

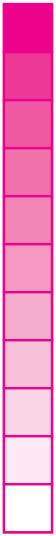
Lydiard Manor

Its History



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Introduction

Reverend William Henry Edward McKnight was a resident of the Manor House, Lydiard Millicent for 28 Years from 1851 to 1879. He wrote the book, *Lydiard Manor; its History*, after he left the village.

It is a fascinating insight into life in the village during his time in Lydiard and tells of his love of his life style and the village.

Nigel Margetts kindly loaned me a photocopy of the original book which I scanned and converted into a Microsoft Word document. The text was then checked by several people in order to correct the errors which were introduced during the conversion, however we may have missed some, so please forgive any you find.

I have tried to ensure it is true to the original including the spelling and terminology.

Swindon library hold an original copy of the book and kindly scanned the photographs for me.

The information regarding Rev McKnight and his photograph, on pages 2, 3 and 4 were not part of the original book.

The original photograph of Rev McKnight can be found hanging in the Vestry at All Saints Church.

I enjoyed reading it and I hope you will do too and hopefully gain an insight into the history of the village you live in.

Tina Wheeler

2019



Reverend W. H. E. McKnight

The Rev'd W. H. E. McKnight. M.A. Born August 1st 1819 at Shifnal, Shropshire. Son of James McKnight. Graduate of Dublin University in 1846. Tutor to Lord Suffolk's grandsons at Charlton Park and Rector of Charlton, Brokenborough and Westport, Malmesbury.

Leased the Manor House, Lydiard Millicent in 1851, to establish a school for the sons of gentlemen, preparing them for admission to the Universities, the Army, and the Civil Service.

Under Rector Cleobury, he was virtually in sole charge of the parish for thirteen years. He was priest in charge (N.S.M), on licence from the bishop during plurality of tenure (Warneford) and illness (Cleobury).

In 1859 he acquired a controlling interest in the Swindon Advertiser and regularly wrote for the paper. He passionately believed in education and sought through the paper and through his frequent lectures in the Mechanics Institution to educate the growing population of New Swindon in sound political judgement.

Departed for Silk Willoughby 1879.

Unusually, he was a Radical, a Broad Churchman, Liberal Supporter of the Land Reform League and known locally as the 'Political Parson'.

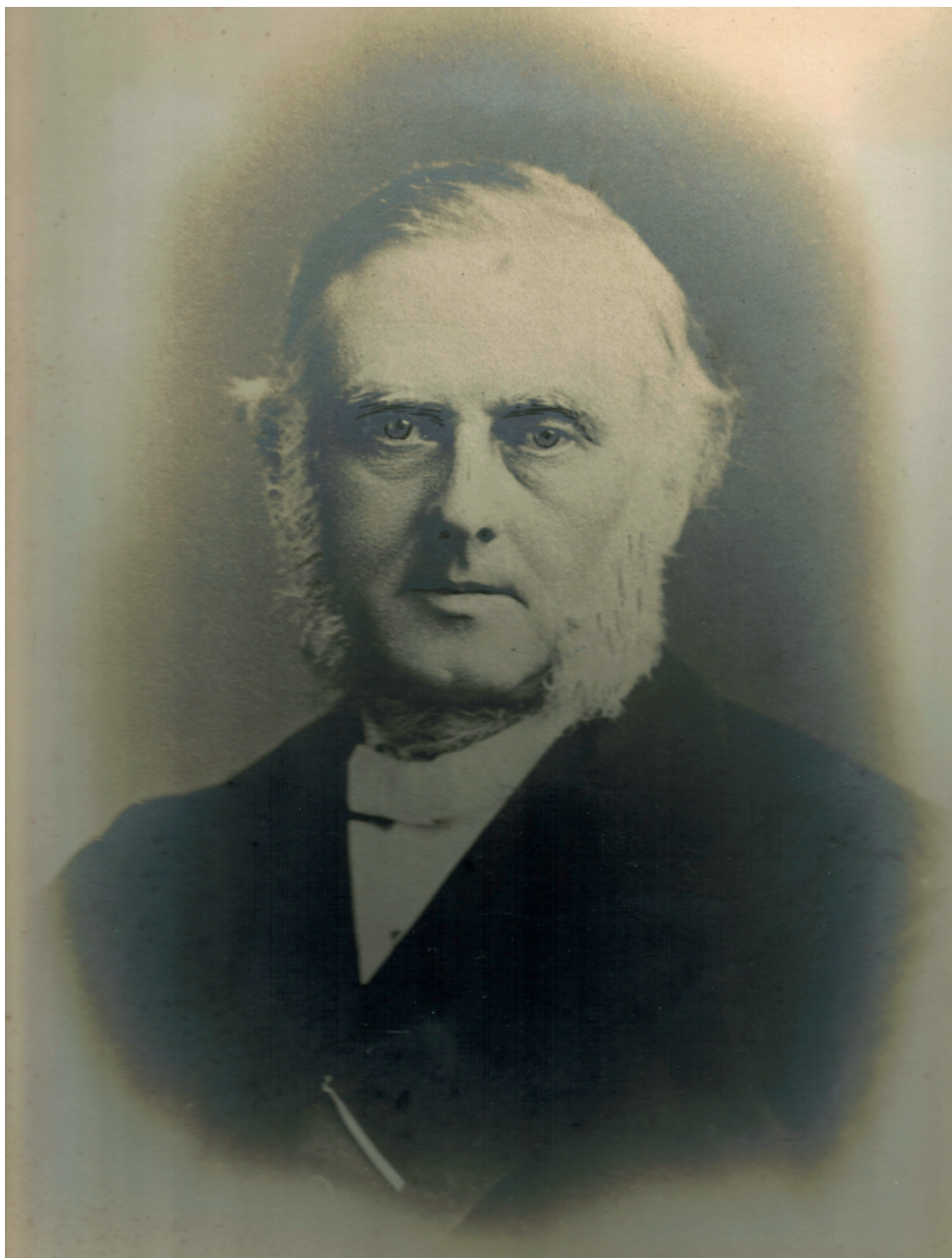
Chiefly responsible for:

- The allotment scheme and moot grubbing
- Measures to alleviate poverty
- The promotion of market gardening
- Counselling within the Mechanic's Institute, Swindon
- Persuading Warneford to effect repairs to the church
- Reconciliation between Non conformists and Anglicans

Died: Silk Willoughby, Norfolk, May 3rd 1896



Reverend W. H. E. McKnight



McKnight 1892

Memorial

The following memorial can be found in All Saints Church, unfortunately it is difficult to get a good photograph of it. It reads:

"Sacred to the memory of the Rev William Henry Edward M^c Knight. M.A.

Rector of Silk Willoughby in the County and Diocese of Lincoln, and Chaplain to three Earls of Suffolk and Berkshire, who died May 3rd 1896, in the 79th year of his age.

Before entering upon the Rectory of Silk Willoughby he resided for upwards of twenty five years at Lydiard Manour in this Parish.

This tablet is erected by some who loved him.

R.I.P."



Preface

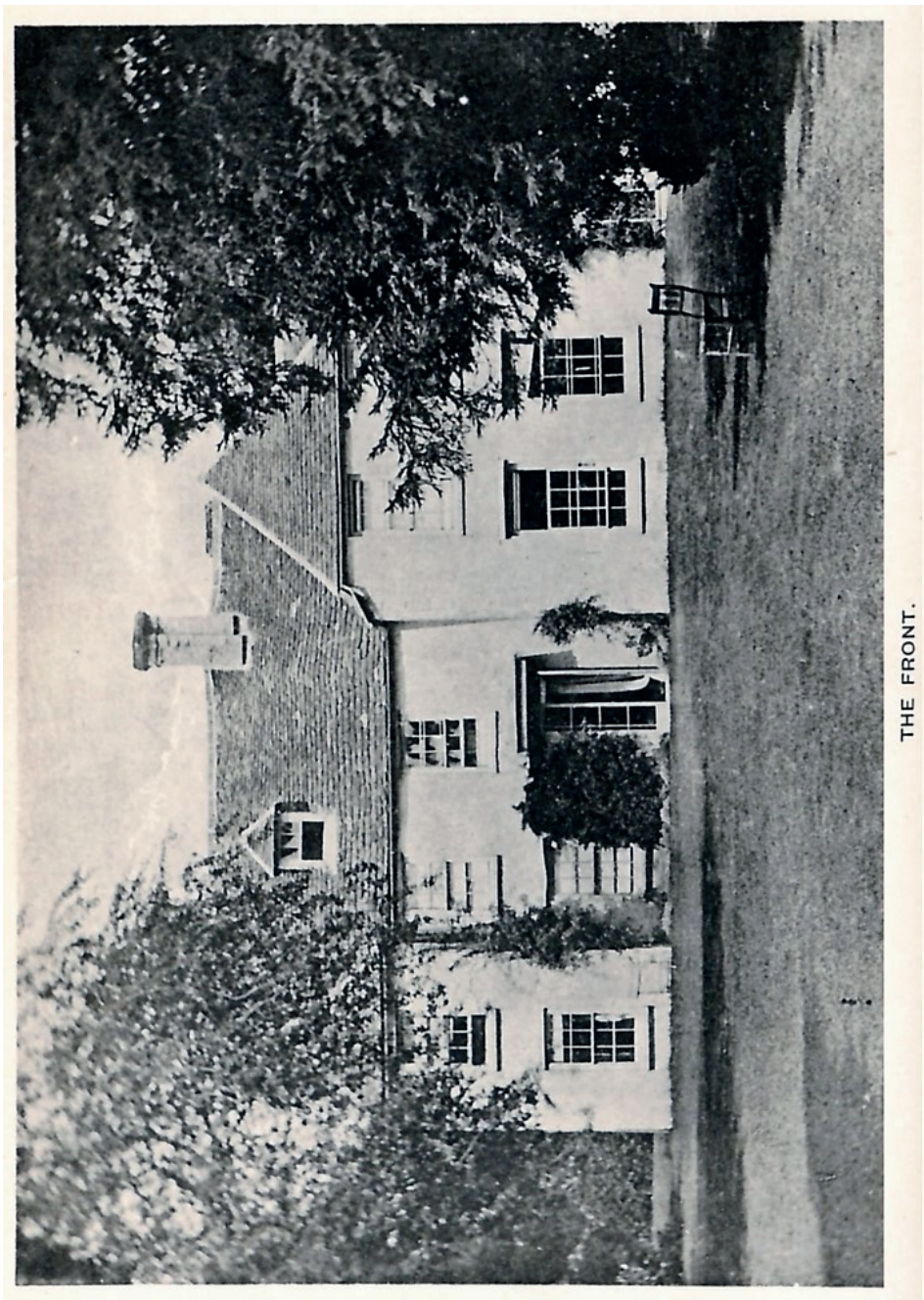
My object in compiling this "little book" is twofold. First, to meet, the wishes of many who spent those years of life there, which, perhaps more than any other, mould and shape the future man, and who have carried with them through life pleasant, memories of it. Of this I have many an assurance, in such expressions as this, in recent letter, "Would that I could put the clock back again to those days, and have that life over again

Also with the hope that recalling in these pages the fundamental principles of my work, those who have tested them in life itself may have recognized them and their eternal truth—may have found indeed that whatever of success or strength they have gained has been from them.

My second object, was contribute such matter of domestic history, gathered from the past, as grouped itself around the old manor and its house. If this could be done with every manor in England, the history of our English life would be richer than it is, and many a fact, that has been pregnant of change in the future life of our country, lies shrouded and hidden often in a mere name, which passes from lip to lip in peasant life, but which has a veritable history in itself, if we could but lift the veil. Thus, for instance, near the old manor is "Battle Lake." This conveys, of course, the assurance of a struggle on that spot. But when and between whom? Close by is another locality with its traditionary name-- "The Danish Encampment." We may put these two together, and draw out of the mist of the past the probability that the battle was with the retreating Danes after the rout at Heddington, who would take their way to East Anglia, which had been ceded to them by Alfred, by the old Roman road of Hay Lane to Cricklade. They would thus pass by Red *Street*, where was an ancient British town; and as the Danes lingered in Cirencestær, until threatened by Alfred, if they did not "move on," may have done the same at Piven Hill, and come into collision with the inhabitants of that British town of Ringsbury, which lies only two fields distant from "The Danish Encampment." Of course, no English manor could have any record of that distant date (881), for such did not then exist; but there are many other historic names of which the history of the manor might reveal the full significance if the records were known and published. In the case of Lydiard for instance, a reference to "Clinton's Wood," as the boundary of some property could not be made out, for no such name existed in any documents that were within reach. But the fact that the Clintons were for many years the possessors of the manor, and gave their name to the wood, enabled it to be identified as Webbe's Wood, which in course of time bore the name of its later possessors.

But of Lydiard, its manor, its church, its different owners, and the changes it has passed through, not all perhaps will now be known—but as much as came in my way, and what may yet lead to more. It is with this as my second object I have put these pages together.

W. H. E. M^cK.. SILK WILLOUGHBY. November 1892.



THE FRONT.



Lydiard Manor: its History

"OUR WORKSHOP AND OUR WORK."

CHAPTER I

ITS HISTORY

THERE are probably no Manor Houses in England but what had as memorable a record as that of Lydiard Millicent in the county of Wilts. But unfortunately they have lost their records, and their history lies buried in the "Deeds" which have conveyed them from one owner to another. Some perhaps have had nothing to record in their history beyond the quiet occupation of its owners—generation after generation—each one fulfilling its round of duty, and so helping to mould and make that "English life" of which we are so justly proud.

It is somewhat singular that Lydiard has been twice mentioned by eminent writers, but I have not been able to get hold of the clue to this reference of it by them. Thackeray in his *Virginians* makes his hero spring from Lydiard; and in the now famous novel of "John Inglesant," in the Preface Lydiard is mentioned and described with some particularity; but in the real history of the place I fail to find the connection with either of the characters in the two novels.

But circumstances have thrown the history of Lydiard Millicent and its Manor House into somewhat prominent notice; and a long and successful occupation of it as "Our Workshop" has given it a special interest to many, which has induced me to perpetuate its history in these pages.

In 1851 I removed from Purton to Lydiard Millicent, taking a lease of the house and garden, and established myself there as Private Tutor with eight pupils. I continued to occupy it till 1879, when I removed into Lincolnshire to the Rectory of Silk Willoughby.

During that period of twenty-eight years nearly 100 pupils came and went. During the whole of that time we had no case of serious illness or accident; only one long uninterrupted career of health and honest work and rich enjoyment of life, which I have reason to know has left its happy memory in many life.

It is from the express wish of several of my old pupils that I have "put together" these records of our "Workshop," as well as to preserve its history, which must otherwise perish with the present generation.

The fact that a law-suit about the manor, which necessitated the search into its most ancient records, has put into our hands so much of its past history, has enabled me to put on record all that I have written here.





THE SAXON TENURE

The first record of the name we get is from Domesday Book. It is there stated as to "the Lands of Alured of Marlborough." "Alured himself holds Lidiar. It was assessed in the time of King Edward at 7 hides. Three hides of these are in demesne, where is one ploughland and three servants. Eight villans and ten cotarii occupy 4 ploughlands. There are 40 acres of meadow and 30 of pasture. The wood is a mile and a half long and three-quarters of a mile wide. It was valued at 10 pounds, now at 6. Seven burgesses of Cricklade pay 5 shillings." This is the earliest appearance in history of Lydiard.

It may be difficult and somewhat uncertain to draw any inferences from this vague notice of it in the Domesday Book as to the facts of that time; but the mention that "Alured himself held this," implies, I think, that he resided there, and the further mention of a "demesne" rather confirms this, for, as Dr. Trollope, Suffragan Bishop of Nottingham, described a demesne to be "a portion of manor usually lying around or near to the 'aula' of the Lord, cultivated for him by his servants," it would prove conclusively that Alured had his "aula" or hall here, and that around it were no less than 400 acres cultivated by his three servants. Then the only site of this aula must have been where subsequent manor houses Of the Clintons and Webbes were.

There is no other site in the parish at all likely, the usual fact that the manor house and church were near each other would appear also conclusively to settle this point. Then the Saxon Thane at the time of the conquest was living in his "aula" somewhere on the site of the present manor house and around it were 400 acres of demesne. It is impossible to say which these 400 acres were; but the 40 acres of meadow and the 30 of pasture were most probably in the lower part of the village bordering on the stream the mill-pool (the dam of which may still be seen) which passes by the ancient "Washpool" into the River Ray.

As to the wood there can be no possible doubt. There it is to this day as it was in 1080, when it was surveyed for the Domesday book, and its dimensions are the same. It took name of its different owners Alured, and was known as Clinton's wood until the Webbes came into possession, and from that time till now it is well known to every hunter as Webbe's Wood.

THE CLINTON TENURE

Of Alured and his occupation of Lydiard we know no more than the above record tells us. It is more than probable that the strong hand of the Conqueror and his adopted policy did their work at Lydiard, and the Saxon Thane made way for the





Norman Knight to hold by feudal tenure these lands in the interest of the King. It appears that in 1080 Alured still held Lydiard, and within twenty to twenty-five years afterwards Geoffry de Clinton was in possession of it, so we may conclude that the Conqueror's policy effected this change.

From this time until 1429 we then find the de Clintons at Lydiard. It is therefore probable that this was the original seat of the present Ducal family of Newcastle. Geoffry de Clinton, Chamberlain to Henry I., left it to his brother. From him descended a William de Clinton, whose wife was the Lady Milsent, from whom the village has taken its distinctive name. There is deed, *temp.* King John extant by which "Hugh the son of William" sells his "vill of Lidiard" to his brother "Richard, after the death of his mother Lady Milsent." From this Richard descended John de Clinton, who married Ida, daughter and heiress of Sir William de Odingsells of Maxtock Castle in Warwickshire. His marriage with the heiress of Maxtock transferred the residence of the Clinton family to the larger property in Warwickshire; but it is very significant, and proves his possession of Lydiard, that he left his Manor of Lydiard to the Lady Ida during her widowhood, who held it till the beginning of the reign of Edward III.

From this time to 1421 there is a succession of the Clintons, when, by a deed enrolled in Parliament, Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and others, are made trustees of William, Lord Clinton.

This was for the purpose of sale, for in 1429 or eight years afterwards, Lydiard was sold to one Robert Andrewes and others. This has perhaps led Canon Jackson to conclude that the Beauchamp family once held land in Lydiard. I believe it was only as trustees for William, Lord Clinton. The manor then passed through other hands apparently as trustees only and for the purpose of sale, among others Lord Moleynes, until in 1459 the last trustees sold it to one Robert Turgis, who purchased the fee for himself, and became resident Lord of the Manor.

It is to be regretted that the long occupation of Lydiard by the Clinton family from 1105 to 1421 is without any existing memorials. That the house, and probably a more pretentious one than what followed it, was on the same plateau as the later manor house at the top of the high ground, where it slopes off to Purton on the one side and the lower part of the village on the other, has one record of itself in what is to this day called "The Moat." This is part of a wide ditch—now much silted up—which ran round and enclosed what is now the garden and farmhouse belonging to Lord Shaftesbury, in the field adjoining where traces of the moat are also still to be seen. Thus it must have occupied a large space of enclosed and defended ground, giving some idea of what its proportions were, which would be more suitable to the rank of the Chamberlain and Lord Treasurer of Henry I.





THE TURGIS TENURE

It was in 1457 that Robert Turgis purchased the Clinton estate. A licence was granted him by the King at that time to rebuild his manor house, and it was then that the Clinton House was swept away, and that one which was our "Workshop" was built. There was also among the old deeds a small parchment, 7 inches by 3 inches, giving him the royal licence to rebuild the Parish Church.

The part that he built must have been the nave, chancel, and tower, for the south aisle is of an earlier date, and there seems to have been some kind of claim to it, as *their aisle*, by a family of Russell who had been long established in the parish. Aubrey mentions as existing in his time "a family pew" in the south aisle, with the Russell name carved on it. The Russells must have been in possession of their part of the parish, which lay at the extreme north end near where what are called Chaddington's ponds are, at the time that Robert Turgis purchased the estate.

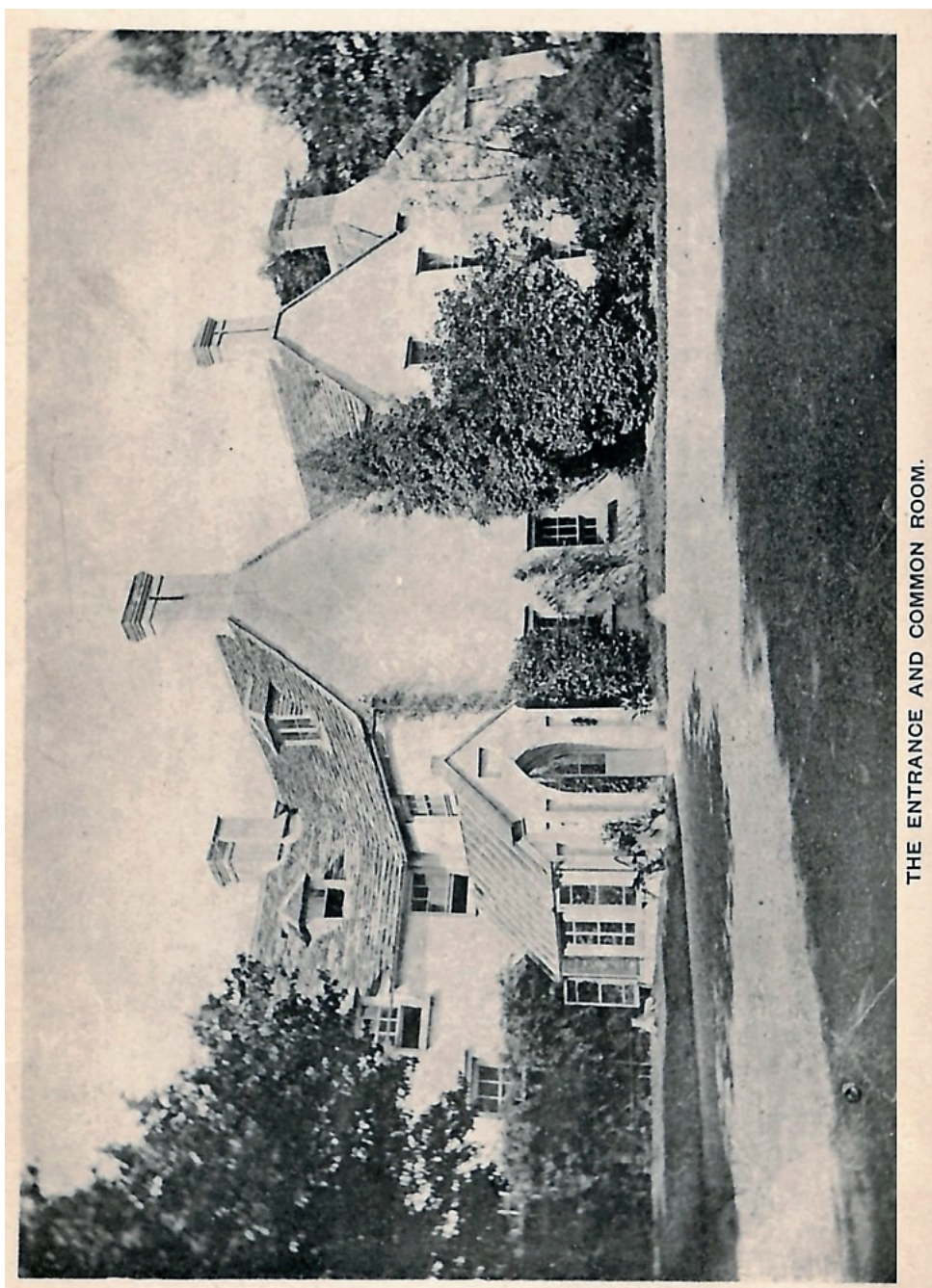
There was an inquisition taken at Salisbury 1473, on the death of John Russell, in which it was proved that he was possessed of a good estate in Lydiard and many other places. This was only sixteen years after Robert Turgis entered into possession. They must therefore have been contemporaries, and with the supposed rights of the Russells to the south aisle Turgis would not interfere. His work therefore was confined to the nave, chancel, and tower, which are of the later perpendicular period, whilst the south aisle is the earlier Decorated.

It is noticeable that the advowson of the living, which until Turgis's possession of the manor, "was in the King," since 1395, was for the first time in the possession of the Lord of the Manor; who in 1460 presented one William Mylton to the Rectory of Lidyard Mylsent.

Turgis's possession was but for a very brief period, for we find in 1465 that he was dead, and his widow married again. In that year William Mylton (Milton) died, and a Peter Warner was presented to the Rectory on the nomination of William Browning, "jure. uxoris ejus Alicis, relictæ Roberti Turgis Armigeri." Thus from 1457 to 1464 was the limit of Turgis possession, but the house and the church bear witness to his activity and energy.

This seems the proper place to give some description of the house he built. It may have been altered at different times, but its substantial features remained to the last as he erected it. It was one of those old Wiltshire manor houses built -in fifteenth century, of which there were many specimens in North Wilts, though the last fifty years has seen some of them replaced by more modern and pretentious buildings, as at Blunsdon near Lydiard. It was a low stone-built house, rough-cast and covered with the heavy stone-tiling common in the neighbourhood. It consisted of two stories, with a third in the extensive roofs, which were lighted by dormer





THE ENTRANCE AND COMMON ROOM.



windows. The house was made up of two blocks of building. In that lying to the south, which was the garden front, were the dining-room, drawing-room, and study. These were small low rooms of barely eight feet in height. The drawing room had been increased in length by throwing the passage from the garden into it, and by throwing what had been perhaps one of the earliest attempts at a greenhouse on the south side. This made the recess in the drawing-room, and gave a distinctive character to the otherwise square room.

The second block of building lay at the north side of the first block, projecting the whole breadth of its rooms to the east. This threw the entrance to the house, which was in the first block, at some distance back from the roadway, and to remedy the inconvenience of this uncovered approach to the house I threw a glass roof over it, and used it as a greenhouse.

In the second block was "our Common Room," the kitchen, and other offices. The more northern portion of the offices was not of the Turgis building, as is clear from their construction. They were during the Blunt tenure used as the farmhouse of the manor, and had no communication with the house proper. It was connected with the house by Mr. Streeten, who filled up the space between the common room and the farm kitchen with two other rooms.

But the most remarkable thing about the Turgis house was its mode of construction. Its builders seem first to have built the chimney-stack of each room, and then to have piled the different parts of the dwelling-house round it. Thus the dining-room, drawing-room, hall, and kitchen, had each one its chimney-stack, each 9 feet by 5 feet, of solid and excellent masonry. Into this, at the proper height, ran the great beam that supported the upper floor, and the builders seem to have depended upon the solid chimney stack to give stability to their work. The dining-room had been changed from the small square room of the Turgis date, approached by a few steps from the hall, by Mr. Streeten, who lowered it to the level of the hall, and threw out the south front six feet. The little drawing-room also had suffered a change from the Turgis time by the increase of the garden passage and the recess at the southern angle.

But the hall was to the last as Robert Turgis built and left it. I found there the large hearth for the wood-fire that he had used, and in "our time" we used it as he did. I have seen on that hearth in the winter evening blazing logs from Braden, from Clinton's Wood, from which he no doubt cut his firewood; and there in the cheery light, on the oaken settle, many have spent the hour after dinner reading, or, after a long day with the beagles, stretched at length on the settle, sleeping. Thus the civilization of the nineteenth century found in that of the fifteenth something agreeable to its use.

When I removed the stove from the hall and opened the old hearth, I was surprised to find the front of the chimney not built of stone or brick, but consisting of five layers of timber, one upon the other, to the height of four feet. How the old house had escaped its final destruction by fire until November 23, 1880, is to me a



great wonder. It may be that the nature of the wood-fire is such that, though often roasted severely, there was no soot to cause ignition, and so the old house stood through all the perils of fire for more than 400 years until that fatal November 23, 1880. I took precautions with the hall fire-hearth, and carried up on an iron support an inner lining of brick-work up to the point where the large chimney-space narrowed in.

THE BASKETT TENURE.

The next possessors of the manor were the Basketts, One William Baskett is found by the Court Rolls to be Lord of the Manor in 1487. Thus from the death of Robert Turgis in 1464 to the appearance of William Baskett as Lord was an interval of twenty three years. It may be presumed that as Robert Turgis's widow was in possession in 1465, her tenure of the manor continued for more than twenty-three years.

Canon Jackson suggests that the Basketts were very probably connected with Robert Turgis, as the two names are found so connected in the history of the Baskett family settled at Melcombe in Dorset. If so, then the succession to the manor would be by descent and heirship, and so we find no mention of purchase and sale.

Of this family, however, Lydiard retains no record. They were there for eighty-nine years, from 1487 to 1576, but they neither made their mark in the manor nor in any public way. And the explanation probably is that they were never rooted up from their old family place, and held and used Lydiard for profit and income but not as a residence.

CHAPTER II

THE WEBBE TENURE

In 1576 Thomas Baskett and his wife sold the manor to William Richmond alias Webbe. These two names go together in all deeds and legal notices, but in common use I find the name Richmond generally dropped and that of Webbe retained, which custom I shall follow.

The Webbes were of the "old religion." So it is to be presumed from what took place soon after they took possession of the manor. At that time religious opinions were in a very unsettled condition. Many were wavering between the "old " and the "new," and, as there was a great deal more that was political than religious in the movement, the great body of the people swayed by the political hastened to conform to the new religion. Among these it is probable the Webbes were found "conforming" to the Reformed Ritual, and as such exercising their right of presentation to the living.

It was, however, only five years before the famous Jesuit invasion of Parsons and Campian that William Webbe took possession of Lydiard. He would not be insensible to the agitation and excitement of that event. That he sympathized with it is evident, for he opened his house to some of the Jesuits who followed in Parsons' train, who were dispersed and hidden in such houses as his over the land. But when Campian denounced all "Conformity" as "deadly sin," many such as William Webbe were called to take their part with the Catholic party, and no longer halt between two opinions,

This is rather borne out by the exercise of his rights as patron of the Rectory of Lydiard. We find him presenting in 1574 (two years *before* the completion of the purchase) Giles Webbe to the living. He only held the living till 1579. William Webbe again presented one John Crispe, and this was the last exercise of their right as patrons during the whole of their tenure.

Campian was in the neighbourhood, and was at Lydford in the adjoining county of Berks, and we know that his preaching and personal intercourse had acted like an electric thrill, rallying all waverers back from Conformity to the Catholic Faith. This was in 1581. We may be sure William Webbe fell under the spell. It is on record that when the next presentation to the living took place it was not made by William Webbe, who was still alive (he died 1610) but by Thomas Booth of Fawley in the county of Berks, who presented Griffin Lewis, and as it is expressly stated in the Sarum Register, "ex concusione Wm Richmond, *alias* Webbe."

In the village, "in our time," there was still tradition that "the Romans had been hidden in the manor house a long time ago, and that one night a body of soldiers surrounded the house, but the 'Romans' managed to escape, and were hidden in Webbe's (Clinton's) Wood." As shewing how true tradition often is, it was found, when searching for evidence as to the "Manor," that William Richmond, *alias* Webbe, had been fined in "the Exchequer" £200 "for harbouring recusant Priests in his dwelling house at Lydiard, and in the thickest thicket of Clinton's Wood." It is clear therefore that William Webbe had taken his part, and as the fine was inflicted at the very time when severe measures were being taken on account of the Jesuit invasion, it is not too much to assume that he had been drawn into it. And as Lydford is within a ride of Lydiard it is very probable that when Mrs. Yates received Campian and Emerson there, their friends at Lydiard were informed of it, perhaps went there to attend the mass he celebrated, and hear what proved to be Campian's last sermon, when (to quote Froude) "he was never more brilliant, his eloquence being subdued and softened by the sense that his end was near." If William Webbe was one of that audience, so suddenly broken up by a servant rushing in and saying "armed men were at the doors," he would return to his house at Lydiard more prepared than ever to harbour and befriend his friends the priests.

And the old house too was as well suited for the purposes of concealment as Lydford. The chapel was in the roof of the house, in that part over the drawing-room. In the chapel behind where the altar stood was "in our time" a panelled door, as of a cupboard similar to others on the side under the window; this door opened not into a cupboard as the others, but into two other rooms in the roof in which there were no windows or other indication of rooms from the outside. Immediately behind the panelled door which admitted into them was a large hole in the floor formed by the dining-room chimneystack, which at its base was 9 feet by 5 feet, diminishing to 2 feet 6 inches square. Besides this diminished chimney two men could easily conceal themselves.

But to provide other means of escape from the second room there was a door into the other wing of the house, the exit door of which was high up above the floor of the room, and was to all appearance that of a high-placed cupboard. From this door access was given to the other rooms in the roof, and from them to a second narrow stair which led to the after-part of the house.

Thus Lydiard was admirably contrived for escape, and doubtless, on the night when the Sheriff with the posse comitatus surrounded the house, the priests within it were harboured in the secret rooms, and found means to elude the searchers by the second stair, and so were conveyed in the night to the "thickest thicket of Clinton's Wood."

When I first heard of this search at Lydiard for Jesuit priests, as recorded in the decree of the Court of Exchequer, I doubted the possibility of their hiding in Clinton's Wood; for the wood is under the name of Webbe's Wood exactly as it was in 1581. It is an impassable mass of wood, through which some rides have been cut for



shooting and hunting purposes, but which would not be existing in 1581. Whilst therefore most excellent for concealment, it had, as I thought, no place in it for shelter, and to carry their refugee priests through the inhospitable mud and the impenetrable thickets was to expose them to severities which they never could have endured with no shelter overhead but the thick foliage of the forest.

I went, however, to search out for some place of refuge in the wood, if such was to be found. In the middle of the wood there is a small plot of cleared ground, called "Skinner's Close," and on examining carefully I came upon the foundations of two small cottages which had been long since cleared away. Here doubtless they were hidden "in the thickest thicket," and we may reasonably believe were never discovered, for no one would suspect their hiding there, and few would have ventured through the impenetrable jungle to track them out. Who the Jesuit priests, were, and whether the inhabitants of the manor had to lament them among the victims of the scaffold, we cannot say, but that they had befriended some, and that, perhaps under the agony of the rack, they had been declared," is discovered, for no one would suspect their hiding there, and few would have ventured through the impenetrable jungle to track them out.

Who the Jesuit priests, were, and whether the inhabitants of the manor had to lament them among the victims of the scaffold, we cannot say, but that they had befriended some, and that, perhaps under the agony of the rack, they had been "declared," is certain, and consequent upon it was the trial and the fine, which was of such severity that it "crippled" the estate for all the time the family held it.

THE ASKEW-BLUNT TENURE.

The difficulties into which the fine in the Exchequer threw the estate increased as time went on. One measure of relief was tried by the sale of the estate to a relative, William Webbe of Battersea. But a greater misfortune now befell it. His eldest son was a lunatic, and his person and estates were granted to his brothers Henry and Joseph Webbe. On the death of the lunatic, one brother succeeded the other, and in 1711 the estate was in such difficulties that it was "demised on mortgage to one Thomas Edwin." This mortgage was transferred from one to another until it was demised on mortgage to John Askew. On June 7, 1714, he foreclosed and entered into possession. He was a member of the Lancashire family of that name who were seated at Kirkby, who are now represented by Mr. Askew of Comshead Priory.

There is a tradition that Sir John Askew built the stables, coach-house, and barn as they stood in our day, which were in a far more pretentious style than the old manor house itself. He also erected the dove cote and the extensive walls of the garden, and laid out the garden with its yew hedges and grass walks in strict mathematical proportion (all being multiples of five), and intended to have built a



new house at the end of the broad walk in the style of Queen Anne, in some way correspondent to the outbuildings. But again tradition says, and it is very probable, that Sir John Askew had embarked largely in the South Sea scheme, and when that bubble burst in 1721, seven years after the purchase, Sir John was stranded, with the outbuildings and garden completed, but without funds for the larger expenditure on the house. Certain it is that something put a stop to a large scheme for the rebuilding of the whole, and, if in character with what was done, of building a house of considerable pretension, and much beyond the income of the manor itself.

In consequence therefore the old Wiltshire manor house of 1457 remained standing for our use and occupation, and the cause of suspension of the great scheme, whatever it was, must have been so imperative that not even any minor improvements seem to have been undertaken in the old house.

The Askew tenure brings it down near to our own time, and within the memory of some who were living when we entered upon it in 1851. Sir John Askew died in 1739 and left no children; and the estate then passed to his brother Ferdinando Askew, who had an only daughter Mary. Ferdinando died in 1783, leaving the estate to his widow for her life, which terminated in 1804. Mary Askew the daughter was born in 1746, and in 1768 married Colonel Blunt, according to the announcement in "The Gentleman's Magazine," vol. 38, p. 590, "1768, Dec. 9th, Henry Blunt, Esquire, of Lewes in Sussex, to Miss Askew of Lidiarde, co. Wilts."

Of this young lady there was a very unpleasant tale, still current in our day, around which many superstitions and additions clustered. It so happens that through the kindness of Mr. Parsons of Hunts Mill, Wootton Bassett, from whom I have obtained much valuable information about Lydiard and its owners, I have a cutting from a newspaper of the day which gives an account of "the melancholy affair," and which I had better hand down in its own words, with the impression it left on those who were living then. It is as follows, in a letter to the editor :-

" Wootton Bassett, Wilts.
"Nov. 9, 1764.

" SIR,

"A melancholy affair has happened lately in this neighbourhood owing to the indiscretion of a young lady who was engaged to a young clergyman, and everything settled by the parents.

"The clergyman had for a long time suspected her of other engagements, which at times had made him very unhappy, and among his acquaintance he would often appear very little better than a lunatic.

"The circumstances which appeared to the Jury were as follow: - Some company had dined with him, among whom was a gentleman whom every one knew was privately favoured then by the young lady. The unfortunate gentleman appeared very much disturbed the evening before and all that morning, but at

dinner assumed a cheerfulness which lasted for some hours. About six o'clock he appeared to be in liquor, notwithstanding very little was drunk. He went upstairs into his bedroom, and stopping some time was followed by his company, but on some account or other, which does not appear, he was left alone in the dark with the lady and her gallant. If any words passed between them, or anything was done to displease him, it is concealed by the parties. They say he went out of the room and with violence burst open the door of another room, which was locked, and notwithstanding their endeavours to prevent it, shot himself immediately in the dark, and they both had hold of him at the time.

"The Coroner has brought in his verdict, 'lunacy,' from his having frequently made use of some expressions which threatened his own life and that of others, and happy was it, as he had another pistol by him, he did not do greater mischief.

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble Servant,

"SIMEON EDWARDS.

"N.B. I had forgot to mention that when they went up to him he was laid upon the floor in an apparent insensibility, from which he did but recover (as supposed) by some displeasing circumstance or other, for his rival and mistress only were present, and it was dark."

Such is the record at the time of "this melancholy affair." It will be seen that the postscript as to his insensibility is contradictory to the evidence in the body of the letter, which speaks of a struggle and an effort to prevent the act; but there is not sufficient evidence to get at the whole facts of the case. The room in the old Rectory where it took place was pointed out in our day, and the splattered wall, where the marks of the blood and brains were said to have been, was still there till it was pulled down in 1857.

The position of Miss Askew was at least very compromising, and her conduct to her engaged lover is indefensible, and ugly rumours seem never to have lost their force even down to "our day." Four years after this event she was married, as we have seen, to Colonel Blunt, and the curate's rival passes into obscurity, as well as the curate himself. I find the curate's name was Butler, and there is a tradition that he was not permitted to be buried in Lydiard Churchyard, but was buried at Rodborne Cheney.

Whether Colonel Blunt and his wife resided at Lydiard with her father and mother we do not know, but Lydiard seems never to have known the personality of Colonel Blunt. It is probable they had another home of their own until her mother's death in 1804, when she succeeded to the estate and certainly came and lived there.



Colonel and Mrs. Blunt had a son, Sir Charles Burrell Blunt, K.M.T., who married Miss Wyche of Salisbury, and from them descended the grandson William Oakes Blunt, who was the last resident of the Blunt family at Lydiard.

I have said that there seems to have been no knowledge of Colonel Blunt at Lydiard. The tradition is that he had been guilty of some great act of insubordination to the Commander-in-Chief, and had been obliged to expatriate himself, and that he lived in France till his death. It is probable that this took place some time before his wife came into possession of Lydiard on her mother's death 1804, and the probability is that Mrs. Blunt lived with her mother during this enforced separation, for the village has a memory of her of longer duration than from 1804 to 1822. Colonel Blunt died in 1811 seven years after Mrs. Blunt came into possession, and henceforth she spent her widowhood in her old home and in a very singular and retired way.

She saw few or none of her neighbours, but occupied the half of what was our "common room," then the smallest in the house. The gipsies of the neighbourhood knew her well, and were always welcome, and many a time treated her to dances and songs in the front of the common-room window. She had also portion of the garden below the slopes enclosed—the key of which she always kept— even allowing the gardener only to go into it under her care and watch, and here she is reported to have spent hours in walking up and own in view of the old Rectory.

About thirteen years after she had possession a singular incident took place which shews the energy and determination of Mrs. Blunt. In the village was a basket-maker of the name of Kibblewhite who had two sons, James and Edmund. James had been a clerk in a solicitor's office, and had pushed his way in life with great success. He became a scrivener in London and prospered in his business. To him Sir Charles Burrell Blunt applied for a loan, and this led to other similar applications until a considerable sum had been advanced, and interest in the manor was given as security.

It happened one evening that a party were gathered round the fire in the kitchen of the Sun Inn in Lydiard, and as usual the village and its inhabitants were freely discussed. Mrs. Blunt had been poorly, and that was sufficient to start the question, "If anything happens to the old lady, I wonder," says one, who will have the manor?" Mrs. Kibblewhite, who had only come in to buy the pint of beer for her husband's supper at that moment, fell into the temptation; and though cautioned "beyond words" never to mention it, could not resist, but blurted out, "You'll see, our Jim will be Lord of the Manor when the old lady dies." Why, how so?" cried the astonished company. Your Jim—never likely—as likely as me," said Richard Parsons, who was a servant to Mrs. Blunt. "You'll see," repeated Mrs. Kibblewhite, "I knows a thing or two—the manor's sold and bought already—good night," and with this she carried her husband's pot of beer home and told him what had happened.

" There now—you 'ave done it—you 'ave spoiled it all, and our Jim will never be Lord of the Manor."



And so it happened, and in this way: Richard Parsons duly reported the conversation next day to Mrs. Blunt. At once she understood the whole matter. Sir Charles, her son, had borrowed money from James Kibblewhite, and sold his succession to the manor to him. This was in the month of June 1817. She sent for Mr. Bewley, her agent, and told him to bring all the deeds and papers connected with the estate in his possession, and turning out an old chest-full in the house, packed them in two saddle-bags. She wrote to her solicitors in London and arranged for a visit the following week to resettle the estate. It was a tradition in the village that she rode on a pillion behind Mr. Bewley to the nearest point where she could catch the London coach. But by whatever means or conveyance the journey was made—it was made; and the Lady of the Manor, now seventy-one years old, with her agent was busy at work with her solicitors cutting out Sir Charles Burrell Blunt from his succession to the manor.

Here is another proof of the strange accuracy of tradition. This transaction as it was current in the village was “that Lydiard was bought and sold three times in one day in the streets of London.” There was substantial fact in this grotesque statement.

On July 1 and 2, 1817, there was a lease and release by Mary Blunt to Samuel Waller in trust for her and her heirs.

July 3 and 4, 1817, a lease and release by Samuel Waller to Mary Blunt and her heirs—that is, to whom she should choose to make her heirs, and that would clearly not be Sir Charles Burrell Blunt.

And now Mrs. Blunt and Mr. Bewley took their way home, and the old lady slept in peace, for she had settled it that “our Jim” should never be Lord of the Manor.

This she carried out about three years afterwards, when she made her will on March 8, 1820, devising to trustees upon trusts for sale or mortgage, subject thereto to pay two-thirds of the produce to Sir Charles Burrell Blunt, and one-third to William Oakes Blunt, and after death of Sir Charles to convey the estate to William Oakes Blunt and his heirs. So James Kibblewhite, on the death of Mrs. Blunt, instead of succeeding to the manor, succeeded to a law-suit in the attempt to get it, in which he failed.

But Mrs. Blunt did not bring back the saddlebags and their contents, but left them with Mr. Waller.

Hereon hangs a singular bit of the history of deeds. In the trial about the manor between Mr. Streeten and Lord Shaftesbury it was necessary to produce the old court-rolls and other deeds of the manor itself. Among their papers were found translations of some of the court-rolls, so it was clear they were in existence somewhere—but where? The executors of William Oakes Blunt, last resident of Lydiard, knew nothing of them, and they were not among his papers. The Rev. E. C. Streeten, following up the clue of the settlement of the estate and the tradition in

the village, applied to the successors of Mr. Waller. They had no such deeds, but they said they had sent down cases full of old deeds to a brother of Mr. Waller, living in a town in Sussex.

Thither Mr. Streeten went to find, as he knew must be the case, that Mr. Waller's brother was dead, and there had been more than one change in the succession of the practice. The present gentleman did not even know the name of Waller. On asking as to the deeds of Lydiard Millicent they declared they had never heard or seen the name, and as to any deeds sent to Mr. Waller, their predecessors might have known something of them, but they must have been destroyed or sent to the representatives of Mr. Waller, whoever they might be.

On leaving the office Mr. Streeten repeated the name Lydiard Millicent, saying it was a remarkable name and might have caught the attention. They repeated that was so, but therefore they were the more sure they had none of them. As he wished them "good morning," feeling he had run out his last clue, an elderly gentleman, with a few white hairs over a high forehead, rose on his stool and looked over the rail of his desk, and asked in the quietest tone of a subdued voice, "Did you say Lydiard Millicent, sir?" "Yes," said Mr. Streeten, aroused by his question. "Then sir," says he to his masters, "I have seen that name on a number of very old parchments put away in the chest of drawers in the summer-house in the garden. The name did strike me one day, as I was rather idly looking over the old papers."

It was but a word, and he was sent to bring them, and there once again the deeds carried by Mrs. Blunt to London in 1817 were restored to the owners of the manor after a strange and eventful career.

To return to the succession to Lydiard. Mrs. Blunt died in 1822, and her will took effect, the manor being in possession of William Oakes Blunt, paying two-thirds of the produce to his father Sir Charles. In 1829 William Oakes Blunt married Miss Orlebar of Henwick House, Leicestershire, and lived at Lydiard. His was a short married life, married in April 1829, and dying in April 1831, leaving no children. On the occasion of his death an unexpected occurrence took place. He had intended to leave everything to his wife, both his real and personal estate. He made his will accordingly, but with only two witnesses to it, and at that time it required three for the real estate. So he was held to have died intestate as to the real estate, and it went to his heirs-at-law, whoever they might be. His widow collected all that belonged to her, and left Lydiard.

And now a singular state of things occurred. There was for some time no owner of Lydiard. The representatives of the Askews came from Lancashire, as they were in the entail of the earlier settlements, but they found by Mrs. Blunt's journey to London, they had been effectually excluded. They returned, and Lydiard was left unclaimed by any one. For nine years it continued so. The house was unlet until the Rev. T. Streeten in 1834 became tenant, taking it from Mr. Bewley, who acted as steward for the unknown owner.

At length, on the death of Sir Charles Richard Blunt in 1840, his son Richard Charles dealt with the property as heir-at-law of William Oakes Blunt, and sold it in portions. Mr. Streeten, then tenant of the manor house, bought the house and the manor, some of the land, and all the cottages belonging to the manor.

THE STREETEN TENURE.

The Rev. H. T. Streeten had but a brief enjoyment of his purchase. He bought it in 1841, and died in 1849. But he left his mark behind him in several alterations in the old house, such as the enlargement of the drawing-room, before spoken of, and throwing the old farm house at the rear into the house itself.

But the work by which he will be best remembered was the restoration of the Parish Church. It was re-seated with excellent oak seats (open), and otherwise put into excellent order.

And this was not the only church-work he did. He had been appointed Vicar of Rodborne Cheney, and his work there was practically the re-building of nearly the whole church, with its handsome tower.

On his death the estate was left to his widow for her life. She occupied the house one year after his death. It was then void for another year, when, in December 1851, I took a lease of it, under which I continued to occupy it until it was sold in 1877 to Mr. Story-Maskelyne of Bassett Down, whose second son Mr. Edmund Story-Maskelyne now possesses it.

Thus I have brought down the history of the manor from Saxon times to the present day. It was my wish to save its history from perishing, if I may, both from the interest that attaches to it, as well as from the grateful remembrance of the happiness I have had within its walls, and the quiet satisfaction in work I was permitted to do there, both with pupils and in the parish, and in the ancient borough of Cricklade.

In the next chapter I must detail the somewhat strange conjuncture of circumstances which drifted me into Lydiard, which again and again took the ordering of my way out of my own hands and ordered it so much better.

CHAPTER III

IN 1846 I had completed my work as private tutor to the Hon. H. C. Howard (now Earl of Suffolk), and had entered him at Harrow. I then continued the same work with his brother, the Hon. G. T. Howard, at Charlton Park, and at the same time took Orders and entered on the curacy of St. Mary's, Westport. I held the curacy for two years and a half, and found the work and the people full of interest; and the rough beginnings of my ministry changed into the heartiest and warmest sympathy and welcome. I remember now my first service at St. Mary's, Westport, on Christmas morning 1846. There were six people in the church beside the Sunday-school children, the clerk, and myself.

The clerk, old Harry Bond, told me, when I expressed my astonishment at the smallness of the congregation, that "it was much as usual in the morning, but there would be a few more in the evening—may be a good few—if they heard it was a new man." In the evening we had a fairly moderate congregation, but by no means "a full church."

Some short time after my entrance on my work at Westport I was discussing the condition of things in the parish with Mr. Chubb, a solicitor in the parish, when he explained to me that the utter want of sympathy with the Church and her services was due to the fact that until the appointment of my vicar, the Rev. H. Heby Hutchinson, there had been no resident clergyman for very many years. He then told me of a state of things which is so extreme that if it had not been confirmed by general concurrent tradition, and by the personal testimony of some, one could scarcely believe it.

He told me that "old parson Lovell" had for many years charge of the parish of Westport with its three churches—that of St. Mary's Westport, Brokenboro, and Charlton; and, in addition to this, that of the Abbey Church of Malmesbury and the chapelries of Rodborne and Corston.

That he took three of them on one Sunday, and the others on the following Sunday; that he would ride into Westport on his old pony, fasten it up to the churchyard-gate, read the service, and mount again for Brokenboro, do the same there, and on again on his round to Charlton; that the occasional services were "done somehow;" but there was no pastoral visiting, and "the parson" had to be fetched from Cole Park whenever he was wanted. How the Church could have prolonged its existence through such periods of neglect as this is a wonder. It was the moment and

opportunity for the Nonconformist body to take her place, and they were in strong possession of it in 1846. I was met at first with what I might have expected - the rough treatment due to an intruder into their preserves. One man, a blacksmith, announced that he had had a vision; that he had seen a long procession, weeping and wailing, on their way down into hell; and when he looked close at them, who they were, he saw me, in my black gown, at the head of them. He further declared aloud in the street that I "was not fit to preach the everlasting Gospel." Poor William W— ! At that time I had not had much communication with him. I afterwards knew him well, and found a real honest principle of religion in him, but narrow and unlovely, and he had the manliness to retract his harsh words about me, and asked me to forgive him, and we shook hands one day on the Abbey-row " before many witnesses."

My first experiences of parish work revealed to me the fact that the Church has a broader foundation for its action than have any of the Nonconformist sects. Each of them has its own special and sharply-defined aspect of the Christian Faith, or some special and equally defined form of membership. Before it can approach any one, it must require the intellectual submission to their formulas or conformity to their practice. The Church, on the other hand, comes with the Master's message to mankind, that the Kingdom of God is come unto them," and with the call to obey and follow Him. I found the effect of this difference, telling largely in my favour. It gained me admission to every house; and when the Particular Baptist, for instance, would have put me through the catechism of his creed, I was able to carry him through and beyond his special dogmas to a direct and loyal allegiance to the Master Himself, as the one heart and substance of all religion. Thus my message was to all men - to all of that family named of Him - to humanity in its primal wants, and with the one and only remedy for those wants. This message, in its breadth and depth, appealed to every class and every mind, and I looked forward to a long continuance of my work among them, when circumstances, or rather "the Will that ruleth in them," changed my life away from Westport.

I was anxious to settle in life, and was engaged to be married. I therefore looked out for a sufficient house in Malmesbury or the neighbourhood. In Westport itself there was none, for it was but the poor suburb of Malmesbury, and with the exception of the solicitor's house there -was not another much above that occupied by small tradesmen.

In Malmesbury there were three that would have suited me, and through a friend I caused enquiries to be made as to any near probability of a vacancy in any of them. I was informed that there was no chance of a vacancy in any. Lord Suffolk then very kindly offered any of his farmhouses that were unoccupied, if they could be fitted up sufficiently for my use. But there were none. I was thus driven to the alternative of resigning the curacy, and looking out for a house elsewhere.

My heart still clung to the neighbourhood, and hearing of a house at Oaksey Park, I wrote to the solicitor for Mrs. Salisbury and came to terms with him, subject only to an inspection of the house and some necessary repairs.



Lord Suffolk kindly drove me over the next day to see the house. We found the man who had charge of the house down at it. He was just coming out and locking the door. "Stop," said Lord Suffolk, "this gentleman wants to look over the house. He has taken it, and wants to see what must be done to it."

The man looked in blank astonishment at us; and it was some seconds before he spoke. He then said, "Why, my lord, I have just let it to a gentleman from London for a shooting box, and that is him in the fly, going back to the station"—pointing to a fly going out at the other end of the park. This was a keen disappointment. It seemed that the power of letting had been given to the man in charge; and with many apologies from the solicitor, for not having stated that his letting to me must be subject to no prior letting by his agent, I had to give up Oaksey Park. And here follows the remarkable fact. The "gentleman from London" never occupied the house. He sent a keeper and made preparations for game preserving, and then threw it up in a few months after I had settled in Purton.

I was thus driven to Purton, where I found a house very inconvenient, but with certain alterations sufficient for my purpose. I entered upon this house 1849. Whilst looking over the house the landlord told me, as a sad and startling piece of news, that Mr. Streeten of Lydiard had died suddenly that day. It was this death that opened the way to "Our Workshop" at Lydiard, two years later.

I began my work as private tutor with six pupils in 1850. In the March of 1850 every one of the three houses in Malmesbury, which I had tried to get, was offered me; two were vacant by death, and one by the removal of the owner to Somersetshire, but I was now under terms of a lease for two years, and could not move back, and another had been appointed curate at Westport, in my place. Thus circumstances, or "the Will that ruleth in them," swept me before them, first to Purton and ultimately to that happy home of my active life Lydiard.

As I have said, Mrs. Streeten occupied it for the first year of her widowhood. The next year it remained empty. Soon after I was settled at Purton I had a request from Bishop Monk of Gloucester and Bristol to take an informal charge of the parish of Lydiard. The Rector was non-resident, and he had appointed, as curate-in-charge, the Rev. Hugh Allan, Rector of St. Mary's, Cricklade, which was nearly six miles distant. Dr. Warneford was also Rector of Bourton-on-the-Hill, Gloucestershire, and was a liberal supporter of several great Diocesan objects, so that the Bishop felt some difficulty in pressing for better spiritual care of Lydiard. Indeed Dr. Warneford had refused to appoint any other curate than Mr. Allan, and so the Bishop asked me to take the spiritual charge of the parish under the sanction of his letter, which Mr. Allan was very willing that I should do. This took me to Lydiard every Sunday, and was the occasion of my seeing the house and gardens every week.

I had, at that time, as one of my pupils, Lord Frederick Gower, second son of the late Duke of Sutherland, and it is to him almost entirely that I owe my removal to Lydiard, for he was so struck with the fitness of the old house for my work, and with the beauty of the old garden, that, with a kindly importunity, he never rested



until he had persuaded me to write and propose terms to the executors of the late Mr. Streeten.

I cannot mention the name of Lord Frederick Gower without expressing my admiration for his character and my regret for his early death. I never knew a man of such real courtesy of manner, or of such kindly heart. And when you passed beyond these externals of character, you found as the groundwork of the whole man a high sense of integrity which leavened his opinion and estimate of men and things. He was not afraid to run counter to the prevailing current of opinion, if he saw it was trimming to expediency or trifling with truth. I have heard from him some words of honest and righteous indignation when it was attempted to make immorality his base, if it were gilded with a title or buried beneath the display of wealth. He himself was gentle of nature, pure minded, actively sympathetic, and may have fulfilled a career of quiet but real usefulness, if his life had been prolonged. I dreaded his going out to the Crimea, for I felt he was not physically formed for the rough work of war, and almost my last letter to him was to ask him to reconsider the step he was taking, and ask whether he could not do more true work in the field of home-life and amidst the strain and pressure of evil and suffering here, than in the battle-field. His reply was that of his own brave instinct, that he had taken his part, and at all costs must go through with it. He fell ill at Varna, and though quite unfit insisted upon going with the army to the Crimea. But he never landed there. He was too ill to leave the vessel, and was invalided on board a transport on which was no surgeon.

A sailor seeing a doctor passing by in a boat, hailed him, telling him that a young nobleman was dying, and they had no doctor on board. He immediately boarded the transport, and seeing the critical state in which Lord Frederick was, caused intelligence of his state to be conveyed to Lord George Paulet, who had just arrived in command of the *Bellerophon*," with provisions for the Army.

He very kindly had him brought on board the "*Bellerophon*," and all that care and medical skill could do availed nothing, and on his way home, when passing the Straits of Constantinople, he quietly passed away. It was with sincere regret I heard of it. I had lost one in whose kindly interest I knew I could reckon; but others near to him had lost more than they knew.

In December 1851 the furniture was moved from Purton up to Lydiard, and at the end of the year I married, and after a short stay at Brighton we entered our home at Lydiard, January 1852.

CHAPTER IV

It is at this point that I think it may be well to say something of the way in which I looked at my work, and my many friends who have passed through its influence and method may perhaps recognize more fully in their later years what it was, and how much it has affected them.

Dean Stanley had lately published Arnold's "Life and Letters," and it was doubtless under the inspiration of that Life and the work it told of, that I was most impressed, when I undertook my work as private tutor.

I had clearly defined in my own mind the two parts into which my work divided itself. I had to bring out the best of the intellect that came into my hands, and I had to place each one on the moral basis of his self-responsibility, as to all he was and all the gifts he had.

As to the intellectual part, I was of course ruled by those examinations each had to prepare for, and in this respect there was little left to my own discretion, for it is in this way that the Universities and the Civil Service and Army examinations hold the education of our youth with a very rigid and iron hand.

The knowledge of the languages and the strict science of their grammar, and the clothing modern thought in the ancient dress according to the exact rules of their grammar - this was generally sufficient for the examinations we were called upon to prepare for. But beyond this, it was always my chief object and delight to shew that the old languages were not, in their highest and best development, the result of individual caprice or fancy; that the relations of words to each other in a well-constructed sentence were not what any man had chosen to make them, but were under a Divine law which ruled alike the *relations of things*, and therefore of the expressions of them. Thus the statement between *fact* and *hypothesis* is as clearly marked in languages as in the reality of things, and when once I could impress this conviction on those who were able to receive it, the study of language became a revelation of law, and not the mere remembrance of certain hard and fast rules.

And we could rise from this to that higher knowledge of the same great order in human life - that it is *lined* by certain great controlling laws within which man is free to move, but beyond which or against which he may not, without coming into collision with them and meeting their righteous discipline. Thus it may seem that there is little connection between the dative case of the secondary object and the law which assigns it to the dative and not to the objective case, and the moral laws of human conduct; but let anyone throw the secondary object into the objective case

and look at his sentence then. He will find in it confusion and thought untranslated and unintelligible.

But in getting up the subject matter of our "books" it was always my chief object to hold before my pupils the conviction that human thought had always been under the Divine guidance, that poet and historian, from Homer downwards, had been God's prophets to their time, and, since they *had* been preserved, His prophets for all time; that the grander revelations of our Christian Faith only made their meaning clearer; that where the sublime conception of the *τὸ θεῖον* in the mind of Socrates was the limit of his thought we have the revelations of the Blessed Trinity; but that to him that conception of the *τὸ θεῖον* was as supreme in its moral power over his mind and will as is the true revelation to the Christian now.

Again, how the tragedians marked out clearly that all their human conceptions of their gods were dominated by the yet unrevealed, unknown One, whom they registered for human thought in the irresistible Δίκη to whom even Jove must bow and become its ἀπώγος. And that mysterious power that penetrates all human destiny and wears coarsely for many the hard blank features of fatalism, was to the ancient tragedians a fascinating subject. They delighted to picture it as an irresistible force, against which even virtue and the noblest courage could avail nothing. But they brought out the lesson that the real conquest lay in "submission," and Calvary has ratified the truth of this, and has unfolded the deeper mystery that lies behind such seeming fatalism, and has given to it another foundation in the higher purpose of law, that threads its way through generations, and through ages, even from the Fall to the Redemption, and strips it of its harsh features of wilfulness, in giving it the sanction of long-enduring "law" consummating itself at last. It was thus in handling those splendid works of the Grecian stage we found their touch and reality in present things, and in the human destiny under which *they* and *we* alike were living. As we stumbled and struggled through the choric parts, glimpses of lost thought and perished instincts of religion were given us - most faintly and confusedly, but leaving a conviction as to the general purpose of those half-understood portions of the drama, that they were the moral censors of the time, and spoke out for the faith and creeds of the day.

But when we came to the orators and historians there was no far-off thought there. They were the impersonations of present political parties, coloured by the circumstances of their day, but in principle the same as now. The existence and security of the State, in which is involved the well-being of the individual, was the supreme thought of the statesman and the orator. How this was to be secured as against foreign foes, or enemies at home, was the question of statesmen in every age; each in its own generation had this to solve. And have not we? There were the two grand characteristics of political thought then, as now, those who hoped for more and better than the present, and those who dreaded change in the uncertainty as to losing their present good. Then between these two fundamental characters of mind there ever intervened those who made a speculative game of politics, and took the one side or other as they thought it would best serve their private purposes. But

these speculators in politics ever gave their outward reverence to the higher law of their several creeds. They professed, and usually professed the loudest, that they were consumed by the supreme passion for the "public good." It was their only motive. It dominated all their thought and action. At the same time they watched closely the veering weather-cock of public feeling, and trimmed their sails to catch the rising breeze, "tacking right-about" to do so, and turning their backs on the loudly professed master-current of all their life that had gone before.

All this is found as fresh as ever in the third and fourth books of Thucydides, even as it is in the "Times" of to-day. The Nicias and the Cleon are among us now, the same as then, and the reading out of the careers of these men is ever full of prophetic light for those who believe that principles of good or of evil have an eternal power in whatever group of circumstances or in whatever periods of time they may play their parts.

Whilst finding in the past, then, these same forces of the present, and recognising them, this gave a living and a present interest to our work, and keeping fast hold of the *eternity of law* in all such human principles of action, we often felt we were able to uplift the veil and see the future that must out-work from present things. Nor have we been much deceived. The conflict of forces has often delayed the change until it ripened into moderate fitness and the generation might securely adopt it. This is the rule of the normal growth of peoples. In proof of this there is no clearer evidence than the way our own Constitution has *developed itself*, from change to change, without plan or purpose of any Solon or Lycurgus. Yet in this there has been a prevailing order ever observable. Change grew out of change upon the ripened fitness of things, and each generation wisely accepted the growth and turned it into use.

This necessarily led to the all-important conclusion that nations are not the product of human invention, but integral parts of greater and Divine order, shaped out and fitted for its appointed use in their forthcoming purpose of perhaps distant ages. Thus the making of the English people, in the stress and crush of 449 and up to 1066, had evident relations to our position of to-day, with half the world on our hands.

Thus whilst we could see in things of the past the very substance of things of the present, there was a living interest in all our work; and in this there were very few of my pupils who did not sympathise with me and reap the benefit of it.

In connection with this part of my work, and indeed as a strict consequence of these principles, the citizen's duty was ever a prominent part of my thought and teaching. I knew each would follow the dominant instincts of his nature; but, as I recognised each to be a true factor in our political life, I never sought to convert any to my own way of thinking, but urged each to be true and steadfast to his own.

This respect for the differing opinion of others inspired us all with the conviction that there was truth in what each held, and the usual sweeping denial of our

opponents' faith, as false from top to bottom, found no place among us. Each was necessary to inspire the "halting," or restrain the "rushing," until the slow period of growth arrived in which the "development of the day" could fittingly be used.

At an early period of my work at Lydiard (June 1859) circumstances threw into my hands a controlling influence over a local penny paper in Swindon. At that time Swindon was but beginning to be what it has since become. The "works " were but on a small scale compared with what they now are, and as they developed, new men were drafted from other works, and of course not always the best were spared to us. And coming into a new, as yet unformed body of workers, there was as yet no "public opinion " among them as of their own body. I came often into contact with these men, and soon found the active intellect, untrained by the larger experience of life, and aspirations unsteadied by the limitations of the Divine order in which we are appointed to live, and in consequence extreme and rashly headlong schemes and plans were on their lips and pushed forward for realization. And there was coming to the front that peril which in these circumstances must invariably follow. When men believe that the making of their own destiny or that of the nation is entirely in their own hands, and there is no over-ruling Master-hand who limits, controls, directs all to His own ends, men drop the Divine out of all their thoughts, and grow supremely confident in their own limited vision and in their own inadequate resources.

I was soon made sensible of all this, and one chief object in using the local paper was to inspire these men with the deeper insight and the higher wisdom, where the Divine is recognized and revered in all human growth, and men are willing to follow it and be led by it.

So, perhaps, some who are still living may remember that in those early days I never ceased to proclaim that my politics and my religion were one and indivisible. For fifteen years in the leading articles of that paper I spoke to the men of Swindon, and, though it was not generally known, until the close of my connection with the paper, that I was the writer of its leading articles, I watched with unfeigned satisfaction the growth and spread of the better thought which I wished to grow and spread; and it was with sincere pleasure, at the close of a public meeting in the Institute at New Swindon, one of the leading statesmen of the day said to me, as he sat down after an able speech, "Well, I never addressed, even in London, a more intelligent audience, or any, where I found the best I had to say was best received."

And I must myself say, that often as I have spoken to them I have found them the same. As long as I lived near them and was in touch with them, any appeal from me to the highest and best that is in us, met with hearty sympathy and warm acceptance; and on one special occasion when I had to challenge a departure from the high standard of honest right, as I thought, the almost unanimous response to my appeal told me and all men, how true the instincts in them were, and how strong they were to bear and brave reproof, and follow the appeal of right at all events.

I did my best to lift them above the narrow spirit of the partisan in politics. I was a liberal because I believed in progress, wise, thoughtful progress, that which is full of light; not because I was a member of the Liberal party. I wished them to see that I should be liberal still even were there no Liberal party, for circumstances might destroy that, but my principles would remain when it was gone; for men may tamper with and destroy a party, but they cannot deal thus with principles. In proof of this I cannot do better than append at the end of this one or two of the leading articles from the local paper, which I wrote at that time.

But in my work I recognized from first to last *a mission*, as that which I was sent to do, and that, as long as it was true, it was Another's Will, not mine, that lay at the foundation of it. To see this Will and loyally and reverently to obey it, was in fact the true inspiration of all my work. And in moments of doubt and depression, when things seemed running contrary, and occasional access of evil appeared among us (which thank God was singularly rare), it was then the strength of this principle of my life would manifest itself most perfectly, and that, being one with the Eternal Right, there underlay all the infirmity of human judgment the Divine strength which, through mistake and failures, secured the final victory of the Right and its witness to the conscience of all concerned.

But nothing to my mind more completely shewed the truth of this principle of a life (Another's Will, not our own) than the perfect sweetness and zest of the day's labour. My work had no monotony or wearisomeness in it. The constant repetition of the same old rules or the same old problems; the day by day repeating those books of Euclid with the same figures on the blackboard, which all who used it will well remember; all this somehow was ever fresh; and the pleasure of watching the wakening appreciation of a rule, or the awakening power of reasoning, which carried the thought clearly from the premise to the conclusion, had something in it of a new creation of power in the individual mind which would be an endowment for life.

So we began our work each day with reading round a chapter in the Greek Testament, as having there the best and truest revelation of the life we have all to live, and chiefest of all, the direct assertion and claim of Him, who is our "Master" to us.

I also adopted and used, through all the time, the prayer which Arnold composed and used with his sixth form at Rugby; and the old copy, soiled and brown with use, still lies in the pages of Alford's Greek Testament where we last used it.

I think this lengthy account of our work, and the principle on which I sought to carry it on, will not be without interest to those for whom I more especially write it. And as life has tested much, and revealed more to each, they will perhaps see how the small seed of what has, I trust, grown into rich harvest of truth and honest work for God and Christ, was sown in that old and happy home at Lydiard.



CHAPTER V

Our "hours" at Lydiard were: breakfast at eight o'clock; then work from nine till two; luncheon at two o'clock ; and the afternoons free for exercise and the many different occupations that each selected for himself.

This was the usual course, except when an examination was pressing. Then, instead of the long afternoon till half-past six (dressing-time for dinner at seven), work had to be taken up again at five, for those who were "going in." We dined at seven, and spent the evening altogether in the drawing room, variously occupied with reading, or drawing, or sketching caricatures on the individuals and incidents of our life - of which caricaturing I have a few books carefully preserved still. Very pleasant those evenings were, and very useful in bringing out, in free intercourse, the minds and characters of each, and I often learnt more of the inner mind of each as it freely displayed itself in that social atmosphere.

In the hall of the old house was the ancient hearth for the wood fire, and in the winter it was not unusual to see that hearth piled up with blazing logs from out of the forest of Braden, and around it, or stretched upon the old oaken settle beside it, after a trying run with the beagles, some preferred to pass the time till tea at nine and prayers and bed-time at ten o'clock.

This was the round of our daily life, and I think this account of it will recall to many some pleasant memories of their own which will bear out all I have said about it.

I soon found that life in the young man must be balanced between work and amusement, or else things would go wrong. There is no more dangerous condition for youth than "having nothing to do." I therefore sought out the different tastes and interests of each, and in the course of a very few years' experience I was able to provide sufficient to meet most cases.

We had large out-buildings attached to the manor house, and in them a loft in which I set up a lathe and a large carpenter's bench, and in this room much good work was done. Oak-carving at one time was the "rage," and one of my pupils at least has carried out his first beginnings there to considerable success, as the effigy of the late Bishop Hamilton, in Salisbury Cathedral, modelled by him, bears witness. Besides this I erected a small steam-engine, and lathe for turning iron, in a "lean-to" adjoining the great barn, and many a one has *dirtyed* his fingers in that little shop.

Another resource was photography, and though very few took up the work itself,





it was a never failing subject of interest "to be photographed," and the dark-room in the old barn was often in use.

But besides these quiet tastes I found that the activities and muscular play of young men required something more. It was first suggested to me by a summer evening's amusement which the Honourable Berkly Moreton originated. I had at that time a very clever Scotch terrier, "Vicar," which attached itself to Moreton in a very remarkable way. It seemed to live only in his presence, and followed every movement with a devotion quite human. After dinner it was usual in the long summer evenings to turn out into the garden and follow various amusements on the lawn. It was found that "Vicar" had a wonderful "nose," and as his passion for Moreton was known, the dog was held whilst Moreton had a start given him, and then the terrier would follow him through all the paths and turnings of the grand old garden, up and down the Yew hedges, crossing and recrossing the broad walk, never "lifting" or "running heel," but always steady on the scent until he ran him down.

This suggested what afterwards, through the kindness of Lady Hicks Beach, we carried out, namely, a small pack of beagles.

The first pack consisted of but four hounds, and their names must be chronicled as the vanguard of what afterwards grew to eight couples and sometimes more. They were "Ringwood" "Music," "Fleeter," and "Frolic." These came from Williamtrip. Afterwards, by gifts and purchase, some excellent hounds were obtained, and one notable strain, which was kept up in the pack to the last, and always maintained its good name for steadiness and keenness of scent and trustworthiness - the old "Sailor" blood. It was wonderful how every hound would turn to him when he gave tongue, and how very rarely they were deceived. When leaving Lydiard for Lincolnshire a puppy of this breed came with me and developed all the characteristics of his race, for he would occasionally give himself a hunt on my neighbour Sir Thomas Whichcote's land, and has been known to continue the hunt for an hour, single-handed, though as was to be expected "without a kill."

We were fortunately placed at Lydiard for this sport. We had substantial friends on each side of us. At that time Lord Clarendon had not sold his Wootton Bassett estate, and through the influence of his relative, Lord Radnor, we had his permission to hunt over it. Adjoining his estate was that of Lord Suffolk, and that extended over nearly the whole of Braden. On the Swindon side of Lydiard we had some out-lying property of Lord Radnor, and permission was freely given to us over that; whilst on the Downs and at Wroughton our good friend Mr. Story-Maskelyne always welcomed us.

But still more than the goodwill of the landlords was and hearty welcome of the farmers, and I recall to this day, and I am sure every member of the hunt who reads this will join me in the recollection of their hearty welcome and truly English hospitality, which so many have shared. There is one name that I am sure "the members of the hunt" would wish to be especially recorded, that of the late Dr Wells of Ravenhurst. There, in the heart of Braden, amidst the primitive wildness of the



forest (down to our day without roads to his house), he lived devoted to hunting and horse breeding. We were always gloriously welcomed there, and it was very rarely indeed that a stout Braden hare was not "marked down" for us. So much did all past and present members of the hunt appreciate his lavish hospitality and hearty welcome that they determined to present him with a handsome silver drinking-cup and stand. Dr Wells was invited to dinner at Lydiard House, and some "old " members of the hunt were asked to meet him, among them Lord Ernest St. Maur, to whom the act of presentation was entrusted. Dr Wells had no previous intimation of the purpose of his visit, and when, after dinner, Lord Ernest St. Maur, in a few "neat words," recalled his never-failing support of the beagles and his liberal hospitality, Dr Wells was overcome with surprise; and when the cup was presented to him, as a witness how his kindness and love of sport were remembered by successive generations of the hunt, he confessed that "*that* was the hardest fence he had ever had to get over; Braden, hard as it was, shewed nothing equal to it." It was a very pleasant occasion. It brought together some "old fellows" to the old spot, and found successors as eager as they had been for the healthy sport and exercise of the beagles; and "out in the world " and at other work they could look back to the "times that had been," and appreciate the strong moral influence this healthy occupation had had for them, and was having for those who were following them.

It was the rule for each master of the pack to keep a record of the "meets " and "runs." I have seven closely-written volumes containing these, extending from 1857 to 1879, when, alas! Lydiard and its career was brought to a close, and of course the beagles were sold. Some went to Canada, where I hope they have sustained their reputation and their race.

Some of the accounts of the runs are very graphically written with heroic phrases that smack of the books that were being read rather than their fitness for the occasion. One or two remarkable runs are really worthy of record, and I will transcribe them from the journals of the hunt to establish the reputation of the pack.

"Meet: Widhill Upper Farm, Mr. Reason's. The gallant pack was taken to the meet in the old 'van,' and was speedily followed by the members of the hunt in a gorgeous vehicle hired for the occasion from Mr Benskin. The drive to the meet was decidedly exhilarating—a little too much for the gallant master, who entertained a strong objection to ridge and furrow (alluding to the drive over the grass fields, as there was no road).

"After partaking of the unbounded and substantial hospitality of our noble host, Mr. Reason, cold plum-pudding being largely used, as good for the wind, we proceeded to draw in search of a hare, and were presently delighted by the sight of a 'wolloping big-un,' as a member of the hunt assured us. A short fast burst, however, was all we got from her, as a nasty check at a turn-pike road proved too much for even the gallant master.

"A second hare was, however, soon discovered, and Messrs. J. Bouverie and Romilly were immensely delighted at getting tremendous start with the flying pack.

A check soon, however, brought up the rest of the field, and having hit off the line, away we went again. Part of the way the pace was tremendous, and almost always fair, though several checks and beautiful bits of hunting on the part of the hounds enabled the field to keep tolerably near them. Several times the admirable hunting of the gallant master was called, and always successfully, into requisition. Several times too, the hare was viewed, and seemed none the better for her 'bucketing.' Her only fault was not going straight enough. Still she took us over some beautiful fences, and over as nice a country as possible, but none of her efforts to escape availed, every wily double being successfully worked out.

"And at last-glorious termination-she was fairly run into! The last few minutes being most exciting! The hare dodging in and out among the hounds in a most lively manner. An hour and forty-five minutes from find to finish-pace and fencing enough to satisfy anybody.

"Grand scene of exultation at the 'Kill;' and then, having persuaded the master to draw again, we found, almost too soon for the wind of men and hounds. This last run as perfection, very fast and tolerably straight. The hare had a very near squeak for her life, as she jumped up right in the middle of the pack, and 'Heedless' rolled her over, but could not get hold of her. She then ran straight down to the Tadpole Brook, but funk'd the water, till the hounds forced her into it and nearly killed her there, and indeed if anyone had jumped the brook half a second sooner she must have succumbed.

"Three persons only faced the dark Stygian water, the gallant master getting soused in the turbid stream. We lost our hare, however, a short way beyond the brook, owing to her being so wet, and to the presence of large herds of furious cows, and as it was very late, we were obliged to go home and jump the brook again, to the intense disgust of the master.

"Again we partook of Mr. Reason's hospitality, and drove home after a *first-rate day*. Signed, J. Romilly, an 'old fellow' who came from his chambers to have a run with the beagles. This run was under the mastership of Bertrand P. Bouverie in 1863."

I must extract another account of a run under the mastership of Ernest St. Maur in 1866, by which it will be seen that the reputation of the little pack was more than sustained.

"On Wednesday, 21st February 1866, the beagles went to Mr. Parson's, Wootton Fields. A hare was found at three o'clock in a ploughed field behind Mr. Parson's house. After running across three fields she took to the road, and ran for more than a quarter of a mile up the road. But old 'Melody' never got off the line once, and ran right up the road in magnificent style, close to Mr. Style's house; the hounds left the road and turned into the fields to the left, and ran straight forward for four fields at a rattling pace. In the fifth field the hare jumped up in the middle of the hounds and ran straight back again past Mr. Style's house. They then ran up to Mr. Parson's house, then turned to the left, ran about quarter of a mile down a lane past Mr. Spence's house, and then back to the field in which she was first found. 'Freeman'

and 'Riot' hit off the scent through the hedge into the ploughed field splendidly. The hunting was now slow, across the 'plough,' and the hounds hunted every inch to perfection, and carried the line out of the plough into a green lane. After running a short way up the lane, the hare turned to the right and ran for Wootton Bassett, and was viewed one field in front of the hounds. The hare now turned to the right and ran back to Wootton Fields, the pack regularly raced her, and she again turned to the right and ran into the plough. But this availed her nothing, for the pack, getting on the line up a furrow, ran hard into the grass lane, crossed the lane, and getting into some large grass fields, with heads up and sterns down, raced her straight into Cliffe Wood, but threw up on the bank outside the cover. The reason for this was that the hare had done a very clever thing. She had crossed the field up to the wood, and had then run right back across the field on her own line. The huntsman, being well up, with one note of his horn, took the hounds back to the gate where the hare had entered the field, and casting the little pack on the right-hand side of the gate, hit off the line in a most masterly manner. The hounds then ran for three fields straight towards the Downs, but then turning short back ran up to Cliffe Wood again. She disdained the shelter of the wood, and turning short to the left had gone to Little Park. The pack, 'Phantom' and 'Freeman' leading, ran without a check to Little Park. The hare had been viewed by a man about five minutes in front of the hounds. Leaving Little Park slightly on the right the hounds ran a check within a field of Tockenham. Here a check occurred, as some sheep had been running the hare. A farmer viewed the hare in the next field, dead beat, about three minutes before the hounds. The pack being again laid on went away at a racing pace. After crossing a lane they turned to the left and ran to Bushton over the most splendid grass country. Close to Bushton they turned to the right and ran up to Thickthorn. Here going through a hedge a rabbit 'got in the way,' and was killed and devoured by the pack. Being again laid on to their hare, this gallant little pack made straight for the Downs. But now 'the shades of night were falling fast,' and the Downs before us, we were obliged to whip off at six o'clock, after having had a most splendid run of eighteen miles over a magnificent grass vale, which they accomplished in three hours, *without once making a mistake*. We did not get home until half-past seven."

Before giving list of the masters, I must place here the parting words of the first master, W. F. Hicks Beach, which are very characteristic and prophetic of that spirit which has made him the most popular master of the Cotswold Hounds, as well as the most respected and useful man in his neighbourhood. In 1859 he wrote, as in 1892 he would on a like occasion write:

"I cannot take leave of the members of the Lydiard Hunt, without expressing my good wishes for their future sport, and my hopes in that they will still continue in that same generous spirit of unanimity and good feeling, of which I myself have had so much experience from them. May they live to see this noble pack glorious in the annals of history, and 'may all of their shadows never be less.'

"W. F. H. BEACH."

I think with the runs here recorded, part of this worthy first master's wish is fulfilled in these annals of our little History.

A LIST OF THE MASTERS.

W. F. H. Beach	from	1857 to 1859
Hon. William P. Bouverie	"	1860
Hon. Charles Dutton	"	1860
Hon. Duncombe P. Bouverie	"	1861
Hon. Bertrand P. Bouverie	"	1862 to 1864
Hon. John P. Bouverie	"	1864 to 1865
Lord Ernest St. Maur	"	1865 to 1867
Hon. Cecil M. Howard	"	1867 to 1868
Hon. P. Bouverie	"	1868 to 1869
Hon. Kenelm P. Bouverie	"	1869 to 1870
Hon. Charles Alexander	"	1870 to 1872
Hon. Christopher P. Bouverie	"	1872 to 1874
T. A. Steele	"	1874 to 1875
Hon. Frank P. Bouverie	"	1875 to 1876
Charles G. Gawen	"	1876 to 1877
Lord Burghersh	"	1877 to 1878
Frank Astley	"	1878
Fitzroy Lyon	"	1879

I cannot leave this part of our Lydiard life without bearing my witness to the excellent moral influence this vigorous exercise had upon all who by their physical condition were able to partake in it. There is certainly somewhere in our nature an inborn instinct to capture the wild animal, and though its original purpose was for self-protection, and to decide the question whether man or the wild animals should possess the earth, yet after that necessity has ceased to press, the instinct, which led to man's victory over the animal race, remains a strong and masterly influence in him. Who has not seen, and himself felt, the excitement which the view of a fox



far ahead of the hounds created in the most stolid rustic? It was this instinct, almost universal, that I felt I had in my hands, and its moderate and scientific use as a moral influence led me to accept gratefully Lady Hicks Beach's offer of our first two couple of hounds. Ever after the atmosphere of Lydiard was morally clearer, and always clearest when the "true love of sport " was strongest. Some, of course, were not physically equal to the exercise, but with the physical deficiency there went the compensating qualities of quieter and refining tastes. These were not the difficulty of the Private Tutor. "Our beagles" met the other side of youth's nature, and whilst running in accordance with the Divine Law as the instinct within us assures us, we developed physical strength, and laid by stock of health which has stood by most of them in the strain and stress of manhood's life and work.





CHAPTER VI

OUTSIDE LIFE AT LYDIARD.

So much young life in the village, in the vigour and high spirits of its earliest manhood, had the effect of "giving life" to the otherwise dull routine of a small agricultural population. It gave them intercourse with another class than the farmer and the labourer; and many a new idea, as well as the revelation of new habits of life, were spread among them, which enlarged for them in an indirect way their experience of life. I was made more sensible of this after I had left, for I had constant complaints of the "deadness and dullness" now we had gone, and one significant sentence perhaps expressed all I have said above, when I was told that "what they felt most was that they had nothing but themselves to think of." Life had run down again to the common level of their own life, its labours, its necessities, its difficulties, its simple pleasures; and the narrow round hedged in their existence which, whilst we were there, had had for them a wider horizon.

Undoubtedly our loss was felt also very much in other ways. Much money was spent, as young men will spend it, in any fancy that commands the moment, and the villagers were called in, and were ready to minister, whenever they could to these passing fancies. Thus, liberal sums were spent in exhausting Braden of its great variety rare specimens of birds' eggs, and more than one valuable collection has been made. Messengers were often wanted, and always ready to go here and there, and bear messages, as important as those of the Queen herself, for the hire of some one's trap and horse for some afternoon expedition. Undoubtedly Lydiard was the richer for our residence there; and thus, we had the satisfaction of feeling that life was not only made richer by the suggestion of new thoughts and ideas, but also easier by more ample means.

For thirteen years, though not incumbent, I had virtually the sole charge of the parish also. First during the non-residence Of Dr. Warneford, and during the incumbency of the Rev, C, Cleoburey, who, though resident in the new Rectory which he built, had a severe illness soon after coming into residence, and was unable to more than fulfil the duties.

This gave me the precious opportunity of laying bare the foundations of my work both to the pupils and the parish. From the pulpit I could declare who was my Master, and whose work it was that I was doing; and both in the work in our "Common Room " and in the parish, there was the same Master to serve, and the same law and Will to obey. This made religion and life run in one together. I cannot





recall those thirteen years of parish work in that little village without deep and sincere thankfulness. The perfect unanimity among us, the unquestioning confidence in me, the ready and sympathetic kindness from one and all, these are my rich and precious memories of Lydiard, from 1850 to 1863, whilst I was virtually their minister.

During that time, we did something to leave a remembrance of us behind. The Rev. H. Streeten had restored the church, removing the motley variety of pews, and re-seating the church with excellent open oak seats, as I have already said. He had removed the plaster roof and brought into view a beautiful waggon-headed roof of oak. But unfortunately, he had inserted oak panels between the joists; and though they may have fitted close when first put in, they warped with the weather, and some fell down, and all more or less leaked, and under any wind we were exposed to constant draughts. I shall not soon forget the aspect of my congregation on one breezy day in May. It would be in 1852. At that time the villagers had not stepped out into the higher civilization of broadcloth. They still came to church in their snow-white smock-frocks, which were here and there varied with a blue one, with its pattern in white thread conspicuous on the breast. On that morning there were a good many smock-frocks present, and as the wind swept in gusts over us, one by one, for his self-protection drew out his red pocket-handkerchief and threw it over his head. Then I had not unpleasant variety of colour before me; the white and the blue and the red were too strong to be swamped by the black coats of the two or three farmers, whilst the women's dresses gave various shading of colour, from brown to black. It was a most picturesque group of a generation then rapidly passing away, and soon to be seen no more. For Swindon was beginning to grow, and with the incoming of the artisan, the smock-frock departed, and my poor neighbour, Mrs. Ody, who earned her living by adorning the smock-frock with her handy work, complained to me in 1860, that where she once made a score she did not now make one.

But this unfortunate riddle-kind of roof had to be remedied, and my first application was to the Rector, Dr Warneford, whose munificent gifts Birmingham and the Old Diocese of Gloucester have good cause to remember. But the answer when it came rather surprised me. It was a cut and dried refusal, written evidently as part of their writing lesson in the Parish School by one of the children. The purport was, so many applications from every quarter that it was impossible to meet them, and that he must reserve himself for those who had some claims upon him. The last clause gave me an irresistible reason for my appeal, as it was for his own Parish Church. To this I had a rather testy reply from himself in a clear, strong hand for a man of more than four score. It was to the effect that, when he gave Mr. Streeten a liberal donation, it was promised that there should be no more claims upon him; but if the parish would *let him do just as he thought best*, he would undertake the whole expense, or else he would give nothing. We accepted his offer, for we knew the real agent would be his confidential solicitor, Mr. Sewell, and accordingly we summoned a vestry to meet Mr. Sewell, who asked us what we





wished to be done; he approved of our proposal and carried it out. So, our first difficulty with the church was satisfactorily got over.

The next step onward was with the choir. In those primitive days we were able to boast of a violoncello and flute. There, in the belfry, Charles Ricks on his violoncello and William Wheeler on the flute performed and led the congregation Sunday after Sunday. Fortunately, we had two very excellent female voices, and they made the singing tolerable. It was before the days of Hymnology, and we were at first obliged to be content with Tate and Brady, but I soon introduced Horne's Hymns, at that time the most popular.

But we rapidly grew above the simple taste of our forefathers, and "cello" and flute were doomed to be cast aside. At first, I provided an excellent harmonium, and then the choir took shape, and some tenor and bass voices were introduced, and our music was creditable.

But in 1862 M. E. Browne came to us from Harrow, with rare gifts of music, and again another step was made onward and the harmonium gave way to an organ, which some of my old pupils joined with me gave. It is still there. It was now that our music rose to the highest point of perfection, owing to the rare chance of having among us one gifted as Browne was.

At this time also we left one mark more behind us, to witness our care for the church in which we worshipped. Carving in oak was the rage at this time, and so Browne and Bertrand Bouverie determined to carve a reading-desk for the old church. I willingly lent a helping hand, and the work was soon done. There it stands, massive and handsome, and having in no part of it the mechanic rigidness of the copyist workman, who never thought out the design, but wearing the proof that brain and hand went together in the work, and the "creator" was also the "doer." More of this work would have been done had Browne, with his rare artistic tastes, remained longer with us, but he took a scholarship at Oriel, and left us the following term.

One more mark we left behind us in the old church, and that was the heating apparatus. We had borne the old stoves with a patience which at this distance of time seems quite heroic. Three tall black stoves stood in different parts of the church, from which long snake-like black pipes made their way through different windows. It was our fate to find, that when the wind blew in one quarter, only one of the stoves would draw and the other two filled the church with smoke, and *vice versa*, the one would smoke and the two would draw, so that we were never without the accompaniment of smoke.

The new Rector in 1864 offered to give a, Gill-warmer, then a new invention, at the cost of fifty pounds, and I undertook to put it up. The latter operation proved to be of gigantic proportions and cost more than the Gill-warmer itself. The air passages were required to be of such great dimensions that it fairly led to the disembowelling of the church, though both improving the drainage of the building as well as being successful in warming it.



An amusing incident occurred which proved the efficacy of the new apparatus, when properly attended to. I was anxious to get the stoves and pipes out of the church, and so, as soon as the Gill-warmer was in place and tested, I asked the churchwarden, Mr. Plummer, for permission to remove and sell them. He demurred. "Wait a bit, Sir, wait a bit. Them new-fangled things often fail. We shall most likely want the stove yet to help it." It was a raw December day. I had given Weaver, my groom, orders to be up at five o'clock and keep a roaring fire going till church-time. He did his work well. When I went into church at eleven o'clock the thermometer stood at fifty-eight and was rising. Mr. Plummer came to church to see what the "new thing" would do, and he evidently came prepared for the worst. He had a stout great-coat on, a white woollen muffler round his neck, and thick woollen gloves. He was well defended against any cold. Very fortunately one of the emitting gratings was in the aisle close by his pew, and as he came in I noticed that he held his face over it, and gave a quiet nod of satisfaction. It was better than he thought. But he was not going to disrobe, He sat down, buttoned up and muffled as he came in. At the end of the first lesson it was clearly getting too warm for him, and as he stood up at the Te Deum, I saw the long white comforter drawn from his neck and laid across the front of the pew. The gloves also were thrown aside. The great-coat was still buttoned up, but was evidently becoming oppressive. The Litany ended, resistance was no longer possible, for the thermometer had risen to nearly sixty-five, so he stepped out of his pew and took off his great-coat, and then retired to the farther end of the pew. I had won my point and established in the parish the reputation of the new heating apparatus. After the service I met him, as he came out late from the church, having to replace all his garments, and greeted him with, "Well, Mr. Plummer, will it do?" Oh yes, yes, but, bless me, take care you do not roast us! "Well, shall we want the stoves to help it?" "Oh no, no, sell them at once." And I did, and cleared another great disfigurement out of the pretty old church.

The last little bit of loving work done to the old church was to place the inner self-closing doors of oak, to prevent the draught from the outside heavy Oak doors, which were too heavy for most people to close, and were generally left ajar.

These memorials still bear witness to some of our outside work at Lydiard.

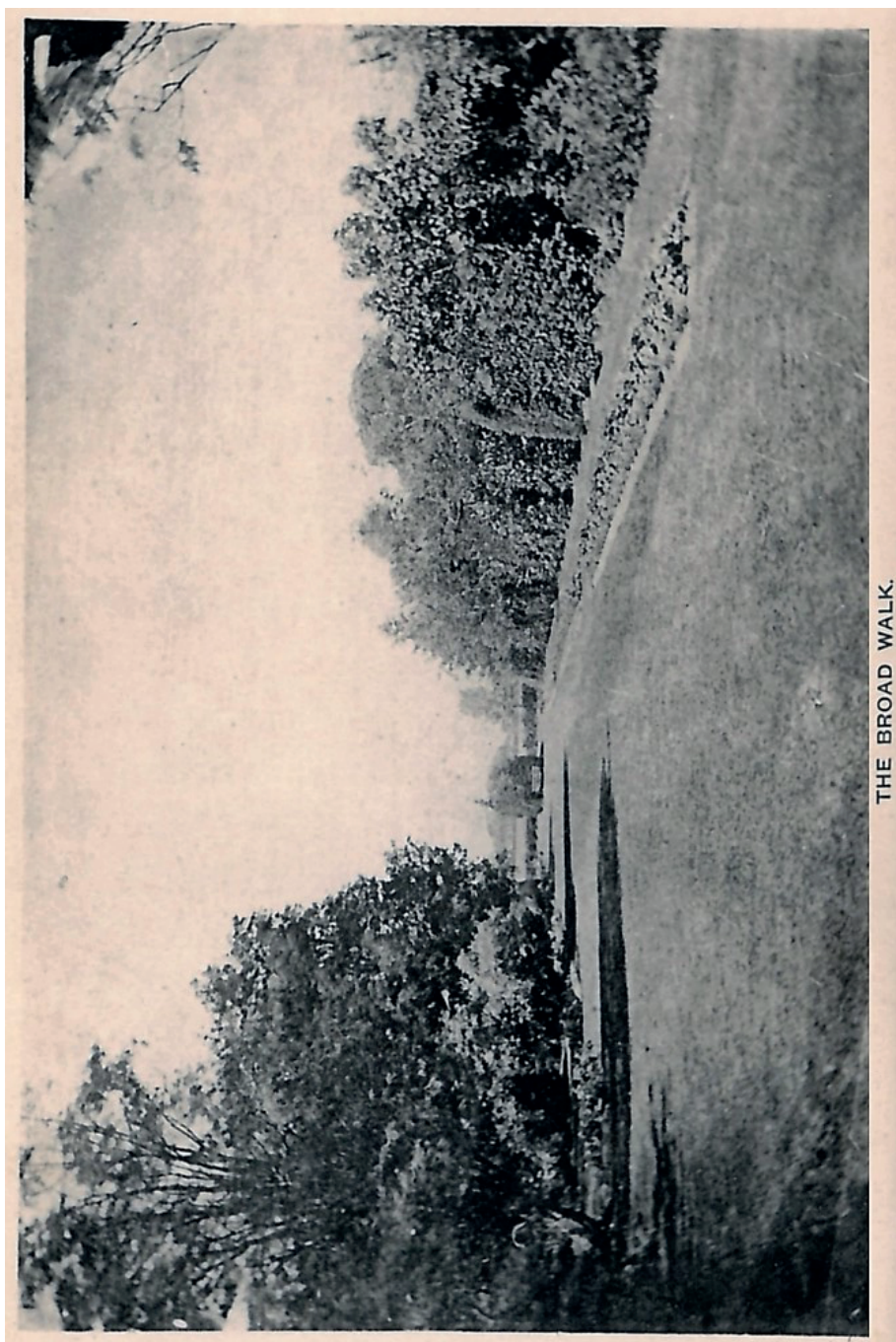
One other bit of outside work there was, which I remember with heart-felt satisfaction to this day, and that was procuring a quarter of an acre of allotment land for every householder in Lydiard. It was in 1863, before allotments had become a popular cry, and before men had had much experience about them.

I found, as soon as October was over, the "summer hands" were all dismissed, and had to find what casual work they could through the winter. I gave some employment in "grubbing the moots," that is the roots of the timber trees that had been felled in the year, and this, at so much a cord, gave them starvation wages or a little better; but I saw that if a certain small quantity of land could be secured to them it would afford occupation during their enforced idleness; and their own allotments and the allotments of those who had work to do, so that they themselves

could not work them, might fully and profitably occupy them. And still more, the crops they might grow, especially the potato crops, might furnish a supply of wholesome food when there were no wage earnings. All this I found by experience to turn out as I had hoped. The clearest proof was, that after I got the allotments at work no man applied for the less profitable task of "moot-grubbing."

To carry out my proposal I secured first of all the Kibblewhite allotments, which were about to be thrown into a small farm. I next obtained from the Rector, sixteen acres of glebe, very suitable for allotments, and first-rate land for potato growing. This left me with more than a dozen householders unsupplied. I then turned to Lord Shaftesbury (the good Lord Shaftesbury), who had a farm in the parish, and was met with a most hearty assent. He declared that "I could have proposed nothing more agreeable to his feelings, and he would give orders to his steward to meet me and settle what land I could have, and that I was to have as much as I wanted." He gave me one small field in Lydiard, and when that was not sufficient, another large field in the adjoining parish of Purton. Thus, all in Lydiard were supplied with allotments, and many in Purton also. I was curious to know what the men themselves thought of the allotments, and meeting one day with old Richard Parsons, who was the politician of the village, and rarely met me in the street without asking, with something of the authority of their master, "What them people were adoin' in the House," I asked him what he had made of his allotment, His reply was: "I puts down all I gets out of the land as equal to my year's bread." Certain it was that our winter months after that were less trying, and there was a greater plenty among us.

So far for our outside life at Lydiard.



THE BROAD WALK.



CHAPTER VII

THE GARDEN.

The charm of the old place was its glorious garden. I have said that it was laid out by Sir John Askew in the reign of Queen Anne, and was part of a design for a more pretentious residence than the old Turgis Manor House.

The garden contained six acres of ground, three of which were enclosed within the garden walls, which extended with curves from the top or west end down the north and south sides to the east end. Flanking the curves at the top formerly there stood summer-houses which Mr. Streeten pulled down.

In the centre of this enclosed space there was laid out what we named "The Broad Walk," It was a beautiful bit of level turf 150 yards long from the dial-stone to the top, and 50 feet wide. We found, indeed, as I have stated, that every measure was some multiple of five. The flower beds on side of the Broad Walk were five feet from the yew and box hedges which lined it, and the beds themselves were five feet wide. Branching out from this Broad Walk, through openings in the yew and box on both sides, were grass paths winding and curving in intricate and maze-like shapes, which cut up the ground 'into various figured beds. Outside the garden walls on the north and the south sides lay the real kitchen gardens in unbroken extent for use, and very productive in our time.

But at the east end of the Broad Walk there extended from the front of the house to the public road the most beautiful bit of planted turf which alike in summer or winter delighted the eye. It had been planted with evergreen shrubs to form a winter garden, and from the dining and drawing room windows was full of foliage in the dreariest winter day; whilst in summer the tall cedars and ilix and the stately yews gave shade and shelter in the hottest weather.

In the corner of this portion of the garden nestled the Parish Church in very small churchyard. It had been divided off from the garden by a brick wall, built at the same time as the garden walls, as is evident by the same kind of brick and the. same excellent work. (There was a tradition in the village that the bricks for barn, stables and coach-house, and garden walls were made of the clay dug out of a pit in the Grove Paddock.) This churchyard wall was set back from the actual churchyard proper at the distance of five feet, and was marked by mere stone with "A " cut in it, to prevent the encroachment of graves endangering the foundation. On the east side of the churchyard stood the little lodge, past which ran the drive up to the house through the tall and stately elms, which effectually sheltered house and garden from





the cutting east wind from the White Horse Downs. In the "sweep" before the door of the house stood two magnificent specimens of the horse chestnut, which when spiked with their clustered blossoms from ground to sky commanded the admiration of all who saw them.

Two gigantic yew-clipped hedges stood, up to our day, forming a screen for the lower part of the Broad Walk, from the passage-way into the kitchen garden on the one side, and belting in what was called the "Wilderness " on the other.

At each corner of the whole plot of the six acres had been planted four walnut trees. Three were, and I hope are, standing still with no sign of decay about them, though bearing on their front the weathering through 178 summers and winters. The fruit of two of them was excellent, but the third, which bore the finest nut, had this drawback, that it was impossible to extract the kernel.

Such was this grand old garden which had stood unchanged through the 170 years of its existence, and from its peculiar character is likely never to lose its distinct features till the plough and the axe invade it. *Quod semper absit.* This account of the old garden will, I trust, awake in many who knew it pleasant memories of its beauty and their calm enjoyment of it. To me it was a perpetual feast of pleasure, and when in the summer evening the sinking western sun sent its golden light down the whole length of the Broad Walk, gilding as it went the various trees and shrubs that met it, with the different tints of foliage thrown out by its more intense light, this was a sight that woke no other feeling but the purest thankfulness. And I think the many young lives, that lived amidst it and shared it with me, must have carried away an unconscious (perhaps) endowment of a possession of beauty which lies among the hidden richness of their lives.



CHAPTER VIII

OUTSIDE EVENTS

PERHAPS during our time at Lydiard there was no more important event in the outside life than the advent of a resident Rector. There had been no Rector, of whose residence in the parish there is any record, after that of Robert Jenner. He was appointed in 1665, and held the living fifty-nine years, dying in 1724. He lies buried in the south aisle near the font. From 1724 to 1853 we read of no Rector resident in the parish until the appointment of the Rev. Christopher Cleoburey, Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, in that year.

In confirmation of this the old Rectory House is the best proof. It was little more than a cottage with a room on each side of the narrow entrance and bedrooms above. The rooms were small. At the back of the front rooms were a kitchen and scullery of much the same size. There might be accommodation in it for a labourer's family and, indeed, the man who farmed the glebe in Dr. Warneford's time, who was himself little more than a labourer, complained of the scanty accommodation of the Rectory. It pointed to a time when the parish priest was considered in his proper place among the upper servants of the squire's household, and the 'Probability is that his education and habits fitted him for that place. It is certain that had any been resident after 1724, with the increasing education and civilization of the times, he could never have fitted himself into the cottage-rectory. At the beginning of this century Mr. Davis sold the advowson to the Warnefords of Sevenhampton, and on the death of Thomas Davis, the non-resident Rector, the late Dr. Warneford became Rector. It was the common talk in the village that Mr. Davis when he sold the advowson had assured Dr. Warneford that the tithe had not been valued for years, and was therefore well able to bear a large increase, whereas he had had it "put up" considerably only a very short time before, and the farmers were still smarting under the increased tithe.

Mr. Warneford, as he then was, drove over from Sevenhampton to inspect his living and the rectory house in particular, and of course decided that he must build a new one. But before beginning the building he sent his agent to re-value the tithe, and this led to a serious outburst of indignation. The farmers compelled him to take the tithe in kind, and as the greater part of the parish was dairy-land his tenth meal of milk was put out for him on some appointed place. This the man who collected the tithe was bound to take away, and as it was a matter of considerable distance

to go round to each of the farms, it was exposed to many risks before it could be safely carried to the Rectory to be made into cheese. The tale is that the greyhounds belonging to the people of the manor house knew from experience where to find it and feasted on it. But the end was, that, not only was there great ill-will in the parish, but the tithe fell to one-half its value before it leached the Rector's pocket.

Dr. Warneford, it is presumable, was not a man of a meek and placid temper, so he declared he would never live there, some said, would never see the place again. He therefore settled himself on Lord Redesdale's living of Bourton-on-the-Hill, where he died in 1853. It is certain that, so far as the memory of those living in "our day" went, he kept his word, and never saw the place again.

The first thing Mr. Cleoburey had to do was to build the new rectory-house. Until this was done he had two years leave for non-residence, and I continued in charge of the parish. The new rectory house, known to most of those who were at Lydiard, was designed and planned by Mr. Waller of Gloucester, and was considered one of the best rectory houses. in Wilts.

Mr. Cleoburey, being a great admirer of shrubs and trees, gave me £100 to spend on them, and I crowded the choicest Messrs. Rivers had around the new house, notably the collection of oaks which contained specimens of every known kind of the genus *Quercus*. Mr. Cleoburey held the living only ten years, but he left for his successors an excellent home where he found none, inspired to do so chiefly by the desire to benefit his beloved college, which had the advowson, therefore he freely spent of his private means more than £1000 upon house, grounds, and garden.

I was co-executor with Dr. Jeune, Bishop of Peterborough, to Mr. Cleoburey's will, and as his estate was left to his widow for life and she outlived Dr. Jeune, it fell to me to carry out the bequests of his will. First and foremost was the foundation of the Cleoburey Scholarship at Pembroke College. For this I handed over to the Master and Fellows of Pembroke £3900 three per cent for the Scholarship, and an additional £400, the interest of which was to purchase two prizes of books to be given to any member of the College who took a first-class either in classics or mathematics. Besides this special bequest for the Scholarship, there were others for specific purposes, which, as he repeatedly expressed to me, "he trusted to the good faith of the Master and Fellows to carry out." As he left the College residuary legatee, they received the bulk of his property, and first and last I handed over to the College £12,800 for the purposes he had specified in his will.

Lydiard Millicent as well as every other parish in which Mr. Cleoburey had been curate, received bequests from him. Lydiard had £100, which I paid to the Rector and churchwardens, the interest of which was to be expended on the Feast Day of St. Thomas the Apostle, "in bread, fuel, or clothing amongst such of the poor as they shall consider most deserving." I quote this extract from his will as a memorial of his gift to the parish. Thus, the first resident Rector, after the interval of 129 years,



left his mark behind him in a substantial dwelling-house for all future Rectors, in a bequest to the poor, and in many other respects, as the brass in the chancel, erected to his memory, says: "Cujus opera eum sequuntur."

THE GREAT STORM

The other notable event, which I think worth while to preserve in this record, is the remarkable storm which occurred in the early morning of November 1, 1873. It so happened that it fitted in with all the superstitions associated with the old manor house, and therefore tended to confirm them in the minds of the people, as with the Divine seal of a supernatural interference. I was awoke at five o'clock in the morning of that day by what at the moment I thought was the hum of several thrashing machines close at hand on the lawn. I rushed to the window in time to see the tall spruce firs in the front of the house lashed about as by some terrific force, which made playthings of them, as the wind does with the grass. Fragments of broken branches I could see in the dim light flying wildly past in the rush of the storm; then came crash after crash as one huge elm after the other fell where the storm drifted them. And then, as suddenly as it sprung upon us, it lulled, and we heard, as it were, far up if the air, the same loud hum with which it begun. In the sudden silence; as seemed, after roar, we heard human voices with something between a wail and cry of fear. It was my man-servant and his wife who lived in the lodge. The large elm near the one end of the lodge was down, and its root with the earth attached had-torn out the end of the lodge. In their terror, feeling the whole building quiver, they sought refuge under the bed, and lay there until the storm hushed, when they crept out to tell us of the desolation, and seek refuge in the manor house.

As soon as it was daylight, I went out to see the wild ruin all around. I soon saw that it was a perpendicular cyclone, if I may use such a term. I found that, instead of sweeping over a certain horizontal space on the earth's surface from a given centre, it had come from a considerable height in the atmosphere with its centre of gyration high in the air, that it had first struck the earth on the very site of the old Rectory, and with terrific force against the earth's first resistance to its course, for the ground was furrowed and torn up as by a steam plough.

From the Rectory it made its way straight to the slopes in the manor grounds, but on its way it wrung out of the earth two elm trees and laid them across the Butts Road. In the manor grounds it caught a large arm of the great walnut tree and splintered it into pieces. But the most remarkable action of the storm was, that it caught the upper part of a large spruce fir that grew at the back of the walnut tree, and twisted off the upper half and dropped it, and left it standing alongside of the lower half.





THE SLOPES.





And now it changed its course. It ought to have swept the tall cyprus (Mrs. Blunt's tree) clean before it, and then hurled the tall fir trees against the church tower, shivering it in pieces, and sweeping the roof off the nave. Instead of this, it mercifully changed its course and swept round the church, between it and the house, doing harm to neither, sparing everything, until it struck into the direct of its march again at the lodge, where it met the large elm at the end of the lodge, which it lifted out of the earth and mercifully threw it away from the lodge across the drive. Here it crossed the Purton Road and began its work of ruin among the trees in Ody's Close. Three large elms were flung across the Purton Road as if they had been mere playthings for its strength. The road was completely blocked for some hours, and persons on their way to Swindon were obliged to turn down Stone Lane. But what displayed the gigantic strength of the storm, as well as its revolving motion, was the felling of the largest elm in Ody's Close. This it fairly lifted bodily out of the earth, and with it a mass of soil which was measured and computed to weigh three tons. One of the main roots which it twisted off was eight inches in diameter and the whole tree with its great head and mass of earth at the roots, it twisted half round before it laid it prostrate, so that the east side of the tree lay westward.

After this it took its course across Plummer's Moor, where it met nothing to oppose it, until it came to the boundary fence at the east side of the field. Here it tore one half of a great oak tree to pieces, and, having wreaked this last piece of vengeance, left the earth, and the hum of its upward movement was heard distinctly amidst the death still below, till it too died in silence away. And now the rain came down with the force of a water-spout, and fairly washed up to its foundations the metal in the Purton Road.

Another remarkable fact connected with this storm was that its track did not extend in width to more sixty yards; for a man was milking a cow at the bottom of Canning's field, about one hundred yards off from the centre of the storm. He says he heard the noise and wondered what it was, but was not a breath of wind stirring around him, and on the other side, the farmhouse and the fruit trees in the garden were untouched. It is also remarkable that its earth-course extended only from the old Rectory to the oak tree in the boundary fence before spoken of, and the distance could not have been more than six hundred yards.

It was to myself a matter of wonder, and a cause of deep thankfulness, when I traced its course, by the driven and splintered branches, to see how it had swerved out of its way, guided to spare both church and manor house, both of which its mere touch must have laid in ruins. I felt distinctly we had been in God's hand that day.

It made a strange appeal to the superstition of the neighbourhood. It happened on the morning following the fated 31st October, the supposed day of the suicide at the Rectory. It first struck the earth on the very spot where the Rectory stood, then swept through the manor grounds, sparing Mrs. Blunt's tree, and touching no other property but what had been the Blunt's.





CHAPTER IX

THE CLOSING SCENE

On the last day of August 1878, when driving from the station to my nephew's at Stone House, near Kidderminster, the horse ran away, and making a sudden turn to the stable-yard threw me out of the waggonette. I felt but little from the shock at the time, and only suffered from bruised and cut knees. I was indeed able to take the duty which I had promised for the Vicar of Stone next day, without any sensible ill results. I was to have gone into Leicestershire on a visit to Mr. Farnham of Quomdon Hall, but I thought it prudent to excuse myself and go home, which I did on Tuesday, 4th September. My bruises were soon healed, I hoped the ill effects of the fall were passed away.

But about six weeks after I lost the power of sleep, and awaking about two o'clock in the morning had no more rest. This soon told upon me, and great and inexplicable depression followed, which quite unfitted me for my work. I was at last obliged to go to London, and I consulted Dr. Hughes (now of Brighton), who, under homoeopathic treatment, restored me completely within fourteen days. assured me there was no organ injured, nor any serious ailment, and the success of his treatment proved he was right. But, the same time, he gave me a very serious warning to change my work lest consequences, which he did not explain, might follow. The ground which he did allege for his earnest advice was that my work as Private Tutor caused a greater consumption of the phosphorus of the brain than any other occupation I could have.

Of course this was to me almost as the sentence of death. The work was my passion; the fresh young life about me was my delight and my rest; the "home" was perhaps almost an idolatry, and my outside work at Swindon and in the neighbourhood (I was regularly helping an invalid Vicar) were to me the satisfaction of "duty done;" and to give up all this was more than I could at once bring myself to assent to.

I pleaded for three-months' delay before taking any steps for a change. I informed him that I had between then and Christmas five engagements either to preside at or attend public meetings. For this work he gave me free permission, though still repeating his veto against tutorial work.

I brought the term's work to a close without any recurrence of my ailment, and sent up the last man I sent in (Astley) for the Army Examination) and passed him.



There seemed to me less reason than ever for giving up so much work, and withdrawing such influence as I had in the neighbourhood, and I was gathering to myself fresh hope for a little longer spell of the life and its surroundings which I loved so well.

I had gone out, for a visit into Shropshire; while there, I received a letter from Lord Dysart, saying his uncle, who then held this living (Silk Willoughby), was about to resign, and he hoped that I would take it. I asked for delay before deciding. I again consulted Dr. Hughes, who refused to diminish in the slightest degree the urgency of his previous advice. Under these circumstances I accepted the living conditionally that the locality was healthy and the house habitable.

On Wednesday, 12th February, I went to Silk Willoughby to see the place. My first impressions were deplorably sad. With all the beauty of my old home and its surroundings intensified within me by threat of losing them, this proffered new home looked miserably bare of everything of beauty or of anything to attract. It stands a little distance back from the great northern road, whilst on the south side the road to the church and farm passed close to the windows, which needed the protection of blinds, as in town, to secure privacy from the passers-by. Contrasted with the ample lawn and graceful shrubs at Lydiard, this plain two-storied house by the road side had nothing to recommend itself to me. The church was beautiful, but in a miserable state of disrepair; seat floors rotten, and the rails and panelling of its beautiful stalls loose and coming to pieces.

A three-decker still kept its place with the pulpit and sounding board, high enough above the people's heads to enable the preacher to look out of the upper lights of the windows and survey the village, inflicted an additional torture on the congregations besides the weariness of the sermon itself, in the stiff-strained neck from the upward gaze.

I Went back to the hotel at Sleaford with only one thought in my heart, that "this will never do." Then came up before me the doctor's warning words, and as it were, the simultaneous offer of the living, and with my faith, that there is in circumstances a Divine controlling Will, I felt I was in its Presence then, and my hasty resolve that "this will never do" had to be cancelled, and another resolution formed. But how? and in what direction? On one side it seemed a call, to empty life of all its richness and its various and extensive usefulness. On the other it seemed a call to labour in a village of five farmers and their labourers. Judged according to the human measure of such things, it seemed to be casting aside the larger work, the wider usefulness, to be sundering the ties and sympathies that make life rich, and give it half its power, for a new field,

In a land where not a memory strays,
Nor land-mark breathes of other days,
But all is new unhallowed ground.



I could not see my way. I was hedged in by circumstances, and circumstances were in conflict with what seemed reasonable conclusions. But then there arose before me the seemingly decisive thought, if the Master's Will is in the circumstances, that Will is for you the absolute right, and the seeming reasonableness of things has the higher unseen questionable reasonableness of His Will to overbear all opposition to itself.

I swung in doubt from side to side. Old and precious associations, life-long spheres of usefulness, open and ready to my hand, a home that could be my only home on earth (any other must be a dwelling-place only), all these on the one side: and on the other only this, but it was everything, "the Master's Will." I felt the decision had come clearly to this point, and under an over-ruling influence I snatched up my hat, and hurried out of the hotel into the darkness, turned up a street, and hurried along it at my quickest pace for full two miles.

It was very wrestling of my spirit against all the mighty prepossessions of such a life of happiness mine had been, and the one opposing influence, "the Master's Will." In one supreme moment of decision, I remember it well, it came at last. "Let it be done." I can recall the spot on the Ruskington Road where this was done, and I look at it as I pass with ever deepening sense of the tremendous struggle, and the victory which was given me. I returned to the hotel, feeling as though I had unloaded from my breast an intolerable burden, even to the sense of very emptiness. After this the usual steps were taken for the institution and induction to living, and it therefore became necessary to make the matter public. It soon became chronicled in all the local papers, and was the subject of various, but in all cases, kindly comment. I resolutely declined all presentations. I ever wished my work to be unselfish, without the shadow of any reward, even of the faintest return, save that of the good end won and the duty done. I shrank from all public partings. The roots of my life lay too deep to be bared to public view, it would have been only torture to myself, and pain to those kind hearts to see me suffer thus at leaving them.

But their feelings I found were too real to be suppressed without some way of declaring themselves, and so they took the shape of beautifully illuminated addresses, to be privately presented, in some cases with a long list of the names of those who sympathized with all the kind feelings they expressed. Here in my study they hang, four of them behind me as I write, still eloquent with their good will and kind appreciation of my life and work among them. That from the dear little parish of Lydiard I must single out as most beautiful in itself as a work of art., and also for the most excellent bit of English that I have ever seen put together in a work of this kind. I never knew who was the writer, but he must have written it in one of his happiest moments.

And now the "die was cast" and the decision made, and I had to set my face forward to the change. The work of the term went on as usual but feeling there to nothing to follow. The flowerbeds were planted with greater care than usual, and the



old garden was kept and cared for in all its varied beauty more lovingly than before, for it was the last of it, and precious because its days for me were few. I sent my last man, Arthur Tollemache, up to Christ Church, Oxford, for matriculation, May 29, and in the following week, June 6, for responsions, and passed him.

On June 19 I went into Lincolnshire, and on the following day I was instituted at Lincoln by Bishop Wordsworth into the living of Silk Willoughby, On Saturday, June 21, I was inducted by the Rev. B. Snowe, and on the following Sunday I read myself in. On Monday I returned home. This catalogue of dates in all their bare record tells the history of my translation into Lincolnshire. I had a few more weeks at the old home, and as my time now was counted by the days, each day was precious, and my heart eagerly fed on all it loved about the place and people.

In the midst of these parting days a great sorrow fell on me in the loss by death of Charles Moreton Macdonald of Largie. I had been mixed up in his life from several circumstances more than often falls to a tutor with an old pupil. I had shared some of his deeper thoughts, feelings, and doubts, as well as sympathized with him in some of his troubles. He was to me a most interesting character, both from the native force of his intellect, as well as that sensitive honesty of nature which made him shun even the expression of what he believed and felt. In moments of closest confidence there was revealed to me an originality of thought touching the greatest and the deepest questions of life itself. He had no teacher of them, nor were they gathered from book-lore. He was no reader. But once when startled by an expression of his on a great matter I asked where he got that from. "These things come up in my thoughts, and at times I would give anything not to think," was his reply. At another time when at Largie he took me to the top of what I have no doubt was a sacred mound of the sunworshippers of primæval times, but the top of which had been levelled and planted with flower-beds. As we stood on the top and looked over the sea to Gigha and the Paps of Jura, the strong muscles of his face tightened into knots as he half muttered through his teeth, "Here I often meet my God," and I believe the deep spirit of reverence that lay in that forced expression of itself lived in the depths of his soul, dear fellow. I went up to London with the hope of seeing him, but the doctors refused permission. He died on the 16th July 1879, and I went to Largie to bury him. We arrived at Largie at 7 p.m. on the 21st, and on the next we laid him to rest in the transept of the ruined Church of Killeen, used as the burial-place of the family, with the simple inscription over its doorway: "Here rest the bones of the House of Largie," I returned home to wind up my work and then wind up this portion of my life. We finished our last "trials" on the 26th July bade farewell to our excellent French Master, Manier, on that day, whose work and services to me and to my pupils were invaluable. And now one Sunday one more home service," and then on the morrow the last of my pupils will leave, and, as they drive away, the curtain falls.

L'ENVOL

After my pupils left I had three weeks more in the old home to wind up all affairs and make preparations for our great departure. It was all very sorrowful work. Each nook and corner had its familiar tie, and all were about to be displaced and changed. It was breaking up and dismemberment everywhere, but kept things as much in their old places as I could to shut out of sight the impending change. It was, settled that we should move into Lincolnshire on Thursday August 21st 1879. I therefore arranged for the "packers" with their vans to come on Monday 18th August and until then, things were to left as they were.

I was in some difficulty how to convey my household animals across the breadth of England, and should have been stranded in difficulties but for the ready and skilful help of the Superintendent of the Great Western Railway Swindon. He kindly struck out the shortest possible route by Leamington, Rugby; Market Harborough, Stamford, Essendine, Bourn, to Sleaford, and arranged with the London and North-Western to pick up our special train at Leamington, and by arrangement with the Great Northern to deliver us safely at Sleaford.

Thus, everything was arranged by Saturday August 16, and I had my last quiet Sunday at Lydiard, bidding farewell to all familiar things; lingering out among its shrubs and quaint walks as long as daylight lasted. It was my last night at Lydiard. For I felt I could not stand the breaking up of the old home, so I ordered the carriage on Monday and with blinds down I drove to the station and went to Rudhall for those three troublous days.

I joined our special train at Swindon on Thursday morning at nine o'clock, which was coupled on to the morning express as far as Didcot, and then to the Birmingham express as far as Leamington. At Leamington, the London and North-Western engine was waiting on the line for us. We were uncoupled from the express and quickly shunted on to the Rugby line for our cross-country ride through Harborough to Stamford. At Stamford there was a difficulty. The loop, about 400 yards, which connected the London and North-Western line with the Great Northern belonged to the Midland and no arrangement had been made with them. They demanded toll, which I gladly paid, and then they let us pass on our way to Essendine. From there our way was by Bourn to Sleaford, which we reached at twenty minutes past four. Our arrival at Sleaford with a London and North-Western engine, and the strange make-up of our train, caused some astonishment and some confusion to the porters, who sadly wanted us to "Shew our tickets." Our train consisted of one composite carriage for my wife and self and five servants, a horse-box for our two horses, another for our two cows, a truck for the carriage, another for the trap, and a third for the cart, a luggage van with some beds and furniture necessary for the



“putting up” of the servants till the “vans” should arrive. We detrained them as quickly as we could, and sending on the servants, animals, and luggage to the Rectory, I and my wife quartered ourselves at the Bristol Arms until the house was ready for us. Thus closed the old life and thus began the new. Its chapter is yet unwritten.



Appendix

EXTRACTS FROM "THE SWINDON ADVERTISER."

JUNE 20, 1859.

Our readers will have seen that there has been given to this paper a more full and firm expression of opinion on political matters than was formerly done. It was not designed at first to fill the more weighty position of a political paper, and as long as its original purpose was adhered to, all direct expression of opinion on politics was avoided. It has been thought well to change the plan, to give it the distinctive character of Liberalism in politics and to stand forward as the advocate of progress in all that concerns us as men and citizens.

But whilst taking up our position, and speaking forth, without reserve or fear, the convictions and principles we hold, it is not to be necessarily assumed that we sink into the mere partisan. This is believed to be the only alternative, but most certainly without sufficient reason. We would therefore say a few words on this point.

It cannot be denied but that the real division in men's opinions on political subjects is clear and is one. There are those who fear and those who hope; there are those who hold their strength and security in what is; there are those who hope for more and nobler in what is to be. This is a distinction not of recent date. It has existed in every age and in every political body. It has its origin, not in education or habit, or the circumstances that surround a man, but in deeper grounds, in the bias and first constitution of his mind. Some cannot look upon the possibilities for their fellow without fear. They cannot see the change around them without dismay. They are men without faith in anything but the present, and strangely blind to the grander truths of even that. These men you could never educate into larger trust. No discipline to which they could be subjected could ever make them advocates of progress. "Their strength is indeed to sit still," and they only wonder at the hope and confidence that others have, and are inclined in their less generous mood to call it madness. These are one class: They who inherit Conservatism in its very truth.

But there are others of our race who are constituted most differently from this. They believe that man was not made to prey on man; that the instincts of all men are for preservation, not destruction; that therefore the artificial restraints men would impose upon their fellows are rather signs of men's fears than the results of any real necessity. (We, of course, exclude in the present consideration the criminal class as confessedly abnormal.) It is these who have faith in their race. They hold therefore that the gradual development of peoples and classes into larger freedom, into the graver responsibilities of self-government; that the building up men into rational

agent their own wills, instead of being the blind dull tools of another's will; that this is according to an order to which every age bears its witness, and which, in its vast significance and design, claims a higher origin than the sway of Parties or the lawless ambition of men. They hold that there is an ever-moving progress among us. The serf has gone from the land, and it has been to the blessing of all that he has. They hold that this growth of the past has not suddenly ceased, but must progress by the same law which has guided it hitherto, and that the blessings of the future will be larger than all it has yet given to us.

This is the other class of mind among us. They, by the very constitution of their nature, are large of hope for their fellows, full of trust in that Divine order of the race, and ever ready to ply hand and brain in full sympathy with its manifest purpose.

Now each party must hold its convictions, of very necessity, honestly, that is, they are the genuine impulses and decisions of the man, as by his constitution he regards all things around him. Such convictions we are bound to respect, and to accept as necessary elements in that very growth, which the one dreads and the other strives for. To take up either side then is to do an honest part, and this is to be no mere partisan. It is not necessary to raise a party-cry without any conviction as to the sustaining truth behind; it is not to make one among many, where blind prejudice, boasted respectability, or the less pure motive of interest may lead. It is to act according to the conviction of right as each sees it; and as we should respect this in all who differ from us, so we may claim the like respect for ourselves.

There are men, it is true, who act without such conviction whose motives lie no deeper than the surface; to whom the courteous salutation, the wise hospitality, the affectation of position, become the elements of decision and form their political creed. It is among these you find the mere partisan, whose politics are in his party and in no deeper truth, who knows what he is by the colour he wears, and can give you no better description of himself. He is a man of strong prejudices because he has no sustaining truth; and bitter, relentless, and violent because he has no real basis of truth in himself to lead him to respect that righteous element in other men.

We trust never to become thus shallow and bitter—the mere partisan—whilst advocating with all earnestness those principles which we feel are to have a larger development yet, and to bless mankind. Differ from other men we must, and we know the reason why. We are content to fight our way through an honest opposition, for we know that the sifting process of that work will make every step that is won the more true and sound, and in that lies its abiding strength. But we shall hope never to lose sight of the fact that the truths we contend for and the principles we assert are greater than all personal interests or individual feelings, and as long as we can keep in view this higher ground of action, it is impossible to sink into the mere partisan, or ever to become the passive tool of a mere party without any nobler heritage, in the truths of which such must only be the mechanic mouthpiece.

We feel then that it is neither desirable nor possible to extinguish the Conservative element among us. It will serve us as the touchstone of our own truth. But we feel also that it will never be for England's good that it should be in the permanent ascendant, and are satisfied that in the great body of her people it never can be. It is not so much that we want to create Liberal convictions. We believe that they are in the ascendant by other ordering than man's. Our desire is to create in men more living sense and a higher estimate of the purpose that is in them, and to give free opportunity for its expression, and freer course for its action. In this we see none of the characteristics of partisanship in its worst sense, but we believe it to be a work which honest men may undertake and do, and neither waste away their earnestness into indifference, nor make themselves narrow and bitter and one-sided while doing it.

JULY 25, 1859.

A Budget, is a matter that concerns us all. The most unpolitical become political when that is in question, because all who are slow to trace the connection between other measures of Government and their own good or ill, feel at once a personal interest in an increased fourpence or fivepence in the Income Tax. It touches a very susceptible part in all men, and through the argument of the pocket, the most indifferent are moved at last. So it is that the stronger selfishnesses of our nature are made the effective levers to work upon an apathy. that nothing else could arouse, and so we are saved from stagnation. Our commerce, so often counted our great glory, is nothing more than this. Men in the spirit of gain have peopled the world and "subdued the earth," working the larger human good, whilst they sought, foremost of all, the fifty per cent return on capital. We are not sorry, therefore, when men, who are willing to let the whole political life of the nation drift on as it may, themselves entirely unconcerned the while, are forced to question it more closely because they feel at last its intimate connection with themselves.

We confess from Mr. Gladstone's antecedents we should not have expected the budget he has brought forward. We cannot forget his vehement protest against the continuance of the tax, beyond the promised' period for its discontinuance. " Faith must be kept with the country on that point, and also, if possible, as to its gradual extinction." This was Mr. Gladstone in opposition. Mr. Gladstone, in office, finds a necessity stronger than all his unanswerable arguments and his high-toned morality; and an additional duty of fourpence, and that too to be summarily levied, is his answer to the country's necessities and his own speeches at the same time.

We confess that this tends to shake our faith in the high-strained advocacy of principles, which we hear spoken forth with such solemn earnestness, when a change of circumstances can make the principles vanish, and gild with a moral rectitude the once censured and vicious measure. We think principles are real things, that do not change like this, and we must hold that either the Statesman

mistook an impulse for a principle, and enlarged it into one in his zeal, or that expediency has taken the place of principle in political morals.

But what most concerns the tax-payer is this, the readiness with which statesmen of every party fall back upon the Income Tax as their great resource in every emergency plainly says that its temporary character is rapidly passing away. We were to bear it patiently; it was only for a short period; it would be soon over and then it would be done with. This is one of the most powerful arguments that can be brought forward to a man to arm him with endurance. To see the end of it is more than half the victory, and to feel that to-morrow or next week a disagreeable burden will be surely removed, is to take off half the load at once. This has been every statesman's plea, and with a grumble the nation taken the burden on its back with good heart, waiting the promised day of deliverance.

But evidently the *promised* days are assuming to themselves all the fragile character commonly assigned to such things, and a little unusual pressure - the deficit of a million or two -and then another " little period " of the tax is proposed. We think that this comes very near to " shuffling." It has nothing of the straightforward, more manly, character, which faces a difficulty with a full resolution to master it, and in so doing not only succeeds in the first end but makes itself heir of greater strength for evermore. It would be better to look at direct taxation as a "permanent institution," as what will be the real fact twenty years hence however much we may shuffle on with the hope every two or three years of seeing the end of it. From the past we may surely calculate the future, and this is all we can expect.

In this case the tax comes before us with a very different aspect, and we may at once demand a calm and purpose-like consideration of its action, and the removal of its unjust and unequal pressure. As long as it was only for three or four years, this consideration was always put off with the plea that the shortness of the time superseded necessity of a task, declared to be almost Herculean, to readjust it and make it fair and equal. When a real and practical *permanency* is the case, that plea falls to the ground. We must have the tax made fair to all, if it is to be made, as it will be, a permanent burden on the tax-payers of this country. It is manifestly and grossly wrong to claim an equal tax from the man who sits in peace under the shadow of his own vine, and spends his £200 a year from the funds, in the untroubled round of mere enjoyment, and from him who earns the same income, day by day with busy toiling brain, with thew and sinew on the stretch and strain from morning till night, who wins it by exhaustion which daily lessens the power to win it. No man can persuade us there is any justice in that, or that such a state of things will tend to make the tax acceptable as a permanent impost'.

The plea that is impossible to arrive at a fair settlement is equally futile. We are not a people so unaccustomed to the value of things as to be unable to calculate the present money's-worth of the fund-holder's £200 a year interest, and the mechanic's £200 a year wages. The life interest that a man has in his labour at any period of his life, and at any rate of remuneration, is easily calculable by tables that

would not have to be made now for the first time. Why should not these be used, and the mechanic's tax be paid, not upon his gross earnings, for which he pays a heavy price in physical exhaustion, but upon the interest, calculated at the rate of the funds, upon what his labour, if capitalized, would bring. Thus let it be supposed that a man's labour, when he is forty-five years of age, which now returns him £200 a year, was worth £2000, this at three per cent., would give £60. Upon that let the tax be levied, and there would be heard no more complaints of its injustice, nor would there be seen that haste to claim exemption by "shrinking" the income below the limits of taxation, with the loss of many an honest conscience.

This is clearly a measure of justice which the repeated renewal of the tax, foreshadowing its permanency, most certainly calls for; and as its pressure falls heaviest upon those smaller tax-paying incomes which are won by labour it is imperative that the wrong should be righted with promptitude, and in that fair spirit which will make it cease to be the most hateful tax we have to pay.

AUGUST 20, 1866.

The Bank of England have lowered their rate of interest from ten to eight per cent. This announcement we see in every paper, and the prominence which has been given to it shews that it is a fact of no trifling moment. Indeed, the eagerness with which the Thursday meeting of the Bank Directors was looked for, and the keen speculation that was rife, as to whether the rate would be lowered or not shewed too plainly and almost painfully how much was hanging on that decision. To many in our own neighbourhood it may appear a very remote matter altogether, and to all those who are not intimately concerned in the commerce of the country it cannot *directly* be of so much concern. But yet as we all share in the general prosperity or suffer from the reverse, a matter that seriously affects the former must indirectly touch us all. And we are told it is an unparalleled circumstances that for three whole months the rate of interest has been at ten per-cent. Such a thing has not been known in the monetary history of our country before.

It -may not therefore be an idle question as to the cause of this, and even if we have not suffered from it, still it may be a fact worth investigating. We know from the history of the past three months that the rise in the rate of interest for money advanced by the Bank of England began at the time when Overend and Gurney's house failed. That may be a circumstance which stands so prominent as to attract attention to itself, but that failure was itself a result of those circumstances which necessitated the rapid rise in the rate of interest, and which we wish to inquire into. For that house, with business transactions of fabulous extent, had embarked in a kind of business which bankers and discounters had not before ventured upon. They had undertaken to provide funds for contractors, the returns from whose undertakings were able to be realized only at a distant day. It was not much the uncertainty of the undertakings themselves as the remoteness of the returns which

the novelty of the banking transaction and the peril of it. Formerly it was the private capital of the contractor which supplied this demand, and the delay in realizing his returns was calculated for in his contract, and compensation to himself was thereby secured.

Of late it would seem that the discount houses have undertaken the work of private capital, and thus enabled contractors (and others whose business like theirs demands capital) to enter upon larger operations almost irrespective of the question of private means and ability. This may be said to be only the extension of credit, and be claimed to be legitimate, since the contracts when fulfilled would realize with large profits the whole expenditure. It is certainly novel, because it makes those who come before the public, asking to be trusted with other people's money to supplement their own (which is the true description of a banker), to go shares with the contractor and such like in *their* legitimate profits. It is much the same as when two men join in partnership, the one with capital and the other with knowledge and skill. The banker has joined his capital to the skill of the contractor and claimed a large share of the returns.

As it has thus been put forward, it has been made to appear a most legitimate transaction in which each party was satisfied, and the public, who provided the capital in reality, received their immense profits in dividends of ten, twelve, and even twenty per cent. As long as all went well, and there was no panic and no sudden strain upon their resources, the success seemed to justify the proceedings. But the error and the wrong were in the withdrawal of that cautious prudence and moderation which a man must exercise who knows the extent of his means and how far they will go. If he were contractor, that very consideration would lead him to decline many undertakings because they were beyond his capital. By the new system such considerations were never entertained. Capital seemed unlimited, and the public never tired of contributing their savings and their capital to be employed in this way through the agencies of the banks and discount houses. But the same law of prudence which applies to the individual applies to the public, for capital is not unlimited; and though the area of operations may be wider and the calculations therefore more difficult to be made than when a man looks at his own means, yet is a point when the public must not undertake more, for it is beyond *their* means. Now, it is to ascertain this point that is the difficulty, and as yet it would seem there is no other way than by a periodic panic and ruin of many; which calms down speculation and limits credit for a time.

Such is the history of what we have gone through during the last three months. We have been undergoing the process which has realized to us the fact that we have been trading beyond our means, and though banks with large dividends have called forth much capital and given facilities to trade, they have not been able to call forth more than was, and when the critical moment arrived that the excess of "demand" above "supply" began to be felt, then the first step backward on the track of prudence created alarm, and that alarm checked and diminished "supply." At

once the panic spread wildly, as it had never spread before, and all who had risked for the large dividend, and yet could call in their money, did so, until a very dearth of capital was created, and "house" after house " went down, and the value of money rose and remained fixed at the unusual rate of ten per cent.

This we repeat is the history of the ten per cent. It may be said to be the sudden withdrawal of capital through fear and distrust, and these are consequent upon "overtrading" beyond our means. It is the *withdrawal* of capital that has continued the rate so high for so long. It is not that capital has been extinguished. That which is *bona fide* capital cannot be extinguished since it will always demand food and clothing and the necessaries of life, whether it be represented in consols or gold. But when men, through fear, hoard their gold or Bank of England notes, though capital is not thereby destroyed, since it is producible at any time, yet to all intents and purposes it as good as gone, and in this artificial dearth of capital our commerce stagnates, and the bank must keep the rate high, for it is the true index of our position and the only possible result of our present scarcity.

In addition to this private hoarding which locks up capital and does no one good (except in satisfaction to the owners in knowing it is safe), there has been a further aggravation of the evil in the course which foreign countries have taken in their dealings with us. Of late our transactions with foreign countries have become so numerous and so intimate as to be almost an enlargement of our domestic commerce. We have dealt with the nations on the continent as two merchants would deal with each other in London or Liverpool, and the same system by which the actual interchange of cash payments was avoided at home was adopted in foreign transactions.

Thus bills of exchange or drafts passed current instead of gold or Bank of England notes, and thus in fact a paper-currency " of private issue was made to fulfil the place of more substantial means of exchange. But foreign countries have refused to continue this system for the present, and the result has been the same as if cheques were to be suddenly refused among ourselves and payments to be required in every instance in hard cash. It is expected that the reduction of the rate will tend to restore confidence when this difficulty will be removed.

But the greater difficulty of knowing when the country has embarked to the last prudent extent of its capital will still remain, and we fear there is nothing else for it, but these periods of commercial activity alternating with a crisis, panic, and collapse when the relations of capital to demand right themselves again for another period of activity and excess.

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with the Author's
kind regards
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LYDIARD MANOR:

Its History.



Rectors of Lydiard

I HAVE been induced to give the following List of the Rectors of Lydiard to help to realize its existence as a parish "beyond the memory of its oldest inhabitant," and to shew that, the one continued unbroken link of the present with that far-off past is to be found Only in its Church and Rectors. Even the owners of the Manor came and went according to the vicissitudes of life and property, but the priest was always there, following his predecessor in uninterrupted order. And at this time it is well to note that when dynasties changed, and Plantagenet made way for Lancastrian, and Lancastrian again for York, and York for Tudor, and Tudor for Stuart, and England's Parliaments were rather making themselves, than made, the Church at Lydiard lived by its own existence, independent of them all, for it was not created by their will, nor could they need their authority to live. This is a fact to be realized especially in this day from this unbroken list of Rectors for more than five hundred years.

W. H. E. M^cK

A.D.	Name	Patronus	Clericus
1340	North Lidyherd	Rex pro Priore de Newent	Johannes de Galleford
1342	Lydiard Milcent	Idem	Ricardus de Wesham
1380	Lydiard Mysland	Idem	Howel Om
1392	North Lydiard	Rex	Ricardus D
1392	North Lydiard	Idem	Robertus de Talton
1394	North Lidiarde	Reginaldus de Cobham	Wmus Bac
1395	North Lidiarde	Rex	Robertus de Talton
1411	North Lydyard <i>alias</i> Lydyard Milcent	Rex	Johannes de
1416	Lydyard	Idem	Alanus Lev
1417	North Lydyard Milcent	Idem	Johannes de klyn
1417	North Lydyard Milcent	Idem	Johannes de field
1418	North Lydyard Milcent	Idem	Robertus de h
1418	Lydyard Milcent	Idem	Johannes de ntrede
1420	Lydiyard Milsent	Idem	Johannas

**A.D. Name**

1422 Lydyard Milcent
1432 Lydiyard Milcent
1436 North Lydyard
1437 Lydyard Milcent
1442 Lidyard Milcent
1452 Lidyard Milcent
1460 Lidyard Mylsent
1465 Lidyard Mylcent

1477 Lydyard Milcent
1479 Lydyard Milcent
1515 Lydyard Mylsent
1574 Lidiarde Millicent
1579 Liddiard Millicent
1603 Lydiard Millicent

1612 Lyddiard Milsent

1664 Lydiard Millicent

1665 Lydiard Millicent

Patronus

Idem
Rex
Idem
Idem
Idem
Idem
Robertus Turgis, Armiger
Wmus. Browning jure uxoris
ejus Aliciae relictæ
Roberti Turgis, Armigeri
Wmus. Basket, Armig
Idem
Thos. Basket, Armig
Gulielmus Webbe, Generosus
Wmus. Richmond, *alias* Webbe
Thos. Booth, de Fawley,
co.Berks, ex concessione
Wm Richmond, *alias* Webbe
Wm. Locksworth de Gloucester,
Generosus
Johan' vel Robt. Townsend
et Robt. Pauling
Gulielmus James de Marston.
Generosus

Clericus

Johann /ayte
Wmus. npton
Ricardu nplyng
Wmus am
Thomas ynes
Wmus mwell
Wmus on

Petrus ner
Johann ranklyn
Johann ovekyn
Johann ayes
Egidius obe
Johann rippe

Griffinu wis
Robert Whitfield
Thomas hitfield
Robert nner



A.D.	Name
1724	Lydiard Millicent
1784	Lydiard Millicent
1809	Lydiard Millicent
1853	Lydiard Millicent
1864	Lydiard Millicent
1881	Lydiard Millicent

Patronus
Joshua Hale de Halesowen, hęc vice
John Davis de Bapton in parish of Fisherton Delamere
Rev Warneford, LLD.
Master and Fellows of Pembroke Coll, Oxon
Pembroke Coll, Oxon
Idem

Clericus
Johannes er P.M. Robe enner Timothy B ll
Thomas D P.M. Timo Burrell
S Wilson V eford P.M. Thom Davis
Christophe eobury Henry Ruc layward Arthur Cam al Saunders





