its mouth. In "rising" at one of my flies one of the hooks caught in the loop and thus he came to grief. This is perfectly true, although recorded by such an unweracious subject as an angler!

The Grayling or *Thymallus vulgaris*, so called from the thyme-like smell connected with it, is in every sense a charming fish, and in the north and north-eastern streams very abundant. Of the Blyth, Dove and Tean Brook, I can write from experience. The confluence of the Trent and Sow not many years ago, was famous for them, and only last year several of large size were taken not far below. A friend, Mr. Harris, of the Dairy House Farm, Leigh, tells me that he has taken one in the Blyth just over 3lbs., with the fly.

The difference of movement, when hooked, from the Trout, is very marked. It has none of the "dash" and "go" of the Trout, but adopts a rocking sort of movement, with its body in a curved position. Its mouth is very tender, and does not afford very firm hold for the hook.

The Perch is found in river, pond, and canal, but prefers the 'soft flowing' deep sedgy river, to the rapid shallow one. I remember, when I was fishing in the Blyth at Leigh, in 1885, taking four in a quarter of an hour, weighing exactly $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. each, to the great astonishment of a bystander who knew the stream.

They are easily taken when "on the feed," but if you hook one and let it escape, you may venture to take up fresh quarters. It is a fish of varied tastes in the matter of bait, and not at all particular.

The Bream abounds in the Sow. It was common in the Upper Trent, but of late years has gradually disappeared. The Trent and Mersey Canal and the Worcester Canal, which join at Great Haywood, contain splendid specimens. Mr. H. Evans, of the Stoke Angling Society, caught in one day a hundredweight of this fish in the Sow, with rod and line. Among them was one weighing 6lbs. Fine tackle, and strong too, must it be for successful Bream-fishing.

Bream are gregarious in their habits, and attach themselves to certain parts of the water. Judicious ground-baiting for a day or two before will ensure the angler's success. Early morning and evening are the best times for "catching them on the feed." I remember, one morning in September, a few years ago, fishing in the Sow for Bream. It was about 4-30 when I reached the chosen spot, and so dark that I baited the hook by the light of a match, and the "bobbing float" was only just discernible through the mist of the morning. Steadily swam the float down the sluggish stream; not a breath was there to be heard of wind or being. All at once the float seemed in a hurry, as quickly disappeared, and the tug of war with "*Abramis brama*" commenced. The result was in favour of "the fool at the other" (end). In a quarter of an hour three fish, weighing respectively $3\frac{1}{2}$, $2\frac{1}{2}$, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., were landed. Not by any means "un mauvais quart d'heure" from *my* point of view. I have mostly found the brandling worm the most effective bait.

" Hops and turkeys, carps and beer,
Came into England all in a year."

So says an old couplet quoted by Father "*Izaak*." A peculiarity of the Carp is that it breeds three or four times

in the year, commencing about May. It is the longest lived fish after being taken from the water. 'It is a common practice in Holland to keep them alive for three weeks or a month by hanging them in a cool place, with wet moss, in a net, and feeding them with bread and milk.' Some of my most exciting days in fishing have been spent among the Carp. Once when fishing in a large pond with fine but strong tackle, I was tempted to put down the rod whilst lighting my pipe. (Fishermen as a rule do not object to one particular kind of weed). Turning my back, so as to avoid the wind, I was startled by hearing a loud splash close behind me. To my astonishment, rod and all had disappeared. Presently, about forty yards from the pond side, appeared the float, in a highly excited state, going first one way, then another, ever and anon disappearing beneath the surface. The man that hesitates, loses his fish. At once behind the screen of a friendly willow I fully prepared for extreme measures, and "in less than no time" so to speak, took to the water—and mud. Getting within a few yards of the float, I grasped the line and worked back to the rod. Then came the tug of war—and of the fish, a fine Carp of 4lbs, which was duly landed in a country coal-scuttle thrown to me by one of an excited group of villagers who had espied my head and shoulders above the pond surface. They were with difficulty persuaded to retire, and I regained *terra firma* and my garments, none the worse for the adventure. Fishing on the bottom with wasp grubs was my favourite method. Ripe red cherries, boiled green peas, and parboiled potato, are used with much success.

The Carp, like the Chub, belongs to a numerous family of fish without teeth, a bony kind of apparatus in the throat doing duty for the same. The bony saw-like ray of the dorsal fin is a curious feature of this fish.

Roach fishing has numerous enthusiasts among bottom

fishers, and is almost a study in itself. A friend, in June 1894, took a splendid basket of this fish in the Sow, with the fly: the red spinner, I think, was the lure.

Dace, too, are good "*fly catchers*," and are especially numerous in the Dove.

Eel fishing is all very well in its way, but "*Oh! the unhooking of it*," not to mention the dodging when the landing-net is required. Once, when busy among the eels an aged and deaf old countryman *would* persist in using the net for me. The man being deaf, I could neither advise him nor get rid of him. He fancied all my remarks were complimentary, standing "*expectant by*," as the poet hath it, with an exasperating smile on his countenance, as eel after eel disappeared, and bottom too. I ceased operations and pointed out to him the nearest footpath. He again smiled, and departed.

The Tench is a pond fish, but not exclusively so, good specimens being occasionally met with in the rivers Sow and Penk. Walton speaks lightly of this fish as a table delicacy, but it is much preferred nowadays to either bream or chub. The best way of preparing a tench for the table is as follows: Clean it thoroughly, fill it with salt, lay it on a dish, and put a good layer of salt *on* it. Gently saturate with vinegar. After about six or eight hours, thoroughly rinse it in cold water. Then bake with thin slices of bacon in the oven. When thus prepared, the flesh is firm, and will compare favourably in flavour with the best of fresh water fish.

The Chub is common in our district, and is a very voracious feeder. Last summer I took one in the Sow with a very large lob-worm. Its weight when landed was exactly 5lbs. Others have been taken of large size with Gudgeon and Roach as bait. Once when a friend was spinning for Pike, the bait was followed by a large Chub and a Pike at the same time. Neither seemed to regard the presence of the other. On a second throw, the

Chub was taken. I have caught Chub up to 3lbs. weight in the Blythe.

The Pike receives most attention in the late autumn, and the winter months. Some very fine specimens have been taken by the members of the Stoke Angling Society, and may be seen in cases in the Society's Club Room, at Stoke. Space does not permit me to enter fully on the description of baits, &c., required for Pike fishing.

Only once did I bait with a live frog. The result was "too ridiculous!" though to me not without its pathetic side. After following Walton's advice, for which he has suffered much criticism, I cast the bait, which was connected with a large float, into the water. After a while, observing how quiet the bait had become, I wondered what had happened, and began to draw in the line, when lo! Mr. Frog was found clasping the cork with his fore-legs and using it evidently as a life-buoy. The lead weight had allowed him too much "play," which he made the most of. I "loved him" and let him go! I do not intend to trouble his tribe again.

Of the exceeding voracity of the pike, I know of one instance. Some hay-makers were busy in a field at Statfold, near Tamworth, many years ago, when one—a woman—went to a pond in the field to wash her hands. No sooner did her hands reach the surface than they were both seized by a monster Pike, and she fell headlong into the water. Her cries brought assistance, and the fish—a very large one, but in an emaciated condition—was captured.

It is recorded that a London paper of January 26th, 1763, gave an account of a Pike having been caught at Lilleshall, near Newport, weighing *upwards* of 170lbs. The name of the paper is not given. It could not possibly have been "*Truth*"!

In conclusion, let me recommend the pursuit of angling as a recreation and a study—not of fish alone, but of that "book who



ESSEX BRIDGE, ON THE TRENT, GREAT HAYWOOD.



A FAVOURITE SPOT ON THE SOW.

runs may read," and for the reading of which, no better opportunity is given than to the true disciple of good old "Izaak."

"O the gallant fisher's life
It is the best of any,
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many.
Other joys
Are but toys ;
Only this
Lawful is ;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure."

Compleat Angler.

NOTE.—Some specimen fish preserved in the Stoke Angling Society's Club Room.

CARP—one of 12lbs.

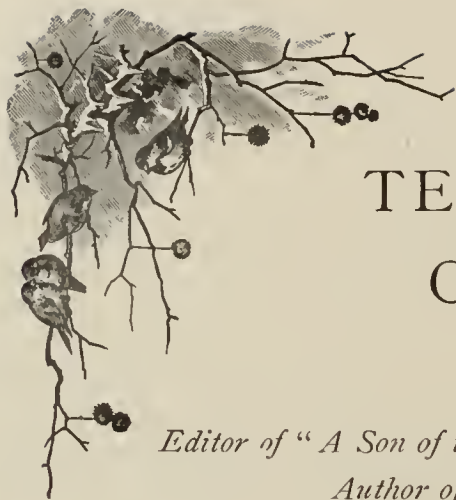
CHUB—two of about 4lbs. each.

TENCH—one of 3lbs. 4oz.

PERCH—one of 2lbs. 4oz.

PIKE—one of 19½lbs. One of 22½lbs. One of 20½lbs,
42¼ inches in length and 21 inches in girth.





TELEPATHY AND COINCIDENCE.

By J. A. Owen,

Editor of "A Son of the Marshes," "The Country Month by Month."

Author of "Forest, Field, and Fell," &c., &c.



AM not so presumptuous as to fancy that I could, even if the space were given me for that purpose, write anything exhaustive, or in the least conclusive, on these to me interesting topics ; I only propose to give a few little instances of both in the concrete which have been experienced by, or known to, myself.

When I was asked to write a short paper for this "Book of the Bazaar," it was a pleasure to me to think of doing it, for am I not a "Daughter of the Potteries"? though my father came of a Lincolnshire, and my mother of a Devonshire, family. It has been my congenial task to collaborate in Natural History subjects with a practical naturalist, a working man, for whom I chose the signature "A Son of the Marshes;" and I am often said to be "A Daughter of the Marshes." I was born in Burslem ; my dear father, Thomas Pinder, of Burslem and Endon, is, I know, still remembered with affection by many a Son and Daughter of the Potteries. He and Mr. Macintyre, of the Washington Works, were the principal promoters of the Wedgewood Museum at Burslem. This is an age of

progress, but I have often thought, especially of late, that if all fathers were as wise in their generation as he, as his father before him was, our boys and girls would be better fitted for their battle with "the World the Flesh and the Devil," than many of them are. My grandfather used to take his children into his study every Saturday evening, and there they were taught by him, in most loving fashion, from two little books—"The catechism of the body" (this was by John Wesley, I believe), and "The catechism of the soul," as he termed it. The latter was, so far as I remember, that old one called "The Westminster Catechism," which was compiled in the time of Edward the Sixth; it was the only one I ever saw in our home. This has been a digression from my subject which I trust our readers will pardon.

In reference to what is termed Telepathy—whilst living at Lewisham, I made the acquaintance of a man of about 40 years of age, of an exceedingly sensitive organisation, an employé in an engineering works in London. He was the son of religious parents, but, like many other intelligent London workmen—more's the pity—he has not attended church nor chapel since he was a lad, though I should describe him as of an extremely devout temperament. Nor has he ever attended any debating or "improvement" societies. He has not even troubled the libraries, for he prefers always to buy such books as he can afford, and to read them over and over again in leisurely enjoyment. When he has a desire for change, he takes long walks in the country; and now and then he allows himself what he calls "a picture fuddle in the Strand." That means a few hours spent in gazing at the windows where prints and engravings are to be seen. He and his wife, who is in sympathy with him happily, had two children, a boy and a girl; these were both like their father, sensitive and imaginative. Two years ago his boy died at the age of nine, a terrible blow to

him. He is usually reserved, but he will not mind if I repeat some of his words to me, on that sorrow.

“When my boy died, I wanted to die too. The agony of being parted from him was terrible. I used to wander out into the darkness at night, praying heaven to send me some sign, some token, that my boy was not gone from me for ever, that his spirit was somewhere where we should be united again; but no sign or message came, and I fell into a hopeless and despairing state for some time. My little girl is a great companion to me now, and it is curious how our thoughts get busy on the same subject, without either of us having said a word. We often walk out together. She reads a great deal, and sometimes for long together, in such serious books that I get uneasy about her. Just nine years old she is.

“Now something rather strange happened in connection with her. She had gone to Rugby to visit her mother’s sister, and one night, while she was away, I dreamed that I saw her standing beside a hedge, and she was holding a long snake by its tail. It was a very big one, and instead of a proper snake’s head, there was a large round ball on the other end of it. That was all my dream; but it was very vivid, and when I awoke the impression left on my mind was a painful one. In the walk to my work—a long one of three miles always—and all day in the workshop, I couldn’t shake off the dread that something bad had happened to my girl. When I got home I was still worried, and I made my wife write to her sister and tell her she must send Emma home at once. Next morning we had a letter from her, written the same day as ours. She told us how she had gone out with her uncle for a walk in the country, and they had seen both a snake and a hedgehog. It was the first time that she had seen either of these creatures alive. And that was the explanation of my dream of the snake with the head like a ball. When she got home I questioned her

about it, and found that she had not seen the creatures in one place and together, neither had she dreamed about them that night. My own belief is that she did dream of them, but had forgotten that she did, and that her dream communicated itself to me through some sympathetic magnetic current the nature of which I cannot understand. I had not seen a snake myself for thirty years. But what puzzles me is why such a small matter as what my girl saw when she was out walking should be shown to me, when I would give all I possess to know where my boy is, indeed whether he is in existence at all ; this is hidden from me. No dream tells me anything about him, though I pray and long ever so." One feels sad that such a character as my poor friend is should not enjoy the comfort that communion with, and the companionship of, truly religious people would give him. Those words, "The Communion of Saints," are of very precious import to the believer.

Very different, yet equally remarkable, were the experiences of an extremely ignorant and once atheistical man in a Lincolnshire town, one who was for many years employed as a night-watchman. So ignorant was he that when one day a well-meaning person said to him, "You watch but do you ever pray? Watch and pray?" he thought the enquirer meant "You watch up and down the main streets, but do you go up the courts and alleys?" Another day when someone spoke to him of God, when he was going to fish—he was a born angler—he said, "I dunner believe in a God ; if there *is* one let me catch a fish of so many pounds"—I forget the number—"and I'll believe it." Now it happened that he caught a fish, straight away, of the very size he had mentioned. At this he was so struck and excited that he dropped the fish into the water again ; but he was none the better for his experience. Later on he became, as they said, "converted," and the manner of his conversion was very remarkable, but I cannot give it

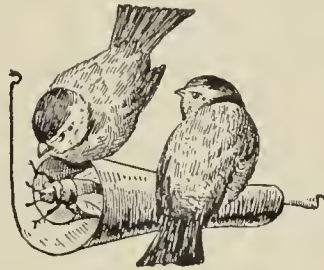
here. He had a dream some time afterwards about the clergyman who had been instrumental in that conversion, and who had since gone out as a missionary. "John's" wife told how he sprang out of bed one night, shouting "Lions! there are lions!" Then he kneeled down on the cottage floor and prayed fervently for the safety of his missionary friend. This gentleman afterwards told my informant, a well-known philanthropist in Retford, that the night on which "John" had dreamed of him—the date of it had been noted—he and a companion had gone up some river and he, going ashore alone, met several lions advancing together, who, to his amazed relief, let him go by unharmed. The beasts had also been seen with horror by the man in the boat.

Once I had an order from an editor to write a story to a given picture, in which the chief figure was a man in military uniform. I did not know to what regiment the man belonged, so I went to an old Barracks-sergeant, a notoriously silent and reserved man, of whom I knew next to nothing, but who lived near me. "My story is so-and-so," I said, giving its outlines as I showed him the picture. The man listened intently, but did not speak until I had ended; then he said, "It is the history of the man who stands before you, in all its details." It was strange that I should have gone to that man and have told him his history, of which I had never heard a word, and one which I should never have fitted him with, had I tried to make a story in keeping with what I did know of his character and appearance. It is hard to say what is telepathy—so-called—and what is mere coincidence.

A dear friend, now on "the other side," used to say that I had, so to speak, "a trick of coincidence." I have certainly met with some curious cases in my own history. One pleasant instance I may tell here. My husband and I had to leave New Zealand somewhat suddenly; the same month our dear Bishop

Selwyn sailed from Auckland by another route to come to be Bishop of Lichfield ; it so happened that he was almost the last preacher that we heard in that country. He was the very first that we listened to in England again ; we came to Staffordshire, just when he was holding Confirmation services in the Potteries. About twenty-one years later I was living in a parish near London where Canon Legge, as he was then, was our Vicar. I came again to live for a time in Staffordshire, and about the same time my much valued former Vicar was appointed to be Bishop of Lichfield.

I could give many more of the like coincidences, but want of space forbids, and I might weary our readers.



Album Leaf.

Moderato grazioso.

C. SWINNERTON HEAP.

PIANO.

p

mf

cres.

dim. *rit.* *p*

mf

ALBUM LEAF.

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The music features a melodic line in the right hand with slurs and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamic markings include *rit.* and *p*. The system concludes with a double bar line and a key signature change to two sharps (F#, C#).

The second system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The tempo marking *Poco vivo.* is placed above the first measure. The music is marked *f* (forte). The right hand features a complex melodic line with slurs and a trill-like figure. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line and a key signature change to two sharps (F#, C#).

The third system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The right hand contains a triplet of eighth notes marked with '3' and '2 1 x'. There are also 'x' marks above other notes in the right hand. The left hand continues with a steady accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line and a key signature change to two sharps (F#, C#).

The fourth system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F#, C#). The music is marked *rit.* (ritardando). The right hand features a melodic line with slurs. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line and a key signature change to one sharp (F#).

The fifth system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The music is marked *p* (piano). The right hand features a melodic line with slurs and a triplet of eighth notes marked with '3'. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line and a key signature change to natural (C).

ALBUM LEAF.

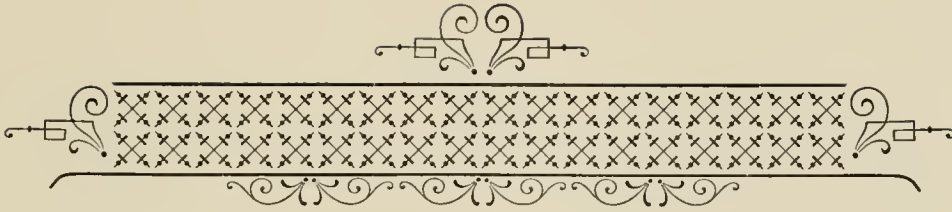
3
rf

3
cres.

3
dim. rit. p

3
rf

rit. p



FACES OF THE PAST.

By Lord Ronald Gower.

IF I had a child old enough to take an impression of the people he saw, and if the child appeared to take interest in seeing what are called “remarkable people”—namely, those men or women whose names may be remembered to generations yet to come; how gladly would one take all pains to shew such a child such people.

I have often regretted that one afternoon some forty years ago, my mother, when calling on Samuel Rogers, the banker poet—friend of Byron, of Moore, and so many other literary giants—did not take me into the house with her; perhaps she feared that the corpse-like appearance of Rogers might have startled me; or perhaps she thought that he disliked the sight of children, as some old bachelors are supposed to do. At any rate, whatever the reason, I was left outside that house in St. James' Place, when those celebrated breakfast parties took place in the early Victorian days.

Another celebrity, who belonged more to the last than this century I might have seen, but have no recollection of having done so. That was the elder of the two Berry sisters—whom Sidney Smith used to call May Berry and Goose Berry. Mary had been almost a beauty in her youth, and was attentive to old Horace Walpole in his old age; which so touched the

old *dilettante* that he is said to have offered May his hand—and his coronet, for at that time I think he had succeeded his nephew to the Earldom of Oxford. I have read somewhere that the Queen having expressed a wish to see Miss Berry, my mother presented her to Her Majesty at Stafford House. That must have taken place in the forties, or very early in the fifties, for May Berry died in 1852, aged eighty-nine. Thackeray has a charming notice of her in one of his chapters on “The Four Georges.”

Miss Berry was six years old when Wellington was born, and died in the same year as the great commander. Him I well remember ; riding slowly along the Mall, his old grey head bent low over the white stock round his neck, in blue frock coat, and, in the summer, white trousers. Everyone saluted as he passed ; and the salutations were acknowledged by the two uplifted fingers of his right hand touching the narrow brim of his hat. Prince Bismark told me what a deep impression Wellington had made on him when he saw him riding by, near the Horse Guards. That would be a subject for a picture : young Otto von Bismark, a youthful Teuton giant, watching intently the Duke ride by. This recalls to me a clever picture recently exhibited at Burlington House. It is the work of an able Italian lady artist, and is entitled “It might have been.” The scene is the street front of the Horse Guards ; the principal figures in the foreground are two old gentlemen walking together, if I remember right, arm in arm, and who appear on the best of terms. The old Englishman is a very faithful likeness of the great Duke ; the other, a short rather obese looking elderly Italian, the great Napoleon ; as he “might have been,” had he lived till the middle of the century. There is reason to believe that if Napoleon could have put aside his virulent dislike and intense prejudice to the English nation, he might, had circumstances admitted it, have seen that nation in a

less bigoted light; but his opportunities of meeting Englishmen were confined to a few diplomatists, who generally sent him into a white rage, when he saw them in his days of power, and after his fall at Elba to a few travelling Englishmen, like Lord Harrowby and Lord John Russell. There is no doubt that on board the vessel that took him to St. Helena he made almost friendships with some officers of the *Bellerophon*, and I believe it is recorded that he then expressed his regret at not having been able to see more of the English—as friends, of course it is to be understood, for as enemies he must have felt he had seen more than sufficient. It was a real misfortune that his gaoler should have been a man of the stamp of Hudson Lowe, a rigid martinet, without a grain of tact or generosity in his nature.

A few years ago I met not infrequently at the house of a friend, two old gentlemen who were singularly, I might say ridiculously like the two old gentlemen who appear in the picture of “It might have been.” One of these was the son of the Great Duke; the other the nephew of the Emperor. Nothing could have been more curiously like their great relatives, than those two were; one partook a little of the caricature in the likeness to his great parent; but the nephew of Napoleon, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, son of Charles Lucien, Prince of Canino, the most amiable of all the Bonaparte family; was the living image of his renowned uncle. Looking at them, one could almost imagine that one had before one those great departed, who had never even looked on each other in life. Another nephew of Napoleon I have seen on more than one occasion: Prince Jerome Napoleon, whose surname of “Plon Plon” will surely attach itself to him as long as he is remembered; but “Plon Plon,” although he had a coarse likeness to his uncle, only recalled the Emperor’s face in a coarse and almost brutal fashion, whereas Prince Lucien’s was as well chiselled and as classic in every feature as his whose

effigy is almost of ideal beauty.

The only Bonaparte (for I never saw Prince Pierre, who, I believe, was not like Napoleon I.) whom I have seen, besides the two already alluded to, namely, Napoleon III., had not a trace of the first Emperor in his features.

Until I had seen at the Palace of Amsterdam a portrait of his father, Louis Napoleon, King of Holland, I always believed that (so totally unlike was he to the other Bonaparte) although he was doubtless the son of Queen Hortense, he was as certainly not a nephew of the Emperor. However, after I had seen that portrait of King Louis, my belief was shaken; for there were the same eyes, nose, and general contour of the face of Napoleon III., only the moustache and the imperial on the chin were wanting to complete and accentuate the likeness.

In our own family it is something to have known, and to remember with affection those who have been either renowned for their own good and noble qualities, or for the charm their personality shed among those who came near them.

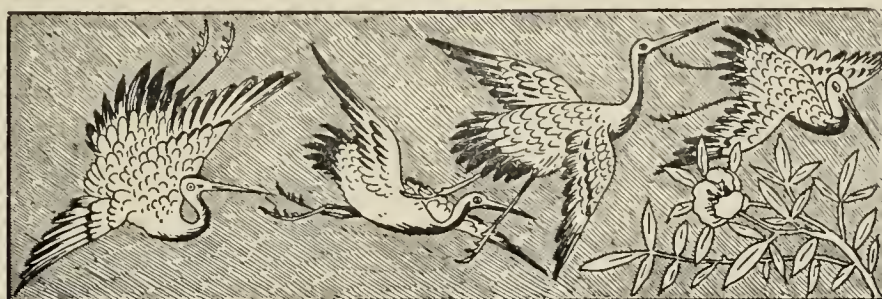
While I am writing this, my thoughts are of my maternal grandmother, Lady Carlisle, the eldest daughter of that bright and beautiful and great-hearted woman, Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire. There is at Chatsworth a famous painting by Sir Joshua of my grandmother and her mother: so full of life is the picture that you might fancy you hear the happy voices of the two, and that you see the fat, chubby, happy little girl throwing up arms and legs in utmost glee; while the loving mother encourages the infant's happy mood. She was an ideal grandmother, my dear mother's mother, and no lapse of time (she died June forty years ago) can blot from my memory the gracious charm of her welcome whenever a visit was made to the old Yorkshire home at Castle Howard. Her younger sister Harriet, who married the first Earl Granville, had more of her brilliant mother's frolic, wit, and humour than her elder sister;



Renald Gower

although I only saw her long after her widowhood, infirm in health, and quite broken in spirit; but what her cleverness and brilliancy had been is proved in the recently published letters written by her to her sister, when Ambassador to the court of the last of the Bourbons. Talking of Embassies and the Bourbons reminds me that a friend told me that he believed I was one of the very few people still living, one of whose parents had seen Marie Antoinette. I believe he was perfectly right, and I acknowledged to him that I should expect now to be looked upon as a venerable relic of the distant past!

But a century is easily spanned in two generations. When in Vienna in ninety-two our Ambassador there told me that his father had filled the same post as he was then holding just a century ago. A still happily living statesman has told us that he remembered an election which occurred at Liverpool over seventy years since; and I see no reason why Mr. Gladstone should not live on well into the next century, and at the same time retain a lively memory of the news arriving in this country of the Victory of Waterloo.





A GOOD NURSE.

By Miss Shirley,

Lady Superintendent, Staffordshire Institution for Nurses.



HERE are so many things that belong to the making of a good Nurse that it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to pick out one to begin with, but after thinking over her training and all the good qualities she can be possessed of, one may come to the conclusion that real unselfishness is the most essential of all as being the best foundation. I am reminded of a patient who said "no thought of self seemed ever to cross *my* Nurse's mind; she belonged to that most unselfish class of women in the world."

Nothing can explain the self-expenditure of some Nurses except womanly devotion to duty. Let us take an illustration:— It is admitted in the present day that the course of certain diseases is not largely influenced by drugs, but rather by suitable habits, food and dwellings. For many illnesses the chief need is rest, in the full sense of that word. Cure means care; now if this be so, it follows that in most diseases, and particularly in some, such as typhoid fever, it is to the Nurse that a large share of the credit belongs, whenever the patient recovers. Yet I venture to think—nay feel sure—that if her sleepless nights and weary watchings were recorded, it would be utterly distasteful to one who has the true science for nursing and the

key to its secret. I am certain that there is an enthusiasm and satisfaction which Nurses find in good work that would be half spoilt by outside praise.

The one profession in which women are acknowledged to excel in is that of sick-nursing, and though there is neither fame nor fortune to be made out of it, still many women desire nothing better than to devote brain and body to the service of others. One hears sometimes that from one point of view a Nurse's profession is monotonous and thankless. I am sure that whoever finds in that description of it, a full account of Nursing-work, may be well assured that for her the occupation is quite unsuited.

The born Nurse is a myth ; we may pass a lifetime before we find a woman who came into the world with a knowledge of the clinical thermometer or how to reverse a roller bandage. The kind of romance which *was* thrown around sick-nursing is rapidly passing away in these practical days, though really the old idea that it meant smoothing pillows and reading aloud fades but slowly. Many a Probationer discovers that she has undertaken a task from which even men might shrink : still, should she find herself unequal to it, the experience gained is sure to prove useful. Discipline benefits every woman's character, and the work teaches her to be patient in spite of worries, to bear a cheerful face amongst sorrowful scenes, and to work hard without haste or hesitation. These are only a few of the lessons learned in a Hospital Ward. No trivial resolve will keep a woman there beyond her probation : as a rule those worthless ones are weeded out, and the often remarked fact of the strong, noble faces prevalent amongst Nurses, is explained.

The question "What constitutes a good private Nurse" is a most interesting one, because it is she who penetrates within the home circle, and who gives and leaves there the

impression which is either harmful or beneficial to the whole world of Nurses.

Mrs. Gamp made the Nurse of her day a terror to the sick, and when she was succeeded by the quiet, neatly uniformed figure of to-day, the public congratulated itself on a better order of things, and no doubt it is better. There also needs an equal improvement on the part of the public. It is severe in its criticisms of Nurses, and whenever the word is mentioned in society someone is sure to volunteer a story more or less discreditable to the profession at large. A Nurse is expected to be perfect—she is only human—it is not easy to work sixteen hours at a stretch and then find that her eight hours off duty are looked upon as excessive ; nor is it easy to accept cheerfully the noisiest room for her day's sleep, preparatory to her night's duty, and there are many other things I could mention. A private Nurse has many to please ; there is her patient—he is often the least of her trials, and were Nurse and patient dependent upon one another only, all might be well,—but there are the relations, friends, and servants to be considered ; she must use tact and patience in dealing with all these. Of all her tasks none is harder than this : to disarm suspicion and conciliate relatives, whilst at the same time having proper control over her patient, carrying out her Doctor's instructions, and doing her duty with the least possible interference with the family life and habits. I feel sure many Doctors could tell us that often the relatives of the sick are adverse to having a Nurse, not from distrust of her knowledge, but from fear lest the mother or wife should be set aside and her simple home services have to give way in favour of better nursing. The true aim of good training and the best proof of its success will be seen in that quiet bearing which is a woman's best ornament everywhere. I am certain that Nurses find in the work a contentment more unmixed, if not greater, than that which attends other employments. There is in it the

need for physical activity, the best tonic for the body, and the personal risk for others, which is not a bad tonic for the soul. Besides the assurance that the work is good, there is the extra advantage which Nurses and Doctors share alike in seeing the end of their work ; it is true that in some illnesses, lingering and incurable, the Nurse's trials are such that only a Doctor can appreciate them. But this is not all nor half of the Nurse's lot. She knows of the ready gratitude of those she tends, of the excitement of watching an acute case, of the pleasure of seeing bad symptoms give way to good remedies—even life saved.

One's idea of a good Nurse is that she should bring with her a sense of calm and rest and that she should be

BRAVE, but not FOOLHARDY
CHEERFUL, but not FRIVOLOUS
RESOLUTE, but not OBSTINATE
GENTLE, but not EFFEMINATE
AND FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.



THE FOUR OF CLUBS.

By G. W. Hole.



AT the conclusion of Evening Service one Sunday during Lent, last year, the verger remarked as he hung up my surplice :

“I never seen the old gent as wears the spectacles and comforter again this evening, sir.”

“Indeed,” I replied, turning towards the table at which Mr. Trevarren, the Vicar’s warden, was engaged in counting the offertory money, “You never spoke to him after that evening, I suppose, Benson?”

He shook his head sadly. “No, sir, and I says it with all respect, I wouldn’t if I had the chanst. I spoke to him when he came first about the ’im books, civil as civil, but he looked that fierce and frightened, and hurried away as only, I says, a man with a evil conscience would.”

Benson sighed. He was one of those inquisitive individuals in whom a mournful conviction as to the antecedents and moral characters of the misguided persons who baffle their curiosity is a virtue.

“Dear me,” murmured Mr. Trevarren, pouring a little stream of threepenny-bits upon the table, “They came to a pound just now. By the bye,” he said, looking up and addressing me, “I forgot to tell you that I met Forrest last



night. He had been called in to see a patient whom he believes to be our mysterious friend. He is dangerously ill, it appears—wasting away—and a trained nurse is going there on Monday. He does not live very far from here, and really, Walter,” moved to earnestness, probably, by motives nearer akin to curiosity than he would have been willing to admit, “now I come to think of it, you ought to visit him. If you would like to go round on your way home I will act as your guide.”

Now a parish priest, however earnest and conscientious, can scarcely be blamed for looking somewhat askance at his duty when it confronts him in the shape of a long walk in the rain, after such a fatiguing day's work as mine had been. Besides, to shrivel up a myth, a favourite pastime of the so-called Scientific nowadays, is, to my mind, but a graceless task; and this mysterious person had become the hero of so many romantic stories that to attempt to unveil the certainly commonplace and probably despicable realities of his life seemed sheer vandalism. These stories, however, often wildly improbable, certainly found some justification in the fact that although he had attended our services, weekday as well as Sunday, with almost unbroken regularity for over three years, every attempt to find out who he was had failed. He always slipped into a seat near the door at the end of the aisle shortly after the Absolution, and went out again just before the Benediction. The most striking features of his costume which, it could not be denied, seemed designed in the first place with a view to disguise, were a long black cloak, blue spectacles, and a huge woollen comforter. Benson, the verger, who naturally saw more of him than anyone else, was wont to opine with a mournful shake of the head, that no man in his senses would get himself up in such a way without very good reasons. The majority, however, myself among the number, were inclined to regard the “Unknown” as merely a harmless maniac, an opinion, be it said, highly un-

popular amongst the female members of my own family.

However, I accepted Trevarren's offer, and we started as soon as possible, my companion avoiding the crowded thoroughfares, and leading the way through a murky labyrinth of deserted back streets.

John Trevarren was not only Vicar's Warden, but he and I had been bosom friends ever since our schooldays at Blundell's, Tiverton. Later, at Oxford, with Joyce of Brasenose (known now to fame as Allerton Joyce, Q.C.) and Arthur Tyndall of Balliol, kindred spirits also hailing from the West Country, we had formed a little club which, the membership being limited to us four, it seemed particularly appropriate to style the "Four of Clubs." I cannot remember that this Club had any other object beyond the encouragement of poetical excesses on the part of its members. Very fair those days appear now, across the dusty years of later travel. The comfortable wisdom which abides with youth had not then come into contact with the sharp knuckles of experience, and that lofty ambition was ours which dwarfs the mean achievements of maturity.

John Trevarren, kindest hearted and truest of friends, towered above us all in mental as in bodily stature; but in retrospect Arthur Tyndall stands out as the fullest embodiment of the spirit and hope of the club. Concerning him, dreamy, loving and wholly lovable, great things were predicted, although it was evident that his was a promise whose richness is often a bar to its own fulfilment. At College he never did justice to himself. Having taken his degree—not even a second-class—he entered the church; filled a curacy for a few years, and then went out to the South Sea Islands. Here, roused perforce into action, or first becoming aware of his own powers, he soon justified our opinion as to his ability. But suddenly, and in a most inexplicable manner, the fair prospect was darkened, and close upon the heel of the news that his name had been

mentioned in connection with a vacant colonial bishopric, crept dark rumours of ruin and disgrace. They were, however, of so conflicting a nature, the only detail common to all being the fact that there was a "woman in the case," that we confidently expected shortly to hear them contradicted by our friend himself. But even this hope was shattered by the news of his death by drowning. No one knew better than John and I the sensitiveness and underlying pride of Arthur's character. Had he yielded to despair and shame? This was a question we never dared put into words, although the dreadful fear, I could see, hung over John like a cloud.

Such was the end of all our dreams of the renown to be won by Arthur. Strangely enough, the fact was brought home to us at the same time with painful emphasis, that all our own dreams had long since been abandoned; and Arthur's name, for which we had fondly hoped the future held so much honour in store, became the symbol of our own unrealized ambitions. We two, however, seemed to be more closely drawn together by this crisis of storm and disillusionment, and that whole-hearted sympathy grew up between us which is the next best thing in this world to woman's love.

More than thirty years had passed since then, bringing changes for both of us; amongst others, for myself, the preferment to my present living, mainly through John's exertions on my behalf. And there, shouldering his way ahead of me through the dismal March night was John now, some six feet three and broad in proportion, upright as a guardsman, albeit his hair was white. After a long silence a sudden realization of the anxiety at home as to my whereabouts, and an increasing consciousness of the unpleasant drizzle, revived the doubt which had been present in my mind from the first.

"You are quite sure that Forrest was not mistaken, John, I called out.

“Eh, what?” and he faced round suddenly,

I repeated my question.

“O, Forrest knows him, it’s all right.” Then after a short consideration, “We should look foolish though, shouldn’t we? But it must be all right. Yes, of course it is.”

The inconvenient doubt having been thus vigorously and satisfactorily put to the rout, the march was resumed.

“Here we are,” he said at last, halting where a row of large houses branched off at right angles to the road, the long wet pavement in front of them glimmering down to the gaslamp at the end.

He knocked quietly at No. 7, and the door was opened by a tall, angular woman, who scrutinized us suspiciously.

“Good evening,” I said, stepping forward in the hope that my clerical attire might suggest the purport of our visit.

“Who be you?” she demanded, her exquisitely unspellable pronunciation of the vowel “U” betraying the fact, astonishing enough in Leeds, that she was a daughter of Devon.

“I am the Vicar of the parish,” I explained humbly. “I have been told that the gentleman who lives here is very ill. Perhaps he would like to see me. May I come in?”

“No, you maënt.”

“I am very sorry if it happens to be inconvenient. I thought perhaps I might be of some service. Besides, I know the gentleman by sight.”

“Wull, if he’ve aben to your church reglar for the last vower year, and you’m the pass’n, there baënt nothing wonderful in that. No, yu’m not gwine to zee un.”

Her intention to close at once the door and the parley seemed to admit of no compromise, when John spoke up with the most astonishing effect.

“Mary Elizabeth Moorman,” he said, sternly, “*You’m* not gwine to let us. Stand azide, there’s a good ’ooman. The

maister's on ez death-baid, and pass'n here've come to pray wi' un. I never thought as how *your* heart 'ud a turned to coald stooan, Mary Elizabeth Moorman."

"Lor zakes," ejaculated the gaunt woman, "Who be you?" She stared at him in bewilderment, and he, profiting by her discomfiture, promptly led the way into the hall and closed the door.

"Wull," she said crossly, "you've bin and shoved in as have no right to. The maister'll be nigh mad wi' me." Then, suddenly altering her tone and addressing me coaxingly, "I'll tell'n as how you've bin, pass'n. Won't 'ee go now, zir. He particular don't want nobody to zee un."

"Now Mary," interrupted John with gentle authority, dropping the vernacular, "Dr. Forrest sent us, so just you lead the way to your master's room. I'll take the blame. Still a stranger to you, am I? You don't remember young John Trevarren, then, who used to ride over to Ford when your father kept the smithy there? Ah! I am a bit older than I was then, and that's why you did not know me. But I remembered you at once. Time has not treated you so unkindly as he has me."

The flattery was not too subtle to be recognised as such by Mary, but the spirit of contradiction within her would not willingly be soothed.

"Well, I bai'nt no younger, nohow, Maister John," she replied, an attempt at a smile flitting strangely over her grim face. "Howsom'ever, if you and passon'll kom up—but 'av'ee wiped your boots—clain." The plaintive tone of this appeal was quite out of keeping with her resolute barring of the way until we had indulged in a little pedal exercise on the door-mat.

"Now," she said, "step as quient as you can."

We followed her upstairs and into a room which, as far as an almost invisible flicker of gas enabled us to discern, was of

ample dimensions. A thin rod of light fell across the floor through folding-doors slightly ajar at the far end.

Whispering to us to remain where we were, she advanced noiselessly and peeped into the next room.

“He’ve a dropped off again,” she whispered, returning to us and raising the gas slightly. “So you must bide a bit.”

We were amazed at the appearance of the room as revealed by the light. It was gloomy, the furniture being of massive dark oak, but relieved from absolute dulness by the presence of books. There were books everywhere: from floor to ceiling and piled up in apparent confusion on chairs and tables. Mary’s action here was evidently confined to washing and polishing merely; of which latter the highest exposition was probably the amazing brightness of the fender and fire-irons.

Having placed chairs for us, and taken one for herself, Mary turned the skirt of her dress up over her lap and folded her hands upon the shiny purple lining.

“What did you say the gentleman’s name was?” I asked in a whisper.

The wary West-country woman surveyed me sourly and then rapped out:

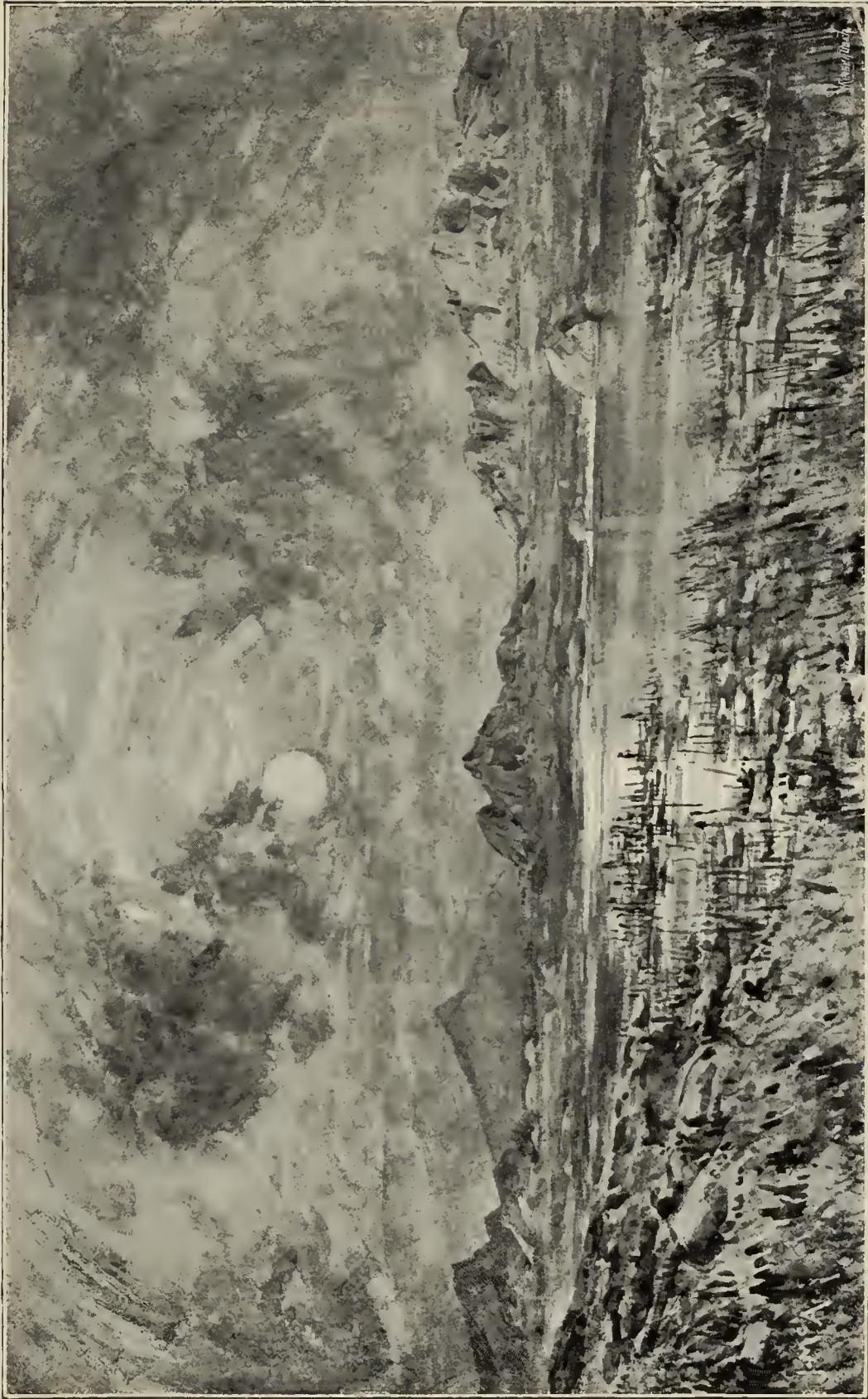
“I did’nt say as how ’ez name was anything, but if you wants pertickler to know, it’s Mr. Pitt.”

“She’s a Dissenter” I thought, feeling somewhat embarrassed, for she kept her keen eyes fixed upon me as if to read my inmost thoughts.

John, noticing that somehow I had managed to create a bad impression, whispered apologetically:

“This gentleman comes from near Dulverton and knows Exmoor, I daresay, almost as well as you do. We are all West-country folk together, are we not?”

Mary shot a dark, almost contemptuous, glance at me, and turned towards John.



THE DOXEY POOL, ROACHES.

“It sounds sweet to hear you talk Devonshire fashion,” he continued.

“The ’ole houze be West-country then, Mr. John,” she remarked in a more kindly tone, “for the maister’s a Devonshire man too. That’s how I comm here. Vower year ago Mr. Pitt stopped all zummer wi’ Varmer Mead up to Exton, and ’er zez to Mrs. Mead one day, sez’ee, ‘I’m gwine to live up Leeds way, and I wants a good honest soul to houzekeäp for me. I’ll make it wuth her while.’”

“So Mrs. Mead says, ‘Why there’s Mary Elizabeth Moor-man to Ford Smithy. If you wants a honest, clain, respectable ’ooman, them was her very words, as’ll pickle a ham equal to mysel’ there you be. Down ’er comes. ‘Leeds’ says I, ‘why that’s all up Bristol way—’”

“Yes” purred John with intent, happily successful, to avert the threatened account of her subsequent enlightenment as to the true position of this delightful city.

“Not as I had need to come, as Mrs. Northcote to Steep ’ud be glad if I went to her any day. But ’er zed as how ’er particular wanted a West-country woman. Vower year gone, sure enough, come next fust o’ November.”

“And did you like the change?” queried John, cautiously.

“Well, Mr. Trevarren,” she replied readily enough, but in a tone which implied that such an enquiry was scarcely compatible with West-country common sense, ‘when a ’ooman putts up wi’ a thing for nigh vower year, as has a plaäce her can goo to any time, it don’t zim as she hates it overmuch.’ Then resuming her narrative tone, ‘He’s the rummest gentleman as ever I sot eyes on, is Mr. Pitt. Vower year, and he ’ant spoke never a word to no living soul but me. And er doo make such a mommet of ’izelf when ’er goos out. He sez voaks makes ’im nervous if they comes anist’n. I axes’n why ’er lives in a dirty hole like Leeds, where there’s that many

voaks they pizens one another, when there's room and to spare down wum (home) and the things don't want to be done over agen when the washing's putt out. But 'er only shakes 'ez heåd and says as how that baënt everything. Nort have 'er ever done but goo to thickey church, and I says, if there's anybody safe for the kingdom, why it's Mr. Pitt. He come wum one day three year agone, and took on so as I was aveard 'er ooden goo no more. Arter all 'twas only some greasy old villent to the church there, as wanted money, likely as not, got whispering to 'un and axing 'un things. '(Surely, most excellent Benson, thou wast here sadly misunderstood.)' 'But he've bin tarble bad now for nigh a month. When 'er give up gwine to church, says I, then it's safe he's gwine to Heaven. And sure enough 'er 'ez.'"

At this point, her hard unsympathetic face becoming strangely contorted, she turned her back on us and produced, from amidst the folds of her doubled-up skirt, a pocket-handkerchief with which, rolled up into a small hard ball, she furtively touched her eyes. So we waited patiently, daring neither to speak nor move, until, hearing some sound inaudible to us in the adjoining chamber, she darted noiselessly to the door. We instantly followed, in obedience to her signal, but no sooner had we entered the room than her warning finger and the sound of a low voice, brought us to a stand-still.

The 'maister' was in bed, propped up with pillows, his head bent forward, his thin hands feebly essaying the attitude of prayer. Such a position, and the dim light of the room, permitted us to distinguish little more than a brow and features of ascetic refinement—certainly not the kind of face we had expected to see.

Concluding from the reverent earnestness of his manner that he was repeating a prayer, I leant forward and listened. His utterance was quite unintelligible but its peculiar intonation in

some strange way suggested the language of the Book of Common Prayer. The mumbled words, far from sounding like the meaningless wanderings of a weakened intellect, impressed me, together with his manner, with an idea of perfect sanity and intelligence. Unconscious of us and his surroundings he might be, but only in so far as he was absorbed in and conscious of himself. And yet the most obvious fact of all was that he was dying.

Before I had succeeded in catching a single word, he stopped abruptly. It seemed that the spirit which inspired and supported him was withdrawn, and his chin sank heavily on his breast. Surely this was the end! but no, in his emaciated face there lingered yet the faint shadow of resolve triumphing over the weakness of the body. The balance wavered, and then the forces of life slowly rallied again. Rousing himself as one who would cast slumber from him, he lifted his head and stared with such intentness into the centre of the room that involuntarily I glanced in the same direction. Under his earnest manner it had struck me there lurked something of uncertainty—as of a man appealing to some doubtful patron, but now, as he gazed, a strange joy and assurance gradually lit up his chastened features, and his soul seemed to be almost drawn through his eyes in contemplation of some celestial vision invisible to us.

It has been my lot to stand by many Christian deathbeds, and to see many such glorious assurances in the faces of the dying, but never before had I experienced the quite inexplicable sensation, akin to awe, which possessed me as I watched this unknown parishioner of mine. And stranger still there was mingled with it a mysterious conviction that I had either watched, or taken some active part in this very scene before.

But these experiences and sensations were crowded into a very few moments. The 'Maister's' ecstatic state could not last long; the collapse was close at hand now. Yet the power of his

will, or the resolution derived from some overmastering idea, still supported him, for, suddenly raising both hands shoulder high, he electrified us by repeating the "Absolution" from the "Visitation of the Sick," with a musical clearness and strength of voice in striking contrast with his weak state. The strange familiarity of the ideas suggested by the mumbled sounds I had overheard was immediately explained. He had been repeating the earlier progress of this Service; perhaps, in imagination, administering the Sacrament to himself.

"OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST"—as the first unfaltering syllables vibrated through the unexpectant silence, I dropped upon my knees and buried my face in the bed-clothes, thrilled with an exquisite torture of inexplicable remorse—"OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, WHO HATH LEFT POWER TO HIS CHURCH TO ABSOLVE ALL SINNERS WHO TRULY REPENT AND BELIEVE IN HIM, OF HIS GREAT MERCY FORGIVE THEE THINE OFFENCES: AND BY HIS AUTHORITY COMMITTED TO ME, I ABSOLVE THEE FROM ALL THY SINS, IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, AND OF THE SON, AND OF THE HOLY GHOST. AMEN."

"Amen," responded John and I, in altered voices, and we heard a half-choked sob behind us.

Then a pause ensued, probably almost imperceptible as to time, but hours measured by emotion. Mr. Pitt's uplifted hands sank down to the coverlet again, the involuntary curving of the long delicate fingers pathetically suggestive of helpless weakness, and a cold moisture dulled the almost transparent whiteness of his brow.

I cannot now adequately describe the strange sensation I experienced when John rose and drew the unconscious man gently towards him. He seemed strangely excited. The apprehension of approaching death, although promising to come in so gentle a guise, was perhaps too much for him, unused as he was to such scenes. To be ready, therefore, for any emer-

gency, I went round to his side, and beckoned to Mary. John, however, paid no heed to either of us. He had taken Mr. Pitt's unresisting hands in his own, and was bending down, as if he would bring his own strength to the assistance of the dying man in his lonely struggle with Death.

How great was my surprise, then, to hear John whisper in a tone of tender entreaty :

“ Arthur ! ”

The word struck sharply on my strained sense : and I immediately fell to doubting whether I had heard it at all. But again John whispered :

“ Arthur ! ”

Then I understood. As ‘ Mr Pitt’s ’ eyes opened slowly and met John’s kindly gaze, I wondered how I could have been blind so long. It was indeed Arthur. There was glad recognition in his face but no surprise.

“ John,” he replied very weakly, a faint shadow of the old familiar smile touching the corners of his mouth, his eyes fixed on Trevarren’s face with an almost childlike wistfulness.

“ I am glad—glad,” he murmured with long pauses between the words, “ How did you find me out—I have seen you—and Walter—often—and longed—but—”

His lips continued to move for a few moments but no intelligible sound reached our strained ears. Slowly as we watched him his face darkened, and the lines round his mouth lengthened downwards.

“ Walter is here too,” whispered John.

He seemed to understand for when John placed his right hand in mine I fancied I felt an answering pressure of the slender fingers.

“ Dear old friend,” was all I could say, bending towards the ears shut for evermore to human speech. As he lay on John’s arm he moved his shoulder slightly as if to turn away from the

light, and I placed a screen between the bed and the lamp burning dimly at the far end of the room. Then JOHN, who all his life had known little love but the love of men, bent down and kissed him with a wonderful tenderness.

We had not to wait long, restoratives having proved of no avail. Close upon eleven o'clock, although little change was apparent, we became conscious of a chilly influence in the room. John looked across at me, his face drawn and pale. "It's all over," I could see he said, but no sound passed his lips. He laid the motionless head back among the pillows, and we both knelt by the bedside while Mary, at the other end of the room, instinctively aware that the end had come, threw her apron over her head and sobbed aloud.

And kneeling there I strove to realize what had happened but failed, overcome by the sadness of it all. For all his high hopes, his pure ambition, had Arthur's life been utterly mispent and wasted? Genius, friendship, opportunity—and this the end of it all? Ah! who shall say. Then somehow, came into my mind, the only clear idea among many confusions, the lament in the *Morte Darthur*, which he himself had aspired to put into verse; of Sir Ector de Maris who, having ridden all England "overthwart and endlong" in search of the living Sir Launcelot had found his dead body instead in the Quire of Joyous Gard, and the sadness and frustration of all that likewise. In the midst of this sad reverie, as if my thoughts had acted suggestively on John's mind, I was startled to hear his deep voice addressing the motionless figure:

"Ah, dear Arthur," he said, and he indeed of all us had loved him most, "had you but known how we loved you, you would have trusted us more. Did you fear that we should have presumed to judge you for your sin, which God has forgiven, whatever it was—*we*? O why did you not let us help you to bear your burden? Come, Walter!

I followed him into the dark study with its silent arrays of books, and we stood in anxious consultation for some time, for there was much to be done. Then John insisted on my going home.

“You are tired,” he said, “and there are those who love you who will be anxious about you. As for me—I will stay here and see to this. Good Night!”





THE HEAVENLY PILGRIMAGE.



A FRAGMENT.

By William H. Goss, F.G.S., F.R. Met. Soc., &c.



MUCH of the literary work of my boyhood was preserved for many years with the hope that leisure might be found at some time for its careful examination and preparation for the press. But at length, no such leisure appearing probable, I determined to destroy those manuscripts. The last of them, which is burnt this day—20th September, 1885—was entitled “Myrtle Bower,” a romance which I have clung to for more than thirty years with the above-expressed hope. But as a memorial of that favourite conception of the spring-time of my life I spare the following simple verses and their introductory paragraphs :

Our next scene is a neat cottage standing alone, not far from the village of Landon, at the foot of a steep wood-crowned hill. In its front is laid out a very pretty and artistic flower-garden, at the end of which flows a broad clear stream, on whose surface the newly-created May-flies perilously glide with only dawning consciousness, their marvellous resurrection from the pupæ being hardly yet completed—perilously glide, for beneath that surface dart and fro, and everywhere, trout and other finny denizens of the stream. Beyond this extend many acres of pasture in which cattle enjoy happy days of plenty, and even apparent contentment ; and lambs gambol with no disturbing apprehensions of to-morrow. These meadows are bounded by woods, where the tender green spring-budding of the larches

and other spring-growth forms a pretty aerial stippling upon the sombre background of old ever-green. All this is as delightful to look upon, as the bird-music is delightful to listen to. Turning round we see that all but the front of the cottage is buried among the blossoms of an orchard flourishing immediately at the foot of the steep wood-crowned hill, which towers at the back of the cottage and is seen, from the lattice windows, above the tops of the pink and white and green of the fruit trees. And the air is very sweet with the perfumes of the blooms ; and is musical not only with the songs of birds, but with the silvery voice of a small swift stream, the new-born of the clouds of morn and eve, which rushes and bounds in its channel down the hill-side to join the little river below ; ever sweetly singing in its course ; and adding another charm to the whole.

The inhabitants of this cottage are an elderly widow and her daughter Felicia, a maiden in the early spring of womanhood, noted in the neighbouring village, and all around, for her loveliness, and her retirement from all society save that of her mother : for Felicia associates only with her mother ; and her mother associates only with Felicia.

It is certainly a coincidence in this history, although not a remarkable one, that these two had, like the principal characters of the preceding chapters, endured bitter bereavements. It is not remarkable, because all families are broken up by death sooner or later.

The day had been delightful, and Felicia had gone up into the wood at the back of the cottage this afternoon, as was frequently her habit on fine days, to spend an hour in gathering wild-flowers for the adornment of the little home. The hour had nearly elapsed, and the widow in the interior of the cottage closed the great Bible which she had been reading, and arose to prepare the tea. And as she moved about she sang.

Now, besides the great Bible which the good matron had just been reading, the scant library of these solitary ladies included a volume which they held in little less veneration than the sacred Book itself; and that was Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." The marvellously graphic delineations and fervent sentences of the preaching tinker of Bedford, were, in their estimation, as divinely inspired as the world-conquering ever-glowing sentences of the preaching fishermen of the Galilean Sea. Hence the following biographical verses, composed and now sung by the widow while awaiting her daughter's return, are conceived in the parabolic spirit of Bunyan's wondrous allegory :

In the path of the Heavenly Pilgrimage
 There once journey'd a pilgrim maid.
 It was Spring ; and joys met her at every stage,
 And the scenes were as bright as her heart was light,
 And she thought they would never fade.

Yes ; the way was all spread with the vernal green,
 And the birds sweetest music made,
 And all Nature adorned like a bride was seen ;
 And these joys of the Spring made her heart to sing,
 And she deem'd they would never fade.

One day as she went in this narrow way
 A pilgrim youth walk'd by her side :
 And they journey'd together from that happy day.
 And soon they vow'd never till death to sever,
 But love on, whate'er might betide.

Most dearly they loved with a joyous flame,
 And each day seem'd enchantment unspent.
 And fairer and fairer the scenes became
 As hand in hand t'wards the heavenly land
 On their way they hopefully went.

The Spring of their days was thus joyously pass'd ;
 And then came the Summer of life—
 A season more joyous than even the last ;
 For the pilgrims were tied as bridegroom and bride—
 The sweet tie of husband and wife.

And greater ev'n yet was the pilgrims' joy
 When in time, as they journey'd on,
 Heaven gave them a sweet little baby-boy
 Like an angel of love sent down from above
 To assume the dear title of son.

Here the matron paused, and stepping to the back window
 looked up through the trellis to the hillside path down from the
 wood with the hope of seeing her daughter returning. But she
 was disappointed, and in a lower voice resumed her singing
 thus :

Nor here did the pilgrims' rich blessings end,
 Another joy followed this ;
 Another sweet angel did Heaven send—
 A daughter most fair their love-joys to share,
 And fill'd-up was their cup of bliss.

Still full to the brim was their cup of bliss
 Though they drank of it day by day :
 And the earth seem'd a Heaven of happiness—
 The path of the race seem'd the resting-place,
 And there fain would have rested they.

They forgot that the Summer must pass away—
 Its sunshine fade and its flowers die.
 They forgot they were mortals and could not stay ;
 And awhile lost sight of the Land of Light
 And the Life of Eternity.

And the Summer of life *did* pass away—
 Its sunshine fade and its flowers die ;
 And their hopes and their joys began to decay
 Since they had lost sight of the Land of Light
 And the Life of Eternity.

And then did their hearts grow disconsolate
 When their Summer had pass'd away.
 And still they forgot their youth's pilgrim state
 When the path they trod t'wards the City of God,
 From which they had wander'd astray.

But the Lord of the narrow and pleasant way
 Is a loving and merciful Lord ;
 And though they had wander'd and gone astray
 And His way forgot, He hated them not,
 But waited His aid to afford.

Here the widow again paused in her singing and again stepped to the window and looked anxiously through the Jessamine towards the wood, but no Felicia appeared yet ; and, after awhile, she continued again and sang :

And though, when they'd proven how foolish and vain
 Their lapse from the right way had been,
 Yet sought not to walk in that path again,
 A message He sent with loving intent
 Their hearts from the world to wean.

And His messenger came as a monster grim—
 Grim Death, with a summons dread
 To recall their dear first-born back to Him ;
 Then point to the goal where the happy soul
 Of their noble son had fled.

For he had now grown to a noble lad,
 And they loved him passingly ;
 And the loss left their hearts all bleeding and sad
 And all night and all day lamented they,
 And their tears they could not dry.

Till at length they remembered the hopeful truth—
 “ Whom He loveth He chasteneth,”
 And remembered the hope of their happy youth,
 Ere they went astray from the narrow way,
 Or dreaded the thought of death.

And then did they tremble and weep the more
 Because they had wander'd astray,
 And besought their Lord His grace to restore :
 And their feet their Lord to His path restored,
 And He wiped their tears away.

Just as she had concluded this verse the ancient clock in the corner of the room struck five, reminding her that Felicia was now long behind her usual time ; and she again looked anxiously forth—this time to her gratification ! for she saw the dear maiden just emerging from the shadow of the wood. Then she resumed more heartily than ever, singing :

How blest is the heart with His Presence endow'd !
 And how blest these pilgrims were !
 Their bosoms with joy and with love overflow'd,
 For their hope was now sure, and Death nevermore
 Had terrors their hearts to scare.

For Death was no longer a monster grim,
 But a messenger of joy,
 Who shortly would cite them to follow him
 Who had gone before, to unite evermore
 In pleasures that never cloy.

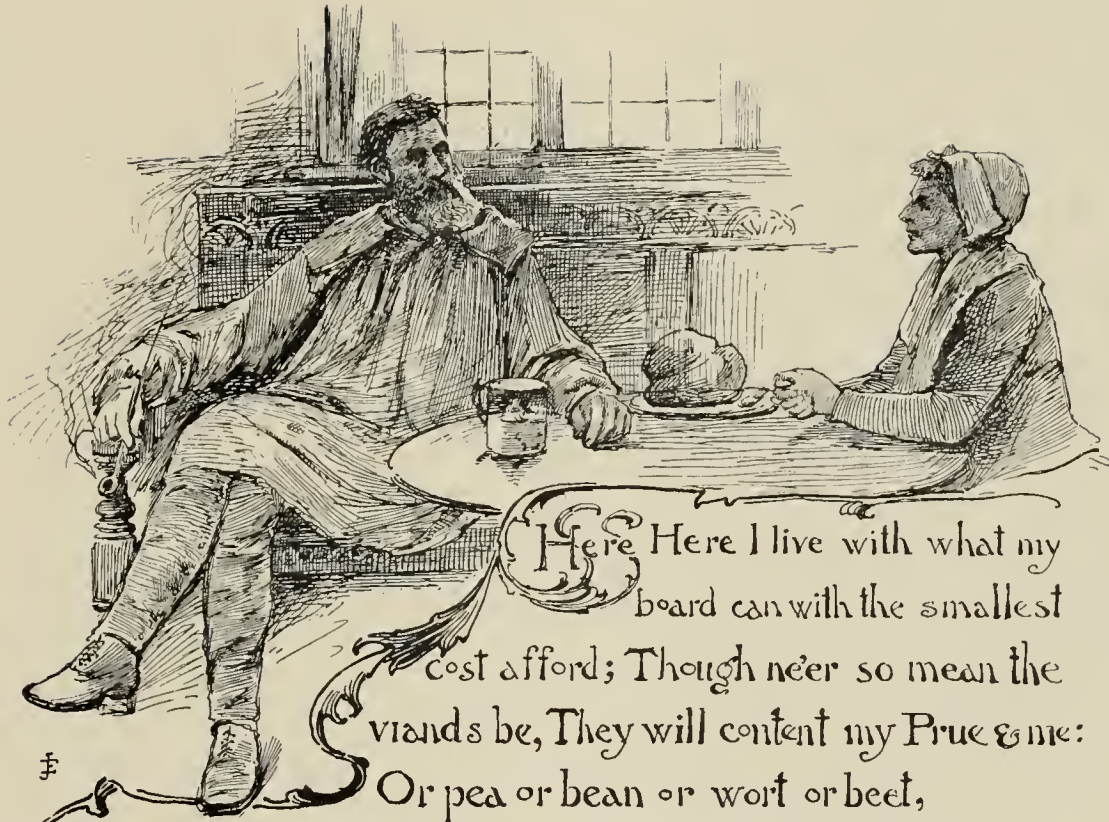
And they long'd to follow their darling boy,
 And they pray'd to be summon'd hence
 To the world of pleasures that never cloy.
 And a summons was sent to the sire and he went
 To the pilgrim's recompense.

He went ; and his spouse and his daughter fair
 Still wait for the happy day
 When they shall be summon'd to meet him there.
 The summons send, and their waiting end
 Quickly O God we pray !

The religious earnestness with which the good matron sang this conclusion, and the loving earnestness with which she kissed her daughter who just then entered, were almost sufficient to reveal who were the "spouse" and "daughter fair" thus indicated as waiting for the happy summons.

But it happened that the cause of Felicia's detention in the wood that afternoon led subsequently to such surprising discoveries, and to such happy momentous events in the lives of both these ladies, that their nunnish seclusion was again exchanged for the full social enjoyment of terrestrial life ; without leading to forgetfulness or dread of the life to follow. But as "Myrtle Bower" has been consigned to the flames, all the rest has become as a forgotten vision of the night.





Here Here I live with what my
board can with the smallest
cost afford; Though neer so mean the
viands be, They will content my Prue & me:
Or pea or bean or wort or beet,

‡
Whatever comes, Content makes sweet. Here we rejoyce
because no rent We pay for our poor tenement, Wherein we
rest & never fear The landlord or the usurer. The quarter-day does
neer affright Our peaceful slumbers in the night; We eat our
own and batten more, Because we feed on no man's score;
But pity those whose flanks grow great Swelled with the
lard of others' meat. We bless our fortunes when we see
Our own beloved privacy; And like our living, where we're
known To very few, or else to none.

Herrick



FOLK-LORE.

By Miss Alice Annie Keary.

Proposals for collecting and recording the Folk-Lore of Staffordshire.

The subject of Folk-lore is attracting increasing attention in the present day ; both from those who simply take pleasure in recalling and picturing the manners of former generations, and from those who look farther, and perceive that these traditional beliefs, customs, stories, and sayings must have originated in a state of society very far removed indeed from the present, and that they should be able therefore to reveal to us what was the standard of culture, what the code of manners and morals, of those early ancestors among whom they arose.

But this traditional lore is now preserved by few but the oldest and least educated among us. Death makes continual inroads in their number, and the spread of school education steadily effaces the remembrance of their traditions from the minds of their descendants.

If then we would place on record these curious relics of an unknown, nay, of a pre-historic past, the work must be done at once, systematically and steadily.

Other counties are stirring in the matter, and Staffordshire, which certainly does not yield to them in interesting features, should not be behindhand in the work of preserving these memories of our fathers.

What is needed is information on the following and kindred topics :—

1.—**SUPERSTITION.** Such as beliefs in fairies, ghosts, bogies, witchcraft, “wise women,” charms, cures, omens, notions about good or ill-luck being attached to particular actions, to various sorts of birds, beasts, plants, flowers, &c.

2.—**TRADITIONAL CUSTOMS.** Such as the Greenhill Bower at Lichfield, the Abbot’s Bromley horn-dancing, morris-dances, well-dressings, wakes, &c ;

customs of hiring or bargaining or tenant-right, local tenures of land, local weights and measures ; customs connected with births, deaths, and marriages, the form of mob-law known as "riding the stang," the form of temporary marriage known as "leasing," which was or is popularly believed to be as binding in law as an ordinary marriage ; games of all kinds, from Shrove Tuesday football down to boys' games of marbles.

3.—TRADITIONAL STORIES. Such as the legends of the Bridestones, of the goats in Bagot's Park, of Molly Lee's Ghost at Burslem, or less special ones such as the histories of the Three Sillies, and of the half-sisters Orange and Lemon, both of which have been told in the county ; stories in verse like the Mummers' or Guisers' Play, and the ballad-stories formerly hawked about ; old songs, especially such as were sung on festival occasions, &c., &c.

4.—SAVINGS. Proverbs, such as "Health's a fine flower ;" "As crooked as Dick's hatband, that went twice round and would'nt tie at last ;" rhymes of all kinds, such as

"Sutton for mutton,
Tamworth for beef,
Walsall for a pretty girl,
And Brummagem for a thief."

or,

"[I wish you] A roof to cover you and a bed to lie,
Meat when you're hungry and drink when you're dry,
And a place in Heaven when you come to die."

Riddles, sayings about the weather, &c., &c., all come under this head.

Everyone—man, woman, or child—who is interested in the history of our county, and is inclined to help in enquiring for and recording such old world matters, is invited to communicate with one or other of the ladies whose names are appended to this circular. How the material collected should eventually be given to the world, is a matter for further consideration, but meantime they are anxious to meet with several correspondents in each part of the county—the Moorlands, the Potteries, Needwood Forest, the Trent Valley, the Black Country, Kinver Forest, &c.,—so as to obtain the needful matter as fully and as systematically as possible.

Each separate scrap should be written on a separate half-sheet of paper, on one side only, and should state distinctly (1) the name of the sender and if the item mentioned is not a matter of common report in the neighbourhood, then (2) the name, age, and occupation of the writer's informant, and (3) in *all* cases, the name of the parish or township in which it was met with.

This last is specially important, as the place where a given belief or custom

prevails may prove to throw great light on its origin. For instance, our county is traversed by Watling Street ; half of it therefore must have come under the dominion of the Danes ; supposing then, that some old custom is found to prevail north of Watling Street, and not south, or *vice-versâ*, there will be some ground for the presumption that it owes its origin or its disappearance to the Danish occupation. It is already known to the writers that great diversity of custom does exist in the county, Mothering Sunday being observed in some places and not in others ; St. Clement's Day (Nov. 23rd) being marked in some and All Souls' (Nov. 2nd) in others ; while the manner of celebrating the 1st of May varies greatly in different places, and they expect most interesting results from a minute comparison of these local variations.

Finally, they hope that no one will be deterred from writing to them by the idea that what he or she has to tell is too trifling, or too well-known, to be worth recording.

[Miss] ALICE ANNIE KEARY,
Oakhill, STOKE-ON-TRENT.

[Miss] CHARLOTTE SOPHIA BURNE,
Pyebirch, ECCLESHALL.

Midsummer, 1892.



UCH was the circular that we drew up three years ago, when Miss Burne, the Authoress of "Shropshire Folk-lore," first stirred me to help in collecting material for a companion volume in the Folk-lore of Staffordshire. It has not produced much result so far, so when I was asked to contribute a paper on Folk-lore to this book, it occurred to me that it would be a good opportunity to make a fresh appeal for help in this matter. As Miss Burne has now ceased to be a resident of our county, and during part of the year moves about a good deal, it will perhaps be convenient to me to keep for the present the position of acting correspondent, and forward to her in course of time, any information received.

People are apt to assume that in town populations like

those of the Potteries old superstitions have faded away and been forgotten, but this is by no means universally the case. If only we have our eyes and ears open, we cannot fail to notice, from time to time, little odds and ends of belief that come down from the Middle Ages, or even from Pagan times, cropping up unexpectedly in minds which seem otherwise formed entirely by modern influences, like bits of rock sticking up in a ploughed field. For instance, I know of a really sensible and intelligent woman, who insisted on her son's keeping a collection of birds' eggs he was making in an out-house, "as they were things as it was so unlucky to have in a house." Another woman (to whom, I admit, the same description would hardly apply) informed me once that she had been quite prepared to hear of the death of a neighbour who had been ill for some time by hearing an unaccountable rattling among the plates on the dresser the previous night. Not long ago I was told of a person (not quite an uneducated person either) who excused herself for having adopted, without much enquiry, a black kitten which had strayed from another house, on the ground that "she had always understood it was very lucky to have a black cat come to your house."*

A similar belief in the luckiness attending white horses must have been inculcated in the minds of a party of children in no more remote a village than Penkhull, who one day about fourteen or fifteen years ago, saluted me, as I rode past them on a whitish grey steed, with the rhyme,

*Black cats, as everyone knows, are allied with witchcraft and the powers of darkness generally, but it seems to be a moot point as to whether it is very lucky or very unlucky to have one in one's possession, the belief varying in different localities. Some relatives of mine, who lived for many years at Holyhead, told me that it was impossible to keep one there; they were invariably stolen by the sailors to take on board as a safeguard against storms or shipwreck; while on the other hand, in a book written by someone who was evidently familiar with seafaring folk, an allusion is made to the belief that to have a black cat on board would almost ensure disaster of some sort.

“ Good luck to you, good luck to me,
 Good luck to every white horse I see.”

Much more recently a girl—not a young child, but one who had completed her education—was heard to exclaim, on seeing one of her companions crush a half-torpid bluebottle: “ There now! it will come on to rain,” and on her teacher questioning her, she found that she really believed that to be the probable result of killing a “ flesh fly ;” and only the other day I learnt that it is very unlucky indeed to give anyone a present of a pocket-knife, “ though if you should do it, they must give a copper or two back for it : that breaks luck.”

These are isolated examples which have been brought under my notice by chance, but there are many equally unreasonable notions that are far more widely spread. For instance, if a ballot could be taken in our county as to whether or not it is permissible to kill a pig when the moon is on the wane, there would, I should fancy, be a considerable majority against. A very different class of superstition is that which crops up in the strong objection many uneducated people have against naming a child after a deceased relative, especially after anyone who has died prematurely : they seem to think that by so doing, they run, to say the least of it, a considerable risk of losing the child ; an idea which seems closely connected with the *taboo* of some savage tribes. Most of us also, when visiting a house where some one is lying dead, have been surprised by one of the bystanders feeling the fingers and hand of the corpse, and remarking that if it feels “ limmer,” *i.e.*, limp and flabby, there will soon be another death in the house. It has been suggested that this superstition may have arisen at the time of some epidemic, and Dr. Hind corroborates this idea, as he says : “ In acute or prolonged diseases rigidity sets in early, is very slight, and soon passes away, so that it may not be noticed : thus in deaths from epidemic disease where there is great prostration,

there is little or no rigidity, and it soon passes away." So that this unpleasant superstition may be an unconscious reminiscence of the Plague or the Black Death.

Another old-world notion is impressed on the mind of the householder who is roused from his bed at midnight on New Year's Eve by a thundering knock at the door; and on asking who is there, is informed that So-and-so "just thought he'd like to have the New Year let in for him." Possibly in some cases the hope of a "tip," or at all events of a glass of beer is mingled with a neighbourly regard for the householder's welfare during the ensuing year, but there are many people even now-a-days who would feel that such an offer should not be lightly rejected, at least if it came from a man with black or very dark hair. For it is well-known that it is very unlucky to "let the New Year in" by being the first person to cross your own threshold on January 1st and also that it is very important that this office should be performed by a dark-haired man. An old woman of our acquaintance who lived for the greater part of her married life in Trent Vale, told my sister that her husband, being a very dark man, was quite in request among his neighbours at that season. It is thought that the origin of this belief is to be found in the fact that the primitive races that were driven out by the Aryans were of small stature and dark colouring, like the Finns and Lapps of our day. The remnants of these people, who lingered on in nooks and corners after the main body of their fellows was extinct, came to be regarded by their conquerors as possessed of occult powers, like the gipsies in modern times, and thus a household favoured at a critical moment, like the turn of the year, by a visit from one of them, could hardly fail to reap advantage from it.

This does not, however, throw any light on the belief that to have the New Year let in by a *red-haired* person is peculiarly undesirable. "We're going round to let the New Year in,"

said some lads a few years ago, "but we aren't going to take *him*," indicating one of the party who had decidedly fiery locks. Is this aversion to red-haired people connected with its frequent occurrence among Celtic nations, or is it a reminiscence of the invasions of the Vikings? the shade of flaxen hair which turns red in the beard and moustache being more common among the Scandinavians than with us, though red hair proper is uncommon. Or does it date from the time when the red-bearded Thor had sunk from the position of a god to that of a sort of devil?*

These explanations not being, as the White Knight would say, "my own invention," but resting on competent authorities, can be relied on; but to the amateur folklore student the by-paths by which he hopes to arrive at the origin of superstitions are full of pit-falls caused by one's own ignorance. For instance, not long ago I lit on a reprint of part of Sir J. Mandeville's account of his travels in the Holy Land, in which he incidentally states, (in the delightfully positive manner he has of making assertions about matters which to the modern mind seem open to a good deal of doubt) that our Lord's crown of thorns was made of the blackthorn. Now it is in many places thought very unlucky to bring blackthorn into a house; here seemed the reason plainly enough; a kindred tradition, that the tree on which Judas hanged himself was an elder, seemed equally plainly accountable for an anecdote I had heard of a little Staffordshire boy, not long ago, beginning to scream and cry with terror on seeing some one put some sticks of elder in the fire, having been always told that to do so would bring the devil down the chimney. But unluckily it turns out on enquiry that both these shrubs were held in superstitious abhorrence in England and other

*It is noticeable that in almost all mediæval pictures Judas is represented with hair of that colour.

countries long before they were christianized ; and I have heard even a really scientific folk-lorist betrayed into a suggestion that the reason why, in some counties, it is believed that to interfere with the nests of swallows would cause cattle plague, is because the red feathers under their throats connected them in popular fancy with Thor, the lightning-god, who might be supposed thus to avenge his protégés ; when suddenly the theory was knocked on the head by the recollection that the superstition applied equally to martins, which have no red about them at all. One of our familiar birds, the robin, may however, justifiably claim Thor's special protection ; on which account no doubt it is that many country children look on the taking of robins' eggs as about the greatest sin you can commit. "It's very unlucky *indeed* for take robins' eggs" spontaneously remarked a small patient in the N. S. Infirmary not long ago, on being shown some pictures of birds, "I never took robins' eggs nor wrens' eggs neither" he added evidently feeling that one cannot be too cautious in these matters. Why the robin and the wren are so closely associated in popular fancy that they are finally joined together in matrimony in the well-known ballad, I cannot say ; but it is, I believe, tolerably well established that the red-breast, like other red or pink things, *e.g.*, the Herb-Robert, or wild geranium, the familiar ragged-robin, and the robin-run-in-the-hedge, (the country name in some places for the pink campion) is so called because Robert or Roth-bart (red-beard) is a later name of Thor or Donner (thunder), the red beard representing the flash of lightning. The pretty legend (in America transferred to the cross-bill) of how a robin alighted on the Cross, and striving to pull out a thorn from our Saviour's crown, pierced its own breast which was thenceforth stained with crimson, shows how this bird was transferred from Thor's special favour to Christ's, and thus it is that as an old ballad puts it :

“ The robin and the wrenne,
Are God Almighty’s cock and henne.”

another instance of pre-Christian superstition being made to fit into Christian beliefs.

Miss Burne writes : “ Don’t refer any of them (some of the superstitions alluded to above) to events connected with the Christian religion, they are far older, they have been *christianized* by some theory of their origin—such as Judas and the elder-tree, or Sir J. Mandeville’s views about the blackthorn being popularly invented and received, so making them (in popular fancy) *allowable* beliefs, unconnected with witchcraft, or rather, permitting persons to *continue to* believe in them without being guilty of “ black magic.”

The whole course of these beliefs is a curious commentary on the saying “ The child or the savage *invents* an explanation of whatever puzzles him, the philosopher seeks to *discover* one ;” doubtless many of these beliefs were originally an invented explanation of something that puzzled the primitive mind—some otherwise inexplicable turn of good or ill fortune, or something unusual in the course of nature ; then a fresh explanation was invented in Christian times to justify Christian people in persisting in some heathen belief or custom which in practice they dared not discard though in theory they were bound to condemn it ; and then the amateur folk-lorist invents the *invented* explanation as the origin of the practice, thus proving how much nearer he (or she) is to the primitive savage than to the philosopher.

I have not left myself much space for dealing with that most fascinating branch of Folk-lore—magical and semi-magical cures for disease. I know a man—he can be hardly thirty now—who in his boyhood was buried up to the neck in the ground as a remedy for small-pox ; but he comes from the south ; I never heard of that method of treating the complaint being practised

in Staffordshire, and should be very glad to hear if any instances of that, or similar cases, are known. Whooping cough appears to rejoice in the most wonderful variety of cures, from the well-known "nine times over a donkey" remedy to the curiously modern one of going through Harecastle tunnel with your head out of the window all the time. That, I was informed the other day, is an infallible receipt for getting rid of the complaint. A still odder one was given to my mother nearly thirty years ago; it consisted of cutting a bit of hair from the back of the patient's neck, spreading it on a piece of bread and butter and giving it to the first dog that came to the house. The giver of the receipt had tried it on her own grandchildren with marked success. In my grandmother's youth (she died twenty-six years ago at the age of eighty) I remember being told that whooping cough was treated by making a little hole at the back of the patient's neck and keeping it open by working a little bit of stick round and round in it. I fancy this method must have been inherited from the time when disease of all sorts was supposed to be caused by some evil spirit, and the great point was to leave a convenient aperture by which the spirit could escape. In Korea I believe, this system flourishes in full force, and all cases, surgical and medical alike are treated by the native physicians by piercing holes in the patient's legs with a needle—too frequently a rusty one.

But all these remedies seem to me out done by one which is recommended by a certain Sir John Floyer "to cure madness in a dog or anything." He was Court Physician to Charles II., but lived and practised for many years at Lichfield; he it was who constructed the St. Chad's Bath in a glen near the city, afterwards formed by Dr. E. Darwin into a botanical garden. He appears to have been a sensible man with a belief in the wholesome effects of taking baths

which would seem to shew him to have been in advance of his time. Yet he narrates in sober seriousness a story—at second-hand—about a man “who was bitt by a mad dog, and in a very ill frantick condition.” An Italian Mountebank chancing to pass that way, assured him that to swallow a piece of paper “rolled up” on which were written the words “Sega, tega, sega, docemena mega,” (a mystic phrase which he did not apparently attempt to translate) would give him instant relief. The sufferer swallowed as directed and was cured on the spot; the friend who told Sir John the story had tried the cure also on several of his dogs who had gone mad, and with equal success. When one reflects that this was a specimen of the medical notions held by the highest authorities less than 250 years ago, one wonders to what heights science may have attained in another 250 years!*

*I should mention that for several of the scraps of information I have given here, I am indebted to Miss Burne, to my brother, Mr. C. F. Keary (Author of “Primitive Beliefs), and to other friends who at different times have assisted me in collecting facts connected with this subject.

I should be greatly obliged to anyone who could give me the whole of this “souling song” which I heard some Trentham school children singing only a few months ago and took down at the time. I understand that it used to be always sung in the neighbourhood on All Souls’ Day but there used to be more to it.

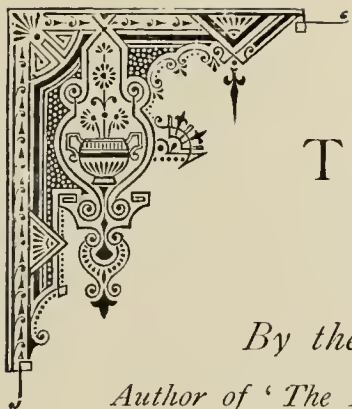
“ Soul, soul, an apple or two
 If you have no apples, pears will do ;
 Up with your kettles, down with your pans,
 Pray, good missus, a soul-cake !

Souling-day comes once a year
When it comes, it finds us here,
The cock sits up in the yew-tree,
The hens came cackling by,
I wish you a merry Christmas,
And a good fat pig i' the stye.

Peter stands at yonder gate
Waiting for a soul-cake ;
One for Peter, two for Paul,
Three for Him who made us all."

So interesting a relic as this, which must have come down with little alteration from mediæval times, certainly ought not to be lost.





THE UPPER TRENT IN OLDEN TIME.*

*By the late Robert Garner, F.R.C.S., F.L.S.,
Author of 'The Natural History and Antiquities of Staffordshire,' &c.*

PART I.



ANY have been the pleasant but solitary rambles which the compiler, or rather editor, of the following history has had in this his native county. Whilst but a very young man, he had already explored most of the ancient spots, mouldering ruins, or gabled and timbered halls, within a circuit of a dozen miles. At the same time he did not altogether neglect to learn their history from the best documents within his reach. He has often pored over the shortened Latin of ancient charters, and other writings; and though, perhaps, there is not often much profit in such researches, yet are they by no means devoid of pleasure, and this pleasure increases rather than diminishes, as we grow older. Besides, if the compiler can turn his antiquarian studies to good account; if he can entertain *you* for a short time pleasantly and profitably, carrying you without violence—as the great master of romance could so easily do—back into long past days, and amidst bygone personages, he will less regret the time he has spent over such pursuits, and will think that they have not been altogether labour in vain.

From such sources as are above alluded to, and from conversation with local patriarchs, now no more, who could tell of

*A Paper read at the Potteries Mechanics' Institution, November, 1858.

the past, both what they recollected and what their fathers had handed down to them, the compiler has ascertained much that is curious, relating *even* to our own district and parish. The latter, though large now, included *formerly* a much ampler domain, White-moor, or Whitmore, Newcastle, Norton-in-the-Moors, Bucknall and Bagnall, Burslem and Wolstanton, being dependencies of it.

It is certain that there was a church standing at Stoke (meaning in Saxon, *place*, the *place* of the church), at the Norman conquest; and from the proximity of the site to the Roman camp at Chesterton, and indeed (as Mr. Ward has made it propable), a Roman road having gone but three or four stones' throw from it, it is not impossible that the place was the seat of a Christian church, even when England formed part of the Roman empire. However, the church, which was taken down about thirty years ago, was built in the thirteenth century, and dedicated to St. Peter *ad vincula* (St. Peter in chains). It had *sedilia*, or seats for bishop, priest, and deacon, in the chancel. The elegantly-formed bowl of its font lies in a field; and, now that such venerable antiquities are more prized, it perhaps may be restored, at least to the churchyard.* Of the bells, five were re-cast, the sixth found its way to one of our manufactories. Several of the gurgoyles, or grotesque heads, which protruded from the tower, of the corbels, or smaller heads, near the spring of the arches, and of the mullions, may be still seen built into walls and banks in the neighbourhood. In a cottage near the Trent side, I have noticed a *tombstone*, forming one of the steps as you go upstairs, from which the inlaid brass has been taken. This, no doubt, once covered some one of gentle blood—it may be, *belted warrior*, or haughty *medicæval dame*.

About the time of our history, the church was much

*The Font is now (1895) erected on its original site within the ruins of the old Church.—*Ed. S. K.*

deteriorated, its originally high-pitched roof being lowered. At the same time the aisles were also lowered (cutting off the heads of the windows) to make room for ugly clerestory lights. Whatever these times effected for purity of doctrine, they did nothing for that of church architecture.

Now the scene of the following legend is the Upper Trent ; the time, the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth ; and I should just give you a bird's-eye view of the district at this date. If you could have stood on the high ground above what is now called Cliffe Ville—but then, *the Castle Cliff Wood*, or the *King's Cliff*, either because it was *terra regis*, a royal demesne, and therefore dependent on the castle of John of Gaunt, at Newcastle, which had become united to the crown, or perhaps from the neighbouring British fortification of *Hartshill*, the whole district with which my chronicle is connected, would be stretched before you ; not as now, with numerous towns, churches, mansions, manufactories, railways, and canals, but thinly inhabited, and interspersed with wood, morass, knoll and valley, with here and there an ancient farm or homestead. Close at hand would be Pencle (*P-e-n-c-l-e*) the derivation of which name has puzzled the antiquaries, but may mean in Saxon simply a hill, or, as it has been suggested, Primrose Hill. It was a larger place than Stoke, and several of the houses then standing, including a very ancient barn, are still to be seen, in whole or in part. But Stoke was probably the place of the market as well as of the church. Speed calls it a “mercant town,” and Hanley Green he gives as a hamlet. At Penkhull there existed a family called Terrick, or Tellwright, the Saxon name for a potter. The family is now scarcely extinct. The good folks of the place, villeins, or carls as they were termed in ancient days, were in bad odour, for poaching in the Cliff or Boothern Woods, a following which they pursued at the risk of being hanged without mercy.

Far off in the horizon were the ancient seats of the Biddulphs of Biddulph, and the Bowyers of Knypersley. Sneyd possessed Bradwell, and perhaps as early, Brett, Dimsdale; Delves, Apedale; Unwyn, Clough Hall; Mainwaring, Whitmore; Fitzherbert, Swinnerton; Brereton, Beech; Levison, Trentham Priory; Foley, the Mear, Lane-end; Coyney, Weston Coyney; Joliffe, Caverswall; Draycott, Painsley Hall, near the village of Draycott; Adderley and Colclough, Dilhorn; Essex, Fenton Vivian, from whom the Broades soon after purchased it. Fenton Culvert the Biddulphs possessed, afterwards the Smiths and Allens. On Shelton Hill might even then have stood the old timbered house and barn, lately burned down, where the poet Fenton was born, though his family was of Fenton Park and Newcastle-under-Lyme. The name of Bagnall was one of the most respectable in the district, generally representing Newcastle in parliament; and four of them about this time were knighted for their valour in the field. Burslem was the largest place, after Newcastle, but probably only a village. Coal was occasionally dug for the Crown, or by those to whom the Duchy lands were let. There were large claypits, or delphs, in several places, with sundry small potteries, from which, especially at the end of the week, would be seen to rise the smoke made by the industrious but rude forefathers of our present generation.

In connection with Stoke Proper, let us advert to a few other particulars. The head hostelry was situated close to St. Peter's Church, and it was even then called the "Red Lion," no doubt from the Lion of England, and *red* from the badge of the house of Lancaster, the red rose; whilst further on was its only rival place of entertainment, the "Nag's Head," of course, of the opposite Yorkist colour, *white*. Those unhappy feuds had fortunately now become for some time only matter of conversation. The road from Mear, Lane End, and Longton,

did not enter as at present ; but, coming by the Pear-trees, it appears to have followed the line of the present tramway, by the Upper Rindle, as it is called, and so by the avenue of elms which were cut down a few years back ; and somewhere about here this road was joined by one from the Moorland district, Bucknall, Bagnall, &c.—unless this latter crossed the Trent higher up. The Trent bridge was only wide enough to admit of pedestrians, cavaliers, and pack horses—wains and waggons, and, perhaps once in six years, a carriage had to ford the river which flowed over the road. There was a smithy, as at present, to the left, afterwards re-built in the time of the Stuarts ; to the right, the old thatched and timbered hostelry already mentioned ; further on, a row of limes and elms, of which some of the present pollards may be the remains. The background was Penkhull, with its old houses, windmill, and winding road ; also Castle Cliff, with its oaks and thorns, of which a few still exist ; whilst a little lower down the valley, to the left, was the glebe or rectory house, moated, in these insecure times, and having a raised causeway leading towards the church, through a field called the Flax Butts, yielding, then, no doubt, crops of that pretty plant, with its bright blue flowers ; although now it abounds with ranker herbage. The old school stood in the corner of this field.

About this time there appears to have been no family of note localised in Stoke itself, for Erdeswick chronicles : “ Of Stoke, I can repeat no more but that the parson of the parish is the best man in the town, being lord thereof, and it being one of the best parsonages in the county. It is a marvel, so many religious houses being near it, how it escaped in all ages the covetousness of them ; it resting still, according to the first institution of parsonages, not appropriated.” Not long after the Conquest we read of one of its clerks, Vivian by name, and perhaps of the De Verdun family, which then possessed

Ubberley and the neighbourhood, and who perhaps might have been connected with Fenton Vivian. This Vivian, at any rate, was a man of superior ability, and quite a match in diplomacy for the Benedictine of Hulton, or the Augustine friar of Trentham. But, at the time of our history, a more difficult period had come for ecclesiastics. Mary had striven her best to restore the faith to which she was sincerely, though bigotedly, wedded. Egerton, the clerk of Stoke, was as, was well known, attached to the Reformed faith; but Baines, the then Bishop of Lichfield, was the friend of Bonner, of stake and faggot reputation, and had himself been one of the instigators to the fires of Smithfield. Even the market place of Lichfield had smoked with these dreadful holocausts, a poor female named Joyce Bowers, and others, having been burned at the stake. Then again, though Staffordshire, in times of religious commotion, has commonly shown rather a puritanical bias, yet, at this date, most of the old families of the neighbourhood were attached to the faith of their ancestors. The laws were becoming terrifically stringent, and informers were encouraged. The very foundations of society were shaken; and no wonder then that our friend the clerk, or minister, as we now call him, and, indeed, the head of every family, was in a state of insecurity and alarm. The mass, as well as the Latin tongue, had been re-introduced into the churches; but, just as the last blow to the Reformed religion was descending, death put an end to Mary's short reign.

About fifteen years ago, I was, one evening, sitting alone in my room. I had comfortably dined, and was in that semi-comatose state in which we sometimes indulge at such times. The days were becoming shorter, and the shades of evening closing in. My mind was wandering over battle-fields—over Blore Heath, which I had lately visited, and where the fate of the unfortunate Yorkist queen and her weak consort, as well as of Lord Audley, who fell in the battle-field, was decided.



Archæological and Geological Map of the Source of the Trent
 by the late Robert Garner, F.L.S. &c.

Tutbury and Chartley too, consecrated, like many other ruins, by the misfortunes of the Scottish Mary, passed in quick succession through my brain. I had discovered, and, I thought, was poring over some ancient documents relating to these venerable spots, when there was a quick *knock*, and a gentleman entered the room. I rubbed my eyes, stared, and no doubt looked anything but "wide-awake;" but I soon recognized an old acquaintance, an antiquary, whom I had not seen for ten years. "Ah! is it you," cried I, "why what has brought you down here? How are the old women at Somerset House?"—for he wrote F.A.S. after his name. "Let me see, you used to have a snuff-box made of the veritable Noah's ark; a pinch will rouse me up." My friend had come down to Whitmore on an antiquarian expedition, and he pulled out from his pocket a quantity of tissue-paper, such as some of you would have taken to belong to your printing shops. These were, what are called rubbings of monumental brasses and inscriptions in several of the ancient churches in the neighbourhood, made by laying the paper on the different objects, and rubbing it with what the bootmakers call "heel-ball." "See," said he, the church of *such a place* was dedicated to St. Mary, and not to St. Chad: here is a rubbing of the big bell;" showing me a strip of the same paper, on which was a beautiful emprint of its inscription in Old English characters: "Sancta Maria, miserere mei" (Holy Mary, have mercy upon me). "Well," said I, "it seems only proved that our forefathers had certain theological doctrines, and that the bell, but not the church, is dedicated to St. Mary; for I think I have heard that the bell was brought from another St. Mary's." But I need relate no more of our conversation; he had *got a clue to some interesting investigations relating to our own locality.*

PART II.

IN riding through one of the narrow winding lanes, near the outskirts of our wide parish, not a hundred miles from the foot of the moorland hills, I had often noticed a very ancient mansion, half of which had been pulled down, and the rest converted into a farm house ; but the place itself, from its style of architecture, its general appearance, and ancestral trees, was evidently once tenanted by the high-born, or, at least, by those of gentle blood, as we say. Its windows had massive stone mullions, and were of the Tudor form above, and one or two fragments of stained glass still existed in them, just sufficient to show, by their devices, that the place was owned by the progenitors of one of our principal houses.

On the morrow, this old spot, which we will call the Grange, with two or three ancient churches, was explored. I recollect that several owls and many bats were sadly disturbed and scared by the unwonted intrusion, and that our limbs and lives were once in jeopardy by the breakdown of the rotten ladder, or steps, in a belfry. I will not affirm that we discovered *an old manuscript in an old oak chest*—the usual tale of the novelists—though several such chests we did open in churches, and elsewhere, and looked over documents and books as old as my legend. But without any literary humbug, I may say that I am enabled from authentic documents and information to become a chronicler this evening. My history is, in essentials, a true one. The personages are almost all real. I could show you now, in a Staffordshire church, the tomb and effigies of my hero and heroine, and what is more, their fifteen children, all cut in alabaster. I could produce the character of the hero,

penned by one who lived at the same time. Even the secondary characters are generally real personages. My fat friar, John Bucknall, must have walked our streets, if streets they could be called in those days ; and so of the others who have played their little part on the stage of life ; and their descendants, in a few cases perhaps, may be traced amongst us. I have, indeed, often altered the Christian or surnames of men, and also the names of places a little, as it might not be justifiable to cause personal references ; but if you knew anything of the pedigrees of our old and honourable families, and of the ancient topography of the upper Trent, you would have little difficulty in personifying and localizing my history.

My chronicle is, as already observed, of the date of Mary and Elizabeth. I wish it had been some other era ; but it will be noticed that I give no opinion on religious matters. I record facts and conversations, and am exactly in the same position as Sir Walter Scott, or Hume the historian ; and now, with this long preamble, let us begin with the history itself.

The snow was falling thick and fast, one afternoon late in November, (old style) which I take it would be in December as we now reckon, and in the year of our salvation, 1558, promising an early and severe winter. In the thatched and timbered hostelry called the "Red Lion," a bright fire of pit coal blazed in the huge chimney. There was some rather interesting company ensconced around the hearth, apparently with no intention of budging for some time ; indeed, the times were very dubious and anxious, and a desire for news had perhaps led some of the parties in question to the hostelry, though no doubt creature comforts had had their share in the assemblage. Of the landlord, we shall only say that like all other respectable landlords, he had a rather glowing nose, and portly frame. But in these respects he was outdone by another individual, who was enjoying a tankard of spiced sack, or canary, in the most comfortable

place at the fireplace. But that he was clothed in a half ecclesiastical garb, we should have said that that jovial roundelay, which struck the ears of the outside listeners, must have come from the burly gentleman, for burly and sleek he was, and evidently rather intended by nature to wield the bill-hook or falchion than to handle a missal or a breviary. His crown was bald and shiny, but from the tonsure, and not from age. In fact, John Bucknall, or Friar John, was one of the grey Benedictines from the neighbouring monastery of Abbey Hulton; whence, about ten years before this time, he had been ousted with his abbot, Edward Wilkyns, and the rest of his brethren, by the mandate of that tyrant Henry the Eighth. At first, John took it to heart, and lost flesh; latterly, however, under Mary, he had looked up, and evidently gained a stone or two in weight. Several other respectable yeomen happened on this occasion to be also present, but I shall not enumerate their names, as I would not make you believe that our progenitors were not strict temperance men. Some of them certainly appeared to be drinking ale, warm spiced, no doubt to keep out the cold; not from glasses, but from noggins, and many-handled jugs.

But another character enters, also somewhat of a square-built frame, but his paler face bespoke that he was less convivial than the others; whilst from his ample forehead and bright blue eye, a physiognomist would have little difficulty in pronouncing him to be of German or of Flemish race. In fact, his tongue betrayed him, for though speaking English very well, as the Germans generally do, yet a foreign accent was apparent enough. He lowered a basket of merchandise from his head, and shaking off the snow and saluting respectfully the company, he began to endeavour to effect a sale of his wares. He offered domestic ware and ornaments for the mantelpiece; bottles for church ales, as they were then called—these being a piece of

religious dissipation tantamount to our present evening brewings of tea, when they are held partly for a charitable end and partly for amusement—I mean our large Christmas tea parties. Our friend also offered articles of a lighter description, such as attempts at toilette ware, and similar fripperies. The English in those days were not over polite to foreigners, as the poor Dutchman soon found. And Friar John, though not naturally of a fierce disposition, felt too much the importance of certain authorities recently conferred upon him to remain silent.

“ Beshrew me,” cried the Cistercian, “ I do believe, landlord, that this knave is some heretic infidel that it behoves us to examine! Art not thou, sirrah, one of those pagan Turks from Biddulph Moor, that the knights of Biddulph brought over into this Christian land—more’s the pity—or unbelieving Jew? Speak, knave!”

“ Friar John,” said the Dutchman, “ I am neither heathen, Jew, nor infidel; and from whatever land I come, I have the authority of your King Henry, of the Prince Edward and his royal sister, in this realm to abide, and to carry on my lawful calling; and methinks, brother, that if this be a Christian land, a harmless craftsman ought to meet with somewhat less incivility.”

“ By St. Mary, and St. Benedict!” exclaimed the friar, “ I am sure then that thou art some Lollard vagabond; thy words are too courtly for an honest man. Look into the varlet’s pack, and search well the bottom. Unless my nose is out of condition I am on the right scent.”

Two or three hands were plunged at once into the poor pedlar’s pack, despite his remonstrances.

“ Here are books, friar John.”

“ Books! said I not as much. They are the heretic writings of Martinus Lutherus, or, at any rate, something as bad. Read us the titles, John Poulson: you are a scholar.”

“You may read them yourself, friar; a clerky monk, that says his prayers in Latin, need not trouble a poor sacristan to read for him,” answered that individual, rather satirically.

“Well, hand over the books,” said the friar, “sure enough, they are rank heresy; it behoves us to burn them on the spot.”

“Burn not the books,” exclaimed their owner seriously.

“Read the titles, Friar John,” cried several.

“Nay, the books shall be burnt here in the blazing fire, for they are foul with infection. And you, fellow”—

“Burn him too, in the Flax Butts, opposite the parson’s door!” exclaimed one or two of the “ancient regime.”

“Nay, put him in the stocks in the market place, and seize his books!” said a more moderate man.

“Burn not the books, at any rate, whatever you do with me, and if brother John will not read the titles of them, I will do so myself. This book is ‘*The Holy Bible, translated out of the original tongue by Miles Coverdale.*’”

Englishmen have no natural fondness for burning books, much less Bibles, and the discomfited ecclesiastic began to look rather foolish and blank, when suddenly the excited party was quietened by a loud knocking, followed by a clanging of horses’ hoofs, and the entry of another personage, a young gentleman, our hero, whose raven locks, dark eyes, and aquiline nose, as well as his lofty bearing, bespoke one of gentle blood, as well as of Norman descent.

“Ho, there! where art thou, host? I fear thou art encouraging thy trade thyself, to the detriment of thy customers, and of the way-worn traveller; and a bad night coming on. Believe me, the next time I come this way I shall be tempted to bait at the “Nag’s Head,” or at the “Pack Horse,” on Shelton Bank. Come, say nothing, but bring a tankard of ‘John Barleycorn’ for my groom, and provender for the horses. I must also engage your little parlour for an hour or so, and let

me have your company, bringing with you a cup of mulled clary. I have business of moment."

"Well, Master Walter, I should have been on the look out for thee ; but who'd have expected a *gentleman* on such a day as this ; though, sure enough, thou hast travelled this road more than usual of late."

"Well, all the better for thee, mine host ! But honest Randal, I have urgent affairs with thee, with the sacristan, and above all, with our friend the clerk, down at the rectory, whom I meet by appointment. What says St. Peter's clerk ? In truth, I am about to be wed, Randal, and you may make it a few English rials in your way. I fear you have that roustering friar within ! Do'st keep an orderly house ? Words ran high but now."

"True enough, Master Walter," said the landlord, "the friar sits in his usual place. He is merry to-day, which I fear may be to the sadness of some. He was going to burn the Fleming's Bibles, just now, if not the man himself. Hark ! they are not at peace, even yet."

"What ! you here, Friar John !" exclaimed Master Walter, looking in upon the again excited party. "What has that honest potter done ? Hands off, masters, I say, or you shall feel the flat side of my Toledo ! Speak man, for thyself, Art thou not the Dutchman I have heard of, and licensed to follow thy handicraft in these lands ? Who art thou, and what is thy name ?"

"My name, Master Walter, in the good city of Antwerp, where I was bred, is Grisbach (pronounced Greaseback). But the name sounds somewhat uncouth, if not unsavoury, to the English ear ; and therefore, in these parts I like full as well to be called Greatbatch. Hans Greatbatch, tellwright, or potter. I may add that I was driven by sword and faggot from my own land, but now begin to fear that I have (as you English say)

jumped out of the frying pan into the fire—at least, if I may judge by the threats and buffetings which I have just met with.”

“Well, no harm shall happen to thee, good Fleming, that I can prevent ; so good sirs, be civil to him, and give him back his crocks and books.”

“Stop, Master Walter !” cried the friar, as the young cavalier was leaving the room, “we know that thou art somewhat overpolite to heretics, though thy loyalty, and that of thy house is undoubted. But times are not as they have been, and let me ask you, Have you warrant for what you do ?”

“Warrant or no warrant, friar, no man shall be abused wrongfully in my presence,” rejoined Master Walter.

“But what, Master Walter, if I show you Queen Mary’s authority to seize all heretical books, to examine and question all aliens whatever ?—nay more, and what may specially concern thee at this particular time, to summons all heretical and obstinate priests, clerks, and curates, to restore bell and candle, the mass and holy water, as well as the Latin tongue in the administration of the seven sacraments, and amongst the rest, holy matrimony, in which rite I know that thou takest *particular* interest ?”

It was now pretty evident that Master Walter had received a check—in fact, he appeared to be check-mated. However, he did not quite succumb in his difficulties, and for a time, other feelings were paramount, rather than those of a young candidate for matrimony.

“If such be thy charge, friar, and if thou intendest to carry it strictly into effect, I fear I must continue single. I was taught to speak in my mother tongue, to pray in it daily, and I intend both to be married in it, and also to listen to it, last of all, when I am grown grey, and about to give up the ghost.”

“Well, Master Walter, thou speakest like an Englishman ! and I am sorry for thee ; neither do I wish, I assure you, to be

troublesome when a lady is in the case, and one so fair as she, I wist ; but see, here is the queen's seal, and the law, you know, must be obeyed."

"I hope I shall be the last to dispute the authority of our royal mistress," said Master Walter, rather thoughtfully. "I dispute not thy document—"

At this moment came a third horseman, at full speed, up to the "Red Lion," his cap and doublet dropping with snow, and his nether garments well bespotted with mire, as well as his horse's legs, and gory flanks. Of course, all gathered round him, even Master Walter and Friar John. His massive spurs and boots sounded on the pavement as he alighted, and seeing so respectable a company congregated together, he thought he should not have a more effective opportunity for delivering his weighty news with *eclat*. "*Long live Queen Elizabeth,*" cried the man, as the party crowded about him, "*Long live Queen Elizabeth, I say,*" repeating his news.

"And is this so, knave?" said Master Walter.

"It is so," said the rider ; "Queen Mary departed this life at Whitehall on the 17th of November, and the Lady Elizabeth is even now being proclaimed at the Market-cross, at Newcastle, by Mr. Mayor and his burgesses."

"Queen Mary dead!" said the friar—and after a pause, "*requiescat in pace!*"

"Now, my friends," said Master Walter, "it has pleased heaven to take our poor Queen Mary; *three cheers* for our royal mistress, her sister, *Queen Elizabeth*. Since we have no mayor to proclaim her, *I'll do it myself.*" By this time a good crowd had gathered around, and the cheers were heartily given.

But the friar pulled Master Walter by the sleeve aside. Master Walter himself began in a conciliatory tone—as the wise always do—"Well, John, you see which way is the wind, and am I to be married or not?"

“Master Walter,” replied the friar, “you young men now-a-days are so hot-headed and peppery that one hardly knows how to deal with you. Now, before this varlet rode up, I was just going to say to you, that (hang or burn Friar John himself) I would never mar so capital a bit of matrimonial business ; much less when the principal therein (always excepting the most loyal and worshipful lady) belongs to your worthy house. You know, Master Walter, though authority has been sent me under the royal commissioners, it does not follow that I must of necessity have yet got it. In fact, Master Walter, I am, in reality, a man of peace, and don’t like bloody measures. No one knows of this piece of parchment except host Randal, John Poulson, yourself, and your most humble and devoted servitor, poor friar John, who, in wishing you a speedy and happy marriage, only begs that when your friends meet at the old hall of Redmore, over the Christmas board, to welcome the return of Master Walter and his fair mistress, *he* may not be forgotten in the company.”

“A bargain,” said Master Walter, “and *besides*, there shall be a hearty welcome for you, for what festive hall or wassail board is complete without Friar John?”

PART III.

IN continuance of my story, you must suppose that all preliminaries of Master Walter’s marriage were pleasantly settled, and, to be precise, that the morning of the 23rd of November, 1558, being the day but one following the afternoon upon which happened the events already described, was fair and sunny, for that dreary period of the year. A thaw had taken place, the snow had rapidly melted,

and the Trent, at its junction with the Foul-Hay brook, as it rolled under the narrow bridge and spread itself out upon the road, looked rather repulsive to ford. The clerk, or parson, or minister, as we now term him, with our friend the sacristan or parish clerk, was at his post, the ringers of Stoke sweet bells, always considered unusually musical, were also ready, rope in hand; even the Oliver of those days, an adept like his successor in laying us, in a workmanlike manner, secure in our last narrow home, as well as the verger, were near the entrance of St. Peter's *ad vincula*, expecting one of Queen Mary's broad guilders to gladden their palms. About the porch, or in the nave, and in the usual fidgetty state, were waiting, as in duty bound, the bridegroom and his party, and amongst others, his father, Sir William, a venerable knight with snowy hair. If one had not known what the party were about, it might have been supposed that they there lay in ambush, and that those next to come knew nothing at all of their preceders, and when at last they did come, that they were quite taken by surprise; or the parties might be supposed to be much in the position of two contending armies; but what a difference does that little circle of gold and those few words make! Now we must not forget the lady—of course she was very beautiful, but that my manuscript leaves as clearly understood. She was a Staffordshire maiden, though not, strictly speaking, belonging to our parish, but as is sometimes, even now-a-days the case, here she must be married, having been for some time resident at the Old Hall before mentioned, and still to be seen in one of the winding lanes at the foot of the Moorland hills. Ill-natured people said she had been there partly for the convenience of courtship, but that was scandal; in truth, the place was an ancient seat of her family, though it is now possessed of a princely domain further south in the county.

The bridal cavalcade, as it approached the church, was

composed of several cavaliers leading the way, followed by two or three laughing damsels on palfreys, and one or two steadier couples, also mounted, and the ladies sitting behind their lords on beautifully embroidered pillions. But what excited most curiosity was a coach and pair, containing the bride and her most particular friends—most particular, at least, *at present*. The horsemen and horsewomen passed by the aforesaid bridge, but the coach had to make its way through the ford, swollen as it was by the late downfall and thaw. And now a little adventure occurred, causing considerable consternation to the party. The coaches of those days were low, having small, heavy wheels. The horses, as soon as they got into the middle of the stream, became scared and unmanageable. At first the ladies only feared for their silk attire and filigree of Mechlin and Brussels; but when the horses fairly turned downwards and were getting into deepish water, affairs began to look somewhat alarming. With the ladies there were evident symptoms of hysterics. In vain the driver pulled at the clumsy harness, which he seemed scarcely to be master of, or applied the whip; things were becoming worse, but now, to rescue the party from the dilemma, our stalwart friend, the Dutchman, who happened to be one of the spectators, coolly stepped into the swollen river, half way up in water, seized the horses' heads, and triumphantly landed the vehicle safe and on the church side of the river.

And now the ceremony is over, the parties are married in good English; there have been the usual merry and pathetic small events, the usual tendencies to cryings, faintings, &c. The lady Alice looked just as a bride, and Master Walter just as a bridegroom should do. The bells struck up joyfully, just as they do now-a-days. But in those less refined times, it was not considered outrageous for the bridegroom to shake hands with his more humble neighbours, or for the lady to receive

the congratulations or condolences, whichever way you may take it, of the old crones and beldames who flocked around. Amongst others who stood near the porch was the potter, whom Master Walter was not above greeting. "They tell me," said he to him, "that thou hast exerted thyself for this fair lady and me this morning: take my best thanks and these gold crowns. I hope that at the Lion thou hast had some *aqua vite* to ward off the cold. Again receive my thanks."

"Nay," said the Fleming, "I will not take thy largess; thy thanks more than suffice. And now if you and your beautiful lady will accept a little *present*, which I have in my bosom, and which it pleaseth me to say has quite escaped a wetting, you will render the poor potter happy. Believe me, that even as a piece of merchandise it is no common thing, and then, besides, it is a *talisman*, which, if you keep carefully and regularly use, and in the proper way, it will keep you from harm, and, what is more, insure your future happiness—matrimonial and otherwise."

The Fleming now displayed to the incredulous bridegroom a beautiful octavo volume, in black letter, enclosed in embossed binding, with silver studs and clasps. But how will your mouths water, ye greedy biblioplists, when ye hear what the book and the edition really was! "This, Master Walter, I repeat, is no common book, nor easy now to procure, since Bishop Tunstall bought up all the copies and caused them to be burned. It is the first New Testament ever printed in English, by that blessed martyr William Tindall, of my city of Antwerp, but born in this country; and the book printed at Wittemberg, just twenty-two years ago. It will be worth handing down to thy children—an heir-loom in thy house."

"And that it shall be, good Dutchman—that is, if I ever have any;" giving a glance to the blushing lady at his side. "Many thanks for thy gift. Gold you scorn!"

“No, not exactly so,” said the potter, at least in the way of business. But I have no liking to anything savouring of charity or guerdon ; indeed, I have *always* an eye to profit, and Master Walter, if thou hast a wish to favour me, I will tell thee how thou mayst do so, without any loss, but boot to thyself. Thou hast an acre of waste land, at the Hurst ; little grass grows on it, but only coltsfoot and such rank herbs ; and I opine that two grey geese would fare niggardly upon it. Yet there is a vein of first-rate marl there.”

“I know the spot thou meanest,” said Master Walter, “thou wouldst delve there : do so, and welcome.”

“Nay, hear me out ; let me have the spot at a rental. I will pay you forty groats for it twice a year, at the feast of our Lady, and of St. Michael ; and we shall neither be the loser by the bargain.”

“A contract then,” said Master Walter, as he seized his bride, and tore her from the arms of her friends. “We are off to London city, where we hope to pay homage to our young queen. Let me see you, Dutchman, at Christmas, in my old hall of Redmore ; when, I dare say, it will resound with wassail and merriment ”

At this moment, the bells changed from their continuous peals to those redoubled clashes which we call clammings, and away went the party ; some we may suppose, very happy, some perhaps as sad as happy, from the lich-gate.

The weeks quickly passed. A long and happy time was dawning for England. The late reign had not been glorious, but now the nation soon saw that for the future the English flag would be respected over the known world. In all these unhappy commotions, the nationality of Englishmen was apparent. As Mary’s mistaken measures had not prevented her Protestant subjects from rendering her their royal homage, so now, Elizabeth’s known devotion to the reformed faith, for

which she had suffered much, did not prevent those of an opposite creed from hailing her accession with joy. Thus, a nobleman of that persuasion had the command of the fleet against the Spanish Armada. Elizabeth, too, was evidently a person of a discreet and cautious mind with all her personal vanity. Earlier in life, when questioned by order of her terrific parent respecting her belief in the *real presence*, and the meaning of those words of our Saviour, "This is my body," she gave the well-known clever and prudent answer which quite dumbfounded the learned theologians who examined her:—

Christ was that word and spake it,
He took the bread and brake it ;
And what that word did make it,
That I believe and take it.

And now she was not to be urged rashly on by the bigots of her persuasion. The morning after her coronation she was told very quaintly, in allusion to the custom of releasing prisoners on the accession of a prince, that "Now, *this good time*, there might be four or five principal *prisoners* released: there were the four Evangelists and the Apostle St. Paul, who had been long shut up in an unknown tongue, as it were in prison; so that they could not converse with the common people." The queen answered very gravely, that "It was best first to enquire of themselves whether they would be released or not."

And now Master Walter and his bride having returned, the old hall of Redmore, adorned with holly, and ivy, and box, and hung with armour, and stags' horns, and implements of the chase, was lit up with the Yule log. A large concourse of friends and neighbours were congregated to do honour to the heir of Redmore and his lady, who were seated on each side their father, old Sir William, on the raised dais at the cross

table. At one obscure corner of the wainscoted hall hung a small bush of holly and ivy, of extra ornament, which consisted of tinsel, ribbons, white powder, and a rosy-cheeked apple, perhaps emblematical of the apple of Eden. At any rate, a mysterious influence seemed to dwell round this spot in the hall : it was generally rather deserted, and yet a kind of pleasant intoxication seemed to affect the young men and maids who sat near it.

The bill of fare I can scarcely give you, but there were the noble sirloin, and fat haunch, and pasties containing whole menageries of flesh and fowl, from a lark upwards. Then there were stubble geese, and capons, mince pies, and plum puddings, as well as plum porridge, with a due proportion of Clary, or Rhenish, for the ladies, and home-brewed for the gentlemen.

One great event was the bringing in the boar's head, and that office was claimed by a yeoman who preceded the dish, wand in hand, exclaiming at the same time—

Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino—
The boar's head bring I,
With garlands and rosemary,
I pray you all sing merrily,
Qui estis in convivio, &c.

With his recitative was joined a carol, in chorus. The clown, or fool, or Lord of Misrule, brought up the rear, himself, no doubt, often the cleverest man of the company.

Of course, the health of the maiden queen was drunk as the first toast ; old Sir William's, the silvery haired host, next ; and lastly, his son's the heir of Redmore, with other lordships—and his bride's, who, of course, “hoped to see as happy a party the following year.”

And now, quick, the tables are removed, and mirth and

merriment became paramount. Amongst other games were hoodman blind, and hot cockles, bobbing for apples, at the imminent risk of being shot from a plank into a pail of water; also, *magic motions*, of which you may see a plate at the end of Strutt's book, and which seems tantamount to our present mesmerism. In this, conceited zanies and other shallow-pated popinjays of the party were induced by the clown to accompany him in very ridiculous grimaces, to the amazement of the open-mouthed spectators, whose farthings having been previously deposited in a cap, the clown took measures safely to dispose of; whilst he ends with a broad grin, suiting the action to the look, in precisely that expressive, but inelegant and vulgar trick—a peculiar position of the thumb and fingers in relation to the olfactory organ and the bystanders.

At the head of one of the tables sat the friar, and he was, after the banquet, called upon for a song. The only one that he could sing he would give, he said. Mostly, he only exercised his voice in psalmody. Besides, this song rather told against his profession. But he had learned it from one of those black monks of Trentham Priory—at Hulton they never used carnal songs. It was composed, he said, in censure of the black sheep which there will be in every flock, lay or clerical, and we give it with the same sentiment and proviso. Scandal, indeed, said that the song had often been heard by the crumbling sandstone walls of Abbey Hulton and Dieulacres—whether true or not we can't say. No doubt there were good monks and bad ones. Sure it is that they had been scurvily used.

THE FRIAR'S SONG.

A maiden once, forlorn and sad,
 Cried "Who, alas! will shrive poor me?
 That saucy Hugh, the froward lad,
 'Tis all in vain from him to flee!"

Straight to the priest, in cassock black,
 The maiden went to tell her sin :
 That holy monk, alack, alack !
 But laughed and chuck'd her dimpled chin.

“ Beware, fair maid, a sable cowl ! ”
 A father said, of orders white ;
 Alas ! she found a guilty soul
 Too oft the snowy alb may dight.

The next, this maid forlorn of mine
 Did seek a sober friar grey ;
 Tho' grey—both beard and gaberdine—
 The old monk warm'd at her bright eye.

“ Why worse are clerks—I'm sure of this—
 Than Hugh, at least by ten to five !
 If he did spueze and I did kiss,
 Why sure the lad I am to wive.”

I'faith, no priest shall hear my tale,
 To Hugh henceforth I'll always go ;
 My sad confession hear he shall,
 And he shall give the penance too.”

“ A capital song, old greycoat ! ” said the master of the feast, and I am sure that you are entitled to give a toast ; come, fill this noggin and let us have it.”

“ For my song,” replied the friar, “ I am, please your worship, rather wanting in breath, owing mostly to the frosty air, but partly, perhaps, to your good cheer. In truth, everybody is so merry that I fear I have caught the infection, and am losing my usual dignity of carriage. Indeed, I sometimes think that I was intended for active life, rather than the chaunting of Latin, and telling my beads ; and these sandals and monkish garments do not sit easy upon me. Now, if this lass-lorn

gentleman here, who I see is in vain attempting to entice that pretty maiden towards the bush, would but exchange them for his shoon and new doublet, and give up his unfortunate suit in courtship—”

“My doublet would never cover thy fat paunch, and I have no turn for scholarship and monkery, retorted the countryman thus seized by the friar.”

“*Benedicite!* the profanity of these times!” said the friar. “But I am to give a toast, it shall be the old one:—‘*The single married, and the married happy.*’”

“A capital toast, too,” said the host, “and I hope we shall have thy support to it in *propria persona*, some day or other.”

“Alack! Sir William, there is no hope for old men like you and me. If Mistress Barbara there, would but smile on me, instead of frowning, as she always does! Surely she has not the tenderness of womankind; and, therefore, as Master William Lilly and the Breviarium teach, her name should not be *Barbara* but *Barbarous*. Well, never mind; there are two versions of the tale matrimony. But, in faith, Sir William, I believe that Adam’s vocation of tilling the ground is *mine*, though I can do without an Eve. I can handle a spade and mattock as well as any man, and don’t care when I begin.”

“Well, thou shalt not lack opportunity,” said the knight. “And now, sirrah clown! where art thou, thou dullard? thy wits must be sharpened with the lash.”

“Indeed, spare me, your worship, and you most courtly Master Walter, heir of Redmore, and how much *more* I can’t say, and you most exquisite Lady Alice, I am called upon to make you merry by my foolery and levity, but in truth (saving only your ladyship), upon this occasion, I see *so much around me* that my own sinks into insignificance. But to make amends, I have composed a little piece of poesy, which perhaps you will allow me to repeat.”

“ Well, if we are to hear thy foolish doggrel, rogue, let me ask are there any personalities in it? If so, thou shalt have the lash applied to thy back.”

Before giving you the fool’s recitative, the transcriber should explain that the poem seems to be a new version of a very old fable, yet that probably the satirical clown had some mischievous meaning, which at this lapse of time, exactly three hundred years, we cannot attempt to fathom. He however believes that the poem may be applied, without much violence, to our present times, and even to our own locality ; and therefore he has put it into modern English for you. Since the era of our legend, the Pottery towns have arisen in the valley of the Upper Trent, stretching from north to south, or from the foot of Mow Cop towards the opposite direction, for several miles. Tunstall, or Tunstall Court, must be considered the head, as described in the poem, attached below to the breast, Burslem ; next follow the arms, busy places, Hanley and Shelton, and now joined together in firm compact by royal charter ; Stoke, the poor stomach, follows next ; and still further down, Fenton and Longton ; and these may not inaptly be compared to the legs ; whilst to carry out the allegory, you may be reminded of the peculiarity and misfortune of the district : that though *one common trade and interest* ought indissolubly to unite the different towns, yet is each one *jealous* of its neighbours ; so that the result is, that the whole suffers in prosperity, and rival potteries rise into competition, gaining by our adversities.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD FABLE :

OR, THE FOOL’S ALLEGORY.

Ralph Potter was a stalwart lad,
Of hopeful thew and bone ;
But if a fault the young man had,
He was a whit o’ergrown.

And moody oft Ralph Potter was,
 And discontented he ;
 Yet no one sure could see a cause
 Why Ralphy so should be.

Aside Trent's fertile margin now,
 In sullen vein he lay ;
 His head was towards the foot of Mow,
 His legs the other way.

Jove saw, and cried, " Ralph Potter, fie !
 I must your ways reprove,
 For like a shameless hog you lie,
 All else upon the move."

" Alack ! dread Jove, in truth I am
 The veriest wretch alive ;
 My dire misfortunes are no sham,
 No wight could harder strive.

Now see, these limbs, and trunk, and head
 Together are ill joined :
 I pray you them to separate,
 If such your royal mind.

My head, you see's of courtly make,
 But on this log misplac'd ;
 If from the shoulders it you'll take,
 It will be much more graced.

My breast affirms its heart is good,
 Its lungs full sure are jolly ;
 But sad to say I've ever found
 Its given to wine and folly.

My arms are e'er on mischief bent,
 To neighbours much alarm is ;
 Picking and stealing their intent,
 Their motto "*Vie et armis.*"

My belly can but vent its spleen,
 In fear they'll get its station ;
 Its stomach they would filch, I ween :
 They've got a corporation.

My legs will some day cut and run,
 They'll trudge the mire no longer ;
 Indeed, your work is all ill-done—
 Why see, the left's the stronger !

"Get up," said Jove, "you bellowing calf !
 And tell me quickly whether
 The carrion crows shall feed on Ralph,
 Or will you stick together ?"

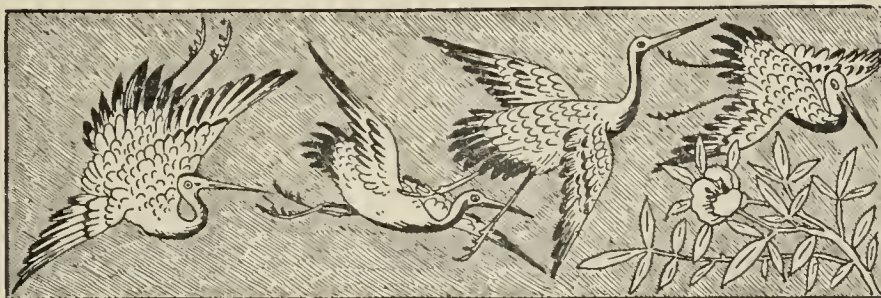
In vain those arms with bad intent,
 His pocket knife did grapple :
 And from a gash Ralph's blood was spent,
 Just under Adam's apple.

"And now, honest Fleming," said Mr. Walter, "I am glad to have seen thee here, and I hope thou hast made merry, though I somewhat fear it. I have heard that *thou* too art a follower of the Muses ; indeed I think that I have seen some of thy rhymes, and like them well, better than the silly doggerels which we have heard already."

The potter, thus challenged, could but return thanks to his kind entertainer. "The Greatbatches," said he, "have always been addicted to poesy and the arts ; but for myself, I have no

ditties to offer to the ladies, nor wassail songs for the carousers. At the most I compose *pastorals*, *psalms*, and *carols*; yet have I lately composed for this joyous occasion a song, though not for music, which I call the *Potter's Lay*. But I fear it is scarcely suitable for our revels to-night; I have therefore written it out for those of the company who desire it, and they can read it at their leisure."

"So let it be, then," said Master Walter, "and now, good friends, thanks to our venerable host, we have spent a happy evening. We have had good cheer, the song, and music, and the dance, with poesy to give lustre to the occasion. And now it is time that all honest men should wend their way homewards. Fortunately there is a moon to-night. You, Masters Terrick and Garner, can find your way to Pencle Hill; Master Lovatt will be glad of your company as far as you go. I fear his good dame is expecting him at Clayton. Masters Essex and Fenton, take care you don't get swamped in the Trent. You, Masters Meare and Colclough, I hope don't dread the woodland road; your horses are at the door. And now, my friends, a merry Christmas and a hearty farewell to all!"





“UNTIL HER DEATH.”

*By Mrs. George Lillie Craik,
(Dinah Maria Mulock).*

Authoress of “John Halifax, Gentleman.”

*Born at Stoke-upon-Trent,
June 7th, 1826.*

*Died at Shortlands, Kent,
October 12th, 1887.*

“**U**NTIL her death!” the words read strange yet real,
Like things afar off suddenly brought near :
Will it be slow or speedy, full of fear,
Or calm as a spent day of peace ideal ?

Will her brown locks lie white on coffin pillow ?

Will these her eyes, that sometime were called sweet,
Close, after years of dried-up tears, or meet
Death’s dust in midst of weeping ? And that billow—

Her restless heart—will it be stopped, still heaving,
Or softly ebb ’neath age’s placid breath ?

Will it be lonely this mysterious death,
Fit close unto this solitary living,—

A turning of her face to the wall, nought spoken,
Exchanging the world’s light for heaven’s ;—or will
She part in pain, from warm love to the chill
Unknown, pursued with cries of hearts half broken ?



FREDERICK T PENSON. 1895


“UNTIL HER DEATH.”

With fond lips felt through all the mists of dying,
And close arms clung to in the struggle vain ;—
Or, these things past, will death be only gain,
Unto her life's long question God's replying ?

No more. Within His hand, divine as tender,
He holds the mystic measure of her days ;
And be they few or many, His the praise,—
In life or death her Keeper and Defender.


Then, come He soon or late, she will not fear Him ;
Be her end lone or loveful, she'll not grieve ;
For He whom she believed in—doth believe—
Will call her from the dust, and she will hear Him.





THE STORY OF ST. CHAD.

By Miss Edith Bradley.



LIKE many another saint whose life has made the world better for having lived in it, the story of St. Chad of Lichfield is meagre and obscure, the only authentic account of him being found in "Bede's Ecclesiastical History."

From the few broad facts related, we can gather a general outline of his personality; it was gentle, powerful, attractive, and above all distinguished by a spirit of most reverend piety, self-abasement, and ever constant realisation of the presence of God. To St. Chad at least, the Great Creator was no abstract deity. By a most rare combination, he was at once a powerful organizer, and a priest schooled to the humblest obedience.

It would be well perhaps before dwelling further upon the immediate subject of the paper to give a brief sketch of the state of England when the name of St. Chad was before the people of that day. There seems ample evidence to prove that Christianity found its way into Briton early in the second century if not sooner—that it flourished, and received fresh impulses from such centres as Glastonbury Abbey in Somerset—where it never died out—and the celebrated Monastery at Bangor in Flint, where we are told the Saxons found as many as 1,200 monks. (This number speaks volumes for the vitality of religion in those far off ages, considering the organization necessary to keep such a body of men, under ecclesiastical rule.)

We are told by William of Malmesbury that in his time, 600 years ago, "so many ruinous Churches and such heaps of rubbish were scarcely seen elsewhere" as at Bangor.

From the ruin and destruction brought by the Saxon followers of Wodin throughout England, Bangor did not escape. In 613 A.D. Ethelfrith, King of southern Northumbria, swept down upon Chester, seized the city and put monks and inhabitants to the sword, thus almost extinguishing the True Faith in Cheshire and Lancashire. The kingdom of Mercia (which included the immense area of all the country from the Humber and Lincoln on the east, to Gloucester and the Wye on the west, and stretching almost to London on the south) with which we are chiefly concerned, lay for many years enshrouded in a black pall of ignorance and heathendom, and it was not until 652 that light broke upon the darkness. This was brought about, by the love of the young Mercian Prince Peada for the daughter of the Northumbrian King, Oswy. She was promised to him on condition that both Peada and his people would become Christians. To this he gladly consented and was baptized with all his followers by Bishop Finan who was a noted prelate of the pious Northumbrian Church. On his return Peada took into Mercia four presbyters of the ancient British Church, viz. : Cedda, brother of St. Chad and afterwards Bishop of London, Adda, Betti, and Diuna who preached the Gospel in the Midlands. In 656 Diuna became first Bishop of Mercia, and it was during the rule of Jaruman, fourth Bishop, that the famous synod of Whitby was held, 664, to decide the vexed question of fixing Easter Day in favour of the Roman mode. Thus the Roman and British Churches became outwardly united, and to quote the Rev. William Beresford in his "Diocesan History of Lichfield," the Mercian Church was "also prepared for the coming of the man who was to incorporate it into that unity of the Saxon Churches, out of

which arose our grand old Church of England.”

At this point, we are brought into contact with another strong but uncertain character, who figures prominently in ecclesiastical history for a number of years—Wilfrid, Bishop of York, whose sympathies seem to have been all along with the Roman rather than the British Church. Appointed Bishop of York, he had gone to Rome for his consecration, but staying there too long, the Mercian King, Wulfhere, invited St. Chad to fill the vacant see which had been waiting two years.

According to ecclesiastical precedence Chad went to Canterbury to receive his consecration; the Archbishop had died, however, before he reached the city, and therefore the ceremony was performed by Wini, British Bishop of Winchester.

When Wilfrid at length returned, he found that his place had been filled. Then came a great Archbishop of Canterbury namely, Theodore of Tarsus, who successfully put down the inherent jealousy of the two Churches. Travelling through his diocese he came to York and “when,” to quote the historian Bede, “he upbraided Bishop Chad that he had not been duly consecrated, he, with great humility, answered, ‘If you know I have not duly received episcopal ordination, I willingly resign the office, for I never thought myself worthy of it; but, though unworthy in obedience submitted to undertake it.’” And he went into retirement to the Abbey of Lastingham; a year later, however, by the advice of Wilfrid, Wulfhere, the King, appointed Chad to the vacant Bishopric of Mercia. At the hands of Theodore he received his second—and valid—consecration, according to Roman ideas.

“To his work in Mercia” says Mr. Beresford “St. Chad brought the energy of a new and powerful race. The spirit of adventure, which had led his forefathers over the stormy seas, made him a tireless missionary. The stern self-discipline which he had learned perhaps as a slave-boy before his redemption

by the Church, and strengthened in the ocean-lashed solitude of Lindisfarne and the heathery barrenness of Lastingham, urged his devout spirit to frequent retirement for prayer. So his life divides itself between vigorous 'journeyings and devout repose. His character has two distinct sides, the contemplative and the active. He was a man fond of quiet thought, full of faith in the supernatural, and loving to meditate on death. And he was also a worker who knew the value of time, and who was willing to exert himself to the utmost in preaching truth. He went his episcopal journeys on foot.

Canon Bright has sketched him lovingly :—‘ If a high wind swept over the moors at Lastingham—or we may add, around the little cathedral at Lichfield—he at once gave up his reading and implored the Divine mercy for all mankind. If it increased, he would shut his book and prostrate himself in prayer. If it rose to a storm with rain and thunder or lightning, he would repair to the church and give himself with a fixed mind to prayer and the recitation of Psalms until the weather cleared up.”

At Lichfield, Chad fixed his episcopal see. It was a beautiful spot, and of easy access from any part of the diocese. The task before Bishop Chad was no light one, being practically to Christianize Mercia, and especially that part now called Staffordshire.

As before stated, his life was an alternation of continual journeyings and devout repose. On foot he traversed the wide regions of his diocese in true Gospel simplicity, avoiding all show and state, preaching and teaching his Divine Message in and out of every town and village; then with his band of chosen followers returning to Lichfield to pray and meditate, organise and train his clergy for the great work they were to carry on.

Strangely enough however, two years and a half was the

allotted span of his ministrations, when "there came round," says Bede quaintly, "a season like that of which Ecclesiastes says, 'That there is a time to cast stones, and a time to gather them;' for there happened a mortality sent from heaven, which, by means of the death of the flesh, translated the stones of the Church from their earthly places to the heavenly building." The historian goes on to tell us how one day when Brother Ovin or Owini being employed abroad, that is in the fields, and the Bishop alone reading or praying in the oratory close by, Owini heard "the voice of persons singing most sweetly and rejoicing and appearing to descend from Heaven. How this voice drew nearer and nearer until it reached and seemed to fill the oratory, and then to return to Heaven with inexpressible sweetness." Surprised beyond measure, Owini remained spell-bound until the Bishop opened the oratory window and signed for the Brother to approach. He ordered him to hasten to the church and bring the seven other Brethren. After loving admonitions as to their future conduct and discipline, St. Chad warned them that the day of his death was at hand, and when alone with Owini, who had ventured to question him on the heavenly visitants, he said, "'They were angelic spirits who came to call me to my heavenly reward, which I have always longed after, and they promised they would return seven days hence, and take me away with them.' Which was accordingly fulfilled, as had been said to him; for being presently seized with a languishing distemper, and the same daily increasing, on the seventh day, as had been promised to him, when he had prepared for death by receiving the Body and Blood of our Lord, his soul being delivered from the prison of the body, the angels, as may justly be believed, attending him, he departed to the joys of heaven."

Thus peacefully on Tuesday, March 2nd, 672, the first Bishop of Lichfield went to his rest. Why does he deserve to

be placed among the black-letter saints of our calendar? Why does he deserve to be remembered? Because he did so much to plant and strengthen the Church in Mercia, by his untiring devotion and energy in organising it; by his love for his people, by his tact and ready judgment in submitting to the authority of Canterbury—thus healing the great division between the British and Roman Catholic Church in Britain, which was a great element of weakness to both; and lastly by his sense of discipline and submission to authority, which led him to resign the important see of York because Archbishop Theodore threw doubts upon the validity of his consecration. His name, little known in southern England is held in loving and undying memory in his own country of Mercia, and is perpetuated in many churches where his saintly spirit still keeps its influence.

NOTES ON S. CHAD'S GOSPELS FACSIMILE,
*Copied, by kind permission, from Prof. Westwood's "Paleographia
 Sacra Pictoria."*

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE FROM THE PAL.

- 1 Portrait of S. Luke* (Irish School of Art).
- 2 Commencement of the Lord's Prayer.
- 3 The word *Autem* and other angular letters used in the title pages of the several Gospels.
- 4 Latin entry, detailing the dedication of the volume to S. Teilo.†
- 5 One of the entries in the ancient British language.
- 6 Anglo-Saxon entry, written at Lichfield.
- 7 Part of an entry written in Latin and Greek characters.

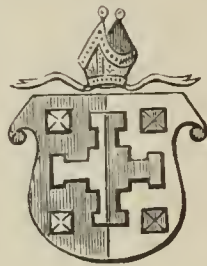
*In the original the figure is surmounted by a rudely drawn winged bull (here omitted). It represents the Saint standing within a kind of rostrum, the narrow sides of which terminate in dog's heads. The hair of the Saint is long and flowing, the curls interlaced and alternately red and whitish; the beard is short and stiff; the head surrounded by a purple nimbus decorated with three crosses formed of red dots. In either hand he holds a sceptre, extending over the

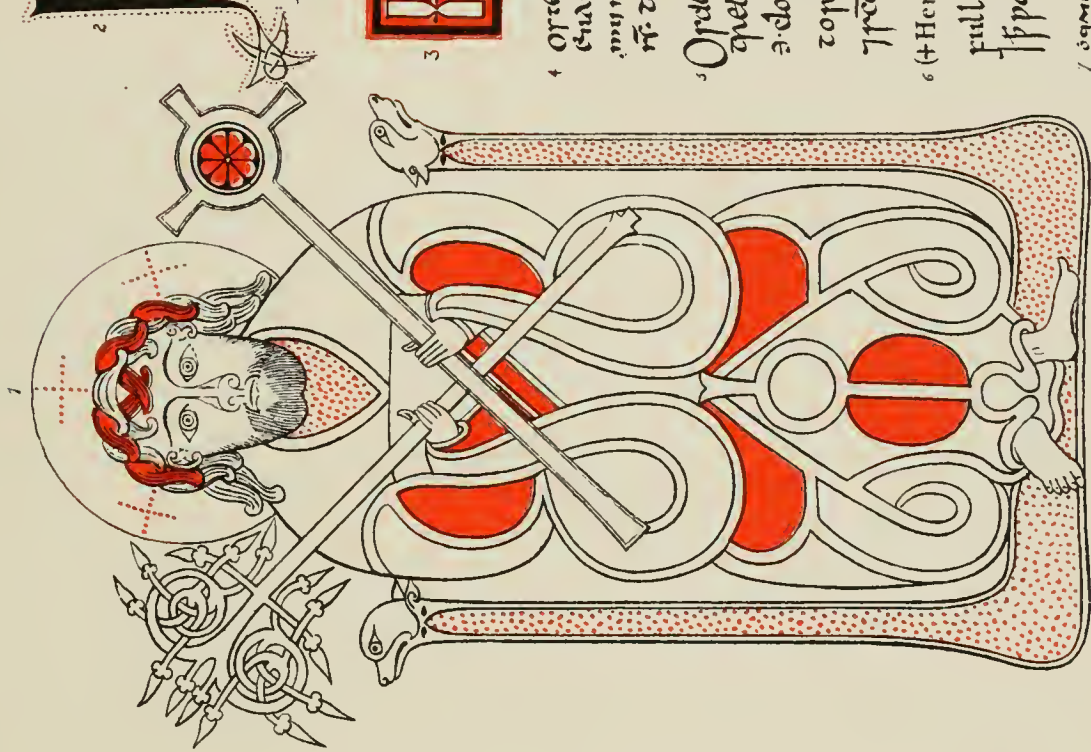
shoulders, similar to those held by the Angel in the miniature of the Virgin and Child, in the Book of Kello. One of these is terminated by a cross, bearing an eight-leaved rosette in the centre, while the other is terminated by two elongated interlaced and foliated branches, the precise nature of which is doubtful.

Prof. Westwood adds: "From the foregoing peculiarities of text, not less than from the style of the writing and illuminations I infer that this MS. is one of the productions of the ancient schools of Ireland Moreover, from a comparison between it and the Gospels of Lindisfarne, Mac Rego^l, etc., there seems no reason to doubt the opinion of Lhuyd, that it was in his days 1,100 (now more than 1,200) years old It is not impossible that the volume may have been in the handwriting of the Saint himself."

The following is another opinion:—

†"The MS. passed into possession of the Church of Llandaff in the 9th century, as appears from a note of that date in Latin, at the end of S. Mark's Gospel, recording its purchase by Gelhi, son of Arihtuid from Cingal, in exchange for his best horse, and its subsequent dedication to God and Saint Teilo, patron saint of Landaff. The entries, of the name of Winsy, Bishop of Lichfield, in A.D. 973, and of an act in the time of Bishop Leofgar, who died 1021, first connected it with the Cathedral Church dedicated to S. Chad."—*E. A. Bond and E. M. Thompson, "Palæographical Soc.," vol. ii.*





DOCER MOSTER QUI
 ES IN COECIS SAPIEN
 TUR HOMINUM ET
 VEHICULUM REGNUM TOTORUM

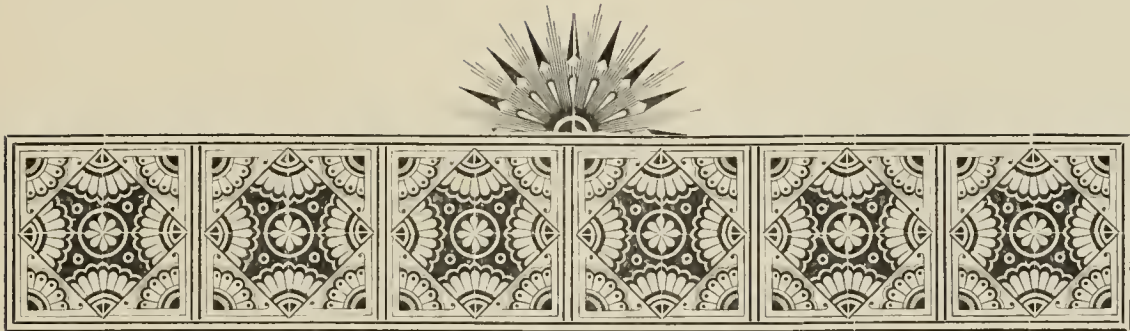
3
DOMINUS

4 Oportet dicitur hic quod e nuz + zel hit filiuz apukz uid. hoc
 euan gelium. de ginzal. et de dizilli. pillo e gum opa
 .mum. sed edit p. ammasua itum euangeliu. do e
 it. zeliam. sup q. akare + zel hit filiuz d. h. b. z. u. d. . . .

5 Oportet dicitur ita scripto q. dicitur. p. p. et l. u. h. t. q. n. e. h. i.
 queb. t. u. d. i. t. u. e. i. m. a. l. t. e. d. i. c. h. u. c. h. e. m. a. p. i. s. t. e. n. e. t. e. t. c. h. i. z. c. e. p. t. u. s.
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A POPULAR ACCOUNT
 OF THE
 GEOLOGY
 OF THE
 PARISH OF STOKE-UPON-TRENT.

By F. Barke, F.G.S.



THE Parish of Stoke might easily supply subjects for many a theme; its Ecclesiastical and Civil history, its folk-lore, its world-renowned manufactories, its leading men in Art, Science and Industry; but none of these subjects, interesting though they be, eclipse in interest the study of its physical Geography and Geology.

This is a statement which will be questioned by many, but I would ask such objectors to consider it, firstly, from a scientific point of view, and say whether the unravelling of the past life on the Globe, of which such abundant evidence is to be found in the rocks of the coal measures, or the investigation of the evolution of the existing physical conditions of our county,

are not subjects of absorbing interest ; and, secondly, from an economic point of view, whether the investigation of the mineral wealth which lies buried beneath the surface, the acquisition and subsequent utilization of which finds employment for so many of the teeming inhabitants of the Parish ; the water supply, on which the health of the people so largely depends ; and the nature of the surface soil, so important to the agriculturalist, and so intimately bound up with the sanitary condition of our towns ; whether, I say, a subject which embraces such important and interesting considerations is not one that will bear comparison with any that can be placed before them.

The chief interest from a geological point of view in connection with the Parish of Stoke naturally centres in the Coal-measures.

Let us take a peep into the past and see what this place, which is now Stoke, was like in those far off ages when the Coal-measures were being formed.

We see a low marshy expanse of densely wooded ground ; possibly fringing some salt-water lagoon or creek. Trees of rapid growth and strange form shoot up to a height of 40 ft. to 60 ft. and twine their branches overhead. Amongst these are the progenitors of our diminutive club-mosses, horse-tails, reeds, etc., which were the forest trees of that period ; below is a luxuriant growth of grasses and ferns ; beautiful and perfect specimens of which are still found in the shales in which they were buried, then existing in the form of soft mud.

A warm moist climate favours the growth of vegetation. It was Nature's first attempt on a large scale in the Vegetable kingdom, and Nature was then, as she ever is, prolific. Leaves, fruits, branches, and finally the trunks themselves fall on the forest floor, forming a mould on which other generations of trees will grow, flourish and decay.

And what life shall we find in these gloomy forests? No mammal or bird has yet appeared on the scene, nor even a true reptile; the monarchs of the vertebrate world are Amphibians with Salamander-like bodies, their heads being protected by horny plates; they are the forerunners of those "Dragons of the prime," the gigantic saurians, which were, in later geological times, to dominate the animal world. Fishes are abundant in the waters as are also shell-fish and crustaceans; while the forests themselves are tenanted by numerous insects, amongst others the familiar cockroach, cricket and beetle; we recognise too, higher orders of existence, such as spiders, plant-eating millipedes and scorpions.

Very quiet and sombre must have been the days in these primeval forests, little would be heard, save the hum of insects, to indicate the presence of animal life. Nature was now putting forth all her energies in the production and conservation of a vast vegetable growth, to be stored up for the use of man millions of years hence.

A slow and probably intermittent sinking of the land produced the effects we see, viz. : a bed of coal followed by a succession of beds of shales and sandstones, then coal again and so on. When the rate of subsidence of the land exceeded the increment caused by the growth and decay of vegetation, the water would gain on the land and the forest would be gradually submerged and covered up by beds of sand and mud brought down by the rivers. This would continue till the shallow waters were again filled up by the river deposits, or a check in the downward movement brought about a like result. Marsh-loving plants would soon spread over the emerging land and a new forest would reign o'er the scene.

Thus successive beds of coal were laid down. The fossils found in the lower or earlier measures generally indicate marine conditions, these gradually alternate with fresh water types,

until at length, in the upper measures, the latter alone prevail.

At length by a general sinking of the land the epoch came to an end, and the whole series of rocks sank down beneath the sea. Those precious stores of vegetable matter were sealed up from atmospheric influences and were gradually, by pressure and chemical change, converted into coal.

The Carboniferous period is included in what Geologists call the Primary division of rocks. Stoke can show no representatives of either the Secondary or the Tertiary divisions. The only beds which overlie the Coal-measures here are some clays, sands and gravels of Glacial origin, dating from the close of the Tertiary period, and some river gravels.

What then was the history of our parish during the time represented by this great hiatus in the sedimentary deposits, while the salt beds of Cheshire, the great Chalk deposits of England and Ireland, and many others were being laid down ; a time during which a new vegetation had sprung into existence, which had witnessed the rise, development and final extinction of hundreds of genera of shell-fish and other denizens of the deep, the introduction of birds on the scene, the development of the monster saurians before referred to, the first appearance, spread, and final supremacy of the mammal ?

The records, if ever they existed, have been destroyed ; that is to say, whatever rocks may have been deposited over the Coal-measures have subsequently been entirely removed by denudation.

The great valley through which the River Trent runs, however, affords us evidence that this part of the country must have been above the sea for a very long period of time, during which the silent forces of nature—frost, rain and wind—have been at work disintegrating the rocks ; while the Trent, taking its rise in the high ground above Biddulph and constantly fed by numerous small springs emanating from the water-bearing grits

on either side of the valley, has cut its sinuous course to the sea, ever deepening and widening its channel and carrying away in the winter floods, broken fragments of rocks, rolling them over and over in its course until they become smooth and rounded pebbles. Besides, every shower that fell, during this protracted period, carried with it to the river its quota of earth to be borne away to the sea. And thus, as the centuries rolled on, have these forces of nature—the river, frost, snow, rain and wind aided by chemical decomposition of the rocks, sculptured out the land as we see it to-day.

There is still one more scene of the drama to describe.

I mentioned above some deposits of Glacial origin which we find covering the surface of the older strata, even in many places the slopes of the valley to within a short distance of the river.

These deposits are full of interest ; they tell of a time when conditions very different from those of the coal-forming epoch prevailed, of a time when the whole of Britain, as far south as the Thames, was subjected to Arctic conditions and covered by a vast sheet of ice. The highlands and mountains of Scotland were the principal sources of ice dispersion ; the moisture-laden winds from the Atlantic discharged their burden as snow on these high lands until it had accumulated to a depth of 3,000 ft. to 4,000 ft. ; great sheets of ice, into which the snow was converted by pressure, streamed down the valleys in every direction and being constantly fed from the source, passed over all obstacles to the sea. One great sheet of ice filled up the Irish sea, and being joined by minor glaciers from the Lake District mountains continued its course southwards over Anglesea and North Wales ; a tongue from this great sheet branched over the low-lying lands of Lancashire and Cheshire spreading into Staffordshire.

Vast masses of rock were torn away from their parent source, smoothed, polished and scratched under the foot of

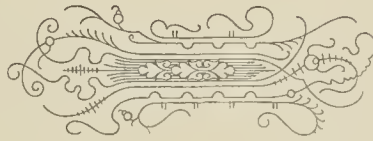
the advancing glacier; when hard rocks were passed over, these in turn were rounded and scratched by the rock fragments which passed over them; masses of sand and gravel, containing shells from the sea floor, were taken up by the ice sheet and deposited far inland.

The closest parallel to the state of Britain at that time is to be seen in Greenland at the present day. That country is covered by an ice-sheet 2,000 ft. in thickness, which, constantly moving towards the sea, discharges its great bergs—like mountains of ice—into the Atlantic.

How long these Arctic conditions prevailed it is impossible to state with anything approaching accuracy, but that they lasted very many thousands of years, and that during this period there were warmer intervals, when the ice receded to the mountain passes, and the country was inhabited by herds of wild animals, such as the reindeer, the mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, the cave bear, etc., many of which are now extinct, and probably even by man himself, and that a flora spread over the land from the continent of Europe, of which Britain then formed a part, may be considered as proved facts.

These conclusions must of course be taken in connection with all the phenomena of the Drift period—this is not the place to enter into an argument on the subject—and I shall content myself with recapitulating the main points already set forth in favour of this theory: the presence of broken fragments of sea-shells in the inland gravels, found plentifully on the hills round Macclesfield; the smoothed, polished, and scratched stones contained in the Boulder clay, so different in shape from river gravels; the fact that a large proportion of the rocks from which these stones are derived do not exist in situ in Staffordshire, or the adjoining counties, and that their trail can be traced back to the Lake District or the mountains of Scotland, where the parent rocks are found.

Such are the conclusions at which the majority of Geologists of the present day have arrived, after the most laborious and conscientious investigation ; and such are a few of the interesting facts which a study of the rocks reveal.





THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MUSTARD PLASTER.*

By J. B. Ashwell, Town Clerk of Stoke-on-Trent.

MYING as I do beneath several inches of sand on the northern borders of the great Sahara, worn out, discarded, and perhaps forgotten, it may be asked why I, a mere wreck of my former self, should desire to perpetuate the details of my career. Well, I have two reasons, first, because it may be of interest to my numerous relatives in England and elsewhere, and especially those whom I left in Stoke-upon-Trent; and secondly, because useful as my life has been, I am anxious to render it still more useful, by assisting so worthy an object as that for which this book has been written.

It is usual, I am told, by way of an introduction to an autobiography, to say something about your family, more especially if you are proud of it, as I am of mine, belonging as I do to the ancient and princely Roman family of the "Sinapismi," for am I not mentioned by some of the most eminent of the Latin

*AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The incidents related in this Autobiography are literally true, and I am indebted for the descriptions of scenery, etc., to letters written by my brother, the Rev. A. H. Ashwell, M.A., during a tour in Northern Africa and Southern Europe in the autumn of 1878 and winter of 1878-9.

poets, Horace, Terence and others? Nay, I have heard that even my Roman ancestors gloried in the fact that they were descended from the Greek family of the "Sinapemenoi," who in their turn, boasted of being able to trace their descent from the Pelasgians, a Phœnician people of agricultural habits, and of origin as old as the Book of Moses itself! It will be seen therefore that I have every reason to be proud of my ancient lineage!

To be sure my ancestors were somewhat different to what I am, or rather was, being of the original type of Mustard Plaster, a compound of mustard, linseed, and muslin, and which, by a process of evolution which would have interested Darwin himself, has developed into that highly pungent and valuable organism, the "Mustard Leaf Rigollot," to which branch of our ancient family I belong.

Having said so much about my ancestry, I will now at once plunge "*in medias res*," and relate the more interesting phases of my life.

I first saw the light in that brightest and gayest of all cities, Paris, at our family mansion there, the "Maison Rigollot," 24, Avenue Victoria, and little did I think when, after being packed up with eleven of my brethren and despatched a long and hideous journey, the termination of which resulted in finding myself in the murky atmosphere of Stoke-upon-Trent, that I should ever see my dear native city again! But such are the ups and downs of life, that I have come to the conclusion that the epigram of the late Lord Beaconsfield, that "the unexpected oftenest happens," is perfectly true, for within a very short time of my arrival in Stoke-upon-Trent, I found myself in Paris again, as you will shortly hear.

*AUTHOR'S NOTE.—I remember Horace in his "Satires," saying something about figs, and we have it on the authority of the prophet Isaiah that fig plasters were used in Jerusalem in the days of Hezekiah, but as I cannot remember anything either in Horace or Terence about Mustard Plasters, I am rather afraid the Autobiographer has confused the two things.

On opening my eyes in Stoke I found myself in a smart shop in the High Street, kept by Messrs. J. H. Adams & Co., and within a very short period was purchased by a medical practitioner there, whose son was about to spend the winter abroad. The fond mother of this said son, no doubt being of opinion that his "*batterie de voyage*" would not be complete without a choice selection of remedies for "all the ills that flesh is heir to," placed in his portmanteau such useful articles of healing virtue as spirits of camphor, ipecacuanha, hyoscinus, sal volatile, liver pills, et cetera, and last but not least, a packet of mustard leaves. I was accordingly, with my eleven brethren, packed up with the other said remedies, and started with my young master on his travels.

He had just graduated at what I understand in England is reckoned to be one of the principal seats of learning, I mean Oxford University; though from what I have heard during conversations between him and the friend with whom he travelled, the principal objects of an undergraduate's life appear to be breakfasts, wines, boating, cricket, football and athletics, rather than classics or mathematics, for never did I once hear them mention such subjects!

A journey through France to Marseilles was of but little interest from an anecdotal point of view, and after a vile passage across the Mediterranean, I found myself at the end of October, 1878, with my young master and his companion, at the Hotel d' Orient, Algiers.

Algiers is certainly a very interesting place, and the view at sunrise as our steamer entered the harbour, was most picturesque, the sapphire sea, with the modern or French town in the middle distance, backed up by the white houses of the old town rising tier above tier, like an amphitheatre, up the side of the steep hill which environs the bay, made an imposing panorama, most pleasing to eyes which had seen little else but

grey tumbling sea for two days. Moreover, the fact that the place was French gave it an especial charm to me!

The modern, or French town, as I have already observed, is on the coast, and the old town, which is higher up the hill which girts the bay, is Oriental in appearance, with its white dwellings and flat roofs. On the extreme top of the hill is the Casbah, or citadel, an ancient fortress of the piratical Deys, about 500 feet above the level of the sea.

I found the place much more modern and civilised than I had expected, and what with its broad streets, and omnibuses and tramcars, had it not been for the date palms and almost tropical vegetation, the Arabs with their swarthy faces and white burnouses, the native soldiers, Spahis, and Turcos, and the women with their long veils, or yesh-meks, hiding the lower part of the face below the eyes (by-the-bye, they seemed to make as much use as they could of those features which were not hidden), you would almost have thought that you were in Europe instead of Africa. Of course I am referring to the modern, not to the old town, the latter of which my master and his companion afterwards visited with a guide or interpreter.

It may be of interest to my readers to give an account of it, for although I did not go myself, yet from what I heard, I am able to give a very fair description.

The first thing that strikes you is that there are no streets, such as a carriage or even a horse could get along, and being built up the side of a somewhat steep hill, you go up everlasting steps, very trying to the knees. These passages for they are nothing else, vary in width from ten to as little as two feet, and in places go underneath the houses like tunnels, just high enough to stand up in; in other places the upper storeys of the houses project, so that you can only just see a streak of daylight between them. These passages are for the most part clean, and there is very little offensive smell. The houses have all courtyards, and the

windows look inside. The entrances are low and unpretending, but many of the interiors are very fine, the walls being lined with beautiful tiles. The courtyards too are often paved with handsome enamelled tiles, but so old that in places the enamel has all worn off. I think it possible that the tile manufacturers of Stoke-upon-Trent, which place, if I remember rightly, is justly famed for its wall and flooring tiles, might pick up some valuable hints from these ancient productions of a semi-barbarous people.

There are several mosques in the old town, but they are unpretending, and as a rule not so highly decorated as the private houses. My master and his friend during their rambles went into a native *café* and partook of coffee and Turkish tobacco, both of which they pronounced as being very good.

One day, when passing through the "Champs de Manœuvres," where the soldiers are drilled, they saw a caravan from the desert. There were about a hundred camels, and they were tethered by ropes attached to one of their forelegs and so tied that they could not put the foot to the ground. It was a most peculiar sight to see them standing on three legs, and very funny they looked, but quite patient.

After staying some ten days in Algiers, my master and his friend determined to take a journey of some two hundred and fifty miles into the desert, to a place called El Aghuat, on the main caravan route to Timbuctoo. Little did I think, when I heard them planning out the expedition, that I was never fated to return, but should spend the remainder of life worn out and exhausted, in that same desert!

But to resume. We started from Algiers by train on a Friday, day of ill-omen! and alighted at Chiffa, where we entered a diligence and proceeded up the Chiffa Pass, through the gorges of the Little Atlas range of mountains. The summit of the pass is some 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the mountains

rise in varying heights up to about 7,000 feet, range upon range towering into the heavens. The scene was truly magnificent, and the panorama, looking backwards down the pass over the rich lowlands beneath, to the blue Mediterranean in the far distance, 40 miles away, was superb.

On our way we stopped at an hotel for refreshments, called the Hotel de Singe, the walls being covered with a scheme of decoration comprised of monkeys with their tails intertwined. The effect, if not pleasing, was at any rate decidedly striking!

We arrived at Médeah, our first halting place, about eight o'clock in the evening. The latter part of our journey was by moonlight, which had the effect of giving to the savage grandeur of the scenery a wierd and ghost-like appearance.

Médeah is a miserable little place, consisting of a single street about 300 yards long, with small streets or allies branching out on either side for about 150 yards. There is a garrison, of course, as there is in every place of the least importance in this country, and it strikes me that the cost of keeping up so many military stations must be enormous.

We found that the service of diligences between this place and El Aghuat ran every four days, and that we should have to wait till Monday night before pushing on. How to kill time my master and his companion knew not; they went to the Public Gardens, which were poor, the theatre, where they saw an English acrobat, the only Englishman besides themselves in the place, and into a mosque, where "the faithful" were saying their prayers in a droning monotonous sort of way, and at last sought refuge in writing letters home. I found the climate of Médeah very trying, cold, in fact freezing at night, and as hot as an English summer on a fine day in July, during the day. My master said the only redeeming features about Médeah were the mountain strawberries and the apples, both of which he pronounced as being delicious.

At last the time arrived for us to take our departure from Médeah, and right glad we were to get away; and at nine o'clock on Monday evening, the 11th of November, 1878, we mounted the diligence that was to take us into the desert. It was rather cold, and my master could not get much sleep, for there was not room to stretch his legs, as he was packed in between his friend and the conductor. After stopping at a few places to deliver letters and parcels, we got to a place called Boughar about half-past five in the morning, and after my master had partaken of coffee and a slice of bread, we changed diligences, starting punctually at six.

After a mile or two we came to the desert, and for the first time gazed upon the limitless wastes of the Great Sahara; a great plain of sand with here and there a tuft of scrubby looking plant, which we were told the camels eat and which I heard my master say was the *prickly sainfoin*. After going a few miles the road ceased altogether and we were literally in the trackless waste!

Trackless on the "*lucus a non lucendo*" principle because just at this point it was all tracks, that is to say, there were cart ruts in the sand everywhere, each vehicle which had passed, seeming to have taken the way most convenient to itself, and wandered about at its own sweet will.

The desert here forms a high plateau and there are numerous salt marshes, or lakes, this plateau is called the Zahrez Plateau, no doubt a corruption of "Sahra" which is an Arabic word signifying an extensive and uninhabited plain without trees or cultivation and the plural of which is "Sahara."

About nine o'clock we arrived at a caravanserai where a chicken and some bread were obtained, and a good thing too, so my master said, as the diligence did not stop again or come to any place where food could be obtained, until four o'clock in the afternoon, when we stopped at another caravanserai and had

dinner. We had been ascending all day and had now arrived at the summit of the Plateau, and as the way was exceedingly heavy and our position in the so-called diligence very cramped, not only ourselves, but also the horses were glad of a stop, as the latter were very much distressed with the hard work, and my master and his friend were able to stretch their legs.

I do not remember the name of this particular caravanserai, but I may say that the caravanserais along the route are all built in the same style, low square buildings with an immense Court yard in the centre about 60 yards square, on one side are the culinary offices, the "*salle à manger*" as the miserable place where travellers dine is ostentatiously called, and the apartments of the proprietor and his servants, opposite are the guests rooms and the other two sides are devoted to the horses of which there are many, both for the diligences and for benighted travellers. All the windows look into the Courtyard with the exception of one or two peepholes consisting of narrow slits about 3 or 4 inches wide, so that no one can enter except by the gateway.

After dinner we started again over what, if the jolting we received were any criterion, must have been very rough ground, but as it soon got dark it was only by our feelings and not by visual means that we were made aware of it. We travelled all night and next morning arrived at an Oasis, where at another and similar caravanserai we stopped for breakfast. The country just around was really very pretty, with some fine trees, and the green of the grass was most refreshing to the eye after our long view of sandy plain; the country too was broken up by valleys and hills. Early in the morning we passed a hill composed entirely of crystals, and which we were told was well worth visiting by torchlight, but as we were desirous of reaching El Aghuat as soon as possible, we were unable to stay and test the truth of the statement. The way here was very rough and rocky and

full of shallow gullies down which we went with a run and then with the help of the impetus were dragged up the other side, the jolting was the reverse of pleasant, and made every bone in your body ache.

Towards the evening we arrived at Djelfa, a town and military station about 200 miles from Algiers and 50 from El Aghuat. It is situated on the highest part of the Zahrez Plateau 1,250 metres—about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. My master and his companion while waiting for dinner took a stroll to exercise their cramped and aching limbs, and while doing so a Gendarme accosted them and asked them for their Passports, my master in very bad French explained that he and his companion had none, as they were informed that they were not required in Algeria. This did not satisfy the energetic representative of law and order and notwithstanding, having given up French as a bad job, a torrent of somewhat strong English expletives, my master and his friend were put under arrest and marched before the Commandant. This officer was extremely polite, asked if they were English, if they were tourists, where they were going to ; and being impressed, I suppose by the general innocence of their demeanour, said 'Continuez Messieurs, bon voyage !' and bowed them out. My master and his friend looked as if they could have gone for that Gendarme, and I believe it would have fared ill with him if they could have got him alone, not perhaps so much on account of the arrest, which in itself was a somewhat interesting incident, but because of the visions of a dinner, ready and prepared, being partaken of by others and they themselves debarred from participating, empty as their stomachs were, in the feast. However, "all's well that ends well," and they got back to the Hotel, if somewhat late, yet in time to restore themselves, by means of a good feed, to their customary equability of temper.

After dinner much to our disgust, we found we had to change

diligences. It is hardly fair to the vehicle we had just left to use the phrase, as anything more unlike a diligence than that in which we were to perform the last stage of our journey, I never saw. It could only be compared to one of those bullock waggons you see in pictures of South African life, a four-wheeled waggon with a canvas covering in front, open behind for the luggage, the only redeeming feature about it being that the seats were covered with leather—much worn it is true—and I cannot say, judging from the discomfort my companions suffered, that it appeared to have rendered the travelling any more easy.

For fellow travellers we had a French officer, an Arab and a Jewish Rabbi, the last was going 400 miles beyond El Aghuat to collect money for the poor Jews at Jerusalem, he seemed an intelligent fellow and like all his race a keen and determined sort of man ; my master had quite a good talk with him as he spoke a little English.

Soon after leaving Djelfa it grew dark, the wind rose, and we had the unpleasant and somewhat dangerous experience of a storm in the desert. It was as you may imagine, being night and our situation about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, bitterly cold, the rain came down in a perfect flood and the lightning was almost incessant, shewing up the country for miles round, and the noise of the wind and thunder deafening. It was indeed a terrible night, the wind was so strong and kept catching our vehicle with such force that it seemed as though we must be overturned every minute. How the horses stood it I don't know, as what with the noise and the almost continuous flashing of the lightning, it was a wonder they did not bolt with fright. I feel sure if it had lasted very long we should have come to grief somehow or another, as it was very short odds that if we were not struck by lightning we should be upset by the wind, and if upset in some of the gullies, where the water was rushing like a Highland spate, we should certainly have

been drowned. Luckily for us about ten o'clock it abated almost as suddenly as it had arisen, and about twelve o'clock we were charmed to find ourselves at a caravanserai where we were allowed to get out and have three hour's sleep, while the horses were rested and the necessary repairs done to our vehicle.

About three o'clock in the morning we were awakened and resumed our journey. On we went in the same old style, now bumping over solid rock, now sinking nearly to the axles in sand. Any ordinary vehicle would have broken down a hundred times, but ours seemed to have been built with a view, if not to comfort, at any rate to strength. Sleep of course was out of the question, as even if we could have got rid of the bumping and jolting, our seats were so hard and uncomfortable and our positions so cramped, owing to the superfluity of baggage, that we felt as though we had been tied up into a ball. To our intense relief, morning broke at last, dry and fine, and we had a glorious sunrise effect, one that Whistler would have gloried in in painting, in fact, one of those pictures which, when the great "impressionist" boom was on at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877, would have been satirised as looking equally the same, whether hung downside up or upside down, the sky doing for desert, and *vice versa*, and which, speaking "sarcastic" as was once written of the great J. M. W. Turner, by the critic Aytoun, who, less enthusiastic than Ruskin, when criticising one of the master's greatest pictures,* said "that it appeared to have been painted by taking the scrapings of his palette, spreading them on a milled board, and then deliberately sitting on it!"

Soon after sunrise we stayed at a deserted building for a short time to rest the horses and stretch our legs once more, and about nine o'clock we reached a caravanserai, had some breakfast, and found we were only 42 kilometres, or 33 miles from

* "Neapolitan Girls startled—Bathing by Moonlight."

El Aghuat, having only accomplished some 17 miles during the night since leaving Djelfa!

We now quitted the rolling plain of rock and sand, and travelled over a flatter and more sandy district: by flatter I mean less billowy.

The country in this vicinity must, I think, at some time or other have been a huge sea or ocean, as there were numerous shells of marine origin scattered about.

Hereabouts too, are many lakes, salt and shallow, and we were told that as a rule the route is straight through them, but owing to the effect of our storm of the previous night, they were on this occasion too deep, and we had to skirt them. A lofty range of hills or mountains now appeared in view on our left front, and to the right was a long range of sandhills all of the same shape. We suffered a good deal here from sand storms which came rushing across the desert like a dense bank of smoke or cloud. The sand found its way into everything and proved most distressing, cutting the face like glass.

In the afternoon to our intense joy we sighted El Aghuat at the end of the range of hills I have mentioned, and right glad we were to see it and the end of our painful journey.

It is situated at the angle of a long oasis and about five o'clock we arrived at our destination. There was a great rush of Arabs after the diligence as we drove up to the house of rest and entertainment, which they had dignified with the name of "Hotel de la Poste." The town is small and surrounded by walls and is built at the angle of a long oasis. The palms grew with great luxuriance and to an extraordinary height, some of them reaching 150 feet! The oasis outside the town is split up into endless gardens divided by walls made of mud, which is the chief factor in the construction of the dwellings of the Arabs.

After arriving at the Hotel I was unpacked with the other medical remedies, and my master and his companion found the

time once more hang heavily on their hands, as there was nothing for them to do, but as luck would have it the second day they picked up an Arab, who had a letter of recommendation from an English peer, and went with him to his garden, but found the fruit all picked ; however, a visit to his house had the effect of supplying them with the most delicious dates and pomegranates and a large melon, the last and a couple of pomegranates he would insist on them carrying to the Hotel, and would take no reward for them. It seems that the Arabs are well affected in these parts to the English, and this particular Arab wanted to take them farther into the desert, an offer which was politely declined by them, bearing in mind their past experience of the discomforts and weariness of desert travelling.

In the evening of this day (Saturday) the Hotel Proprietor took my master and his friend to a "*Café dansant Maure*" accompanied by a young Arab as conductor. There was an audience of about forty Arabs and in the centre was an open space where the dancing took place. None of the men danced only the women. The music consisted of a tom-tom and a German band sort of whistle of five notes, the latter in sound very much like the Bagpipes. The face of the man who played this extraordinary instrument was a picture, his cheeks appeared to be made of indiarubber they expanded so, and stood out on either side of his face to such an extent, that every moment you expected him to burst like a child's air ball. The aforesaid cheeks worked up and down like a pair of bellows, and he never stopped to take breath, inspiring through his nose at the same time that he was expiring into the instrument, in the same manner as is done when using the blow-pipe.

Two of the "*danseuses*" danced at a time, they were fine and fairly good looking Arab or Moorish women, their hair was done up with an enormous head dress, not so high but extending out on either side and looking from behind as if they

had a pillow fastened to the back of their heads. The movement of the dance was slow and rhythmical and not at all ungraceful, and in their hands they had a handkerchief which they used in conjunction with the movement of their arms; hands, handkerchief and feet harmoniously working together. Their arms were bare save for a quantity of silver bangles or bracelets, with which they were nearly covered. In their ears were earrings of silver and of enormous size which caused the lobe of the ear to be very much drawn down and elongated; round their necks were long silver chains, to which was attached a large locket, which fell rather below the waist. The dance never increased in pace, the executants keeping on right away through at the same slow rhythmical step, and it lasted about half-an-hour.

During the intervals the man with the cheeks went round to the audience who pressed coins on his forehead, and in such a state of perspiration was he that they remained there, and all the time he made an unearthly noise on one note of his wretched instrument, while to make matters worse an old Arab, the conductor or "*chef d' orchestre*" set up a most fearful howl by way, I suppose, of informing the audience that "*the hat*," or rather in this instance the forehead, was being brought round.

I now come to that great event of my life which culminated in my being left in my present situation and has induced me to write my autobiography, and I must confess that I do so with very mixed feelings. Mixed, because of the pleasure of inscribing on the roll of fame the triumph which I was enabled to achieve for my young master, myself and family; and sadness because I must shortly sever myself, gentle reader, from the intimacy which I trust, the perusal of this my history, has caused to spring up between us; and which when severed will, I am afraid, have the effect of relegating me to that state of oblivion, in which I was before I was called as it were to a new

life and energy by writing this my autobiography.

In any event however, no matter what may be my future lot, I feel that I have only done justice to myself and family, by proclaiming, as publicly as I can, our many virtues and the high estimation in which I, though one of the humblest of that family, was at the time of my zenith held, in so remote a corner of this earth as El Aghuat !

In short, I have often felt, that I at any rate deserved as high eulogia and as big an advertisement as my distant relatives the Cockles Pill Family, who unable to do singly, what I alone did, required at least six of their number to cure, on the prescription of Colonel Burnaby, the malady from which the Arab Sheikh by whom they were taken, was suffering, and I only regret that my master, on his return to his native land, did not see his way to do what would only have been a bare act of justice to me, and what might have proved a source of profit to himself, by publicly advertising the marvellous cure which I wrought in the desert, the particulars of which I will now at once proceed to narrate, without any further digression.

An Arab garçon at my master's Hotel was laid up with rheumatism, and so bad was he that the services of an Arab Doctor or Medicine Man, who had recently come in from Timbuctoo, were called into requisition. This disciple of Æsculapius was perhaps more of a Nigger than an Arab, and as my pen fails to describe him I think he might fairly be termed a "non-descript."

His mode of treatment, if somewhat out of the common, was to say the least of it interesting to my master and his friend, who had certainly in their somewhat limited experience of doctoring, never seen anything approaching it. The mode of treatment was as follows :—a chicken was caught out of the Hotel yard, and then poor wretch plucked alive, and the feathers put on the bed of the invalid. It was then held with

its neck under the foot of the Medicine Man's assistant, while the Great Man himself wrote some words in Arabic on a piece of paper, which was sewn up in a piece of vellum and then placed on the breast of the patient, the Medicine Man then waved his arms about in a somewhat mysterious manner, uttered a series of cabalistic words or sentences and departed; the chicken was killed by the assistant and cooked, and the unfortunate sufferer was made to eat it and then had to bury its entrails in a place known only to himself, while in addition a brazier of live charcoal was placed beneath the patient's knees. Whether so much skill ever brings about a recovery it is impossible to say, at all events in this particular instance it did not and like Dr. Bolus' patient in "the Newcastle Apothecary" the garçon grew "*wuss*," and had it not been for the united efforts of my master and myself would, I venture to think, have died.

The next morning the patient was decidedly worse, and my master, who was of a sympathetic nature, and had taken a sort of liking to the poor boy, thought he would try what the application of a mustard plaster would do. Accordingly he opened the case in which I and my brethren were enclosed, and selecting me as the strongest and healthiest of the family, put me in his pocket and proceeded to the bedside of the sufferer.

I cannot say I liked being parted from my relatives, with whom I had travelled so many hundreds, I might almost say thousands, of miles, yet I could not help feeling a certain amount of pride in being selected from among all my brethren to perform the somewhat difficult task of curing an Arab of rheumatism!

Had he been suffering from bronchitis or pneumonia, or even from an inflammation, I should have felt more sure of success, but as it was I was quite determined to do my best. After some parleying my master was allowed to have his own way, and damping me in accordance with the instructions on the

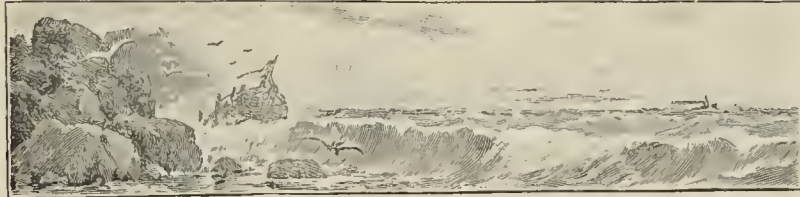
label, he applied me to the afflicted part, namely, the right knee. Never shall I forget the sensation of loathing I felt when I was placed against the swarthy and not over clean skin of the Arab boy, but after a little while, when I felt the hot glow going out of me and diffusing itself over and through the skin of the garçon, better feelings prevailed, and the longing I had previously had to tear myself away from my servitude passed off, and I felt the pure joy of being unselfish and doing good. My troubles, however, were not at an end, for after a few minutes, when the boy began to feel my warmth biting through his skin, he writhed and screamed, and tried to tear me off him, and it was all my master and others who were present could do to prevent him doing so. I need hardly say I felt much enraged at this because the more the heat went out of me, the weaker and feebler I became. However both my patient and I at length became quieter, and when, after an application of over an hour's duration, I was ultimately tenderly taken off by my master, the patient was decidedly easier, and worn out though I was, I felt grateful that I had been the instrument of doing so much good.

My patient now grew rapidly well, and the medical skill of my master was proclaimed through the length and breadth of the oasis, and the country people came in flocks to see the English Medicine Man who had worked such a marvellous cure upon the Arab garçon ; in fact, it got to such a pitch thatt he rival practitioner from Timbuctoo got jealous, as his reputation was decidedly on the wane, with the probable effect that his future services would be at a discount, and it was whispered to my master and his friend that it might be as well if they took their departure. Accordingly, as the diligence started the next day for Djelfa they booked places in it and started back on their northward journey, heartily glad to turn their backs on El Aghuat, not however, without receiving an ovation from the in-

habitants and expressions of gratitude from the Arab garçon, whose eager proffer to attach himself to my master's person, as his body servant *in perpetuo*, was firmly but kindly refused.

The last act of my master was to reverently place me under the sand where I now lie, so that I might end the rest of my days in peace undisturbed by the heathen Arabs.

And now gentle reader, as every tale should be adorned with a moral mine shall not be without one, and the moral is this : Never travel in the desert if you can help it, but if you do, be sure to take a Mustard Plaster with you! Adieu!!





A BALLAD OF HIGH ART.

By F. W. Ash.



'M an artist by the name of
Michael Angelo Fitz-
Smudge ;

I learnt the rudiments of Art at
Crockley-in-the-Sludge.

I wore long hair and smoked a lot
like all art students do,

And all my relatives admired the pictures that I drew.

I copied lots of ancient Greeks of arms and legs bereft,
And drew as much of Venus as there happened to be left :
I was the teacher's joy and pride, till one eventful week,
There came a lady amateur to study the antique.

She said she came to learn design, did that designing girl ;
But the vision of her beauty put my heart into a whirl :
I hardly dared to look at her, I was so very shy,
Till once across her drawing board I saw her wink an eye !

It was a great encouragement I'm sure you'll all agree,
To think a charming girl like that should wink an eye at me ;
But all the passion in my breast, alas ! I had to smother,
For students never were allowed to speak to one another.

So day by day I fondly hoped that she would wink again,
 But she never wunk another wink : it seemed I loved in vain ;
 Until one day the maiden gave a wild and piercing cry :
 “ Help ! help ! ” she shrieked, “ I see a mouse ! preserve me or I
 die ! ”

I hurried to the rescue with a swift and
 mighty bound—

Alone I faced the savage beast and smote
 it to the ground.

“ Saved ! saved ! ” she cried. “ Name
 your reward. ” I said, “ Fair girl,
 be mine. ”

“ O Michael Angelo Fitz-Smudge, ” she
 answered, “ I am thine. ”

The drawing master hurried in. “ Now
 what’s amiss ? ” said he.

I said, “ This lady is *a miss*, but she’ll be
 Mrs. me.

“ At goings on like this, ” he said, “ I’m filled with shame and
 sorrow ;

I’ll report the whole proceeding in Committee on the morrow. ”

And so we left the drawing school at Crockley-in-the-Sludge,
 And now that girl is Mrs. Michael Angelo Fitz-Smudge.
 And, all young men who take up art, a warning word I speak,
 Beware of lady amateurs who study the antique !





IN NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE.

By Alex. M. McAldowie, M.D., F.R.S., Edin.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
 The ice was all around ;
 It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
 Like noises in a swound !

—*The Ancient Mariner.*



THE extreme cold which prevailed at the commencement of 1895 may fairly claim to rank amongst the great Historical Frosts. Its long duration, its severity, and the large area over which its influence extended were alike phenomenal. Day after day the newspaper columns

detailed the more striking of its manifestations, such as the sea covered with ice for miles along our coasts, the occurrence of terrible blizzards in many districts, and the visitation of myriads of Arctic birds to our shores; whilst from New York and Vienna, from Copenhagen and Rome came reports of equally severe weather, testifying to its wide spread area.

The present paper refers to North Staffordshire only, and consists of notes collected and observations jotted down during the frost. It is hoped that it may form a fairly typical record of a period of great interest in many respects, although "of dismal memory to householders."

The Rev. G. T. Ryves, F.R. Met. S., has kindly supplied the following notes on the frost in this district from observations made at the meteorological station, Tean:—

The frost commenced on Dec. 30th, 1894 (after a period of mild weather extending from Dec. 9th to Dec. 29th), and with the exception of a slight and partial thaw from Jan. 14th to Jan. 20th, continued to March 6th.

From Dec. 30th to Jan. 9th the cold was not exceptionally severe, but frost of considerable intensity occurred on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of Jan., the minimum readings of the thermometer on the three days being respectively 20, 19, and 18 degrees below the freezing point. On the evening of the 13th a slight thaw set in, and from this date to the 24th much rain fell, the total fall of the twelve days amounting to 3.32 inches. But notwithstanding this heavy rainfall the temperature remained so low that at the end of the wet period the sub-soil still remained frozen, and when sharp frosts set in again on the 25th the saturated surface was soon converted into a sheet of solid ice, reminding one of the approach to one of the Swiss Glaciers. The minimum readings of the thermometer from the 26th to the 29th inclusive ranged between 17 and 14 degrees Fahrenheit,

or from 15 to 18 degrees below the freezing point. The closing days of January and opening days of February showed some mitigation in the severity of the weather, but frost of great intensity set in on the 5th of February, and continued till the 12th. This was by far the coldest period, the minimum thermometer on the 5th showing $27\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of frost on the screen and 35 degrees of frost (3 below zero) on the grass; on the 7th 29 degrees of frost on the screen and 36 degrees of frost on the grass; on the 8th 27 degrees of frost on the screen and 32 degrees of frost (zero) on the grass; on the 9th 23 degrees of frost on the screen and 32 degrees (zero) on the grass; and on the 12th 25 degrees of frost on the screen and zero on the grass. Even at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 6th the thermometer was as low as 6 degrees, or 26 degrees below the freezing point. When we compare this with the reading of the thermometer at the same hour on the 7th of February in the preceding year, 1894, viz., 54 degrees, we have a striking example of the vicissitudes of temperature to which we are liable in this climate.

There was no very exceptionally severe cold after this date, but the frost continued to the 6th of March, when a decided thaw began; and it was not till fully a week or ten days after that date that the thaw had penetrated deep enough to admit of any work being done in garden or field. We have had short periods of frost of equal or greater intensity in recent years, but we must go back forty years, viz., to the year 1855, to find a frost of equal intensity and duration combined.

At Stoke Gas Works the temperature and barometrical pressure are noted twice daily—at eight o'clock a.m. and at midnight. Mr. Prince has furnished the record from Christmas to March 10th:—

1894. Date	Baro.	Temp. at 8 a.m.	Temp. at 12 p.m.	1895. Date	Baro.	Temp. at 8 a.m.	Temp. at 12 p.m.
Dec. 25	30·2	44°	45°	Jan. 23	29·3	39°	30°
„ 26	30·2	44°	45°	„ 24	28·9	36°	28°
„ 27	30·3	36°	33°	„ 25	29·2	32°	32°
„ 28	30·2	36°	31°	„ 26	29·4	25°	24°
„ 29	29·0	35°	33°	„ 27	29·3	26°	19°
„ 30	29·0	33°	30°	„ 28	29·6	18°	17°
„ 31	29·4	29°	26°	„ 29	29·8	24°	15°
1895. Jan. 1	29·7	26°	25°	„ 30	30·2	25°	20°
„ 2	29·5	35°	26°	„ 31	29·9	26°	24°
Jan. 3	29·2	30°	25°	Feb. 1	29·7	30°	23°
„ 4	29·7	33°	29°	„ 2	29·6	32°	20°
„ 5	29·7	29°	28°	„ 3	29·7	32°	28°
„ 6	29·4	31°	25°	„ 4	29·8	33°	30°
„ 7	29·4	26°	25°	„ 5	29·8	20°	19°
„ 8	29·5	29°	25°	„ 6	29·5	11°	10°
„ 9	29·5	27°	24°	„ 7	29·5	17°	10°
„ 10	29·7	18°	18°	„ 8	29·6	14°	12°
„ 11	29·5	19°	12°	„ 9	29·7	10°	10°
„ 12	29·2	24°	18°	„ 10	29·5	24°	10°
„ 13	28·6	31°	23°	„ 11	29·3	20°	19°
„ 14	28·6	35°	30°	„ 12	29·5	13°	not set
„ 15	28·7	36°	30°	„ 13	29·6	12°	11°
„ 16	28·7	38°	34°	„ 14	29·8	19°	12°
„ 17	28·7	35°	not set	„ 15	29·9	26°	19°
„ 18	29·2	30°	„	„ 16	30·1	27°	25°
„ 19	29·3	38°	20°	„ 17	30·1	33°	24°
„ 20	29·2	37°	36°	„ 18	30·0	26°	21°
„ 21	29·4	34°	not set	„ 19	29·9	32°	26°
„ 22	29·5	31°	27°	„ 20	30·0	24°	24°

1895. Date	Baro.	Temp. at 8 a.m.	Temp. at 12 p.m.	1895. Date	Baro.	Temp. at 8 a.m.	Temp. at 12 p.m.
Feb. 21	30·0	31°	23°	Mar. 2	29·4	32°	31°
„ 22	30·0	28°	25°	„ 3	29·2	33°	25°
„ 23	30·0	35°	28°	„ 4	29·4	27°	24°
„ 24	29·4	39°	25°	„ 5	29·5	28°	26°
„ 25	29·6	34°	33°	„ 6	29·4	38°	26°
„ 26	29·5	30°	29°	„ 7	29·4	37°	35°
„ 27	29·5	29°	28°	„ 8	29·3	35°	31°
„ 28	29·6	30°	25°	„ 9	29·2	38°	34°
Mch. 1	29·4	38°	29°	„ 10	29·0	37°	35°

It was not till the end of the first week in February that the phenomenal character of the frost became apparent, and was noticed in the papers daily as “The Record Frost,” “The Arctic Weather,” &c. After the twenty-third of the month the bright sunshine made the weather more bearable during the day, although at night the thermometer still fell to near zero, and there was little indication of a general break up of the frost.

Keen distress prevailed amongst the poor throughout the district, and large demands were made on the resources of the various Relief Committees, but the latter were well supported by the public. In the town of Stoke, bread and soup were distributed to about 300 families three times a week.

It is interesting to note—showing the power of resistance possessed by the human frame to vicissitudes of temperature—that the health of the district was not below the average for the period of the year. Persons afflicted with weak chests suffered less than usual, partly on account of the dryness of the atmosphere, and partly, no doubt, because of the extra precautions taken. A curious fact was also observed, viz., that the cold showed more tendency to attack the digestive than the respiratory organs, thus resembling excessive summer heat.



THE DOVE AT UTTOXETER.



VOLUNTEER PARADE ON RUDYARD LAKE.

The most noteworthy phenomena were of course connected with our rivers, canals and lakes. The Trent itself presented a perfectly Arctic appearance. Huge blocks of ice, carried from the upper reaches, were stopped in their course and piled up in the bed of the river and on the banks adjoining, forming an unique and striking spectacle. Many persons crossed the river on the ice floes, near its mouth, and at various points throughout its course.

On the 6th of February, the Dove at Uttoxeter, one of the fastest rivers in the kingdom, was frozen completely over for some distance. It is many years since the ice was seen to cover it, and it has not been frozen over to such an extent as to admit of being skated on since the exceptionally severe winter of 1855. The Rev. C. F. L. Barnwell, to whom I am indebted for the accompanying illustration of the frozen river, writes:—
 “The photograph was taken on a Thursday, about 4 o’clock p.m. The ice was perfectly sound then. The following morning, (though it was freezing hard, and had never stopped doing so), I crossed over at the same place by myself, and never thought I should get to the other side alive. On the Sunday there was no ice whatever left. I mention this as it may be of interest and useful as an instance of the danger of going on to ice on a fast river. The ice had not borne here for about forty years before this winter.”

The Churnet was also frozen over in many places. At Oakamoor an ice carnival was held on the river. Several hundred persons took part in the performances, and the river and banks were illuminated with torches and coloured lamps.

As late as the beginning of March I observed many people skating on the river Sow, in the town of Stafford.

All attempts to keep the canals open for traffic had to be relinquished on February 7th. During the night of the 6th the ice had frozen two-and-a-half inches thick along the tracks made by the boats the previous day. On the 28th attempts to break

the ice were made with a large ice-boat, drawn by twelve horses. The boat on each occasion mounted the ice sheet and slid along the surface without breaking it. On the 22nd, although there had for several days been slight thaws, so little impression had the warmer weather made on the ice that the tunnel on the canal near Wall Grange was skated through. A gentleman from Preston started to skate to Leek on Saturday, the 23rd, and got to North Rode by following a canal route. At that point—about fifty-five miles from the start—darkness came on and the attempt had to be relinquished.

The following paragraph from the *Leek Times* for February 23rd, is worthy of note :—

“OUR VOLUNTEERS AT RUDYARD.—The Leek Volunteers had a march to Rudyard on Saturday last, about sixty-four men turning out, under the command of Capt. Smith and Lieut. Davenport. The march was a pleasant one, although the snow had made the roads rather heavy, and on arriving at the lake the company formed in fours, and, headed by the band, which played ‘The First Shot,’ proceeded up the lake, and returned to the strains of ‘’E Dunno where ’e are.’ The men kept their feet very well, only two, the drummer and the sergeant instructor, coming down. Mr. Johnson took a photo of the men on the ice.”

The effect of the cold on organic nature, although perhaps not quite so obvious and striking to the casual observer, was no less peculiar and interesting.

Wild animals suffered keenly. Rabbits, stoats, voles, and other species were found dead from starvation and cold. The otter forsook the upland streams and congregated along the Trent, where its presence in considerable numbers was demonstrated by the multitude of spoors on the snow-covered banks.

Nothing interferes with the economy of bird life so much as a long continued frost. After the first week our feathered

residents appeared sorely pressed for food, deserted their accustomed haunts, and became exceedingly tame and confiding. Fieldfares, redwings (at first), blackbirds, missel-thrushes, rooks, starlings, chaffinches, wagtails, hedgesparrows, wrens, tits, etc., came quite into town, and picked up a living with the sparrows and robins, in the streets and gardens, door-steps and window ledges. In rural districts they crowded round the farmsteads: the sheep troughs and feeding places were the only spots in the open fields which were frequented. They also congregated along highways, and I noticed all the species I have just enumerated on our most frequented roads.

During the mild weather at the close of 1894, large flocks of lapwings, rooks, and starlings frequented the meadows and fields. I saw no lapwings after the frost began, this species being remarkably sensitive to cold. The flocks of rooks and starlings broke up when the severe weather firmly set in, and the birds foraged singly or in small parties, along with the small birds, in farm-yards, gardens, and along the highways. Their numbers diminished considerably, and I am of opinion that many of them followed the lapwings to the coast. I saw no song thrushes after the first few days of frost. This is in accordance with previous observations in this locality during great frosts. Larks and redwings also disappeared, and ultimately all other species of small birds except sparrows, either left the district or remained in greatly reduced numbers. As examples of this extreme diminution of avian life, I may state that on February 14th I counted the number of birds visible as I drove from Stoke to Trentham, about three o'clock in the afternoon. The sun was shining at the time, but there was a cold east wind. I only saw eight sparrows feeding at various points on the road, two others flew overhead, five rooks were foraging amongst some sheep in a field, and one robin perched on a wall. On the 16th—also a bright day—between eleven and twelve o'clock, I drove about

three miles along a lane noted for birds. I saw two hedge accentors, two blackbirds, one rook, and about a score of sparrows.

“ We hear the beat
Of their pinions fleet,
As from the land of snow and sleet
They seek a southern lea.”

A very noticeable feature was the deep silence which reigned among the feathered tribe. On one or two occasions I heard the robin's song. “ Severe weather generally silences the singing birds in winter, yet he is never hushed,” writes Dixon. Sometimes a few starlings' call-notes were noticed, but these were altogether unlike the usual soft warbling of this species. On one or two bright days about the middle of February the sparrows chirped at midday, and I listened with pleasure to the distant cawing of rooks. These were the first cheerful avian notes I had heard for several weeks.

“ Dread winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain.”

Stoke Churchyard in front of my house was the rendezvous of a large number of sparrows, a good many rooks, a few starlings and chaffinches, and a robin or two. We fed them daily, and derived great pleasure from observing their movements. Since the adjacent rookery was destroyed rooks only visit the Churchyard in severe weather. My brother noted a jackdaw early one morning, and this record is interesting, as I have hitherto never observed this species in the Churchyard except during the breeding season. One sunny day at noon, towards the middle of January, a golden plover flew over the Churchyard at a very low altitude, uttering its beautiful soft clear whistle. It circled round as if about to alight, but at last flew off towards

Boothen meadows, where Garner records this species as having been observed in 1843.

The Kennels of the North Staffordshire Hunt were a veritable ornithological paradise during the whole period. Birds of various sorts swarmed amongst the evergreens, and crowded round and into the buildings. In addition to the species usually found about farmsteads and such like places, swans and moor hens congregated in the adjacent river—the latter species after leaving the water roosting amongst the shrubs, or joining the flocks near the doorsteps. In the adjoining field the carcass of a horse was attacked by starlings, jackdaws, rooks, and carrion crows. They got inside the carcass to eat the viscera, and soon left nothing but the bare skeleton and some pieces of skin.

The birds of prey had of course also to alter their hunting grounds to find their quarry. On the afternoon of January 30th I saw a fine female sparrow-hawk pursuing the small birds along the High Street in Fenton, notwithstanding that trains and tram cars were passing; and on two successive mornings I observed another of the same species hawking along the turnpike near Trentham.

For a day or two the ponded up river at Trentham Hall was opened, and I noticed two coots with the moor hens in the running stream close to the bridge. This tameness is noteworthy, being quite at variance with their usual habits. A day or two afterwards this part of the river bed was again frozen over, and the moor hens were sitting on the ice, the picture of abject misery. The same morning my brother saw a horse with large icicles hanging from its nose—according to the “Standard,” no uncommon sight during the winter of 1859, which is generally held to be among the severest of which we have any trustworthy evidence. On my next visit there were skaters on the above sheet of ice, and the moor hens had vanished. I noticed a tiny cole tit in the midst of the

skaters vigorously pecking on the ice.

Miss Keary noticed a wood pigeon feeding in the suburbs of Stoke, a marked instance of tameness for such a very wary bird.

I saw several bramblings, or mountain finches, at various times on the Stoke sewage farm. This is the first time I have seen this interesting visitor from the Arctic forests in our immediate neighbourhood. Its handsome appearance renders it a very noticeable bird. I observed another on the highway near Trentham in company with a few chaffinches.

By far the most interesting of our feathered visitors was the snow bunting, a specimen of which was shot on January 22nd at Cliff Ville, close to Stoke, whilst feeding in company with some larks. This was the first record of this beautiful Arctic bird in the Pottery district, and its presence testified to the severity of the season. It has very rarely visited Staffordshire, and usually only in very hard weather. "No other Passerine bird is more thoroughly identified with the Arctic regions than this little northern stranger;" writes Dixon, "no other known bird penetrates farther into the Polar world, for its cheery chirp, and still more cheery song enliven the wildest country in the highest latitude yet reached by man." The snow bunting is distinguished by the remarkable thickness of its plumage, which enables it not only to withstand, but even to delight in, the rigours of the Polar region. A friend of mine, in an article on birds in winter, which appeared in *Cornhill*, dwells specially on this trait. "Probably no bird shows more exuberant delight in a pelting snow-storm than the little snow bunting, one of the most charming of the *Fringillidæ* family." And again:—"When man and beast are housed, and even the domestic fowls, with frost-bitten combs and toes, huddle in their roost; when all manner of beast and bird is either far away in the south, or else in byre or stall, or den or nest, the hardy little-



ICICLES NEAR STONE.

snowflake is whirling about at his ease in the terrible blast, which would be death to almost any other living creature.”

On the 21st January a kittiwake gull was picked up in an exhausted condition in Stoke meadows, and died soon afterwards.

A common gull frequented the flooded fields near Hanford for about a fortnight before the frost came, and it was found in the same locality about the middle of January, frozen to death.

On the excessively severe morning, early in February, when the Dove was frozen over at Uttoxeter, I observed five rooks at Trentham, each perched on a sheep's back. They rose several times as I drove along, but always alighted again on one or other of the flock, never on the ground. They did not appear to be searching for insects in the fleece, but stood stationary on the back, and the sheep appeared quite unconcerned at their unusual burdens. In my opinion they perched on the animals for warmth. I did not again observe rooks behaving in the same way, but close association with sheep was a marked habit with them throughout the cold weather,

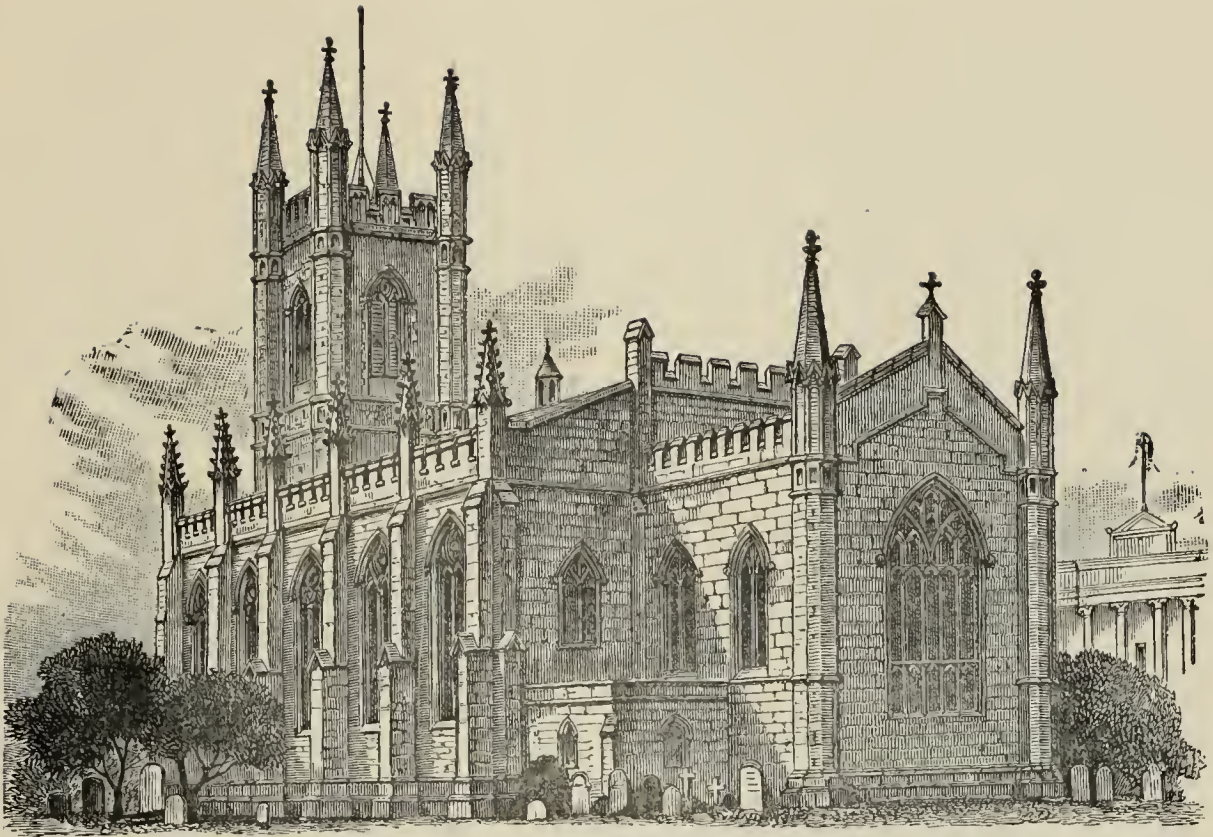
Mr. Kirkby, of Trentham, collected information from some of his scholars, and they recorded having found hedge accentors, thrushes, blackbirds, starlings, tom-tits, robins, partridges, sparrows, rooks, a bullfinch, and a moor hen, all frozen to death. A live rook was also found with its wings frozen to its body. The mortality amongst our avifauna must therefore have been great.

The effect of the severe and long-continued frost on the vegetable world was on the whole beneficial. Most of the leaves of the evergreens, including even the hardy ivy, were destroyed, but only the more delicate species of shrubs were actually killed. Deciduous trees were not affected. The salutary effect has been shown by the luxuriance of the foliage during the present summer, as well as by the superabundant fruit crop. The richness of the laburnum blossom last spring

was remarkable, and many other trees and shrubs exhibited a luxuriance of inflorescence almost phenomenal. For example, a large acacia tree at Trentham, which during the last forty years has borne only a few scattered flowers, was a mass of white blossom; and a Virginian creeper in front of my house in Stoke was covered with flowers in August. This is in marked contrast with what has been observed after many other great frosts. During the severe frosts a few years ago the ground in many places was literally carpeted with winter buds, and hundreds of beeches throughout the district perished, whilst others have remained blighted ever since. The great frost of 1855—so often referred to as a parallel example—was very destructive to vegetation. “Apple trees looked well enough in Spring, but before the Summer was over appeared as if their foliage had been scorched. Walnuts in exposed situations lost shoots and branches, and several cedars of Lebanon, two centuries old, were almost destroyed. Even the native elms and oaks suffered severely.”

In the luxuriant vegetation and in the teeming wild life of the present summer we have ample proof that the effect of THE GREAT FROST on the world of Nature was beneficial rather than harmful. For, as an eminent naturalist writes, winter is a period of rest. Much of Nature seems to sink to sleep through the tranquil autumn, and the terrible ordeal of winter is passed in a death-like trance. But the frost and the snow are beneficial to the soil, and the cold braces all organic life for the heat and the sultriness of summer. Then comes the fitful awakening of spring—the resurrection of life, when the victory over winter is celebrated with revel and with song.”





S. PETER AD VINCULA PARISH CHURCH.

A GLANCE AT THE MEMORIAL TILES IN STOKE CHURCH.

By the Right Rev. the Bishop of Shrewsbury.



STRANGER entering Stoke Church cannot fail to notice as something unusual the long lines of Encaustic Memorial Tiles which run (in parts in double rows) the length of the North, South and West walls, forming a kind of Dado, not unsuitable to the character of the Church, above the wood-work of the benches. In no other Church that I know has such large use been made of them.

This is scarcely to be wondered at, seeing that these Tiles are manufactured in the Parish, and can be readily ordered, and, while they form an adequate and enduring memorial, are inexpensive, the whole cost, including a proportion of the border Tiles and the fixing, being only £1 3s. 6d.

To me there is nothing more interesting than to pass along, and read the names and brief particulars recorded. It enables me to hold communion with many whom I knew well, with whom I worked and worshipped, or to whom I ministered, during the many years of my Incumbency of Stoke.

I remember well the first of these Tiles that I caused to be fixed. It is situate in the extreme east corner of the south wall. It is in memory of RALPH WILKINSON, who died in a cottage in what we used to call Cross Union Street, late in December of the year 1858, at an age unusual among the potters of those (or of these) days—83. He was a Wesleyan of the older type ; a truly devout man, well versed in the Bible, which was his constant study. It was a privilege to visit him ; and I felt as though I learnt from him more than I could teach him. I laid him in his grave on Christmas Eve, 1858. My reverence for this aged servant of Christ, and my desire that he should be held in remembrance, led to the order being given for the first of the Memorial Tiles.

Let me single out some more for mention, and for the reminiscences which they will call forth, only premising that among them will be found names of some whom, not as Parishioners, but for some other cause connecting them with Stoke and its Parish Church, it was thought well to honour.

I. Among BISHOPS there are Tiles commemorating :—

(1.) Good Bishop JOHN LONSDALE, who, in less than a fortnight after presiding over the Church Congress at Wolverhampton, died suddenly at Eccleshall, on October 19th, 1867. He was a true *Father in God*. I received my Ordination as

Deacon at his hands in Lichfield Cathedral, on May 22nd, 1853; and on January 29th, 1858, he instituted me, with words of most needful encouragement and counsel, to the Rectory of Stoke.

(2.) His successor, GEORGE AUGUSTUS SELWYN, was consecrated first Bishop of New Zealand, 17th October, 1841. In 1867 he came to England to attend the first Pan-Anglican Synod at Lambeth; and was amongst those who were present and spoke at the Church Congress at Wolverhampton, in October of that year. When the See of Lichfield became vacant, it was offered to him by Lord Derby; and, after declining it, under pressure he accepted it. He was enthroned at Lichfield January 9th, 1868. His first episcopal act at Stoke was to consecrate the new Churchyard, March 31st of that year. Thenceforth his visits to us were frequent, for Confirmations and other purposes. How welcome he always was! Who that was present can ever forget the power of his presidency over the Stoke Church Congress in 1875? If in the series of Church Congresses that held at Stoke is a happy memory, it was mainly due to the influence of his combined gravity and brightness in the chair. Firmly but lovingly, with unwearied diligence, he ruled the Diocese for 10 years; and on April 10th, 1878, God called him to rest.

(3.) Adjoining his memorial is one to the Most Reverend ROBERT GRAY, first Bishop of Cape Town, and Metropolitan of South Africa. When I laid out a course of special services for my first Advent season at Stoke, Bishop Gray was one of the Wednesday Evening Preachers: and with him it was my privilege to be able to associate Bishop LONSDALE, Dr. HOOK, Vicar of Leeds, and the Rev. T. L. CLAUGHTON, Vicar of Kidderminster, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, who also preached the Sermon in Stoke Church at the opening of the Congress in 1875. Bishop Gray came to Stoke again in 1862,

and preached for us on September 6th. Rest came to him on September 1st, 1872.

(4.) CHARLES FREDERICK MACKENZIE visited Stoke as a Priest on July 12th, 1860, and addressed a meeting in behalf of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa. He was consecrated a Missionary Bishop at Capetown on January 1st, 1861; and his memorial records that he died of fever on the banks of the Shire on January 31st, 1862. Of what a line of Bishops, illustrious for their self-sacrificing labours in giving the light of Christian truth to Africa, was he the head! Tozer, Steere, Smythies! and following in their path are Richardson of Zanzibar, and Maples* of Likoma.

II. There are memorials of PRIESTS once known and beloved amongst us.

(1) It is to take you back to ancient times—yet not beyond my recollection, who have known Stoke from my childhood—but first in point of date, stands the Rev. Sir WILLIAM DUNBAR, Bart. He was Curate of Stoke for seven years, 1832-39; and died as Rector of Dunmer, Hants, on Advent Sunday, 1881. His sister became the wife of our townsman Mr. Josiah Dimmock, who filled so long and ably the chair of our Board of Guardians.

(2) Next to him I will mention THOMAS REDDALL, Curate here for thirteen years, 1841-54, well-known and beloved, and faithful in his sacred ministry. He died at Sydney, Australia, in 1860.

(3) HENRY MOORE, Canon and Precentor of Lichfield Cathedral, for twenty years Archdeacon of Stafford, the last to be Archdeacon of the whole of Staffordshire. Besides coming

* I had scarcely written the above, when I read the distressing intelligence that Bishop MAPLES had been drowned, with a companion, through the upsetting of their boat in Lake Nyassa; and that the Rev. G. W. Atlay, a son of the late Bishop of Hereford, and a member of the Universities' Mission, had been murdered in Portuguese territory.

amongst us at other times, he held his Visitation of the Clergy and Churchwardens, and delivered his Charge, yearly, in Stoke Church. How observant he was of current events affecting in any way the position of the Clergy or of the Church at large, and how ably and fearlessly he used to handle them! How closely, too, did he inspect the fabrics of the Churches in his Archdeaconry, ascending into perilous places whither younger men refused to follow him. It was in July, 1876, at the age of 82, that he made his last round with me of the Churches in the Rural Deanery of Stoke. We visited together twenty-two in two days, June 30th and July 1st. On Sunday, July 2nd, he preached at All Saints', Boothem, in the morning, and in the Parish Church in the evening, taking 1 *Cor.* i., 30-31 for his text (*"Of Him are ye in CHRIST JESUS, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption; that, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the LORD"*), climbing after service the tower stairs to the belfry to say a few encouraging words to the Ringers. Next morning he left us, complaining somewhat of pains in the chest, which proved to be premonitory of the attack of *angina pectoris*, to which his death on July 19th, little more than a fortnight afterwards, was due.

(4.) SAMUEL COLLINGWOOD HAMERTON was one of my earliest colleagues at Stoke, 1858-59, a gentle and loveable man. We were beginning to sing Carols in Church at Christmas, and he wrote both words and music of a Carol which takes its place in Collections—

"Waken, Christian Children,
Up and let us sing
With glad voice the praises
Of our new-born King."

Subsequently he became Vicar of Cotes Heath; then Archdeacon Moore's Curate at St. Mary's, Lichfield. Thence, on the pre-

sentation of the Dean and Chapter, he went, as Vicar, to Cannock, which, after a while, he exchanged for St. Paul's, Warwick. Consumption cut short a ministry of much promise, and he died at Shanklin, Isle of Wight, on Epiphany, 1872, at the age of 38.

(5.) JAMES JORDAN SERJEANTSON came to supply Mr. Hamerton's place in 1859, and remained nine years. He was an old Cambridge University Oarsman. Into his work as a Clergyman he threw all his powers of body and mind; he was painstaking and conscientious in every duty. Who that knew him can forget his bright face and winning manner? He tried, and successfully, to fulfil Bishop Hacket's counsel, "*Serve God, and be Cheerful.*" In 1868 he was presented by Canon Lonsdale, then Vicar of St. Mary's, to the Rectory of St. Michael's, Lichfield. He held it, increasingly trusted and beloved by his people, for eighteen years, for a part of which time he served the office of Rural Dean. A malady unsuspected by his friends, was aggravated by a chill in the last days of 1885, and he died on New Year's Day 1886, at the age of 50.

(6.) I gave GEORGE HERBERT FOWLER his title to Holy Orders in 1880. He had gone late to Oxford; but by persevering study he achieved a First Class in Theological honours. But this effort injured his health, and after a year he found that our town work and smoky atmosphere were too much for him. After a period of rest, he became Vice-Principal of Wells Theological College, and in 1887 Principal of Leeds Clergy School. Right bravely he struggled against ill-health to fulfil duties which he loved well; but after four years of this service the end came to him September 5th, 1891, at the age of 43.

(7.) Next to Herbert Fowler's Memorial is one to ALEXANDER GOTT, who was associated with me in the work of our Parish from 1884 to 1887. He had special charge of the Cliff Vale District, and he is still remembered there for his

gentleness and tender sympathy, and diligence in his Master's service. After leaving Stoke, he joined the Rev. E. Downing



Pollock as senior Curate of Tamworth. But failing health laid him aside in 1889, and he died suddenly at Scarborough on Sunday, November 9th, in his twenty-fourth year. He was buried in the Churchyard of Armley, Leeds, in which Parish his home was situate. Had his life been spared, our relations

would have become closer and dearer.

III. Next to Clergy in official position, and in respect of the importance of the duties they render to the Church, are the CHURCHWARDENS. It has been the good fortune of Stoke and its Rector that the holders of this office have been men of high character and business capacity. When I was inducted to this Rectory in April 1858, Mr JOHN ROSE and Mr FREDERICK WRAGGE were Churchwardens, and they attested the certificate of my having complied with the usual formalities.

(1.) Among the Memorials is one bearing the name of WILLIAM UPTON LESTER, who served the office from 1861—65. He died February 5th, 1876; and I committed him to his grave in the Churchyard of St. George's Newcastle, to rest beside his wife Margaret, who died in 1863.

(2.) EDWARD CHALLINOR, of Fenton Manor House, was for ten years Rector's Warden. It is truly recorded of him that he was "the constant friend of the Clergy." It was a great loss when he removed to Wetley Abbey, where he died May 4th, 1876. His wife MARY ELIZABETH was, as long as health permitted, a zealous worker in the Parish. After her husband's death she returned to reside at Fenton Lodge. A long and

painful illness terminated on November 9th, 1880. Their bodies rest together in a grave near the Vestry door.

IV. AS PARISH CLERK, THOMAS LAKE was a remarkable personality. He inspired me as a child, taken to Church and seated near to him in my Grandfather's square pew, with reverence as one of the officiants in the service. From the lower stage of the "three-decker" he made the responses and gave out the hymns. His face was disciplined into a becoming gravity, and he was properly conscious of his dignity as a *Licensed* Parish Clerk. He had a retentive memory, and could go back to the times of "Old" Stoke Church. It must have been a trial to him when the "three-decker" was taken down, and he had to occupy a more retired place in the chancel. But he conformed to new ways with a good grace; and for the sake of so many members of my family whom he had known, if not for my own, he was loyal and true to me. At the good old age of 83, and after having held office for 50 years, he died July 30th, 1872.

(2.) He was succeeded by his son SAMUEL LAKE, who, though shorn of his father's dignity, recognized the importance of his duties, and fulfilled them with singular fidelity. After twelve years he passed away regretted and respected March 27th, 1884.

V. The Memorials contain the names of many SCHOOL TEACHERS, whose early promise and good service have been sadly cut short.

(1.) Among them were ELIZABETH CHAPPELL, who died at the age of 25.

(2.) MARY RAINFORD, who, after serving as Pupil Teacher with us, was appointed Mistress of the little Village School of Maer, and died 1867, aged 20.

(3.) SARAH JANE SMITH, Head Mistress at Cliff Vale, 1887, aged 23.



L. J. Newbury

(4.) ALICE ADA COCKER, Head Mistress of the Central Junior School, 1889, aged 23.

(5.) FREDERICK WILSON, who after a creditable and promising career as Pupil Teacher in our Boys' School and as Student at Saltley, became Assistant Master of Oswaldkirke Boys' School, and died 1890, aged 22.

(6.) MARION BAKER, "a faithful and loving Teacher of Children." Having made the best of her period of training as Pupil Teacher and Student at Derby, she was successively Head Mistress of Cliff Vale and Mount Pleasant Mixed Schools, and was finally advanced to be Head Mistress of the Central Girls' School. She died April 6th, 1893, aged 29.

(7.) Such another was EDNA BATES, who, after her training at Cheltenham College, 1890-91, became Assistant Mistress in the Central Girls' School in 1891, from which she was promoted to be Head Mistress of All Saints' Boothen Infant School. She was removed from us January 23rd, 1893, at the age of 23.

(8.) FANNY SLANEY had held many important posts in our Schools, until failing health obliged her to retire. Latterly one of the Clergy lodged with her, and she retained her connection with the Church work of Stoke until her death, in her 39th year, July 19th, 1893.



VI. Among others whose Memorials bring them back with freshness and distinctness to my recollection are—

(1.) FELIX PRATT, manufacturer, of Fenton, "for seventy years a Worshipper in Stoke Church," died 1889, in his 80th year.

(2.) SILAS RICE, first Head Master of the Stoke School of

Art, died and buried at Clifton, near Ashbourne, 1873; and his daughter, FRANCES POULSON RICE, laid to rest beside her father, 1878, aged 18.

(3.) HARRY GREEN, Artist for Minton Hollins and Co., succeeded Mr. Rice at the Stoke School of Art. He designed the Certificates which for so many years were given to all who were confirmed, and which were made more valuable when they bore the autograph, as in some years they did, of the Confirming Bishop, "*G. A. Selwyn,*" or "*C. J. Abraham.*"

(4.) WILLIAM WOOLLEY, one of the earliest enrolled Rifle Volunteers, who died August, 1861, and was accorded a Military Funeral in Stoke Churchyard, when the pressure of the crowd in Wharf Street was so great that the railings gave way.

(5.) ROBERT STEELE, for thirty years Accountant of the North Staffordshire Railway Company. On my coming to Stoke, I found him active in many good works, especially as a Sunday School Teacher. He held School in the last house on the left-hand side of Commercial Buildings; and it proved to be the small beginning of the movement which has eventually resulted in the erection of the Schools and Church of All Saints', Boothem. He died at the Old Rectory, Odd Rode, February 17th, 1878, aged 74. His wife SIDNEY died before him, February 12th, 1872; and his daughter MARY ANNE EMILY died March 14th, 1881.

(6.) GEORGE WELSFORD, Superintendent of the Store Department of the N.S.R., was for many years active in Church work, especially as Superintendent of Cliff Vale Sunday School. He was for a long time in declining health, and died in 1890, aged 59.

(7.) No man that I have known served the Town of Stoke so well as COLIN MINTON CAMPBELL, "a successful manufacturer, a leading townsman, a generous friend." He never refused to fill any office in which he saw an opportunity for the exercise of

public spirit. I had the honour of being his Chaplain when he was High Sheriff of Staffordshire in 1869. He was Member of Parliament for North Staffordshire 1874-80. Thrice Mayor of Stoke, 1880-83. He was Chairman of the N.S.R. Company and of the Potteries' Water Works Company. It is not doubtful that excess of work brought on the disease which terminated his valuable life. He died at Woodseat, near Rocester, February 8th, 1895, and was buried with public honour in the new Borough Cemetery at Hartshill, the site of which he had selected in his mayoralty, contributing largely from his own purse to ensure that it should be well laid out and planted.

(8.) The name of ROBERT GARNER was long a household word in Stoke as an active and skilful Practitioner in Surgery and Medicine, and as a man of cultivated taste, and an authority in Science and Archæology. The Stoke Mechanics Institute and Museum owed much to him, and he associated himself with every work set on foot for the improvement of the town, and the education and recreation of the people. He passed his last days under the roof of his son-in-law, Mr. Charles Lynam, and was called to rest on August 10th. 1890, at the age of 82.

(9.) In days when Stoke was the Headquarters of a *Chief* Superintendent of the County Police, there was none who had a more commanding, soldierly appearance, or discharged his duties more energetically than HUGH SWEETING. After a full period of service he retired, only to serve the town in other ways; and he held the office of Mayor 1878-79. For health's sake he removed to Weston-super-Mare, and died there in 1884, at the age of 73.

(10.) The names of RALPH SMITH, died 1866; WILLIAM FRENCH BAMBER, died 1882; WILLIAM CARTER, of Hill Street, died 1881, aged 78 (the donor of the three-light window on the north side of the Church, wherein are depicted Christ in the

Temple, the Baptism, and the Sermon on the Mount—and by his will a benefactor of the Schools, and of the poor); WILLIAM CARTER, his son, died 1888; THOMAS NICHOLLS, died 1879; EDWARD BARNES, died at Buenos Ayres, 1880; JOHN McMILLAN, Gas Manager, died 1884; RICHARD E. LEWTY, Superintendent Collector, died 1891, bring up before me parishioners and friends whom I hold in happy remembrance, and to whom in various ways I was permitted to minister.

(11.) The Memorial of WILLIAM KEARY, by consent of his fellow townsmen chosen to be first Mayor of Stoke, is in the Church of All Saints, Boothem, which he so largely helped to build. But he caused the names of many members of his family to be recorded in the Parish Church, and they held positions of honour and importance elsewhere.

(12.) JOHN AND ELIZABETH SHELLEY, of Wharf Street, were two aged Christians who, as I well remember, "*loved the habitation of God's House*;" and set an example to those who are laid aside by years and infirmity from the active duties of life, of the joy and profit of consecrating their declining days by frequent worship. In days before railroads John Shelley, was, I believe, a carter in the employ of Pickford, and made long journeys with his waggon from and to Stoke. He died at the age of 80 in 1869, and his wife followed him at the same age in 1874.

(13.) I may close with the mention of two Memorial Tiles embedded in the floor of the Sanctuary, of dearest interest to myself:—

Beneath this Pavement
Lies the Body
of
Sir Lovelace Stamer Bart,
of
Beauchamp, Co. Dublin,
Born April 29th, 1797,
Died March 5th, 1860.

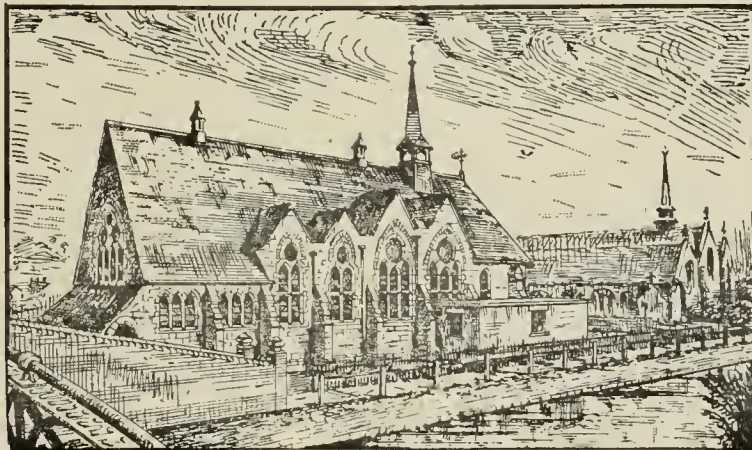
By the side of her Husband,
 And near her
 Father, Mother, and Brother,
 Lies the Body of
 Caroline, Lady Stamer,
 Who died in Dublin,
 September 10th, 1872.
 Aged 69 Years.

While on the opposite side is the following :—

In Memory of
 Mary Spode,
 Who died on the 21st of January,
 1860.
 Aged 82 Years.

Mr. JOSIAH SPODE, of Hawkesyard, shared with me the cost of laying the pavement of the Sanctuary in 1860, as a Memorial to parents whom we had lost within a few months of each other.

“We bless Thy Holy Name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear; Beseeking Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of Thy Heavenly Kingdom. Amen.”



N. W. VIEW OF ALL SAINTS SCHOOLS
 BOOTHEN

E. Penn. Del.



THE BRIDESTONES.*

By J. T. Arlidge, B.A., M.D., F.R.C.P.



ON the southern slope of Cloud Hill, lying to the east of the town of Congleton, is a group of massive stones commonly known as the Bridestones.

The greater part of the stones, composed of the millstone grit of the neighbourhood, are employed to form an oblong box, much like a gigantic coffin, 18 feet by 11 feet. In the interior, about a third from the east end, is a cross stone, only a little above the level of the soil. The side stones are of irregular flat shape, stood on edge, but seem to have been roughly cut so as to fit together at the angles of contact. This is well seen in one large side stone now prostrate, but which, if raised, would fit in and make up accurately the vacant gap. Ward states that the whole of this side of the Kistvaen was originally of one stone, but that owing to a bonfire made in the enclosed area it was split, and this portion fell outwards. On what authority this assertion is made I know not, and I am not prepared to receive it, at least in its entirety.

Near the north-east angle of the stone enclosure is the largest rock on the ground. It stands quite apart from the Kistvaen—for

* *Vide* Archaeological Map. Page 96.

such is the structure described in the nomenclature of Druidical remains. This stone is about eight feet high, three feet wide, and a foot and upwards in thickness, and roughly hewn, and its upper edges are rounded at the angles by weather and by destructive visitors.

It might be compared to a great headstone of a grave, but it is not placed in line relative to the direction of the Kistvaen. This pillar-like block calls to my mind some stones found in Ireland, in the Isle of Man, Scotland, and elsewhere, which bear those very primitive and difficultly deciphered markings known as the Ogham characters. My examination of it was too hurried and superficial to enable me to say if any trace of such characters exist upon it. I fear, indeed, that if ever they did so the mischievous hands of ignorant visitors and the wear and tear of the elements have destroyed them. Further away and to the north of this largest mass is a smaller rock set upright, and about four feet high, much damaged by weather and other causes of injury.

But the surface of the ground within the enclosure clearly indicates the existence of other stones, which it would be interesting to uncover. For it is clear that we have not before our eyes the whole of this interesting monument as originally constructed. In fact, I was told by the present owner of the locality, that some very large stones were removed many years since to cover a neighbouring culvert or drain in an adjoining field.

The name applied to this monument—the Bridestones—admits of no explanation other than it is a corruption of some ancient word. Legend, however, has found for it, as in many like instances, an explanation to suit the word, asserting that a bride was buried on the spot; or, according to another version, that, in ancient British times, marriages were celebrated at the spot.

Again, Ward tells us that there is a very similar "Druidical remains at Stansfield, in Yorkshire, and called also the Bride-stones."

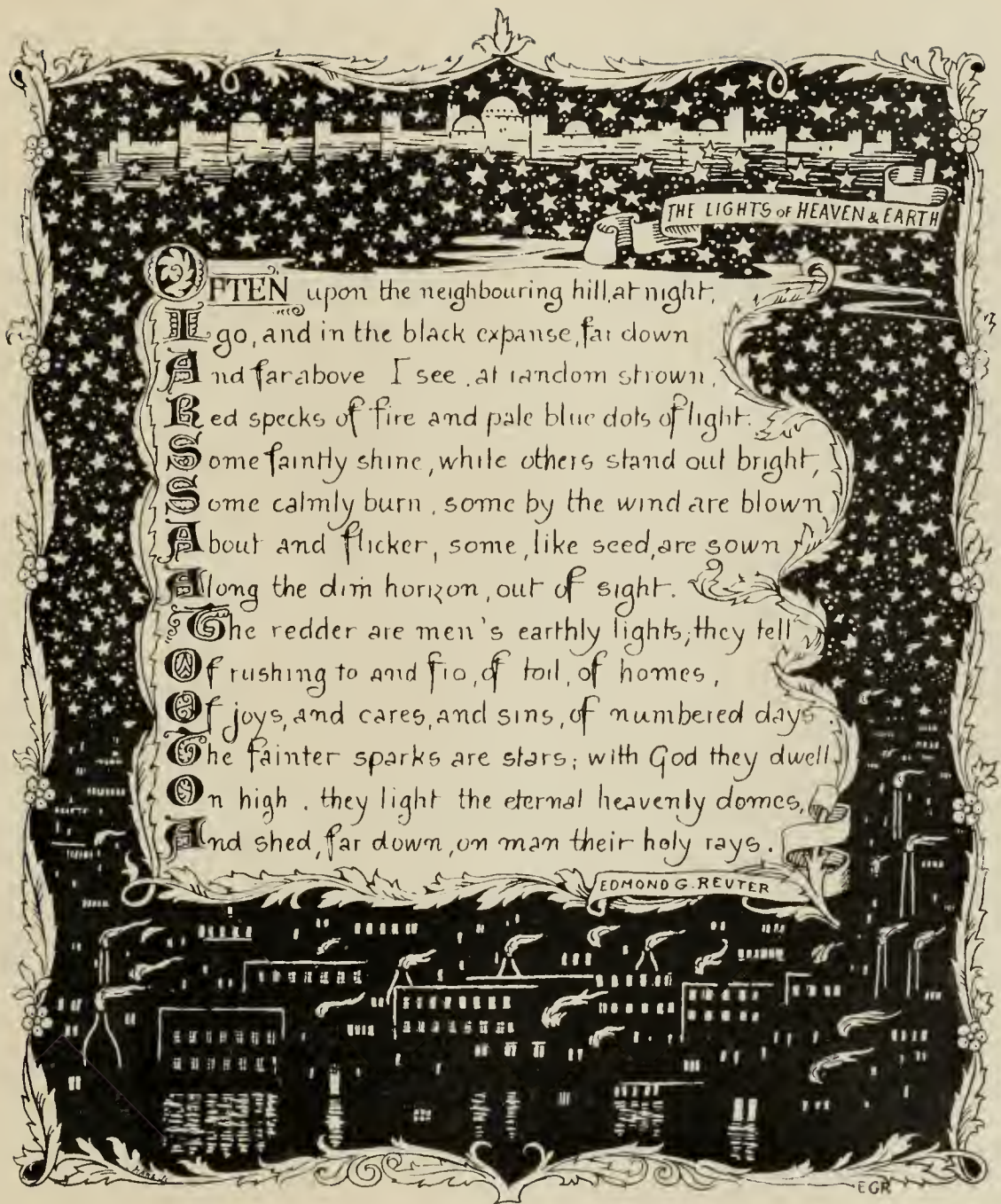
Now in my opinion the appellation signifies only broad stones or large stones. The Anglo-Saxon for broad was bráid, the *a* being pronounced full or open. This seems sufficiently explanatory of the mystic word Bride as applied to these stones.

Again, if we turn to the Scandinavian languages, which largely influenced the formation of many English words, we find the cognate "bred" signifying broad or wide. In the same languages we have again the verb "Bryde," primarily signifying to fracture, but applied to rocks or stones, and to express quarried stones.

Consequently I am disposed to sacrifice the pretty fictions of brides and marriages in favour of the very common-place appellation of broad or big stones, which the Bridestones unquestionably are. We must remember anyway that the name is not British or Celtic, but one devised by the conquerors of the Britons.

In connection with this discussion on the word Bridestones, I would in passing note that Plot, quoting a charter, refers to the Dukes of Lancaster as lords of Tutbury Castle, holding a manor of the name of Briddeshalle.

Mr. Abner Dale, the present owner of the spot, called my attention to the existence of very numerous long mounds, resembling grave mounds, in the adjoining fir coppice. These mounds are placed all in the same direction, east and west, and in parallel lines. They certainly have not the look of accidental elevations, and Mr. Dale informed me farther that when dug into the soil was found to be a mixture, and not virgin soil; also that, having on one occasion to dig into a rabbit burrow, he came upon an impression in the earth bearing the semblance of a human form, and especially of the chest and ribs. I could



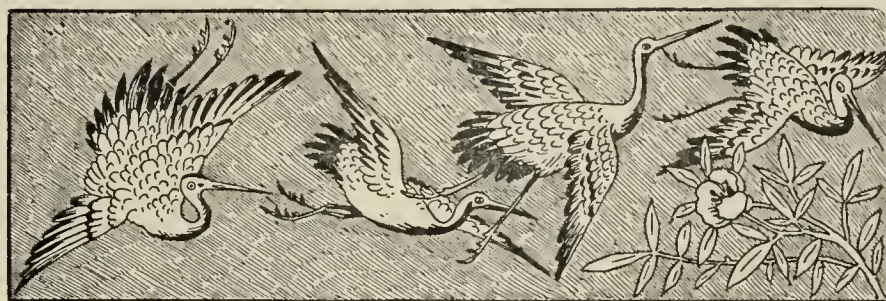
OFTEN upon the neighbouring hill, at night,
I go, and in the black expanse, far down
And far above I see, at random strown,
Red specks of fire and pale blue dots of light.
Some faintly shine, while others stand out bright,
Some calmly burn, some by the wind are blown
About and flicker, some, like seed, are sown
Along the dim horizon, out of sight.
The redder are men's earthly lights, they tell
Of rushing to and fro, of toil, of homes,
Of joys, and cares, and sins, of numbered days.
The fainter sparks are stars; with God they dwell
On high, they light the eternal heavenly domes,
And shed, far down, on man their holy rays.

EDMOND G. REUTER

EGR

much wish that some archæologist living not far from this region would, with the kind permission of the owner, carefully open up two or three of these mounds.

At all events, I find it difficult to associate these mounds with the Druidical structure hard by. So far as I am aware, it was not the custom in Druidical times to bury singly in graves dug in the soil, and distributed over a considerable area, as in modern graveyards. And I know of no tradition of a burial ground belonging to any parish in the vicinity, nor of any monastic institution that ever occupied this site. In Scotland, indeed, there are ancient burial places in quite as outlandish spots, still kept up, which are associated with the history or exploits of some clan or other.





ENGLISH
AS SHE IS
SOMETIMES
WRITTEN.

By Alfred J. Caddie,

Chief Librarian, Stoke-on-Trent Free Libraries.

IT is said, that a short time ago one of those simpletons who sometimes bother the librarians of our Free Libraries made the following request:—
“I don’t recollect the title of the book I want, but there was a remarkable passage in the last chapter which I should recollect if I saw it again.” Amusing as this was, it is not the only laughable request a librarian meets with. Most days peculiar customers are to be met with, who get the names of authors jumbled up in an unrecognisable mass in their efforts to convince us that they are thoroughly *au fait* with current literature. Only a few days ago a customer came along with the order to supply him with one of “Rye Arrocks” books. Now not being certain whether any author had at some remote period sported so poetic a name, I questioned the young fellow as to which he thought was the best of Rye Arrocks works, and was very much astonished to hear that “King Solomon’s Mines” was about his best. How that young man managed to convert Mr Rider Haggard’s well-known name to “Rye Arrocks” it is hard to

understand. But there, he did not stand alone for long, no; we soon had a brace of him, the request being for one of "Rider Haddock's." Whether Finnon or otherwise was not stated.

Some people seem to have a very hazy notion as to what is, and what is not, a novel; at least so it struck me when a young lady came for a book by Miss Braddon, "as her father would not allow her to read any more novels" she added!

Varied as are the requests we constantly meet with it is not often that we get called upon to supply intoxicating drinks, but once upon a time, it was a busy Saturday night, and everybody was laying in their store of reading for the week end, in came a sturdy little chap somewhere about twelve years of age, and in a voice choking with the remains of a stick of peppermint rock demanded "two o'Scotch." The rest of the customers looked round horror struck, and seemed quite upset, until I found out that this innocent little beggar only wanted two of Sir Walter Scott's works.

In sending boys or girls to change their books borrowers frequently send a note, which is sometimes written on a dirty greasy bit of paper in a style that puzzles one very much to read. A piece torn from the paper in which the week's bacon or candle has been wrapped in seems to be a popular and fashionable style of stationery for Saturday evenings, but this we don't at all mind; our difficulties are not with the paper—oh, dear no—its the composition, spelling, and punctuation that causes the trouble. Just examine the following dainty little note:—"Have you any more shan Don Bells Book if not please To send me somethin Like thoese." The capitals are not mine, no this is exactly as it was written. The lady who had composed this had evidently, at some period in her wild career through literature read William Black's "Shandon Bells," and this was the only impression it made on the reader's intellect.

The following came sailing in one day during the hot June

weather, and certainly did not tend to calm our troubled feelings. You will observe from the tone of the letter that the writer knows something of English Literature, and is not to be got rid of with anything; her order is not boiled down to a mere request for a Mrs. Wood or a Miss Braddon. No, she brings her superior intellect to bear on the important business of choosing literary tit-bits. She seems to know quite well that there are other books besides those written by the above-mentioned ladies, and out she trots her little list:—"Not a Novel (this takes a line all to itself, and makes a kind of heading to the rest), "Ples send the Widow mhakes herself at Home, all Within is lark (dark?) as Night Twopenny postman I am a Sinner Viler than you all." There! how does that seem to affect the brain? One would like to send several widows who are in the habit of making themselves at home, if the address of those desirous of accommodating them could be found. She cordially admits being a sinner even worse than the old twopenny postmen. But there, she has a redeeming quality after all, and boldly declares that she will not have a novel. Imagine my sorrow at having to admit that our Library was in such an incomplete state that we did not possess a single copy of any of the important, and no doubt interesting, works mentioned by her. After a great deal of thought and care I took the liberty of sending a book of my own selection, with the hope that my choice would not be too much for her superior intellect.

"Pleas send Sum of Mrs. Wood or Lady Hourly" (the cannibal, does the writer of this order imagine we deal in human flesh?), "or the Granford Do Argosy authors of the Heir of Redclyffe." This was too much for a poor sorrowing librarian. I cried, we all cried. What terrible crime had we been guilty of that this severe punishment should be cast upon us? Could this horrible mixture emanate from the pen of a human being? Nay, some foul fiend, thirsting for gore, must be at the

root of this. Away with it to the fire, lest we break down utterly.

As in most Free Libraries, Mrs. Henry Wood's "East Lynne" is a popular book here, and the variations in title it is made to assume are, to say the least of them, sometimes troublesome. The other day a lady sent in a list of books, the first item on which was "Eastle Inn." But that is not quite the extent of her ability as a list maker, for it is followed up with this arrangement:—"Lady Ordley Secret (*Lady Audley's Secret*) what past in the Sick Man Chamber The Mystary of the Handsome Cab any of them will do." Certainly my dear friend, any of them ought to do. Why they are enough to paralyse the strongest intellect.

Just examine the delicious array of capitals in all these compositions. What waste, what utter waste. Think of the wear and tear on the intellect in arranging them so beautifully at most unexpected corners. They remind one of the dainty little fairy lamps that are placed round trees and shrubs for illumination. In fact we can only do justice to the manuscripts by calling them illuminated. None but an adept in the art can place them in such unusual spots, and can so utterly disregard the laws of punctuation.

But to give another instance of a strange transformation of "East Lynne." The paper on which it is written is evidently torn from a rent book, and bears signs of greasy finger marks; this is the inscription: "He selen." Now, I ask you in common fairness, how was I to translate this; what did this person require? It was received in February last, and after battling with the problem for some weeks I took the liberty of asking the gentleman who had written it what it meant. When he enlightened me I indulged in a sigh of happy relief, to know that it was nothing worse.

One of the most singular notes that ever reached me was

the following :—“Mazerine two plese.” It is written on the back of an old play-bill. Now when this came slamming along, my first thought was one of great joy, Ah! thought I to myself, here is a student, his study is bibliography, we must help him. Surely he wants to see a copy of the celebrated fifteenth century “Mazarin” Bible. I fancied I saw him deeply immersed in the study of early printed books, a craving comes upon him to see a specimen of the period. He thinks of the Library; a hasty note is written and he anxiously awaits the return of his messenger. That’s what I thought; but oh! the sad awakening to plain matter of fact. How my castles came tumbling about my head, and with what grief was I stricken to know the whole truth. All he wanted, and all he hoped for, was a magazine in two volumes known as the “Argosy,” but sometimes pronounced “Agresy” by my readers.

The last of my collection of these curiosities is about the most difficult of the lot to decipher. At first sight it looks as if a fly had been crawling across the paper after a matutinal bath in the inkwell. Each letter seems to sport an air of independence, and tries to look as if the rest did not concern him in the least, and that he alone contained the whole secret of the plot. However, I got to work on this artistic puzzle, and here is the result :—“Lady Ordley secret or The days of Dick turpin or the mystr of hamstone cab or any other book.” Mark the utter disregard as to what this borrower would, or would not read; “*or any other book.*” Happy thought; revenge; I’ll send him copies of all the lists I have given you and ask him to select something himself from them. It will probably kill him, but it won’t matter, he deserves whatever the result may be. Why should he worry me with his horribly dangerous mixture?





THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL
ASSOCIATION
IN NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE,

AUGUST, 1895.

By Alex. Scrivener.



MONDAY, August 12th ; scene, opposite Stoke Town Hall : “ Well, Bill, how bist, wats th’ flag a flying on th’ Town Hall fur, dust know, I dunna ? ”

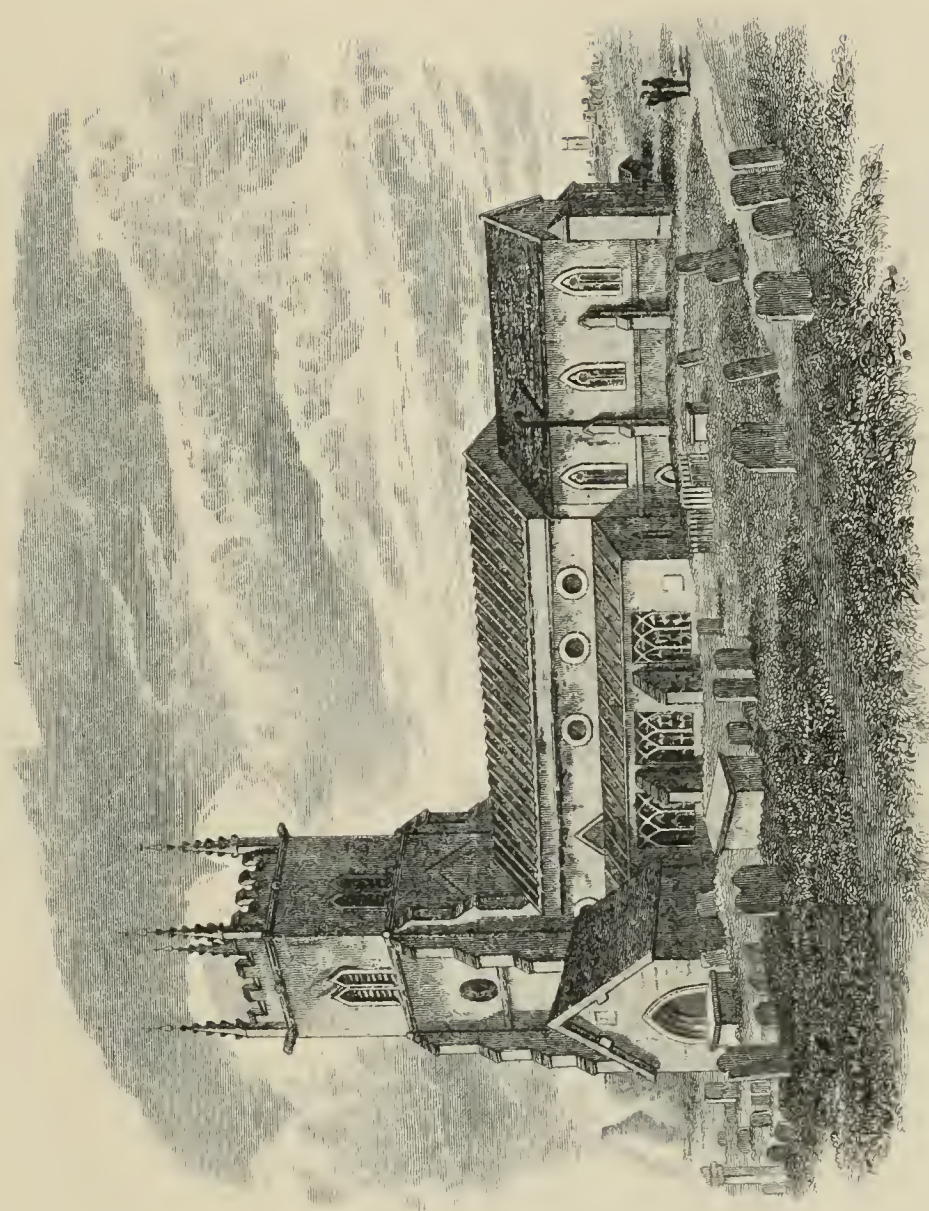
“ Ah ! I’ve ’eard say as th’ harkiolologists are owdin their annal congress i’ Stoke this wik. Bur may ’appen thow dust’ner know wat they bin, so I’ll tell thee. They’r men and women as hunten up welley all the owd things as they con and tawk abaat um and trys fer explayn hie they’n come fer bay weer they are. I’m afeared they’n have it wet, bur mayhap they anna nesh.”

Yes, the members of the British Archæological Society opened their 52nd Congress on this day, being welcomed by the Mayor and Corporation of Stoke-upon-Trent, in the Council Chamber, at the Town Hall, at 2-30 p.m.

Much time had been devoted by a number of science lovers in the district to preparing for the Congress, and in enlisting the sympathies of a large number of gentlemen as Vice-Presidents or members of the Committees, and although very many persons in North Staffordshire, either from lack of interest or knowledge, if they think about the subject at all, imagine there is but little of archæological interest in the district, the Local Committee found it not the least of their difficulties to decide what place *not* to visit. This want of knowledge on the part of many of the members of the Archæological Society from a distance, both as regards the archæology and the beauty of North Staffordshire, deterred them from attending the Congress, they imagining that Staffordshire was all South Staffordshire.

If the Congress shall have awakened in North Staffordshire itself a keener interest in the things of the past—the remote past up to the more recent past—which it has inherited, the object of the Congress will have been obtained, and to that end it is hoped this *resumé* of its work will prove a help.

It was a happy idea that the first object to which a visit was paid should be the memorial in Stoke Church to Josiah Wedgwood, the great potter, who was buried under the porch of the old Church, from which Church the monument was removed when the present Church was built in 1830. The site of the old Church, of which the foundations within the last few years only have been discovered and its plan made out, was next visited. Its interesting stone altar-slab is still in situ, and parts of the nave arcading have been re-erected on the old foundation, the stones having been discovered in the River Trent, not far distant; the 13th century font is still to be



THE OLD PARISH CHURCH OF STOKE-UPON-TRENT.

seen, and a short time back an interesting fragment of Norman moulded stone was dug up near the porch.

Near the present Vestry door stands a portion of an early Churchyard cross, no doubt the cross of the ancient Parish Church of Stoke.

The town is of Saxon origin, whether the name be due—as suggested by a member—to the fact of a zealous missionary having in his journeyings arrived at this place and “stuck” his cross-staff in the ground (stock—stoke, as in Norway, where a staff of a cross was planted by Olaf) and gathered around it a following which was the first life of the Church there, be true or no; and it has always been an independent parish, owing no dependence on any monastic or other superior ecclesiastic organisation.

Bury Banks, near Darlaston, was next visited, and, although this ancient earthwork is now so enshrouded in trees and its surface has been recently, for the second time within a dozen years, ploughed up and planted with gorse, yet its defensive character is still well discernable in its vallum and foss, and its raised mound, upon which would stand the Mercian King Wulfere’s tower in the middle of the 7th century. Its position was very commanding, and over the tree tops is still obtained an extensive view. Near to, overlooking a lovely valley in full view of Tittensor “Chase,” stands Saxon’s Low, where is said to be buried this same King, founder of a Church and College at Stone, to shew his repentance for murdering his two sons, owing to their having embraced Christianity, under St. Chad’s teaching—St. Chad, first Bishop of Lichfield, on whose life an interesting paper was read at one of the evening meetings. It may be here mentioned that an interesting discussion was started at this same meeting on the derivation of the name Lichfield, it being held that the long-cherished idea of its being derived from “the field of the dead” was exploded, but many

will be glad to hear that the discussion is still going on, the old tradition having an able champion in a well-read clergyman in the district.

These Archæologists are very like other folk, and after leaving Bury Banks all enjoyed the drive through Trentham Park, with its charming peeps of green drives, with patches of sunlight here and there, and at other times the soft sunlight scarcely shewing through the trees—for Sol was somewhat fickle that day—now lighting up a scotch fir with its red-purple bark, and now glancing in its travels on a tall straight grey ash tree's trunk. Then the Hall (deserted, however, by its owner, the President of the Congress, who, like most of the Vice-Presidents, was away for the 12th), was visited, and some of its treasures inspected, with its beautiful view over the garden and lake—the finest front in Europe—and afternoon tea was enjoyed.

In the evening the North Staffordshire Field Club and Archæological Society entertained the members of the Congress at a *Conversazione*, in the Town Hall, and had arranged an exhibition of objects of archæological interest, connected chiefly with the district. An address, in place of the President's address, was delivered, entitled, "Notes on North Staffordshire," and dealt with some of the county's most interesting features, and with its condition during the various periods of history from the earliest times—a paper shewing great research, ability and love for the writer's county. Views of a large number of places and objects of interest, comprising remains of abbeys, churches, crosses, monuments, castles, halls, houses, bridges, &c., were shewn upon a lantern screen and described, thereby giving an idea of the wealth of the district archæologically at the present time, and by views taken from drawings and engravings a reminder of what has already been lost to the county.

On the second day the members visited the site of, or rather the remains of, Hulton Abbey, for though to the casual passer-

by there may appear no indications of any ancient remains, yet, through the care of the late Rev. W. Sneyd, the owner, much of the foundations has been discovered of this Cistercian Abbey, founded in 1223 by Henry de Audley, and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Benedict; and he has taken great care to preserve all that was brought to light of the once well-endowed, well-appointed institution. Some of the most important fragments he took to Keele, and the foundations he railed round or carefully built round and covered with removable flags, as the present farmhouse stands partially upon the foundations of the Church, which, upon removing the flags, are to be seen on the north and east sides of the house. All these remains are of extreme interest and importance in throwing light upon the habits of those living more than six-and-a-half centuries ago, and show what an intelligent search may give back to us, as ten years ago the exact site of the Abbey was not known to its owner.

St. Edward's, commonly known as the Old Church of Leek, next claimed attention, and as it possesses some puzzling points it proved of considerable interest. The Church and town are said to have been burnt down in 1296, and nothing remains of an earlier date than this in the structure. The lower part of the west face of the tower is perhaps the oldest remaining portion, and the doorway in this face is of about the date of 1330. It was suggested, and no doubt correctly, that the north and south walls of the tower when rebuilt were not built upon the old foundations, as the tower is considerably wider from north to south than from east to west. The large rose windows in the north and south aisles of the nave, for which the Church is famous, seem to indicate that the structure was at one time of transeptal form, but altered in later times by bringing out the aisle walls to the faces of the transepts. The fine Pre-Norman churchyard crosses claim attention, and a portion of another one

is to be seen built in the outer face of the south-west corner of the south aisle.

The view from the churchyard was enjoyed as it deserves.

In a pretty peaceful valley lying north from St. Edward's Church, and deep down below it, are the remains of Diew-la-Cress Abbey. This valley, said by Duke William of Cumberland when he was following the Scotch rebels in 1745 to be the finest he had ever seen, is called the Frith—truce or peace-land (as stated by the reader of a paper on the spot dealing with the remains and the district generally)—and gave access in ancient days from Staffordshire and Cheshire to Derbyshire and Yorkshire.

It was awakened into greater life as the members entered it to inspect the ruins, amidst the sound of a merry marriage peal rung from the old Church tower above it. The remains of the abbey are not extensive, but sufficient to indicate the position and date of the Church at least, and that a road traverses it from west to east. Portions of the massive clustered south piers of the central tower remain—now the nesting-place of birds—and of the walling of the south aisle with its processional doorway, and of the south transept, &c. The reader of the paper stated that the abbey was dedicated to St. Mary and St. Benedict (as Hulton Abbey), and was founded by Ranulph de Blundeville in 1214, and built on the site of an earlier chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and occupied by French Monks from Cheshire, of the Cistercian Order. He further described the district as being probably the site of a great battle in Saxon times, the Britons making a brave and successful stand against the Saxons, and gave as proofs of this the names of places adjacent—Gun (the great hill to the north)—gieth or gunth, a battle—Hostage-lane, Wall Hill, Wall Grange, Wall Bridge—suggesting a stockade or wall; and he further mentioned an earthwork running down the side of Gun, which might be the

mark drawn by the Britons where they would make their stand—hence Markbrook (Meerbrook)—the village on the brook running near this earthwork; and perhaps giving the name to the Kingdom of Mercia, as William of Malmesbury states that Penda, first King of Staffordshire Saxons, took the name of King of Mercnarike—Markland.

A capital of pure Norman workmanship is built into the walling of the farm buildings near to, proving the existence of an earlier chapel.

Leaving the Abbey the members were able to enjoy the beautiful scenery on their way to Rushton skirting Rudyard Lake.

Rushton Church—a once timber structure now surrounded by and enclosed within stone walls, so as to appear as a stone church until entered—proved an interesting bit with its debated “dog-tooth” ornament and its ancient font.

Then next came the Bridestones, that interesting pre-historic burial-place—the only pre-historic monument in the county.

From this spot the road to Biddulph Old Hall afforded splendid views of the district, bringing home to the members from other parts of the country a sense of the beauties of this northern part of the county. Biddulph Old Hall proved a welcome spot, as the day had been a long one, and a cup of afternoon tea was very acceptable even to Archæologists, and gave greater zest to the examination of this picturesque ruin of a house of Elizabeth’s reign, built in 1580, and bearing marks of its severe battering by the Cromwellian cannon when being held by Sir Francis Biddulph for the King.

An interesting paper read by a lady in the evening, entitled “Staffordshire Folk-lore,” should help to bring this subject before the people, and the store of information may be added to by the least scientific if they will but note and report any

instances of curious superstitions or customs that they may meet with. In "Historical Notes on the Town and Priory of Stone," a lady member spoke of the Saxon origin of the town, and of the derivation of its name as supposed from *a heap of stones*, or a *stone* monument erected by Ermenilda (wife of Wulfere, before spoken of as having his stronghold at Bury Banks) over the remains of her martyred sons. She also mentioned Roman finds near Stone, and the founding of Stone Priory and the Abbey of Peterborough by Wulfere; the founding also of a chapel at Burston by his wife Ermenilda, the remains of which were in existence in Erdeswick's time; and she traced the history of the later Priory of Stone dedicated to St. Wulfade, one of the martyred sons above-mentioned, and its destruction in 1749—the present Church of St. Michael being then built close to the site of the earlier one.

The first half of the third day was devoted to Lichfield's "moated pile," where the members, after gaining an idea of the gradual growth of our beautiful Cathedral from a plan showing its various changes at different periods, had the whole most interestingly described and shown to them by the Dean (Dr. Luckock), who referring to the frequent occurrence of the figure of St. Christopher, said that some one must have much feared death, and had in mind the old legend that if anyone saw St. Christopher he would not die that day. The ancient documents in the library, with St. Chad's Gospels, claimed careful examination, and outside the Cathedral the ancient defences of the Close, with the remains of the north-east corner tower, were pointed out.

The second part of the day was devoted to an inspection of the fine Church of St. Editha at Tamworth, and the ancient Castle. The Church and Monastery, with its Deanery and Prebendal Stalls, were founded in 963, the earliest Dean being William Marmion, son of Sir Robert Marmion.

The Church shows considerable remains of Norman work, but it suffered greatly, together with the town, by fire in 1335. The noble tower, built in the 15th century, but never having received its spire for which it was constructed, has an interesting feature in its double spiral staircase at the south-west angle, there being a door inside and one outside, so that one person may ascend from the outside and another from the inside, and see nothing of each other until they arrive at the top of the tower—an arrangement resorted to that the tower might be used by the town for defensive purposes. After the monuments and the structure had been carefully examined, the Castle, which in its earthworks, dates back to the year 918, when it is said the great artificial mound, upon which the present castle stands, was constructed by Queen Ethelfreda, was next described and its history traced. It was a Royal Castle at the time of the Conqueror, and in the hands of Robert Dispensator, who appears soon after to have been identified with the Marmions. There is a fine example of Saxon herring-bone masonry forming part of the early walling, and a shell keep of later times now stands upon Ethelfreda's great mound. Hard by is Lady Bridge crossing the Tame, which flows by the Castle, and part of the town fortification, which was the work of Offa the Saxon King, is to be seen near this bridge.

The Mayor and Mayoress of Stoke entertained the members at a *conversazione* in the evening, when the more serious mood of the members gave way under the influence of music, and dancing—not by any means of an archæological character—was indulged in.

The fourth day saw the members early in the ancient Borough of Newcastle, where its most interesting ancient charters were ably translated and explained by Mr. Walter de Grey Birch, of the British Museum, and the Hon. Sec of the British Archæological Association, who also gave some valuable

advice as to the preservation of such documents, condemning the placing of them under or between glass on account of the condensation taking place on it ; he said they should be carefully preserved in an album or between sheets of paper.

The oldest charter is one granted by Edward I., giving to the burgesses the right to hold a fair or market on three days in the year, namely, on the eve of, on the day of and on the day after, Holy Trinity. Another of Edward III. constituted Newcastle a free borough, &c. Other books, dating from 1368, and the civic maces, were examined.

The Roman camp, at Chesterton, was next visited, and an interesting paper read upon it, but the north vallum and fosse alone are left to us, and a few traces of defences east and west. Its name is much debated, but the writer stated if it is not Mediolanum its name is entirely lost, and there is also no other camp left to which that name will apply. In the farm walls hard by are some worked stones of Roman character.

Heleigh Castle, between Keele and Madeley, was also visited. Standing on a fine wooded hill, it presented a pleasing picture as the members drew near, the rich red masonry of part of the Keep peeping up amongst the mass of trees, with a streak of blue smoke drifting across from a cottage at the base of the precipitous hill. A stiff climb brought the members up to the tower seen through the trees, which is one of the largest remnants of one of the strongholds of the Audleys, the same who founded Hulton Abbey, and was also Constable of the Castle of Newcastle-under-Lyme. He died in 1246, and is said to have built the Castle ; but as the place was defended in the uprising of the Mercians in 1068, and again as there is some late Norman masonry amongst the remains, his building must have been *repairing* or in *part* rebuilding. On the sides adjoining the high land a deep and wide ditch has been cut in the red sandstone, bearing testimony to the labour expended to

render secure this commanding position. There is a brass in Audley Church to the memory of Thomas de Audley, dated 1385, who was Lord of Heleigh and Red Castle.

The members next passed into the well known Hawkstone Park—a park visited by so many sightseers, but how many know of its great archæological treasures?

The camp called Bury Walls first claimed attention, and a grand one it is, probably of British origin, as pointed out by the leader, who read a paper upon it as also upon Heleigh Castle, but it was doubtless afterwards occupied by the Romans, as Roman coins and other articles have been found on it. Its earthworks on some sides, consisting of a double vallum and fosse, are still very marked, and from an outlying spur a fine view is obtained of the Breidon Hills, Caradoc, the Wrekin, Stretton Hills and the Welsh Hills. It is supposed to be Ruturinum of Antonine's second Itinerary.

Leaving here a walk across the park of about half a mile brought some of the members to the most picturesque ruin of Red Castle, another of the strongholds of the Audleys.

By this time, however, the members from London had realised that Staffordshire archæologists were accustomed to right down hard work in the prosecution of their studies, and but few were "in at the death," that is at the reading of the paper on this most romantically situated Castle, which is built upon the tops of precipitous rocks standing on either side of a narrow gorge, the towers themselves seeming to cling to the rocks as though growing from them, especially one, and that the most perfect one, in which is the Giant's Well, sunk a hundred feet deep; the tower itself standing near a hundred feet high from its base in the valley. The Castle is of about the time of Henry III.

From here the members had a wet drive to Market Drayton Station, but under the sheltering umbrellas much humour

showed itself, the party having fortunately amongst its members a few of those mirthful beings whose mission is happily to brighten the dull times of life.

In the evening, time did not admit of the reading of a paper on the "Charters of Burton Abbey," a Benedictine Abbey, remains of which were a few years back unearthed, and of which photographs were exhibited. The charters referred to, number over 120; and there is also in the British Museum a copy of the will of the founder, Wilfrid Spott. It is hoped these will be made use of in some publication dealing with the history of the Abbey.

The fifth day saw the members early on their way to Chartley Castle, and near this interesting ruin an example of the ancient form of land tillage, upon which a paper had been read the night before, was pointed out in a field on the road side. The peculiarity lies in the fact that the butts do not form straight lines, but are curved at either end—at one end to the right, at the other to the left—and the reader gave his opinion that this was due to the six or eight oxen, drawing the plough, commencing to turn at a distance from the headings.

Arrived at the Castle, a paper was read giving a historical sketch and full description of its several parts, as so little had before been written upon it.

The reader pointed out that the spot was utilised as a place of defence in pre-Norman times, as evidenced by the high artificial mound on the west side, and the deep ditches surrounding it and its two plateaus to the east of it, notwithstanding it is historically unknown before the Conquest. These earlier works were taken advantage of as a site for a Castle, stone-built, when such mode of defence superceded the earlier form, as a Castle stood here in 1190. But the present remains were doubtless built in the first quarter of the thirteenth century by Ranulph Earl of Chester.

Although to the passer-by the ruins seem to consist of parts of two towers only and a connecting wall, they really consist of five towers, and the keep on the artificial mound ; and these towers exhibit the skill of the designer in the disposition of their archery slits.

All these ruins are on the western end of the earthworks, the easternmost plateau showing no traces of masonry having been put upon it. It was suggested by a member that perhaps originally these two plateaus had been one, and that the ditch dividing them had been made when the later Castle was built, the area being too large to be well embraced within the walls.

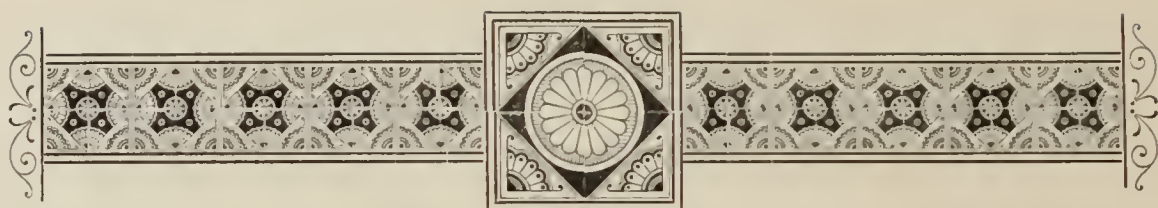
The principal gateway was between two towers on the side of this ditch.

The history of the Castle is interwoven with the history of the Crown and people, after the Conquest its occupiers and owners taking a most active part in the stirring events which went to build up the nation.

The Ferrers family, a decendant of which is now the owner, have been holders of it for many centuries.

A visit was next made to the remains of a British camp—portions of the ditch and rampart are very distinct—situated in a wood in the beautiful grounds of Alton Towers. Then the remains of the old Castle of Alton, founded by Bertram de Verdun, and standing on the precipitous cliffs opposite the railway, and overlooking the River Churnet, were visited.

From here the members drove to that (so far as Staffordshire is concerned) queen of ruins, Croxden Abbey. The commanding west front of the Church, with its three lancet windows and richly moulded doorway, its almost equally striking south transept, its beautiful arches to the chapter house, the monks' common room, and the remains of various other rooms, abbots' house and infirmary, giving as good an idea of a Cistercian house as can be obtained anywhere. Here again a roadway,



THE GIANT GOBBLEALL.

(A STORY FOR GOOD LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.)

By F. W. Ash.



HERE once lived a rich Count, who was in continual trouble by reason of his estates being ravaged by a terrible Giant, who dwelt on the outskirts of his dominions.

The Giant, whose name was Gobbleall, was in the habit of descending upon the Count's flocks and herds, stealing all the finest beasts and carrying the shepherds off into captivity, after which they were never more heard of. This state of things was particularly annoying just before the Agricultural Show week. At length the Count could stand it no longer. It interfered with his digestion. He said to his daughter, "Gretchen, my child, there's no help for it. I shall have to take the usual course in these cases, and offer your hand and half my fortune to the man who brings me the gory head of this outrageous giant fellow." "But Pa, dear," objected Gretchen, "no one may ever succeed in killing the Giant, and then I shall never get married at all"—boo—oo—oo—oo. And the maiden wept bitterly, and had the tantrums for three days. But the Count was adamant. There was no alternative. He retired to his

study, and with the assistance of his private secretary, produced the following advertisement :—

NOTICE.

The Great and magnanimous Count Dashitall
is prepared to bestow the hand of his
MOST CHARMING DAUGHTER
together with

One half of his entire Estate upon the first
Man who brings him the GORY HEAD of the
GIANT GOBBLEALL.

*The Lady is young and beautiful and does not ride a
bicycle or wear rational dress. The property is in good
repair and the rates are not compounded.*

This is a rare opportunity for a single
Bachelor. Widower not objected to.

For further particulars see small bills.



“There, that ought to fetch 'em,” he said, and gave orders for its insertion in the local papers.

As might be expected, there was at first a great rush for the undertaking. All the knight errant chappies went odd man out who should have the first chance to nobble that giant's head. But as none of those who ventured upon the heroic undertaking ever returned, the trip gradually became less fashionable, and the redoubtable Gobbleall still carried on his nefarious practices with impunity.

At length the Count's advertisement fell into the hands of a poor ratcatcher named "Bill Yum," who dwelt with his aged mother in a little cottage on the Count's estate. He had once seen the latter's daughter when taking home the washing for his mother, and had since been tortured with the pangs of hopeless love. He therefore determined to win the offered reward or perish in the attempt. So on the following Saturday, instead of going to the football match, he mounted his bicycle and set out in the direction of the Giant's lair. He had not proceeded far before cries of dire distress rent the air. He discovered that they came from a decrepid old clothes woman, who had fallen into a deep pit, old clothes and all. Bill Yum, having dismounted, gave her a lift out, and said, "Ancient Geezer, you've been drinking." But the old woman immediately changed into a beautiful fairy; and her golden hair was hanging down her back.

"Now, I knew it was you all the time, my dear," said Bill Yum; "but what are you doing with that chopper?" In her hand the fairy held a great battle axe, which she handed to the youth, saying, "*Whoever wields this axe can owe the Giant fifteen and beat him.*" She then vanished with limelight effects. After making sure that he had not got 'em again, Bill Yum remounted his machine and proceeded on his journey, carrying the fairy chopper along with him.



After passing through a great forest full of lions and elephants, and caterpillars and blue bottles, and things, he saw before him a huge gate, upon which were inscribed the following words:—

GOBBLEALL'S BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT AND
PRIVATE HOTEL. FOR TERMS ENQUIRE WITHIN.
EXCELLENT MÈNU AND HOME COMFORTS.
FAMILIES TAKEN AT A REDUCED RATE.

He had scarcely had time to read these words of mysterious import when he beheld a monstrous head looking at him over the top of the gate. It had one nose in the middle of its face which gave it a look of diabolical ferocity.



“Now then, young feller, what’s your game?” growled the Giant, for it was he. “If you’re a deputation what wants me to stand for the County Council I’ll entertain the proposition, but if you want to sell me a ticket for a concert, or have come after the apples, you’d better be off sharp ; or perhaps you’re another of them.” he added suddenly.

“Another of what, your royal lioness and washup?” asked Bill Yum by way of humouring the proprietor of the establishment.

“Another of those Johnnies that keep coming after my head,” was the reply. “I can’t understand what they want it for. Haven’t they got heads of their own. I’ve got no end of ’em locked up inside here, and a pretty nuisance they are. There isn’t a vacant room in the house, and I’ve had to board a lot of ’em out ; and now some of ’em have been and broken out with the measles, drat ’em. But they’ll mostly be ready for the knife and fork by Christmas, and then, aha!” And the Giant smacked his lips ominously.

“I will not deceive you,” answered Bill Yum ; “I regret to have to state that your head is necessary for my future

welfare. So prepare to die. But no, I cannot kill you. I'm too tender-hearted. Cannot you arrange to fall over a cliff or something. It's an easy death."

"No, I can't," said Gobbleall, pettishly. "People who write fairy tales seem to think that giants have nothing to do but be killed or fall over cliffs to oblige young whipper-snappers like you. If I wasn't overstocked with foodstuffs already, I'd lock you up with the others."

Seeing that he would have to fight the Giant, Bill Yum raised his axe and smote so vigorously that the weapon stuck fast in his enemy's skull.

"See what you've done, you silly ass," roared the Giant; "I'll wring your neck for this, see if I don't."

Having let go of his weapon, Bill Yum thought it advisable to parley a while, and said, "I'm very sorry, Giant; it was only an accident—accident—axy dent—see?" The Giant gave a groan and died. The joke had killed him.

Bill Yum then sawed off the required head, and, having also taken possession of the Giant's keys, was able to release the imprisoned knights. He returned in triumph to the Count's Castle. The joyful parent shed tears of gratitude down the neck of his deliverer, and joining the latter's hand with that of his daughter, who managed to raise a creditable blush for the occasion, said, "Ber—less ye, my childer—ing." The pair were married in due course with great pomp and ceremony, and lived happily ever afterwards—more or less. They had the Giant's head stuffed and mounted in a glass case. And that's all.





Finis.

GREENHILL'S

CASH

Drapery Warehouse,

Church Street,



STOKE-UPON-TRENT.

**List of Departments.**

Black and Colored Silks
 Colored Dress Materials
 Evening ditto
 Velveteens and Velvets
 Mantles, Jackets and Macintoshes
 Fancy Muslins and Prints
 Calicoes, Linens and Towellings
 Blankets, Quilts, Sheetings, &c.
 Curtains, Cretonnes and Table Covers.
 Damask Table Linen, &c.
 Flannels, Shirtings, &c.
 Hosiery, Gloves and Corsets.
 Ladies' and Gent.'s Umbrellas
 Ribbons, Laces and Trimming
 Haberdashery
 Carpets, Linoleum, Rugs, &c.

MOURNING.

This Department is replete with every requisite
 for family and Complimentary Mourning.



TELEPHONE 224.

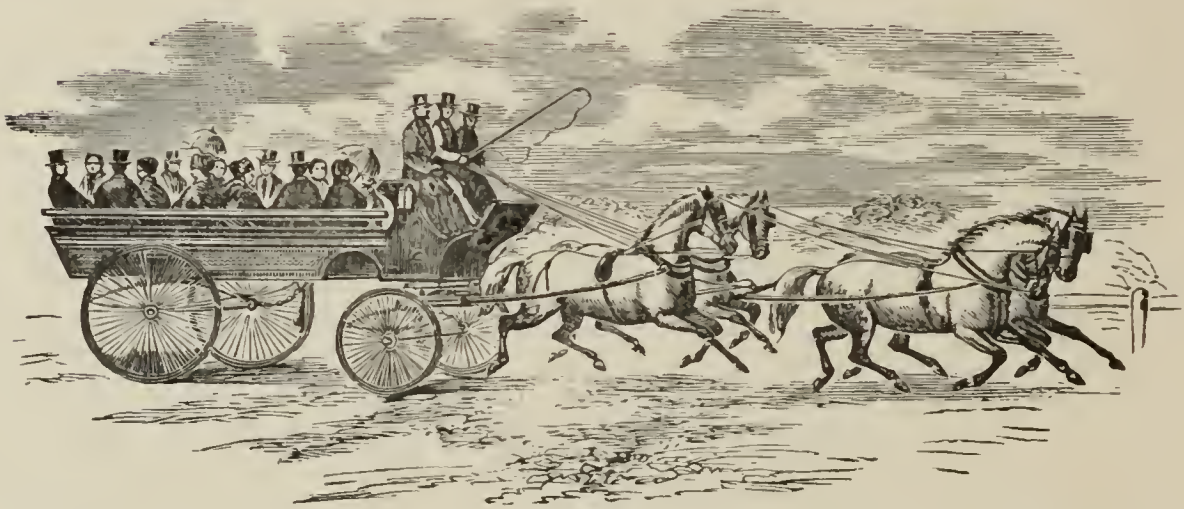
TELEPHONE 224.

Town Hall Mews, Bait and Livery Stables,

STOKE-UPON-TRENT,

Marks & Greatbatch,

PROPRIETORS.



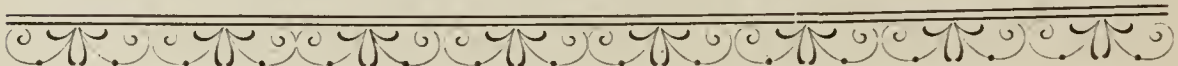
Broughams, Waggonettes, Dog Carts. Brakes, Victorias.

Wedding and Pleasure Parties Catered for on the Shortest Notice.

Hunters and Saddle Horses on Hire

BY THE DAY, WEEK, OR MONTH.

FOOTBALL CLUBS SPECIALLY CATERED FOR.



ALLSOPP'S Celebrated Ales

AND
NOURISHING STOUT.

IN CASK AND BOTTLE.



JOHN BROADY,

Offices & Stores:

55, Wharf Street, Stoke-on-Trent.

Manager.

JAMES HILTON,

THE STAFFORDSHIRE

MONUMENTAL WORKS,

Stoke-upon-Trent.

(Near Stoke Station).



AND AT

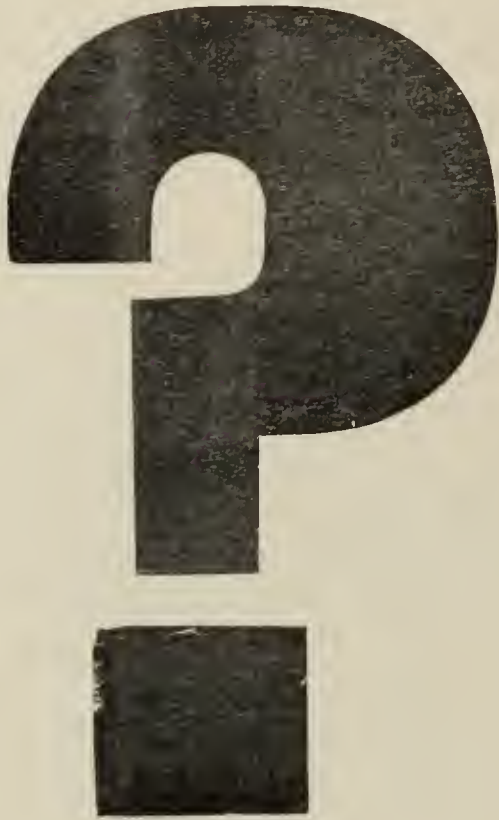
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STOKE-ON-TRENT CHURCH DAY SCHOOLS.

ACCOMMODATION, 1895: 2,194. AVERAGE ATTENDANCE, 1894: 1,889.

SCHOOLS.

- CENTRAL.—Four Departments: Boys, Girls, Junior and Infants.
- ALL SAINTS', BOOTHEN.—Two Departments: Mixed and Infants.
- S. PAUL'S, MOUNT PLEASANT.—Two Departments: Mixed and Infants.
- CLIFF VALE.—Two Departments: Mixed and Infants.

Expenditure on Maintenance and Administration, 1894, £3,123 18s. 10d.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGERS.

(Stoke-on-Trent Church School Board).

Five Clergy: The Rector, Revs. J. E. Walker, W. D. Braginton, A. M. Fosbrooke and W. A. Parker.

Four Lay Representatives (elected): Messrs. S. Barker, T. W. Bratton, C. S. Money Kyrle and C. Lake.

Four Parents' Representatives (elected): Messrs. T. Ford Averill, Wm. Banks, J. Podmore and T. Tonkinson.

Chairman: THE RECTOR. **Vice-Chairman:** Mr. T. W. BRATTON.

The Education Department require a sum exceeding £4,000 to be spent in the Renovation and Extension of the above School Buildings.

The Managers have hitherto obtained Voluntary Offerings (Subscriptions, Offertories, &c.), from the Parishioners and friends sufficient (with Grants) to provide for the *annual maintenance* of the Schools, and they have reason to hope they will be able in the future also to do this.

They have obtained, locally, about £1,400 to meet the *exceptional* requirements of the Department. They are quite unable to obtain locally the whole of the more than £4,000 necessary to comply with all the requirements of the Department.

The Schools, under the management of The Right Rev the Lord Bishop of Shrewsbury (Sir Lovelace T. Stamer, Bart.), the former Rector of Stoke-on-Trent, attained a high position in connection with the elementary education of the country.

It is the earnest desire of the present Managers to consolidate that position, and to carry forward into the future the honourable traditions of the past.

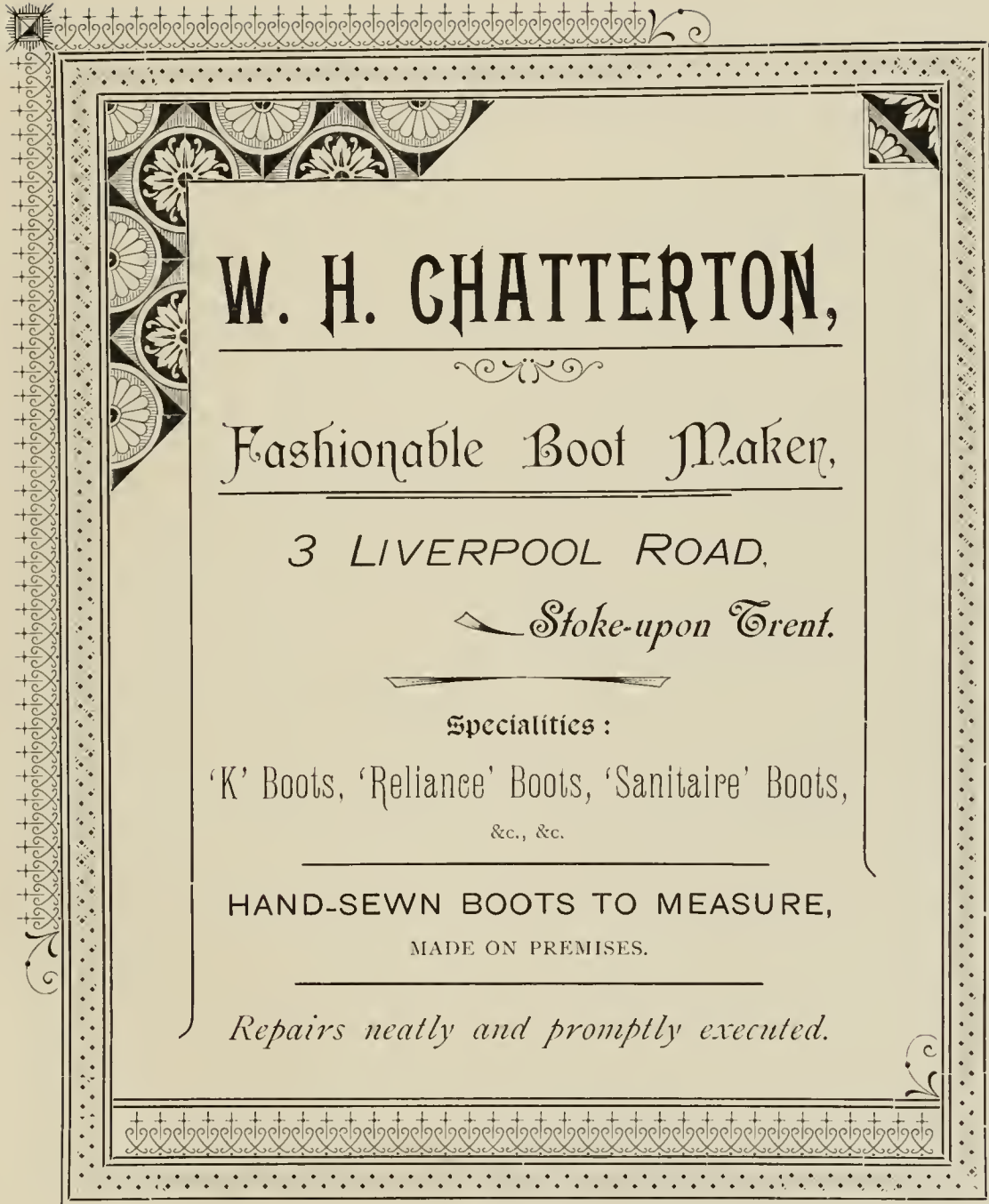
"Staffordshire Knots" seeks to help the Schools in their hour of exceptional need. Will eight readers of this volume very kindly help The Book to help the Schools by detaching ONE of these perforated squares and enclosing it with a donation of 2/6 for the "Schools Renovation Fund," addressed, "Rev. J. Herbert Crump, The Rectory, Stoke-on-Trent?"

That might result in giving us more than £500!!

"Its little for many that one man can do,
But the many can always help one."

Via "Staffordshire Knots." 2/6 From.....	Via "Staffordshire Knots." 2/6 From.....	Via "Staffordshire Knots." 2/6 From.....	Via "Staffordshire Knots." 2/6 From.....
Via "Staffordshire Knots." 2/6 From.....	Via "Staffordshire Knots." 2/6 From.....	Via "Staffordshire Knots." 2/6 From.....	Via "Staffordshire Knots." 2/6 From.....

A table with a dotted border and a grid of three columns and two rows. The table is empty and occupies the bottom portion of the page.



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Fashionable Boot Maker,

3 LIVERPOOL ROAD,

Stoke-upon Trent.

Specialities :

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HAND-SEWN BOOTS TO MEASURE,
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Repairs neatly and promptly executed.

One of the sweetest Perfumes on earth. 

HOLT'S "TRENTHAM BREEZE."

This is our speciality, and we can confidently recommend it as being one of the most refreshing and lasting of perfumes.

1/- Size, 9d. 1/6 Size, 1/- 2/6 Size, 1/6. Per Post, 2d. extra.

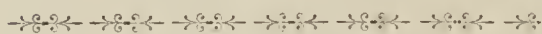
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ONE DOSE OF HOLT'S CELEBRATED

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Gives immediate relief: one bottle cures.
Bottles, 13½d. and 2/9.

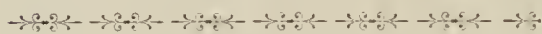


Don't lose Heart.

'Bronchocele'

Speedily relieves and permanently cures
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness,
Difficulty of Breathing, Consumption,
etc., etc.

Bottles, 7½d. and 13½d.



Don't Forget

If you have Cholera, Diarrhoea, or pains in the
Stomach and bowels,

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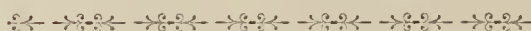
will relieve and cure the worst of these attacks.
Bottles, 7½d and 13½d.

Pure Cod Liver Oil

New Season's, 1895.

The taste and smell of this Oil is hardly perceptible.

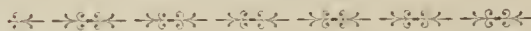
In Bottles, 6d., 1/- and (1 pint) 1/6.



Cod Liver Oil Emulsion

This is an elegant preparation of Cod Liver Oil, emulsified with the Hypophosphates of Lime and Soda, in which the taste and smell of the Oil is entirely disguised.

8oz. bottles, 1/-



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Made up at the lowest possible prices.
None but the purest Drugs and Chemicals are used at this establishment.

Patents and Proprietary articles at the lowest Cash Drug Store prices.

A large assortment of Toilet, Nursery, and Bathroom requisites always in stock.

Any article not in stock procured with least possible delay.


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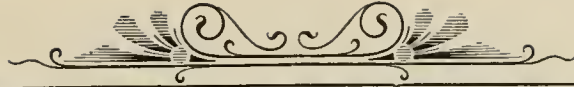
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Family and Dispensing Chemist,

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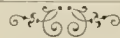
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- Sealskins and Furs . . .
+X+X+
- Millinery
+X+X+
- Silks and Velvets
+X+X+
- Dress Goods and Skirts .
+X+X+
- Dressmaking
+X+X+
- Ladies' Outfitting . . .
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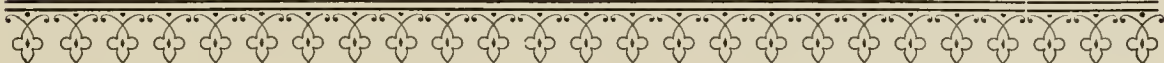
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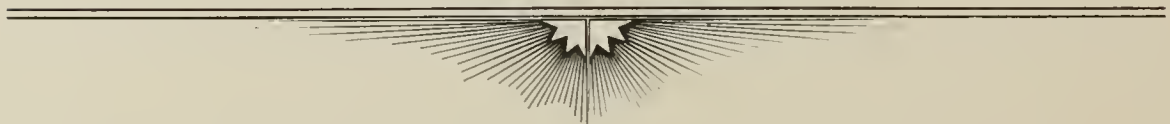
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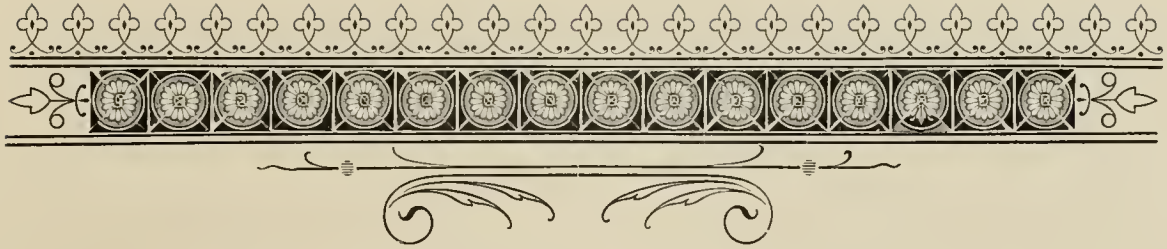
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The BEST House in Staffordshire for

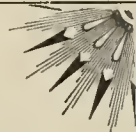
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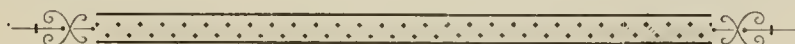
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Always in Stock a Large Assortment of Travelling Rugs,
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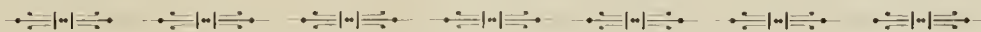


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