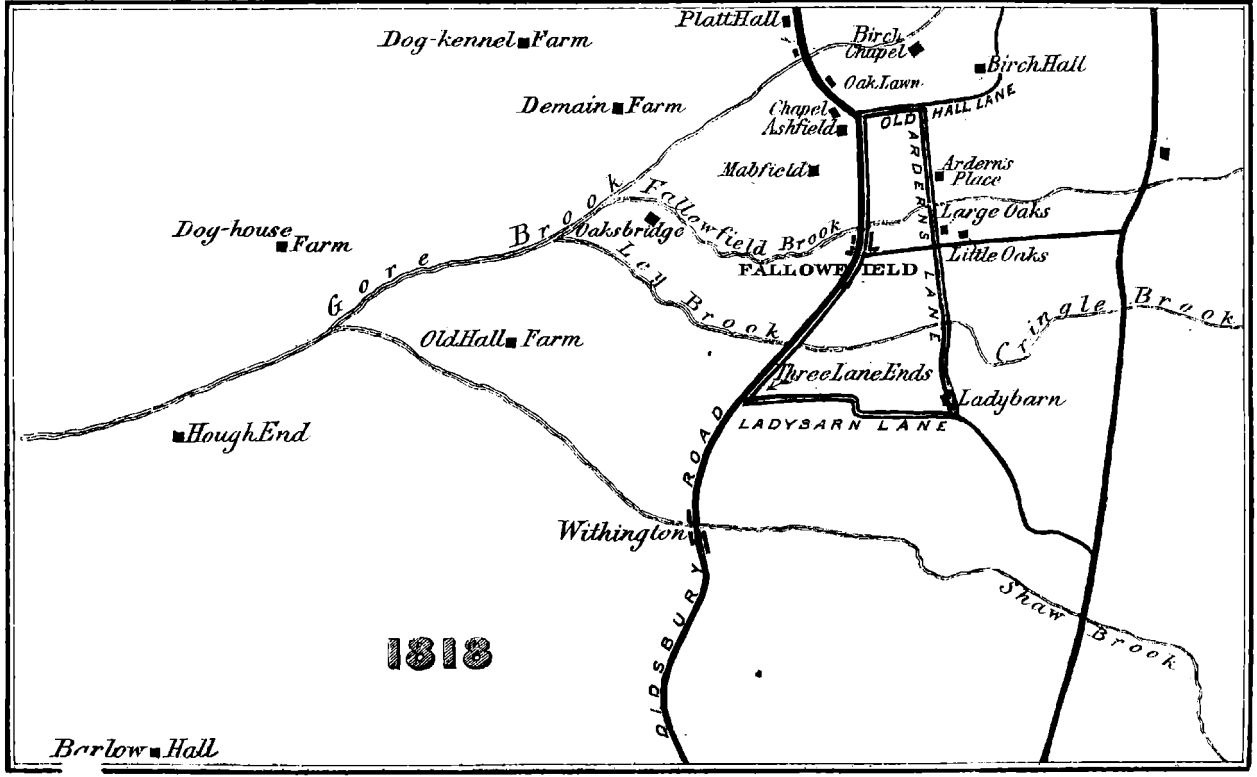
FALLOWFIELD.

Map 1.


Platt Hall
Dog-kennel Farm
Birch Chapel
Birch Hall
Oak Lawn
Demain Farm
Chapel
Ashfield
OLD HALL LANE
Mabfield
Arderns Place
Large Oaks
Dog-house Farm
Brook
Fallowfield Brook
Oaksbridge
Little Oaks
FALLOWFIELD
Gore
Red Brook
Old Hall Farm
Three Lane Ends
Ladybarn
LADYBARN LANE
Hough End
Withington
OLDSBURY ROAD
1818
Shaw Brook
Barlow Hall

SKETCHES

OF

FALLOWFIELD

AND THE

SURROUNDING MANORS,

Past and Present.

BY

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PREFACE.

My little sketches were first drawn together in the form of lectures, read by Professor Williamson in the Fallowfield School Room, and were an attempt to help the "Spire Fund."

Our reason for volunteering such effort, when in no way connected with the Church, originated in a wish we had long felt, to express, in some small degree, our warm respect for our Rector, and our very high appreciation of his incessant kindly work amongst us; the erection of a Church Spire, which, as an artistic focus to the village, if nothing more, was much needed, appeared to offer the opportunity we sought.

Of the earlier condition of Fallowfield and of the Manors, I have written nothing that has not been previously published; only brought together facts, which are scattered a little widely perhaps, and through books, many of them not easy of access.

These books are various publications of the Chetham Society, especially "Notitia Cestriencis," "Mamcestre," "Histories of Didsbury and Birch Chapels," "The Civil War Tracts," "Stanley Papers," "Lancashire Wills and Inventories," and others; Hibbert Ware's "History of the Foundations;" "Barlow Papers" published by Mr. Eglington Bailey in his "Palatine Note Book;" Mr. Henry Taylor's "Halls of Lancashire;" Turner's "English Domestic Architecture during the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries;" "The Mosley Family Memorials;" Dr. Halley's "History of Puritanism in Lancashire;" "The Private Correspondence of Charlotte de la Tremouille," edited by Madam Guizot de Witt.

I have just dipped into this store of interest and given out scraps, but hope the scraps may prove dainty.

For the sketch of the recent development of our village, I am indebted entirely to the memories of old residents, and to the kindness with which these memories have been ransacked.

Thanks are due—first, to my husband, Professor Williamson, who, in addition to the small diagrams, for which he is mostly responsible, and to his own picturesque reminiscences, knew whom to ask for all else, and how to ask them. Secondly, to Mr. Burrows, the oldest living man who was born in the village, and whose clear definite recitals of what has been were invaluable. Then to Mr., Mrs., and Miss Venables, Farmer and Mrs. Rudd, Mr. and Miss Mellor, and to Messrs. Ridgway, Foden, and Cotsworth.

All the ladies and gentlemen respecting whose houses it was necessary to make personal enquiries, have most kindly given, and in several cases taken much trouble to find, the information needed.

I.

Fallowfield in its Earliest Days.

In walking through the village or along Wilbraham Road, one often tries to picture how things actually looked six hundred years ago, the time when Fallowfield is first mentioned under its present name.

As the name implies, it was a fertile cultivated farm land, a tiny oasis in the midst of a huge wilderness.

In the thirteenth century, the High Road between Manchester, or "Mamcestre," as the City was called, to Deddesburie and Stokeport, passed through a tract of low lying marshy ground, interrupted only here and there by more genial spots, and merging on the south and west into a vast almost impenetrable forest, called the Forest of Arden or Hardy.

That part of the marsh nearest to Mamcestre, and perhaps the first in any degree peopled, was rich in the growth of rushes, and still retains its name of Rush-holme, or Rushome, in remembrance.

Beyond Rush-holme there was an upland, which, with its crown of magnificent oaks, bounded the morass, and protected Fallowfield from the northern winds.

Proceeding still further south, the road, after leaving our little farm land, reached a second and wilder marsh, one so dense with "Wythes," or Willows, that its first owner is spoken of as "Wulfrith de Wythington."

The forest surrounding this Wythy Marsh was such that wild boar ran riot in it. Whitaker, our old historian, suggests that the name of Bar-low, or Boar-ground, may be a consequence.

This entire district is represented in the Doomsday Survey as "Waste Land;" for two hundred years succeeding the survey it continued waste. The forests grew, became more and more dense with undergrowth and brushwood, and harboured wild boar, wolf, and fox, whilst eagle, hawk, and heron found a home in them, but of human inhabitants they were destitute.

When we remember the Doomsday Population Returns for four hundred square miles of the region now called South Lancashire was only "Ninety Families," and that this number included the towns of Manchester, Salford, Ratcliffe, and Rochdale, in the vicinity of which the people clustered, we shall understand how complete was the desolation in this and similar districts.

As time passed, the "Baron de Mamcestre" granted large tracts of Forest or Waste land to deserving "Knights," requiring in exchange Military or Court Service in proportion to the extent of his grant.

In this distribution, the Manour of Wythington fell to the lot of the "Hathersages," who, not themselves disposed for residence in so bleak and uncultivated a spot, re-granted portions of their estate to smaller Knights, requiring also Military Service in return. These secondary grants being sufficiently large, parts of them were again granted to Squires, so the second owners became in their turn "Lords of Manours;" they had the power also of selling portions of their own grants to "*Freemen*" for money.

Among the earliest of these smaller land owners to reside in the district were Sir Robert de Barlow, Matthew de Birch, and Robert del Platt.

The payment for such "Grants" was in "Service," and the privileges of the grant to the recipient were those of Forest, Warren, or Park Chase, Fishing, or any combination of these. The privileges varied both in kind and degree, according to the amount of Service required; indeed, the relations between Privilege and Service were most clearly defined, though generally evaded.

In order that each Manorial Lord might secure his own rights, grant the necessary Privileges, and at the same time secure more timid animals from the ravages of fiercer ones, certain enclosures were formed.

The Forest itself remained open, the home of wolf and boar, but hunting in it was forbidden on pain of severest penalties, and "Forest Chase" remained always the highest privilege granted or retained.

"Warrens" were extensive tracts of Moorland, suitable for hares and partridges, and protected only from Forest-beasts, and hunting in them or "Warren Chase," ranked second in the scale of privilege.

The "*Park*" was a much smaller and more secure enclosure, intended for deer, marten, and roe, and protected from all wilder animals.

"Park Chase" ranked third; was, in fact, most ordinary, as it was most useful.

Such was the condition of the country when we read that in the year 1300 A.D., the reign of Edward I., "William, son of Henry, son of Houlet de Mamcestre, granted to *Jordan*, son of *William* of *Fallowfield*, a portion of his lands in Rusholme, viz., the three acres, bounded on both sides by the lands of Henry de Trafford, and extending lengthwise from the land of Matilda del Holt to the highway leading to Stokeport; the same to be held by Jordan and his heirs of the chief lord, on payment of three-pence annually, in two stated payments, namely, three halfpence at the Feast of the Nativity of our Lord, and a like sum at the Feast of St. John the Baptist."

A second piece of land conveyed to "Jordan de Fallowfield," is described as "part of one plough land, called Greenclough field, lying between the land of Henry de Trafford on one side and William son of Henry de Mamcestre on the other side, of which said plough land, one end reaches to the king's highway leading to Ince, and the other end reaches to Le Somer Werked-defeld, and also half an acre of meadow land situated in Le Brode medowe, bounded on both sides by the land of Henry de Trafford, one end

of which extends to the bank or boundary of the wood called Le Birchenewode, and the other end extends to Clayfeld."

By a deed executed at Withington, and bearing the date Edward II., 1317, Thomas, son of John de Fallowfield, conveys to Nicholas, son of Sir Henry de Trafford, Knight, a certain plot of woodland in Fallowfield, called "Dyche Flat," once the property of John, son of Alexander de Fallowfield.

These men of "Fallowfield," our ancestors, were freeholders, of whom there were certainly few; possibly not any others except Wulfrith de Withington within several miles. As freemen each was expected to give military service on horseback, and to take with him foot soldiers in number according to the benefits he received from the Manor.

Jordan de Fallowfield would promise to the "Baron of Mamcestre," kneeling, his own hands together between the hands of the Baron, saying: "I become your man from this day forth for life, for member, and for worldly honour; I shall owe you fealty for the lands I hold of you, saving the faith I owe to our Lord the King, and to my other Lords."

For this homage and service Jordan de

Fallowfield would enjoy the privilege of hunting in the manorial park and of fishing in the manorial streams, and we must remember that only by help of such hunting and fishing could he maintain his family and dependents.

As freeholder he cultivated his own little plot of land, and carried his produce of wheat, oats, or barley to the manorial mill to be ground, paying for the grinding thereof, with a goodly share of the corn itself.

Possibly also, Jordan's wife, after kneading the family dough, would send it to the manorial oven to be baked. This, however, is not probable, because of the distance, though usual at the time in many manors.

Jordan would house his own cattle in the winter, and in summer send them all, horses, cows, sheep, and pigs to graze on manorial lands, or "Commons."

Should any of his animals, whilst thus grazing, stray upon forbidden grounds, Jordan was fined, one penny per foot per night, for the first and second offences; for the third, the creature itself was forfeit to the Lord of the Manor. That is, Jordan paid fourpence per head per night for every animal trespassing, whilst at the same time he paid in money for his land only one

penny per acre per annum; a marked indication of the severity of "Forest Laws."

He was allowed to claim all "Eyries" of hawk, falcon, or heron, as well as all honey found within his woods.

Our ancestor's house would, in all probability, be situate near the centre of the existing village, at the point where the stream which flowed almost in a direct line from "Slade" to its junction with "Gore Brook," crossed the high road.

The house would be a round wooden one, with high pitched thatch roof, without chimney, almost without window, and with only a low door. The whole painted outside with some bright colour, or whitewashed. Our forefathers proved how great was their dislike for uncovered building material by colouring everything. Even Westminster Hall was newly whitewashed for the Coronation of Edward the First.

The neighbouring houses would be those of villeins or servants; these would cluster immediately round the house of their master, and together they would constitute the "Fallow-field" of that day. These villeins' huts were of mud, in form like the wooden house first built, though differing in size and ornamentation. As one of our old writers says: "There was then

no chimneys in houses, because they make only fires in the middle of the floors, under the dome of the roof. All in the house stood round the fire, and there the cooking was done." The same writer, I believe, also suggests this sort of house was good for colds and rheumatism.

The social position of these "villeins" was much less agreeable than that of the "free-holder." Like all other agricultural labourers and handicraftsmen of the thirteenth century in the north of England, they were practically slaves. That is, they were subject to perpetual service for the benefit of their master, and to his arbitrary will over life and limb; they were bought and sold as live stock with the estate to which they were attached; and they were even, under certain conditions, liable to be sold independently of their estate and separately from wife or child. From such villeinage there was however easy lawful escape, in the regulation that all workmen in *towns* were free; and if a Fallowfield joiner or blacksmith could reach Manchester undiscovered, and there work for wages one year and a day, he too was free. This was one of the ways in which the townward current of country people began, and which is to end—where?

One of the neighbouring villages was situated

about two miles south-west of Fallowfield, on the opposite edge of the forest, and was inhabited by foresters, many of whom were "churls."

These churls built their huts near to each other for warmth and protection. The cluster of houses so formed became known as "churlston;" and to distinguish this particular group of "churls'" dwelling-places from others in the "Barony of Mamcestre," it was designated "Cum-"Arden," or "Near the Forest." The same village is still called Chorlton-cum-Hardy, though both churls and forest have disappeared.

Harland has given certain regulations for the daily work of these men. The churls were required to "rise early and do their accustomed work, until the ninth hour, or three in the afternoon, then go to dinner, return quickly to the parts where they had not been before dinner, and there go listening and lying in wait until evening, *i.e.*, about seven o'clock."

Communication between Fallowfield and Rush-holme or "Wythington" would be easy because of the high road; with the people of Churlston and Barlow, though equally desirable, more difficult. We can, however, easily imagine how Jordan and his family would thread their way by the side of the stream, and how gradually

would be beaten that path along which for six hundred years lovers have whispered the same old story and breathed the refreshing fragrance of that brook now spoiled for ever.

As far as "Hough End," the Manor House of Wythington, the walk was lovely, carpeted by primroses or forget-me-not, fringed with royal fern, bordered with hawthorn, wild rose, honeysuckle and bramble, each in its turn aglow with colour; and arched with feathery birch or hemmed in by gnarled old oaks, all of which beauties concentrated in Hough End Clough, then the property of the Langfords of Derbyshire, and for many years, in spite of its beauty, untenanted.

After passing Hough End, a short expanse of open breezy moorland was all that need be crossed in order to reach Barlow Hall, a Manor, but of smaller pretensions than that of Wythington.

II.

Barlow Hall and the Barlows.

BOOKER, the historian of Didsbury, states that Barlow Hall was the residence of Sir Robert de Barlow in the reign of Edward I., and that by an undated deed Alexander, son of William Albimis, of Sale, grants to Thomas de Barlow all his lands in Barlow. This deed is witnessed by Geoffrey de Cheetham, Richard de Trafford, William de Heton, William de Diddesbury, and Richard de Chollerton.

Another deed gives on the part of Alexander, minister of Didsbury, to Roger, son of the above Thomas de Barlow, all his lands in Barlow, Chollerton, and Haraday in Wythington, together with the water mill there situate.

Barlow Hall was built near the Mersey, partly for protection, partly for water supply, and partly, in the absence of roads, for the water carriage of

everything not found in the immediate neighbourhood. It was a fold, that is, the Hall itself and dependent shelter for servants and cattle formed a quadrangular building fronting inwards, without any window or door outside, except only one large gate for exit and entrance.

In later years, when Forest laws were less severe and forest plunder less frequent, when also danger from the incursions of wild animals themselves was less imminent, "folds" became more open, and eventually ceased to exist.

For the construction of early "manor houses" in this immediate neighbourhood, where stone is almost non-existent, the nearest trees were felled. Their large branches or even their trunks were firmly planted in the ground to serve as upright supports. These were roughly grooved for the reception of smaller branches which were placed across. The two were strongly fastened together with iron rivets.

Panels formed by these crossed beams were allowed to take such shapes as came naturally. In very old houses we can still trace the exquisite curves given by rough-hewn branches, entirely different from their square modern imitations. There is a cottage now standing near the high road in Northernden in which the corner beams are so deeply planted that one of them at least

appears growing. The chief cross beam of the same cottage shows the curves of a natural branch.

When the great beams were once well fastened, the panels were filled in with wicker work and stiff clay, then plastered, and the plaster white-washed, leaving the wooden beams untouched.

The roof was high pitched and gabled, sheltering the house with overhanging eaves, and was covered with lovely moss tinted shingles, fastened together by wooden pegs. Pinnacles, turrets, and battlements supplied the picturesqueness not yet given by chimney stacks.

Such a manor house would consist of one large room or hall, in which its owner, his guests, and principal retainers ate, drank, and slept; it was surrounded by a court, which in its turn was enclosed by the fold.

Opening immediately into the hall at one end would be a large entrance porch, surrounded on the outside by a semicircle of small wooden pillars, connected by a chain to prevent the intrusion of such cattle as were always to be found enjoying the protection of the court.

At the end of the hall opposite the entrance would be a cellar half underground; over the cellar a room called "solar," intended for the private use of the Lady of the Manor. The solar

was usually connected with the lower part of the house by an outside staircase. It contained a bed, the only one in the manor, and a wardrobe to hold the clothing of the family and visitors, as well as such luxuries as sugar and spices.

The hall was lighted by canvas covered slits high in the wall, advisedly too narrow for the admission of a man's body, and furnished with shutters, which were hinged to the top of the window outside, and propped open by poles.

The furniture consisted of a canopied seat and table, intended for the use of host, hostess, and principal guests. This seat was often highly ornamented; indeed, it was the one point upon which any artistic longings could find vent. All else the room contained was rough hewn benches and boards on trestles.

A little straw or fodder might find its way into the hall on very cold nights, or when a very honourable guest was expected; for the rest, bare ground, cloaks, a big fire and smoke, were considered sufficient.

Cooking was done outside, the kitchens consisting simply of slabs, braziers, boiling pots, and roasting spits, open to the sky.

In this way Sir Robert Barlow made his clearing and built his log house; and from similar rude beginnings have sprung not only

Barlow Hall, but most of the antique black and white houses for which our district is celebrated.

For two hundred and fifty years succeeding 1300, the Barlows steadily increased in wealth and importance; they maintained a persistently honourable position in the county; the lives of many leading members of the family were notably religious, and through all persecutions or temptations they remained Roman Catholic.

During the years immediately preceding the Reformation the Barlows appear to have reached their highest point of prosperity, and their house, having developed from its condition of *Fold*, had by this time become a large and still quadrangular mansion. Its exquisite chapel, long low hall, central carved staircase, drawing-rooms, ingle nooks, coloured windows, carved pillars, tapestries, curtains, and pure metal ornamentation furnishing picturesqueness, for the possibility of which, in our own houses, we should be grateful.

We will imagine a family scene, early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the group would consist of Alexander Barlow and his wife Elizabeth, their one son, also Alexander, several daughters, and Margaret, sister of the older Alexander.

The parents sit together in a deeply-recessed window, and watch, with something like anxiety, their young family. The son is practising archery with the long bow, his target being a distant wand; the girls are racing with spaniels and greyhounds, almost as lovely as themselves; except Jane, the youngest and tenderest; she is apart, working fine lace, evidently intended for some ecclesiastical ornament; and the family tutor, a beautiful white-headed priest, is reading to her.

Near the river, discussing with a friend the probabilities of coming sport, stands Margaret, strikingly dignified in bearing, and carrying a falcon, which perches contentedly on her richly-gloved finger.

Margaret Barlow admires both the falcon and its giver, Henry, head of the House of Stanley, and third Earl of Derby, the wealthiest and most accomplished courtier that England boasted.

He had just presented the bird, knowing that in doing so he offered one of the costliest gifts and one of the highest compliments a gentleman of his day could pay to the lady he loved; she, in accepting, well nigh decided her future.

Before many months had passed, Margaret left the green swards of her loved country

home to reign at Knowsley as Countess of Derby and Queen of Man.

By this marriage, Margaret, whilst putting the topstone to the grandeur of her family, by bringing them into greater prominence than they would else have had, probably hastened their downfall. Her brother and nephew became trusted and intimate friends of the Earl and his son; the names of her nieces are found among those of frequent visitors at Knowsley, and three of them married honoured guests at the same hospitable table.

In rambling through Barlow Hall only a short time ago, we found a succession of tiny silent bedrooms, each opening into its neighbour, and each also into a long, narrow, rickety corridor. From the corridor we could see, through square bits of coloured glass, traces of a quaint timbered court yard, and learnt this was the oldest part of the house, and these bedrooms were probably those used by the four daughters of Alexander Barlow.

Imagination easily filled them with the bright clamour of their girlish occupants, when, on the return from some Knowsley visit, they revelled in a comparison of lovers, and in criticisms of each other's looks and dress. We pictured also the sisterly excitement of veiling the bride, as

each in turn quitted her maiden home, until only "Sister Jane" was left.

Again, down stairs, who could fail in looking at the wide open chimney and high-backed oak chairs and rich hangings, to think of the time when, on Christmas Eve, great blazing logs sent their flickering gleams into every corner of the irregular room; when their light threw into bold relief the stately velvet robes of Dame Barlow, as she trod the floor in restless impatience waiting the arrival of her three married daughters, who, with their husbands and little ones, were for the first time to be gathered together in their father's home.

Now and again she would try to penetrate the silvery grey mist that by this time enwrapped the Mersey Vale, and through which only gaunt leafless branches of winter trees could be seen. Shortly, however, the roll of wheels, voices, and a loud knock would relieve her, and for one more festive season she was free to be bright and happy, though she yearned for the fourth and then absent one.

As time passed, and Queen Elizabeth's intentions with regard to the Reformation advanced and became better understood in the county, watchfulness and suspicion attended the Barlows, and their life of bright prosperity changed rapidly

into one of anxiety and suffering. As nothing could persuade them to swerve one hair's breadth from their own old faith, they must perforce suffer. Meanwhile Hough End, the Manor House nearest Barlow, which had been untenanted in the days of the Hathersages, and almost so during the Langford possession, had now been purchased by the Moseleys, a burgher family of Manchester, but a family of such immense energy and business capacity, they appeared to be able soon to buy the entire country side.

This advent and rise of the Moseleys, alongside the decline of the Barlows, certainly did not tend to lighten the burden of annoyances now laid upon the shoulders of our Conservative family.

The Barlows repeatedly sold ancient rights of property, possibly to supply some passing need for money; then forgot they had done so, and trespassed: the Moseley purchasers brought actions against the trespassers for their fault, and of course in every instance won the case.

We can easily understand and sympathise with the way in which an old English gentleman would be stung by such supposed affronts, whilst the ambitious merchant gloried in his victories. Still, these troubles were small compared with other and much deeper causes for anxiety.

Mr. Barlow's youngest daughter Jane, whom we saw sitting under a tree working lace, had chosen a life of religious devotion; she was passed from one preferment to another, until at last she gained admission into a nunnery for English ladies in Rome.

Whilst the parents enjoyed the prosperity of their three married daughters, they could not resist an increasing fear for the well-being of this absent one, of whom they heard nothing.

Their anxiety was intensified by knowledge of a close Government inspection of all papers passing between Roman Catholic centres, and by a certainty they were themselves suspected of something more than sympathy with Mary Queen of Scots.

True, letters took longer to pass between Rome and Manchester in the sixteenth than in the nineteenth century; still, news should have come sometimes, and none appeared.

Even their worst anxiety failed to picture the reality; how their child was almost starving in Rome; how she had written letter after letter, which never reached them, entreating help she never received. These letters are now in the State Paper Office.

I copy a fragment of one of the most touching, which Mr. Eglington Bailey recently published in the "Palatine Note Book."

"You may easily gesse the harde condicions of thise tymes and my beynge in a strange and foren contrye as allso and specially by yt that in soo longe tyme I have not had anny relefe from you upon whom my worldly sustinance dependeth, here I lyve boardene to the pore and nedye, what I have for mette drynke and cloth I have of them that beggeth of others. In thise respecte the meanest sarvant you kepe lyveth in farre better condition then I yet I am as well content w't my poverty as I wolde, if I had the wilth of the world, but havyng some consederacion how you can dissharge your selfe in the sight of Allmyghty God and chiffly y't I am soo grete a charge to them w'ch stand in as much nede of helpe as I doo I can not but take grete gryfe many tymes I have many tymes wrytten lytters unto you of my grete want but yet unto this day never hard I answere whether you had reseved anny of then, you dryfe me to y't nessescitye y't I was forsed to trye all the fryndes I had to gette mony for my proffescion w'ch in the end I borowed, and soo remene in dyte knowyng not by what meanes to disscharge the same but only by your fatherly godnes and helpe in whom veryly I hope grace is not wantyng to tender the condicion of the pore afflicted for Christ sacke pardon my boldnes I humble besech you and

empute it to my necessitiee and soo besechyng you to have consederacion of my grate want and geve credit to thise berer. I commit you to the tuiscion of Allmyghty God the 10 of Jenuary 1583 [new style].

Your lovyng and naturall chylde

"JANE BARLOW.

(Endorsed) To my very good father Mr. Alexander Barlow esquere at barlow geve thise in lankesshyre. 10 Jan. 1582 [old style]. Jane Barlow to her Father Alexander Barlowe at Barlowe in Lancastshyre.

Whilst our friends were still smarting under this terrible anxiety, and during the year following the one in which the above letter was actually written, they heard that Government had issued an order to search all gentlemen's houses suspected of harbouring Priests in Lancashire, and their own was amongst the number. Barlow was searched almost the first. Of course, Priests were there, as many as had the smallest chance of hiding. On this account Alexander Barlow was himself seized, and though at the time too ill to sit uprightly on horseback, was taken to the Fleet Prison in Manchester, and, after trial, was removed to the house of a gentleman whose name is not known, where he died in August of the same year.

The son and grandson of this Barlow, and both Alexanders, were, although Roman Catholics, Knighted at the Coronation of James I.

Two of the sons of this older Knight, and brothers of the younger one, were among the youths who received their education abroad, because refused admittance to the English Universities. They studied first in Douay, afterwards in Valladolid; the older, afterwards Father Rudiscinad, was for some time priest at Cambray, where he founded a Benedictine Abbey.

The youngest son, Edward, known as Father Ambrose, was sent missionary to his native South Lancashire, and became one of the most noteworthy Roman Catholic martyrs, not only of the county, but the entire kingdom; indeed, in his self-denial, his work, and his sufferings, Father Ambrose may well be placed alongside our great local Protestant Martyr, John Bradford; whilst in steadfast unwavering constancy to his own faith the Romanist excelled.

Mr. Booker, quoting from a manuscript of that date, says of him, amongst other things: He avoided all feasts and merry-makings, had no regard for temporal interests; would have no servant, nor any horse; would carry neither sword nor watch; and allowed himself no play nor

pastime. He avoided all superfluous talk, especially with those of the fair sex, how virtuous and qualified soever, and when the business of his calling obliged him to make any stay in such company, he kept his head down, and could not look them in the face.

His diet was white meat and garden stuff; he drank only small beer, and that sparingly; he was never idle, but always praying, studying, preaching, or administering the Sacrament; indeed, he was in all things a loving and devoted Christian Priest. No wonder that of such a man Protestants had great fear. They hunted him like a hare from place to place; and imprisoned him whenever possible. At last, on Easter Day, 1641, a neighbouring minister, with large congregation, told his flock he thought they would spend their time better in trying to catch 'Barlow' than in listening to a sermon.

The flock relished the idea, and, about four hundred in number, armed with clubs and swords, followed the parson, who marched in front, robed in his surplice, to the house in which Barlow, having finished Mass, was exhorting his hearers to patience.

There were many hiding-places in the house by means of which he could have escaped, but he would not save himself at the expense of his people.

The rabble outside clamoured, "Barlow! Where is Barlow? Barlow is the man we want!" and, laying hands upon him, they secured him, and let the people go. The mob immediately rushed in and searched for treasures, but though much was in the house, and though they opened the very chest in which church money was hid, they in their great haste, and delight at having secured their man, missed the money.

They carried Barlow at once before a Justice of the Peace, who sent him, guarded by sixty armed men, to Lancaster Castle.

Here he lay in close confinement until September, when he was executed, passing, as he said on the scaffold, "from short labours and pain to eternal rest and joy."

There is no need for, nor any pleasure in, dwelling upon the decline of so noble a family as the Barlows. After the death of the younger of the two knights, the story becomes one pathetic repetition of sickness, insanity, misfortune, and wickedness, until the end. On August 2nd, 1785, as much as remained of the estate, with Hall, outbuildings, courts, gardens, fish-ponds, and pleasure-grounds, were offered for sale by public auction, and bought by one of the Egertons, to whose family they still belong.

Barlow Hall is now occupied by Sir Cunliffe Brooks, whose knowledge of and love for old things is so great that every relic is sacred to him, and even needful alterations are made in such close imitation of old, they look the real thing.

III.

Hough End and the Mosleys.

WE pass now from Barlow Hall, which has furnished us with beautiful examples of high-minded disinterested piety, and shown us pictures of English life in its noblest aspect before and during the Reformation, to Hough End, with its equally significant, but very different, associations. These lead us to the career of an energetic, strong-willed, grasping merchant, who, by his clear-sighted prompt action, helped his Queen in grave emergencies, and by his keen commercial powers, surrounded himself with wealth and estates, almost unequalled in the life of any other merchant prince of this country.

Hough End is so called from Hof, a dwelling, and Ende, a boundary; the name is suggested probably by the fact that the house is on

the boundary of the Withington and Chorlton townships.

As we have already seen, this house was untenanted during the centuries when the Hathersages and Longfords were lords of the Manor of Withington, but in the year 1469 it was purchased and occupied by Jenkyn Mosley.

The Mosleys were descended from a family who had possessed a burgage near the bridge in Manchester, in the reign of Edward IV.

Nothing of importance occurred between the purchase of the estate and the youth of our hero, Nicholas, the principal facts of whose career I have gleaned from the Mosley Memorials.

"From the time of Edward III. to that of Elizabeth the neighbouring town of Manchester had gradually acquired commercial importance as one of the principal seats of the woollen manufacture in the kingdom, and its goods were now exported to many distant regions, such as Russia and Persia.

"A trade so profitable was sufficiently attractive to induce the two younger sons of Edward Mosley to embark in it.

"By skill and perseverance these two, Nicholas and Anthony, were able to produce woollen goods of such superior quality, they were soon in demand at home and abroad.

"As the business extended, however, they found great difficulty in the management of their foreign trade, for the port of Liverpool was not yet frequented, and nearly the whole of their exported articles had to be sent to London.

"It was therefore agreed that Nicholas Mosley should remove to London, to superintend the shipment of their goods, whilst Anthony was left in Manchester to look after the extensive works already established there.

"Nicholas Mosley was fifty years of age when he removed to London; twelve years afterwards he was elected Alderman of Aldersgate, and served as Sheriff of London in 1590. In 1599 he was made Lord Mayor, but such an honour was not enjoyed without corresponding anxieties. During his term of office apprehensions were entertained of a meditated attempt on the part of Spain to reverse the late discomfiture of their 'Invincible Armada,' and an invasion of England was daily expected.

"The citizens of London undertook to furnish the Queen with 6,000 soldiers and sixteen ships of war; this duty was undertaken by, and carried out under the superintendence of, the Lord Mayor. He gave orders that every avenue in the city should be strongly guarded, and that candles in lanthorns should be suspended at

every door each night, for at that time there were no stationary lamps in the streets.

"Ireland, too, was showing symptoms of uneasiness, and for quelling an anticipated insurrection, a further levy of 500 men and several ships was made upon the citizens, who again, by the persuasions of their Chief Magistrate, cheerfully responded.

"So fully did this meet with the approval of Queen Elizabeth, that before the termination of his year of office she had bestowed upon him the honour of knighthood, and at the same time presented him with a handsome carved oak bedstead, and other articles of furniture, for the new house he had just built at Hough End, on the site which his family had occupied for several generations.

"Some years before his being made Lord Mayor of London, Nicholas Mosley had purchased the Manor of Manchester from his friend De Lacy of London; and to increase his influence in the neighbourhood, he now added lands in Heaton Norris and in the township of Withington."

Sir Nicholas appears to have retired from public life almost immediately after the completion of his busy year of office in London, and to have begun making preparations for coming north, to enjoy the remainder of his life at Hough End.

We have no exact accounts of the rejoicings that took place when the "Lord and Lady" retired to their "Manor," after the stirring times they had passed through in London; but Manchester was as ready for a holiday then as now, and as ready also to do honour to its heroes. Their townsman, fresh from having helped to save England from a second "Spanish Armada," would be indeed a hero.

We can, however, well imagine the people's shouts, as Sir Nicholas's rumbling old Elizabethan coach rattled along London Road, down Market Sted Lane, and through Deansgate to Aldport Lodge, their Manchester town house. We can imagine also how energetically the "Lord of the Manor" would patronise processions, sports, shows, feasting, and dances, arranged for his admiration. Then, when the inhabitants of this new possession were wearied with excitement and fun, how the creaking waggons, groaning under their burden of handsome new furniture, would toil along the rutted lane that passed almost direct from Aldport Lodge, through Moss Side to Hough End; and how the waggons would stand in the courtyard, which even now we know so well, until Dame Elizabeth, freed from her merry-makings, could attend to the things her soul loved, and these

two good old people could come to rest and put their house in order.

Sir Nicholas really rested after taking up his abode here, and, except that he was in 1604 made High Sheriff of the County Palatine of Lancashire, he lived quietly. In 1612 he died, and was buried in the Mosley Chapel, Didsbury.

A few items from the wills of this our earliest and greatest merchant prince and his wife may be of interest, showing something of the tone of thought, but showing much more the vast possessions accumulated by this energetic man. After the usual godly introduction we read:—

'Ffirst my will and mynde is, that Dame Elizabeth, nowe my wief, shall have soe muche, if shee bee contented therewith, as my sonne Rowlande and myself have covenanted to paye her yearlie; w^{ch} is, the some of three hundred poundes ev'rie yeare duringe her n'rall lief, and the some of xxx^{li} a yeare more, to be payde duringe her widowhood for her house rente, in such sorte as my said sonne Rowland Mosley and myself have covenanted shee shall have.

"Also I give and bequeath to my said wief in lieu of her chamber two of my beste beddes wth the ffurniture accordinglie, except the best tapestrie cov'ringes, and the best bedstocke, the Queen's gift, also excepted.

"Also I give and bequeath unto my said wief, all such plate as shee had att the tyme I married her, save onlie one pott w^{ch} was stoolene away in the tyme of my mayroltie in London.

"And also I give and bequeath unto my said wief her chaine and brasletts, and her wearinge apparell and all things thereunto belonginge.

"And also I give and bequeath unto my saide wief my coache and coache horses, wth the furniture thereof, and alsoe all such lynnens as were my said wiefes before I married her, and a restinge in the house; butt if my said wief be not therewth contented, butt shall in any wise sue and trouble my executor or his assignes for any furth^{r} or oth^{r} portions, that then my will and mynde is, that my form^{r} guiftes and bequeathes shall cease and bee utterlie voyde, and the same to remayne to my executor and his assignes."

Then follow certain charitable bequests, legacies previously arranged, provision for his younger sons, the bequeathment of his Staffordshire property, which include the mansion of Aldport Lodge and Aldport Park—after which he says:—

"And alsoe I doe hereby give, ratifie and allowe to my saide eldeste sonne Rowland Mosley, and to the heires males of his bodie, &c.,

all that and those, the manors and lordshipps of Houghe, Whithington, and Didsburie, and all and ev'rie the landes, ten'emts, rentes, r'ev'cons, services, and hereditamts in Houghe, Whithington, Didsburie, Burnedge, Eaton Wood greene, Ffallowfield, Houghend, Yealdhouse, Mossgreene, Ladiebarne, Rushoolme, Barscrofte, Chorleton, Chollerton, Stretford, Turvemosse, Lydle Heath, and Birchall houses, in as large and ample mannerasthey bee stated, or conveyed unto him, by one deede of Intayle, bearinge date the xxviijth daie of July inste, in the fourth yeare of the raigne of the Kinges Matie that nowe is as othr waies.

"Alsoe ytt is my mynde and will, and I doe hereby will, give, devise and conferme to my eldeste sonne Rowlande Mosley . . . . the seignorie, mannor and lordshipp of Manchester, in the countie of Lancaster. . . . .

"Also the mannor and lordshipp of Heaton Norres, also landes in Streete house Lane.

"Also the manners or lordshipps of Cheetham, Cheetwood and Brighte meade, with all my righte, tytle, intereste and service, wch I have yett to come by virtue of one lease of ten thousande yeares, granted to me by the right honourable Willm Earle of Derbie. . . . .

"Also the Lordshipps of Prestall Lee and

Walkden, these last subject to payments to the younger son Edward, &c. &c. &c. &c.

"After my feun'all expenses discharged, and my debtes payde I give and bequeath unto him, the said Rowland Mosley, my sonne, all the reste of my goodes and cattalles what soever, moveable and immoveable.

"Alsoe I doe ordaine and make my sonne Rowland Mosley sole executor of this my laste will and testam^{t}.

"And I desire my lovinge nephewes Oswell Mosley and Ffrancis Mosley, sonnes of my late brother Anthonie Mosley, deceased, and my cousins Jacob Proctor and Alexander Elcock to bee subvisors of my laste will and testam^{t}. And if anie contention or varience shall happen amongst anie persons in this my laste will, I shall desire my said subvisors of this my laste will, to be aydinge and assistinge to my executor for the orderinge and ending of the cause.

"And I doe give to ev'rie one of the said subvisors, 1s. apeece to make ev'rie one of them a ringe to weare for my sake.

"Witnesses, Robert Gee, Robert Barlow, Laurence Crowder, and William Harrison."

In comparing the will of Sir Nicholas Mosley with others of the same period, I find the harsh discourtesy towards his wife, Dame Elizabeth,

was personal, not a sign of the times; most men made similar provision for their widows, but others did so in gentler words.

For five years Dame Elizabeth enjoyed her £300 a year, and the plate and linen she had had when she married, then she too made her will, and died.

After various legacies and gifts in money, we find first a list of all persons whom she wishes "to were blacke at my fun'all, either gownes or cloakes."

To her daughter Mosley, probably the wife of Rowland Mosley, heir to the vast estates just mentioned, and in whose house she was living, "My best gold bracelettes, and my beste peticoate."

"To her sonne and daughter, either of them, a guilte canne."

"To my Cosen Oswald Mosleyes wife, of Ancoates, my lesser gold bracelettes, and one of my beste peticoates."

"I give to Mris. Walker, wife of Mr. Walker of London, my velvet cloake, and three poundes in money."

"To Mris. Blanche, wife of Alexander Glover of London, three poundes to buy them gold ringes wth all."

"To Mris. Anne Page of London, my crimson curtaines and vallences, and twoe mockadoe cushions."

"To old Mris. Sutton, my beste hoode."

"To Judith Haughton, my leaste hoope ringe of gold."

"To my servant Elizabeth Tatton, my beste bedd wth the vallences, crimson cov'ringe, and all the furniture thereunto belonginge, my better greate boxe, wth a drawinge tyll therein, one needleworke cushion, twoe crimson ymbroydered cushions, my scarlet peticoate wth three gardes of velvet, and one halfe of all such my lynnens as I shall not give, or otherwise dispose of."

"To my servant Margaret Hartley, the bedd w^{ch} she lyeth on, wth all the furniture thereunto belonginge, my newer broade boxe, wthout any tyll, one needle worke cushion, twoe crimson ymbroydered cushions, the other halfe of all such my lynnens as I shall not give or otherwise dispose of."

Then follow many gifts in money, and lastly, she nominates and entreates her son-in-law, Sir Edward Mosley, and her cousin, Oswald Mosley, to be her executors, and she leaves to either of them £10 a piece for their pains. She also asks Robert Spark and Robert Barlow to

be overseers, and to them she also gave £10 each.

Of the three sons left by Sir Nicholas Mosley, Rowland, the eldest, was his successor. Anthony was dissipated, and for that reason was not allowed possession of Aldport Lodge, originally intended for him. Edward, the third son, was Barrister of Grays Inn, and Member of Parliament for Preston; he was appointed His Majesty's Attorney General for the Duchy of Lancaster, and received the honour of Knighthood in 1614.

He purchased Rollaston, which still remains the family estate.

Rowland Mosley, of Hough End, Esquire, was the second Mosley Lord of the Manor of Manchester; he married, for his second wife, Ann, daughter of Francis Sutton, Esq., of Cheshire, by whom he had an only son, Edward, born in 1616, heir to the Manor and also to the Rolleston Estate and other posessions of Sir Edward Mosley.

Rowland Mosley died in the year of his child's birth, leaving his widow, and a daughter, besides the infant heir.

This child was in later life a friend of the Royalists, and will always be interesting because of the part he played and the losses he

suffered in consequence. Edward, the third Mosley Lord of the Manor, also made Hough End his home; he lent Aldport Lodge for the use of Lord Strange, during the time he was conducting the Royalist attack against Manchester, in 1642. Aldport, in this way, was made the centre of much disturbance, was first spoiled, then burnt to the ground, and the entire Park and estate well nigh ruined.

Edward Mosley advanced immense sums of money to Charles the First, in return for which he received a baronetcy.

At one time he joined the Royalist forces in Cheshire, was defeated and put into prison; for some reason not very clear, his estates were sequestrated, and he was compelled to pay a fine of £4,874, in order to have them restored.

These repeated payments to Government, accompanied by extravagant habits, perhaps engendered by association with certain members of the aristocracy, who were not sorry for his purse and estates, crippled even the Mosley resources, and we find him borrowing money from Sir Humphrey Chetham. A number of letters have been found among the MSS. of the Chetham Library, which passed between Sir Humphrey and the mother and sister of Sir Edward. These ladies' letters are filled with

promises, excuses, and anxieties, and show with pathetic certainty the havoc made by Stuart mismanagement and selfishness among the estates even of their most wealthy subjects. This baronet died at Hough End in 1675.

The next succeeding Mosley purchased Hulme Hall, and though Hough End continued many years to be a favourite summer retreat, and evidently the centre of great hunting enjoyment, it was no longer the family home.

Shortly after this change Dame Ann Bland inherited the Manor, and spent so much of her time here, that we may be allowed a glance at the good work she did. During her control of Manchester she was thoroughly interested in its well being; many public buildings erected at the time were dedicated to her, and she gave permission for, greatly endowed, and laid the foundation stone of, "St. Ann's Church."

The land on which this church and churchyard were placed had originally formed part of a large field, on which, for hundreds of years, a Fair had been held. The building of the church in 1708, of course, put an end to the Fair, the only remains of which was a line of stalls extending between rows of buildings, and forming the original St. Ann's Square.

The son of this worthy lady sold the Manor House of Withington to an Egerton, whose descendants still own it. The mansion itself has been little altered outwardly since its erection by Sir Nicholas Mosley, excepting that the large entrance porch, which was formerly at the end now occupied by the tool house, is removed, and several antique windows, have been replaced by modern ones. Internally everything is changed; in fact, the only trace of former grandeur is in the ornamentation of the tool house. A handsome carved oak staircase, which until quite recently led from the tool house to an upper chamber, has been taken by Lord Egerton to Tatton, and there certainly shows to more advantage.

Hough End is now a comfortable substantial farm house, and its surroundings, like the house itself, were, until quite lately, little changed from their former condition; but now a railway line spoils it on one side, and a second line is about to be built; hence we fear the true country aspect of the place is at an end.

IV

Platt Hall and the "Worsleys."

PLATT HALL, situate north of Fallowfield, and north-east of Barlow Hall and Hough End, means in Anglo-Saxon "a Sheep-fold." The estate was known by its present name as early as the twelfth century.

In 1150 Matthew, son of William, conveyed the lands of Platt to the "Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem." The boundaries of the estate so conveyed were—"Beginning at the Great Ditch, and following that ditch to its lower extremity as far as the cross which is cut in the tree; thence from the said ditch, as far as Goselache, and by Goselache up to the road which passes between Platt and Rusholme; thence along this road as far as Gorebrook to the Marsh of William de Honford, and so onwards to the Great Ditch."

The Knights Hospitallers retained possession of "Platt" only forty years, and then, probably finding the climate of the district not quite to their taste for residence, made what they thought better use of their Manor.

In 1190 Garnier de Lapoulse, Grand Prior of the English Brotherhood, afterwards Grand Master of the entire Order, and who died at Ascalon from wounds received in fighting against Saladin, granted this estate to "Richard de la More" on three conditions. First, That he should keep a vessel in a state of efficiency on the River Mersey at Runcorn, for the benefit of those who wished to cross the stream. Second, That a portion of the "Chattels" of the estate should be reserved for the Brotherhood on the death of each owner. Third, That a sum of four shillings should be paid annually at the Feast of St. Michael. From this annual payment the estate was only released by purchase in 1736.

The granddaughter of Richard de la More and her husband took the name of "Platt;" the descendants of this couple retained both name and estate for about four hundred years. The record of these years show several facts of quaint interest, as for instance, in 1360, Robert del Platt arranged that "his best beast

should be led before his body as mortuary,"

"Towards the close of the fifteenth century there lived a worthy and devout couple, John Platt and Constance his wife, who must have sent large help to the 'Holy Trinitarians' of Knaresborough, for amongst their archives exists a most pleasantly complete 'Papal Indulgence,' granted to the Platts, from the 'Minister,' as the head of the House of Holy Trinity was called." This Indulgence absolved them from sins committed and confessed, as well as from all sins forgotten; and, in the moment of death, with full remission of every sin so far as the keys of the Church extend.

There were one or two other points of intercourse with religious orders, and divers marriages with the family of Birch, but nothing of importance until the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Edmund Platt was the last of the family who resided on the estate. He first mortgaged, and afterwards, in 1625, sold it to Ralph Worsley, Yeoman, of Manchester. The Platt Estate, sold by Edmund Platt for £500, consisted of all those lands commonly called "Kiln Croft, Broad Croft, Long Eyes, Short Eyes, Pingot, Pike End, Black Flatt, Great Brook Field, Little Brook Field, the Middope, the Hall Field, the Hall Croft, and the

Stony Lands." It contained forty and four acres of land, or thereabouts, according to the measure then used. By a Bond dated January 25, 1625, Edmund Platt pledged himself and family "peaceablie and quietlie to flitt, remove, and depart, out of, and from all that messuage, or dwelling house, called the Platt."

He removed with his family to Blackley, where he died shortly afterwards.

Ralph Worsley, the purchaser of Platt, was of a family, of whom Dr. Halley says: "They claim descent from Elias, Lord of Worsley, an adherent of Robert, Duke of Normandy. Of this ancient and honourable family, proud of its knights-crusaders and noble affinities, one unfortunate member soiled the escutcheon of his house, but greatly augmented his wealth, by engaging in trade, and extracting money from the factories and markets of Manchester.

"In the beginning of the seventeenth century Charles Worsley, having become by trade much richer than his proud relatives, left his property to his son Ralph, who continued in his father's business until he was able to purchase the lands of Platt, and to live like a Worsley, instead of being, like some of his race, a poor soldier, or a poorer gentleman."

Even after having taken possession of Platt,

Ralph Worsley had extensive dealings with weavers residing in villages round Manchester, amongst which Rusholme, Fallowfield, and Didsbury were probably important. Worsley purchased yarn at the great markets, parcelled it out among his weavers, for the purpose of having it woven into cloth; this cloth he sold at a shop in Manchester. Worsley was much respected by his neighbours for his integrity, energy, and faculty for business. He was one of the strongest supporters in Lancashire of the Parliament, at the time of the Civil Wars; and he was a member of the "Manchester Sub-Committee," which sat in 1648.

It is, however, Charles Worsley, son of this first owner of Platt, in whom we are principally interested.

Charles inherited all his father's Parliamentarian zeal, and entered its army when still only a boy. His natural bravery and conscientiousness, and his strong republican tendencies, helped, perhaps, by a need on Cromwell's part for officers with rich fathers, secured the young soldier's rapid advancement. By the year 1650 he had already risen to the "Lieutenant-Colonelship."

One or two extracts from the worthy old man's diary, show us how intensely he revelled

in his son's successes, and how willing he was to respond to any financial needs in an army where his young son was so great an officer :—

"1650, July 19, Fryday. At Cheetham Hill was the first muster of L'tenn. Coll. Charles Worsley's souldiers.

"The second in the same place August 2, 1650.

"1650, August 19. Leiuetennant Coll. Charles Worsley set forward towards the north with the regiment.

"August 24th. Lieuetennant Coll. Charles Worsley came to Skipton.

"September 2. He came to Durram.

"September 3. To New Castle.

"September 9. To Barwicke.

"September 12. To Edinborow.

"September 3. The Battel at Dunbar in Scotland was fought.

"1650, Nov. 2. I agreed with John Burdsell of the Milgate in Manchester, to cary my armes during the serviss; and for his pains I have given him in hand xxx^{s}, one greene coate, and am to pay him dayly j^{s} when he with the rest of the Company is trained; and when he is to go forth of the countie upon serviss, I am to pay him xxx^{s} more.

"1652, Oct. 6. My eldest sonne, Lt. Coll. Charles Worsley, was married to M$^{ris.}$ Dorothie Kenion

at Parke hed neere Wholey (Whalley) by Mr. Briskoe.

"1652, Oct. 18. My son, Lt. Coll. Charles Worsley with his wyfe, did sett forward from Platt, to ride to London.

"1654, Oct. Dorathy, daughter of Lt. Collonell Charles Worsley was borne at James House (St. James Palace) neer Westminster.

"1655. Major Generall Charles Worsley, Comander of Lancashir, Chishir, and Staford-shire was caled to the Comand 1655."

This was evidently the great climax!

The father's touching pride in writing his boy's titles so often is almost equalled by his sorrow that in spite of so hurried a march northward to join Cromwell's forces the Colonel was too late to take part in the Battle of Dunbar.

From Scotland southward, however, the young officer probably accompanied his leader as far as Worcester in their rapid pursuit of the King. Worsley is next spoken of as "Captain of Cromwell's Own Regiment of Foot," from which we judge this general found his young friend specially useful.

On the day when Cromwell dissolved the Long Parliament, Worsley was commissioned to wait outside the House with a band of three hundred men until signal should be given to enter.

Presently Cromwell "stamped with his foot," the sign agreed upon. Worsley and his three hundred men went in. They first displaced the Speaker, next struggled with other members, then Cromwell went to the table where the mace lay, and, pointing to it, cried, "Take away that bauble."

From the fact that Worsley was captain of the force, and that "the bauble" was kept in Worsley's custody and brought from his house when again wanted, it is fair to conclude he himself carried it away.

Shortly after this Colonel Worsley was elected Member of Parliament for Manchester. In the year 1655, Cromwell appointed him his "Vice-Gerent" in Lancashire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire.

In this capacity the work was heavy, and the young Puritan's zeal great. He was obliged to notice all persons suspected of being of the "King's party;" to reveal all plots that should come to his knowledge; to suppress all horse races, cock matches, and concourses of people; to secure the highways; in short, to do everything that could strengthen the existing government or form of religion.

From Colonel Worsley's correspondence, preserved in the State Paper Office, and in part

published by the Chetham Society, we learn that he entered upon his exciting and difficult task with all the ardour of an enthusiast, and one who believed he was doing God's service as fully as poor Father Ambrose believed the same when he submitted to martyrdom.

Worsley, in the prosecution of his task met commissions, set a day for ejecting scandalous ministers and schoolmasters; he sequestered estates, disarmed Papists, malignants, and evil affected persons; put into execution all laws against drunkenness, swearing, profaning the Lord's Day, and other wickednesses; he increased the taxation on all estates of delinquents; and he hoped to get bad officers out, and to put good ones into the "Corporations," but this even he found too difficult.

One of his devices for stopping horse racing was to send a troop of soldiers on the day of the race, who should "secure the horses, and put the jockeys in prison."

Through several months of this work he had no kind of rest or calm, but only perpetual struggle and anxiety—sometimes even financial strain.

In December, 1655, he wrote to the Government: "I have one thinge to remind you of, about which I onst spoke to you, and that is

about the Postidge of my letters. There is such a multitude comes upon mee out of all parts that it puts mee to very great chardg, and not one of many but is about publick businese."

A few days later he asked permission to occupy the "Castle of Liverpool until things be a little over. There are so many Papists that are now filling the Prisons, there will be no room for them, and the safe custody of 'Armes.'"

We next find him "So much trobled with them that are called Quakers; they troble the markets, and get into private houses up and down and in every town, and drawe the people after them."

In January of 1656 he "Finds a difficult business how to observe instruction *about Ale Houses, and not to weaken the revenue*; though its too visible they are the very bane of the countys," he says, "we have ordered at least two hundred to be thrown down in Blackborne, and are catching up lose and vile persons."

Unfortunately, General Worsley's strength soon began to feel the effects of this uninterrupted work, and in May 1656 he wrote from Warrington to an officer, answering a call from the Lord Protector to London.

"Right Honorable,—Your's beareinge date the 10th instant I received yesternight, but as

to his Highnese letter, I have herd nothinge of it as yet, but by your's. I have bene now neere upon one mounth ridinge abroad in the three Countyes, and Chester cittie, and had apointed a Meetinge to-morrow at Bury. And indeede, Sir, I am not well. My intent was, to have taken a little rest at my cominge home, and some phisick. But seeinge I have received this command, I intend, if the Lord will, to be with you with all speed; but if not att the very day, it shal be because I am not able; but I shall take post and observe your commands as neere as possible.

"That's all from

"Your honour's faithfule servant,

"CHAS. WORSLEY.

"Warrington, the 13th May, 1656."

Consequently he proceeded with all possible speed to London, and instead of rest, good air and nursing at Platt, he took up his abode in St. James's Palace, which had been given him several years before for a town residence. He was however too ill for further work. Disease made fearfully rapid progress, and at nine o'clock on the evening of Thursday, June 12th, he died, at the early age of thirty-five.

The following day, only a month after that pathetic appeal from Warrington, he was buried

in the evening "with dirges of bell, book and candle, and the peale of musquets, in no less a repository than Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster, as became a Prince of the modern erection, and Oliver's great and rising favourite."

During Dr. Stanley's occupancy of the Deanery of Westminster, he caused the vaults of the Abbey to be explored. In a remote corner, almost hidden from sight, he discovered a coffin, which there is every reason to believe was that of Major-General Worsley, as it was certainly the only Parliamentarian relic left from the havoc made at the "Restoration," when the coffins of all these rebellious leaders were rifled of their ashes and thrown into the Thames.

Many marks of the esteem in which the poor young martyr was held, reached his widow, and through her, the stricken father at Platt.

The following letter is still preserved at the Hall, and was written by a friend.

"Sir, I reseived youres by the last, and am sory to heire of your grife and sorrow.

"My Lord Proctector and his Counsell haith given won hundered pownd a yeare for ever to youre sones childeren, and tow hundered pownd in moneys to youre sones wife. Shee remembers her duty unto you, and would not have you thinke much, that shee haith not wryten

unto you, for shee haith not wryten unto her owne mother. Shee desires to know whether you come up or noe, and what course you intend to take about proving of the Will. Shee will give you an account of everythinge. Shee is trobled that you have not bought yourself morning, consideringe you have as much power as shee. Shee desires you to call for a bond of Leiv^te^ Couper of a hundered pownd, which monney is to bee reseived heire and cannot without the bond. And if you should come up, it is desired that you will bring it, or ells to send it by some shur man.

Soe having noe mor but my best respects unto you and your wife,

I rest, yours to my power,

THO. HARTLEY.

July 26, 1656.

"I have aquanted and ingaged frinds acording as you desired in your last letter. I desire the wellfare of you and the little ones."

Addressed: "ffor my very good frind, Mr. Raphe Worsley of Plat, neir Manchester, in Lancashire."

The "Home" to which Major General Worsley, one of the Vice-Gerents of Cromwell, wished to come for "rest and some physick," was a timbered black and white house, standing

near the site on which the present Platt Hall is situate, a little further from the high road, and fronting towards it. The house was a fair example of the Puritan Manor Houses of the time, and shows how different was their bare uncouthness from the picturesque luxury of Roman Catholic dwellings, to which, in many cases, Puritans had succeeded.

The Platt inventory of 1669, gives a list of its rooms. They were: Hall, Great Parlor, Buttry, Kitchen and Bessy Parlor, Milke House, The Woman's Parlor, The Little Parlor, The Brew House, The Drinke House, The Cheese Chamber, The Arke Chamber, The Boarde Loft, The Little Chamber, The Generall's Chamber, The Great, Middle, and High Chambers, The Little Chamber and Closett, and The Yarne Chamber.

The Hall contained: A lookeinge glasse, Tow Tables, tow fformes, and tow course stooles, Three seeld chaires, One ould clocke, one ould habbeard, one ould ffire iron.

The Great Parlour contained: One standinge bed, with curtaines, valandes, rodds, and ringes: One ffeather bed, tow boulsters, and tow pillowes.

In the Generall's Chamber, every item is mentioned: One standinge bed, with valandes, curtaines, and roddes, One coveringe, and one

blankett, one chaffe bedd, one matt, One ffeather bed, Pillowes. One court cupboard with its coveringe, One Table, one chair, tow backe stooles, tow other stooles, and a little one, One picture, and one Coate of Armes.

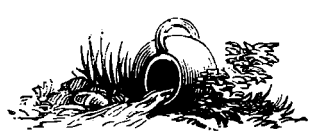
Without giving every detail of the Inventory, we can judge the condition of the house from a few items, such as:—

One paire of gobertes, or racks for chimnies, One Brundrith, or iron tripod, to be fixed over the fire on which a pan or kettle can be hung, One lanthorne, hourglasse, bellowes, Tow Costrills, or wooden bottles, Tow barrills with drinke in ym, one ould barril, A bread losset, or flat wooden dish, Tow Kimnells, or tubs, Three milking piggins, one sigh, or strainer, One ffaire brewing Keare, or mashtub. Worser and better sorts of Cheese, Great lengths of Boards and ratchments, Immense quantities of Yarne of various sorts, And in the Yarne Chamber were Tow Great Bibles and an ould one, and One Statute Book.

Good old Ralph Worsley died the year this Inventory was taken, and was succeeded by his grandson, the eldest son of the Major General. With the property, this younger Ralph inherited also the opinions of his forefathers, and during the rule of the later Stuarts,

experienced considerable difficulty because of them; on the Accession of William III., however, he was more free to follow his tastes; he then first licensed a part of his own house for Congregational worship, and afterwards gave land for, and endowed a small chapel, which was the original Platt Chapel.

The existing Hall was built in 1764, near the site of the old timbered house, of which, unfortunately, every trace has disappeared.



V.

Birch Hall.

BIRCH, or, as it was formerly called, "Hindley Birch," was given in the thirteenth century, as part of the Manor of Withington, to the Hathersages. After a short possession they transferred the southern or Birch portion of their estate to Mathew del Birch. The right of feeding swine in the manorial woods, and of grinding corn at the manorial mill, hopper free, form part of the deed of transfer.

Birch, however, soon established a mill on his own lands, and we find, as early as 1322, that Alexander de Birch leased to one of the Traffords, the Birch Mill, together with a house and an acre of land adjoining; to these were added water privileges within the limits of Birch, a suitable place to winnow corn, and a right of road from the mill.

In the reigns of Edward I. and Edward III. members of the Birch family fought so valourously under the Lords of the Manor of Withington, that the latter king allowed them the privilege of quartering the Fleur de Lis. In 1415, Ralph de Birch, proudly carrying the honours granted to his ancestor by a former king, accompanied Henry V., and fought under him at the battle of Agincourt.

From this time little of importance is known of the family until the middle of the sixteenth century, when the birth of William Birch, younger son of the owner, and to whom is attributed the foundation of the chapel, opens quite a new vista.

At a very early stage of the Reformation the Birch family had become Protestant, probably under the influence of the celebrated martyr, Bradford. Consequently, William was trained in Protestant tenets, and eventually chose the ministry as his profession. He was ordained in 1560, by Ridley, Bishop of London, and the character of our young hero is so true, so noble, so tenderly benevolent, one would almost think Ridley had spread his own mantle over this favourite disciple; and that this mantle, with even more large-hearted, more tender benevolence, has descended upon and still shelters the

present much loved Rector of Birch. After his ordination, William was made Chaplain to Edward VI., and received from his king licence to preach in any part of England where he thought right. On the accession of Queen Elizabeth, he was made Warden of Manchester, in the hope that he could do something to stem the current of Roman Catholicism then flowing through Lancashire. Such a work, at such a time, however, needed more rugged force than William Birch possessed, and after a single year of struggle he resigned the Wardenship tired and disheartened.

It would certainly appear probable that on his retirement he would spend some time at the Birch home he loved so much, and that he should walk and talk with his brother over the need of some place of worship for their people, nearer than Didsbury on the one hand, and the Collegiate Church on the other. The condition of the latter and more generally used church, doubtless helped him to a determination himself to supply this need by building a chapel for his brother's servants and tenants, and for such neighbours in Rusholme, Fallowfield, or Lady Barn as chose to come.

William Birch spent the later years of his life in the peaceful Rectory of Stanhope, in Durham,

and if we may judge from the kind of gifts he left at his death, he passed this time in efforts to find and reward true merit.

He died in 1575, leaving, among numerous other legacies, sums of money for the help of poor handicraftsmen; poor prisoners in several towns; poor householders, not beggars and not unthrifty; poor beginners to set themselves up; poor widows and decayed artificers, as is not unthrift; poor maidens towards their marriage; poor scholars in the school of Manchester, as well as in Oxford and Cambridge: and lastly, to build bridges and highways within three miles of his brother's house at Birch.

We must now, however reluctantly, take leave of the true-hearted Founder of Birch; and pass over a hundred years to turn our attention to another, and not nearly so pleasant a character.

We shall better understand the career of "Colonel Thomas Birch" by a glance at the condition of Lancashire during the time in which he lived.

Charles I. had not yet raised his standard, but meditated doing so at Warrington, which, along with Liverpool, Wigan, Preston, Lancaster and many Castles, was devotedly loyal.

Manchester wavered, and in the end divided itself. Sir Edward Mosley, Lord of the Manor, and some of the gentry decided for the King; the mass of Manchester people declared for the Parliament.

The Earl of Derby was, as his family had long been, king in the county; he held boundless landed possessions, and boundless popularity in the hearts of the people. This very popularity, helped perhaps in the existing Earl by a rigid Protestantism, caused a certain degree of distrust in Charles on the one hand, whilst, on the other, it roused the indignation of such Parliamentarian leaders as Birch, Bradshaw, and Rigby.

These men worked conscientiously for the destruction of their King, Charles I.; but their zeal was intensified, their cruelty was hardened, by embodying kingship in the person of Lord Derby.

Thomas Birch was born in 1611. He succeeded to his father's estates at the age of three years. He early entered the Parliamentarian Army, and shortly after was made captain of a company, when opportunities were given for the display of his powers. Lord Strange, afterwards Earl of Derby, had accepted an invitation to a banquet, given by the Royalists of

Manchester. He came attended by nobles and wealthy friends, and was met by Lord Molineaux the High Sheriff, at the head of a long train of Royalists, who were accompanied by bands of music, crowds of people scattering flowers, and showing every sign of welcome.

Whilst the Royalist guests were enjoying their repast, word was brought them that the Parliamentarians were assembling in large numbers, and about to attack. Lord Molineaux went out to try and make peace. Lord Strange followed, somewhat annoyed that so much disturbance should occur on his account. He passed along the Market Place alone, and on foot. Some shots were fired upon him from windows, and missed. But his progress was soon stopped by the pikes and muskets of Captain Birch's company. Birch bade his men "Fire," but the rain falling heavily put out their matches, and so prevented the shot. At this, the Royalists, who had now gathered round their leader, took courage, and repelled the assailants. They turned and ran, excepting Captain Birch, who, fearful of baptism alike by fire or water, hid himself under a neighbouring hay cart, and there remained until the Royalists were gone back to their banquet. He then crept from under his shelter, swearing, amid the jeers of

the people, "He would be avenged upon the 'Derbys' or he would die in the attempt." This oath was kept fresh in his memory by the sobriquet, "Lord Derby's Carter," given him by friends and foes.

The following year Birch was sent with other leaders to attack the loyal town of Preston, and this time his courage did not fail. The attack was made early in the morning of a cold February day. The Parliamentarian soldiers quickly scaled one wall, but found themselves hemmed in between outer and inner fortifications, the inner one being thickly manned by enemies. In such a dilemma Manchester men must either conquer or die; retreat was impossible; they preferred to conquer, and making an opening into the inner wall at some unguarded spot, Birch, with his fellow leaders and their men, poured into the town. The Royalists fled in a state of great terror. The Puritans assembled in the Market Place, and considered Preston their own.

With a view to extending the victories northward, Birch was sent next day to Lancaster, ostensibly to enquire into its condition. He found the Royalists few in number, and utterly demoralised by the loss of Preston, whilst the Puritans were full of hopeful excite-

ment, ready to welcome and feed the new comers after their march.

As the Puritans dined, the Royalists escaped, and fled to Houghton Towers, leaving Lancaster with all its treasured relics, and its castle, in the hands of Birch, who at once concluded his enquiries by taking possession.

Then followed a rapid succession of losses on the part of Lord Derby and the Royalists, and of corresponding gains by the Parliamentarians, who did not rest until they had made themselves masters of every town, and every castle, formerly held by the Royalists, excepting only Lathom, the last stronghold of the Stanleys; but as Colonel Birch was not personally engaged in this siege, we leave the story of its conquest untouched.

Meanwhile Colonel Birch had been elected "Sequestrator," and in this capacity was responsible for the capture of the endowments and treasures of Manchester Collegiate Church. These were considered a special prize, and had, along with the Church itself, been preserved from harm, not only through the Reformation, but through all succeeding disputes. Now, however, the Republican Government determined upon its seizure.

Warden Heyrick, considering his charge

beyond State control, determined that nothing should be delivered, and secured all valuable deeds, and such ornaments as were possible, in an iron-bound chest of the Chapter House.

Colonel Birch marched his band of ignorant and misguided fanatics, drunk with the excitement of church spoliation, to the door, and demanded entrance.

Warden Heyrick stood in front, and declared no man should enter on such an errand.

Birch commanded his men to force their way; they did so, and ran riot in that old Church, dearer to Heyrick and his worshippers than their own lives. The assailants broke the windows, damaged the screens, tore down the monuments, and defaced the carvings; then, turning to the Chapter House, laid hands upon the chest with its deeds and treasures, and carrying these away, left behind them a ruined splendour. The chest was sent to London, and was probably burnt in the Great Fire; at any rate, it has never been recovered.

Alongside such public work were Colonel Birch's more private dealings with Lord Derby and his family, the recipients of his intensest hatred.

After the destruction of Lathom, and the practical imprisonment of its owner in the Isle of Man, Birch was appointed keeper of the

Earl's two daughters, lovely girls of eighteen and twenty, who were retained hostages. For a while the prisoners were allowed to remain at Knowsley; but Birch preferred them under his own immediate superintendence, and they were brought to Liverpool, where he was Governor. Here no one was allowed to see them; their money allowance was small and seldom paid; their rooms dark and unwholesome, and their food bad. Even this did not satisfy the watchfulness of their keeper, who for greater security sent them to Chester, and lodged them in a damp and pestilential room near the Watergate.

Shortly after their removal, Lord Derby was himself brought to the city, for trial as "Traitor to the Commonwealth of England."

His court-room was bare and cold; his judges, among whom Birch was conspicuous, were many and coarse, and gloried, not in the justice of their cause, but in malignant satisfaction that their schemes against the House of Stanley were so far successful.

The accused stood before such judges, the only noble man there, conscious of his own integrity, but conscious also of the power of the men around him; and wishful, if consistently with truth, to retain life for the sake of his wife and daughters. For this he struggled, but failed.

The Earl and his daughters, who had been in different prisons, had not been allowed to see each other during the trial. After the Earl's condemnation, Birch permitted to his two girl prisoners a few hours' conversation with their father, but spoiled even this pleasure by petty interruptions.

When Lord Derby was taking his last journey from Chester to Bolton, where he was to suffer, Birch again relented, and allowed the father to take farewell of his children.

The parties met, on a bleak moorland, dreary and chill with October winds; Lord Derby dismounted, and kneeling before the carriage door of his children, there stayed, utterly unable to leave his treasures in the hands of such a master, until compelled to do so.

There is no need to dwell upon the painful scene at Bolton, save only to mention that Lord Derby's scaffold was built of rarest carved oak, saved for the purpose from the ruins of Lathom.

The last stroke was given amid a yell of thousands of Bolton folk whose love for the House of Stanley, though for the moment chilled, had been warm through centuries of mutual goodwill, and who could not believe the head they so revered had fallen.

Colonel Birch, rubbing his hands, passed through the crowd with a satisfied smile, thinking so far, good; now for the next step.

He had received instructions from Cromwell, only a few days before, to secure the subjection of the Isle of Man, as soon as the Earl himself was disposed of. Accordingly, with a force sufficient for his purpose, Birch started at once for the Island. The Countess and her younger children had fortified themselves in Castle Rushen, a high and almost impregnable rock; here they had secured the Iron Crown, their last remaining sign of the Independent Royalty of "Man"; and here she awaited news of, and instruction from, her husband, of whose death she had as yet heard nothing.

Birch landed, and in spite of rain and storm, proceeded at once with his force to the Castle, and made his request.

Charlotte de la Tremouille, looking for one moment at the man who dared to ask subjection from her, curled her lip in pure scorn, and replied: "Sir, I hold this island in the name of my master, Lord Derby, and, without his permission, I resign it to no man."

We cannot tell who had courage to make known to this Queen the things that had happened at Bolton, possibly Birch himself; but

she, with bowed head and clasped hands, raising herself to her full height, replied, "Then, sir, I hold the castle in the name of my Prince, Charles Stewart."

Birch, presenting a parchment, said: "Madam, here are the conditions on which your Lieutenant, Captain Christian, has resigned the Island."

Glancing at the parchment, she grasped at once the treachery of her trusted servant, and also that no mention was made of the small adjacent Islands, and suggested, "There is no resignation here of the Isles; permit me to retire with my children to Peel Castle, there to remain until we can leave for France or Holland."

Even this was too much, and "Lord Derby's Carter" completed his revenge by taking the widowed Countess, and fatherless children, prisoners to Liverpool.

After this, we hear little of Colonel Birch. He was a Member of Parliament for Liverpool, and took part in various Committees for the government of his county, but he soon retired to private life, and spent some years at Birch Hall, where he died in 1678.

He was succeeded by his son, Thomas Birch, an antiquarian, who lived only a few years, and was followed by three sons in turn; these a

died without children, and the estate fell to Dr. Peter Birch, Prebendary of Westminster, and brother of the antiquarian. Dr. Peter married Sybil Wyrley, of Hampstead, in Stafford, and appears to have lived more in the South than here. Dr. Peter's son took the name of Wyrley, and sold Birch in 1744. The estate was bought by Mr. Dickenson, a merchant in Manchester, whose name is preserved to us in Dickenson Road. His town house, in Market Sted Lane, was the one so well known now as the "Palace Inn." In this town house, Mr. Dickenson sheltered the Young Pretender on his memorable march through the district, and it is said that the bed on which His Royal Highness slept was brought to Birch, and only sold a few years ago, on the death of Miss Dickenson.

John Dickenson, grandson of this friend of the Pretender, married Mary, daughter of the Hon. Charles Hamilton, grandson to William Duke of Hamilton.

Their daughter, Louisa Frances Mary, married General Sir William Anson, whose sons, John William Hamilton Anson, and George Henry Greville Anson became, on the death of their father, one proprietor, and the other rector of Birch.

The Birch Chapel was, as we have seen, founded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but was entirely unendowed, and for a hundred years was little used. Colonel Birch made great, though somewhat peculiar, efforts to secure an endowment, and at the same time a succession of "orthodox curates."

He invited one, Mr. Finch, to the position, who accepted, and remained so long as Colonel Birch lived.

Mr. Finch was one of the many men who in those days suffered for conscience sake. Early in life Government sequestrated his estates, but after his appointment to Birch he was happy, "passing rich on forty pounds a year," until George Birch succeeded his father, and handed the Chapel over to the control of the Manchester Collegiate Church. Mr. Finch could not accept the dogmas there in vogue, and sacrificed his living also.

At this juncture, Mr. Worsley, of Platt, with a number of the old Birch congregation who sympathised with their pastor, raised money and built the small Platt Chapel, upon land which Mr. Worsley gave. Here poor Mr. Finch and his flock were happy for the remaining years of the old gentleman's life. After his death in 1704, the Platt pulpit was occupied by a succession of Nonconformist ministers, until the Chapel

passed over to the Unitarians, who still worship there.

Birch Chapel meanwhile retained its connection with, and paid its tithes to, the Collegiate Church; its curates were in many cases members of the Birch family, either directly or by marriage.

As years passed, and the population of the neighbourhood increased, it was found necessary to enlarge the chapel from time to time, and at last to build a new church.

On May 13th, 1845, the foundation stone of the new church was laid, a few yards to the east of the ancient chapel; the top stone was put into its place May 13th, 1846. Shortly afterwards the old chapel was taken down.

Quite near the church, and built a few years previously to it, are good and commodious schools known through the whole district as "Birch Schools."

A momentary retrospect of these manor houses will remind us that Barlow Hall is the oldest, was for the longest period owned and occupied by the same family, and is the one which still shows greatest marks of true local antiquity.

A simple devotion to, and faith in, generally accepted doctrine characterised the "Barlows"

during many generations; but they failed to develop with the times, and the steadfastness which had been their grandeur during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, became in the seventeenth only a weighted hindrance. The æsthetic refinement which in earlier days helped so largely to develop the home element of Barlow, was in later times clogged by blind adhesion to bygone forms of politics and religion.

"Hough End" was probably built almost as early as Barlow, and was a house of the same sort, but was seldom occupied until purchased by the Mosleys.

The original timbered structure was entirely destroyed by Sir Nicholas in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and its place supplied by the house which is still standing, and which is our only unchanged example of the solid architecture of that date.

Nothing could exceed the contrast between these two houses, situated so near each other, and at the time when both were important. Barlow was bright with the hopeful joyousness of lovely daughters, and rich in collections of ripened luxury; Hough End was new, handsome, and uncomfortable, the refuge of a retired merchant prince, whose children were already dispersed, and became within very few years the

scene of miserable financial anxieties, unredeemed by any trace of family tenderness.

The interest of Platt is as the birthplace of a statesman and soldier, who, in these capacities, ranked even higher than Sir Nicholas Mosley as merchant, or Father Ambrose as priest and martyr.

Major-General Worsley, while exercising never failing zeal in the prosecution of what he considered right, did not in any single act of his life allow suspicion of double dealing or of secondary motives, and had he lived, would probably have changed the whole tenor of English history by being made successor of Oliver Cromwell.

The house itself was originally as old and picturesque as Barlow, but it changed owners immediately before the advent of the one life for which it is remarkable, and at the time when most interesting, was not essentially a home. Indeed it was little more than a huge shelter, covering merchandise as well as people, and was rigid with the bare angularity of Puritanic stubbornness.

It was reserved for Birch to give us the longest continuance of interest, and to prove to us that the sternest adhesion to right is not incompatible

with tender home influences, high intellectual culture, and artistic decoration.

The family of Birch were owners of their estate almost as long as the Barlows, and though the Hall is not quite so well preserved, it still retains many points of interesting antiquity.

Throughout their career the Birches bravely fought the battles of their day, of whatever kind they might be; Edwards I. and III., and Henry V., in their French Wars gained glory from, as well as granted it to, the Birches who followed their standards.

The Reformation glowed with a warmer fervour, because of the influence of "William the Founder."

Even the Parliamentarian Leader, Colonel Birch, though acting under intense hatred, considered the feeling a holy fire, and fanned it with an idea of right.

The Manor was not only the hotbed of political, but also the seat of theological strife, and the centre of Presbyterian teachings, at a time when these tenets were unpopular, if not dangerous.

The intellectual life of this family was continuous and varied. William, the Founder, collected a large valuable library. Thomas Birch was an antiquarian of no mean pre-

tensions, whose researches are still treasured, and Dr. Peter Birch, through much disputation, made his way into the Episcopalian Church and died Prebend of Westminister.

Again Birch was the scene of singular contrast. The rabid old republican, who must himself have been no inconsiderable thorn in the side of the first Stuart, died in 1678. In less than a century, the estate had passed into the hands of Mr. Dickenson, who risked his reputation and his head by sheltering in his own house the last Stuart Prince, Charles Edward, and Birch Hall, although for generations the home of republicanism, is now surrounded by a very halo of Stuart fascinations, which to some extent are kept alive by Stuart relics.

The comparison of the domestic conditions of Birch with its neighbour Platt, is similar to, and at any rate, equally interesting with that of Hough End and Barlow.

The Platt Inventory mentions Yarne Chambers, Board Lofts, and Drink House.

In Birch we find Garden Parlour, Mrs. Birch's and the Ould Wenches' Chambers.

Whilst the furniture of Platt consists in "fformes, seeld chaires, and course stools," that of Birch has "Cheers and Stols wrought in neeld work."

Whilst the literature of the former house is "Tow Large Bibles, and an ould one," the most valuable item in the Birch Inventory is its "*Books.*"

And whilst old Ralphe Worsley bequeaths "Oats threshed and unthreshed," and barley and beans threshed, the Birch successor inherits "Three gardens and two orchards."

The gardening interest at Birch appears always to have been great. One of the old Dames willed her garden basket and scissors to a favourite floriculturist, with strict injunctions about her treasures. Of the three Birch Gardens one remains till now, through all changes of ownership and opinion, a bit of the prettiest rural quaintness within many miles.

A comparison of the four Manors will show for how long the general tenour of change in the district has been the same.

They were all in the first instance granted to, or purchased by men whose service was military. All in the course of centuries passed from the descendants of these first owners, three of them into the hands of merchants, Hough End, the first, as early as the fifteenth century; Platt, in the first year of the reign of Charles I., 1625; Birch, in 1745, was bought by Mr. Dickenson.

VI.

Fallowfield before 1830.

THE space encircled by our four Manor Houses is strewn with farms. On the Chorlton or western side of Fallowfield, there are Dog Kennel, Dog House, and Old Hall; these are evidently the oldest, and, indeed, appear to have existed during the Mosley ascendancy, and to have belonged to keepers. They are, in fact, the link connecting the present cultivated plain with the forest and hunting ground of former days.

There is Demesne Farm near Platt; several smaller ones near Fallowfield, such as Ley Farm and Raspberry Farm; and others which have not now their former dimensions. Of these later farm houses, I have only been able to

approximate the dates, but various suggestions point to the probability they were built during the earlier part of that long resting time, between the close of the Parliamentarian wars and the application of steam to manufacture. In talking to the occupants, men between sixty and seventy years old, they say: "T' farm's old; but t' 'ouse is new, for t' 'ouse wor nobbut built by my *grandfather*, but t' farm's old."

The names Chorlton, Higginbotham, Mee, and Langford are old, and now common heritages among the farmers on this side the Didsbury Road.

On the opposite or Burnage side of Fallowfield are Large Oak, built by the son of Major-General Worsley, and for so long occupied by the same family that we know it only as "Mellor's," and "Little Oak," now occupied by Mr. Grundy, formerly by Farmer Lithgo, the father of Mrs. Mellor.

Nearer Birch, and on the same side the high road, is a cosy house, in which long ago the parent Mellor flourished, and from which he sent out children, and children's children, until the whole neighbourhood appeared to be farmed by Mellors.

The farmers have many stories of marrying and givings in marriage, of jointure and

forfeiture, of quarrels and peace-making, all interesting doubtless to the proprietors, but eminently uninteresting to us; we therefore leave them, and drawing ourselves into a closer circle, arrive at our little Fallowfield.

Mr. Bennet, who is our authority in these matters, has kindly told me Fallowfield, as a township, has not, nor ever had any legal existence; it is a hamlet lying between the townships of Withington and Rusholme.

These townships interlock for some distance, and the boundary between them is the Didsbury Road. Rusholme lies on the east of the road, and on that side it extends to Fallowfield Brook; where it crosses the road, and occupies the entire area as far as Platt Brook or Old Hall Lane.

Withington lies on the west, and there extends to Platt Brook, where it is met by Rusholme. Withington crosses the high road and covers the whole area south of the Fallowfield Brook.

There is little available record of the hamlet itself between the fourteenth century and 1636; but it is safe to presume, that during this interval the mud huts had developed into decent cottages, the villeins passed from a condition of serfdom to that of free Englishmen, and the land from waste land and forest to high cultivation.

In the year 1636, the old Birch Chapel, which had been founded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but had fallen into disuse, was renovated and once more fitted for public worship. A list of Fallowfield and Ladybarn people, who were interested in the work, has been preserved, with the amount of their donations. They were Robert Bamford, 4s.; Thomas ffletcher, 4s.; Widow Bordman, 3s.; Richard Bordman, 2s.; George Sidall, 6s.; James Redish, 4s.; Robert Bradshaw, 6s.; Elizabeth Blomiley, 2s.; John Barlow, 4s.; George Blomily, 2s.; John Smith, *alias* England, 1s. 4d.

In 1655, the ratepayers of Fallowfield were nine in number, and included Ralph Nicholson, Widow Nicholson, John Bradshaw, Widow Bradshaw, and Widow Sidall.

The earliest population returns of the place are for 1774, when there were fifteen houses tenanted by fifteen families, consisting of sixty individuals.

Of these nineteen were under fifteen years of age, seventeen above fifty, three above sixty, two above seventy, and one above eighty.

Probably, between 1774 and 1818, the date of the first map which in any noticeable way includes this district, the development of mercantile interest began to show itself in the erection

of gentlemen's residences, and the four oldest of them, Fallowfield Lodge, Oak Lawn, Ashfield, and Mabfield, were built.

Fallowfield Lodge, *alias* Cabbage Hall, is near the Withington extremity of the present Fallowfield, on the western side of the high road. It was then a pretty country house, nestling among its own trees and surrounded by its own fields, and yet it must needs be known as Cribbage, or Cabbage Hall, because it was built by a tailor who cut his coats a little shorter than his cloth. This house early came into possession of the Worsleys, to whom, I believe, it still belongs.

Although Oak Lawn lies outside the northern boundary of Fallowfield, yet being as it was the only house between that boundary and Birch, it deserves a passing mention. It is situate on the east of the high road, was built by the Worsleys, and for many years occupied by one or other member of the Worsley family. It was afterwards tenanted by Mr. Barton Wood, and later by Mr. John Souchay.

Ashfield, according to the Exhibition Catalogue of the "Relics of Old Manchester," was built by Mr. Robinson, a well-known Manchester merchant, who is there designated "The Builder of Ashfield."

Local tradition points to Mr. Cropper, a mem-

ber of an old and respectable Liverpool family; the probability being, that Mr. Cropper built as speculation, and Mr. Robinson bought, either before or immediately after completion.

We may judge of the condition of the country, early in the nineteenth century, by the fact that one of our living villagers, who was gardener to Mr. Robinson, remembers more than once or twice enjoying the breathless pleasure of being "in at the death," when a poor hunted fox entered the Ashfield enclosures in hopes of escape, but only to lie prostrate, the centre of fascinated dogs and admiring huntsmen.

After Mr. Robinson's death Ashfield came into the possession of Mr. Hodgson, and later into that of Mr. Ashton of Didsbury, in whose time it was still surrounded by extensive pleasure grounds, containing plantations, fish ponds, and every kind of garden. Mr. Saul bought the house from Mr. Ashton, and Mr. Aitkin, its present owner, from Mr. Saul.

The only remaining house of this oldest quartett was built by Mr. Lucas on ground so covered by the little brilliant "Fairy Rings" of richly fertile land that he thought the best name for a dwelling thus pleasantly situated would be "Mabfield."

This house was rented by Mr. Markland, a Roman Catholic, who added a beautiful little chapel, and other conveniences; he was succeeded first by his son, then by his grandson. After the days of the third Markland, Mr. Earl came into possession; he and his family remained in it thirty-five years; in fact, almost through the creation of modern Fallowfield.

Mr. Lucas, the owner of Mabfield, lived in a cottage near; he was the last representative of the good old English gentleman in this neighbourhood, and with his gaiters and silver shoe buckles must have formed a pleasant feature of the landscape of fifty years ago.

We will try to picture Fallowfield as it had grown to be in the days when Mr. Robinson occupied Ashfield. There were two or three very old white cottages in Old Hall Lane, which are still standing. The lane extending from Old Hall Lane to Lady Barn, parallel with the high road, afterwards known as Shooting Gallery, and now Lady Barn, was then Ardern's Lane. Its one house was Ardern's Place, a small half farm, half lodging-house for Manchester summer refugees; presumably built by "Ardern," but at this time occupied by people called Kean; the house was later bought and almost rebuilt by Sir Joseph Whitworth, who also gave it its present name of The Firs.

The high road between Ashfield and the village was a well-wooded country road, with footpath only on one side. On our left hand, the only house of any kind that disturbed the view was a small white one, on the brow of the hill, fronting towards the fields, and looking directly at Ardern's Place. Between sixty and seventy years ago this house was occupied by a Mr. Fox, afterwards by Mr. Bower, keeper of race horses; it was taken down about forty years ago. Almost opposite was a small house called Ivy Cottage, used as a summer lodging-house, and near it was a farm with its buildings close to the high road; the land of this farm has been largely absorbed into the Mabfield and Oakley grounds. There was nothing on the right hand except the distant farms to break the wide expanse, and nothing on the left until we come to a narrow footpath, opening at the spot on which Mr. Hewitt afterwards built his house, and leading through the fields to Ardern's Place.

The village was entered by a noticeably picturesque bridge, which crosses the trout stream of older days, still a clear uncovered brook, in which minnows and loaches were plentiful.

Between the bridge and Back Lane, as Mellor's Lane or Aucklands was then called, were thirteen cottages, the last five or six

of which most of us remember. They stood further back than the shops we now see; in front of them were fairly long gardens, extending over the present footway, and even encroaching on the high road. All the thirteen gardens contained pigstyes, most of them tall poplar trees, and one of them, the fifth from the stream, contained the village pump, then the only supply of spring water.

Turning the corner into Back Lane were three other houses; the gable of the actual corner one was the first bit of antiquity taken down for improvements, and the first improvement appeared in the shape of a footpath down Back Lane, which was then as broad as now, the cart road to Mellor's Farm, and one way to Ardern's Place and Ladybarn, but this only on sufferance, as Mellor possessed various gates, which he might close at pleasure, though he never exercised the right.

The lane itself contained on the north side a small red brick farm house, still standing, and then occupied by one of the Mellors; opposite was a white cottage, used as a summer house by Mr. Orme, the gentleman who afterwards built Fallowfield House.

We now return to the high road; from this point to Three Lane Ends, as the turning into

Lady Barn Lane, the present Mauldeth Road, was called, there was not, on either side, excepting Cribbage Hall, building or branch road of any kind whatever; the great expanses of field were broken only by hedges or trees. Lady Barn Lane itself was but a rugged cart track, leading to Ladybarn and Mellor's Farm.

Returning to the village we find opposite Back Lane the footpath leading through fields to Chorlton, which had been the Lovers' Walk of so many centuries. On this footpath, which is the present Sherwood Street, two of the oldest existing Fallowfield houses were built by Mr. Langford, of Withington, for Mr. Burrows, father of the man to whom we are indebted for the greater part of these reminiscences.

These cottages were specially arranged for handloom weaving; not only the Burrows family, but all the inhabitants of Fallowfield, except a few coachmen or gardeners, and some agricultural labourers, gained their livelihood by weaving checked handkerchiefs and ginghams, an occupation which gave to the village its pleasant click—click, an association with old weaving villages, never lost to those who have once known it. The women carried the produce of their looms on foot to Manchester on market day, disposed of it, and with the money bought,

at Smithy Door or in the Apple Market, food and clothes for family use during the following week; these necessaries they carried home also on foot.

The space where the Sherwood and neighbouring cottages now are was an open brick croft, through which the stream flowed pleasantly. The village street on this side consisted of nine houses without gardens, several of them with steps leading sideways to their doors, the rest opening directly on to the road.

What is now the Friendship Inn was combined with the adjoining house to form bakehouse and village store, and the only one between Withington and Rusholme. On the high road there existed no beer house, nor inn, nor shop, excepting this one, between the Horse and Jockey, now the Clarence Inn, Rusholme, and the White Lion, at Withington. The last of the houses on this side and the one nearest the brook, and now occupied by Mr. Cotsworth's shop, was the village alms house.

The great pleasure-taking time appears to have been Sunday evening, and the great playground the high road. As my informant said: "You see that there was no omnibuses, nor constables, nor nothing of that sort on Sunday evening," so every one, men, women, and

children, sauntered about the village street: men smoking, women knitting or nursing, possibly both; youths and maidens enjoying life as is their wont still; and boys sitting on the bridge fishing, or playing bat and ball.

There was no place of worship in the village. The first attempt in this way was made by Methodists of Rusholme, who sent helpers to gather children into a cottage, and teach them on Sunday mornings, and to hold "prayer meetings" for adults in the evening.

There was in the village no carriage or conveyance of any kind excepting carts. One stage coach left Cheadle for Manchester market three times a week, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and passed through Fallowfield. The coach passed also on its way to town a brick croft, where the Birch Villa now is, and a large farm on the ground now occupied by Victoria Park, and what was afterwards the Withington Toll Bar, then at the end of Moss Lane.

The Bristol coach also passed through the village on its way out, its stimulating rattle and pleasant horn serving as signal to the boys to be away to school. These same schools, by the way, were dame schools in cottages, one in Rusholme, the other in Barlow Moor. Mr. Turnbull, who afterwards conducted the

Withington Church School, was the first to open an advanced establishment. This he did in the cottage where the present Withington post-office is, and it was of course a great gain to the youth of the district. In Mr. Turnbull's days there were few holidays, especially in winter, but often games on the road during the dinner hour. When a gleam of scarlet, the excited barking of hounds, or the huntsman's horn caught the boys' attention, with a whoop and a tally-ho they were off, racing over hedge and ditch, forgetful of everything until next morning, when their crestfallen faces met the master's cane.

We can hardly leave the Fallowfield of this date without a word about the "wakes" and "rush cart." These appear to have taken place throughout the district on the 5th of August. and were probably some mingled remnant of services in honour of a patron saint, and of the time when rushes were actually necessary for warmth and for comfort in church.

This date, August 5th, corresponds with July 25th old style, or St. James' Day. Four of the old chapels of Manchester, Didsbury, Birch, Gorton, and Denton are dedicated to St. James. The wakes are held on the Sunday following this day.

Rush-bearing originally took place when the rushes were ripe, and in this part of England was accompanied by such processions, dances, and decoration as formed the "Mayday festivities" of the neighbourhood of London. Before Whitsuntide laid claim to its store of new clothes, "Fallowfield wakes" was honoured by their appearance.

Imagine, then, the village some sixty years ago. Every cottage with its instalment of country cousins; every cousin in her best dress and temper; and all gazing along the winding road through a clearer atmosphere and under a bluer sky than is possible now. Presently, when patience was almost exhausted, voices were heard, and at the point where we now catch our first glimpse of the tram car, our ancestors saw the beginning of their procession.

This consisted of a wonderful erection of rushes built upon a farmer's flat cart, decorated with garlands, branches of oak, ribbons, flags, tinsel, everything in fact that ingenuity and bad taste could devise, and often completed by a Robin Hood and Maid Marian, who, more grotesque than all else, were seated on the top of the rushes.

This rush cart, which had been built on a piece of spare ground near Burton Road, Withington,

was drawn by twenty or thirty young men, also festooned and garlanded, and harnessed in pairs to the cart. These youths were the heroes of the day, and as they passed were quick to catch the eyes of the prettiest girls. The girls so entrapped, and nothing loth, carrying garlands and banners, joined the procession in glad anticipation of the dance to come.

The cart was accompanied by men also carrying banners, sometimes of enormous size, by pipers, drummers and bell-ringers; these, in more recent days, were supplanted by a band of music. The noise was deafening as this motley crowd slowly entered the village. Pipers played the well-known Rush Dance; clogs, which then every one wore, beat time; children's penny whistles accompanied; and the shouts of all the people drowned, or tried to do so, this medley of sound. After lingering awhile, the great procession wended its way up the hill, and showed to great advantage as it passed between fields of golden corn, separated from the road only by nut or blackberry hedges.

Ashfield was the limit of Fallowfield, and so the limit of the Rush-bearers' march; the cart was drawn into the grounds at the further gate, and placed in front of the house; the heroes unharnessed themselves, and were regaled with beer distributed by the young ladies and gen-

tlemen. Then came the Dance; it was not exactly a Morris Dance, because there were no castanets, in later days not even bells, but all the grotesqueness of dress and antic suggestive of Moorish origin.

After an hour's hard work, another and more plentiful regaling took place, this time on pies, cakes, and every good thing the hospitality of a kind-hearted hostess could suggest; and, after three good English cheers for their entertainers, the procession reformed and left the grounds in the order in which it had entered.

As gentlemen's houses increased in number, the visits of the Rush Cart increased; as time passed, gifts changed from food to money, the money to be spent at the Sherwood or White Lion: but in the early part of the century the party came directly from Ashfield and Mabfield to the village, danced there until even the girls were tired, and then dispersed.

Afternoon and evening of this and following days were spent by children at apple and gingerbread stalls, of which many were lurking round the corners of Back Lane, and in the field near, where also shows of various kinds, and even whirligigs rivalled the stalls, so that altogether the young folks enjoyed a high old time.

Meanwhile the older, perhaps the less innocent, part of the community had gone westward into a field bordering the brook and near where the small foot bridge now is, and there made merry with bull baiting; sometimes even with bear baiting. In this field was a small beer-house called Oaks Bridge, which made itself the centre of so much disorder, that it was afterwards forcibly closed, and then bull and bear baiting quickly disappeared.

VII.

The Later Days of Fallowfield.

BETWEEN the years 1818 and 1842, when the map of "Manchester and the Vicinity," from which I copy, was published, several houses, now important, came into existence. These were: The Sherwood Inn, Fallowfield House, The Oaks, Oakley, Park Place, and Fallowfield Grove.

The Sherwood was built more than fifty years ago on a brickcroft. It was for many years a country inn, in whose garden, bordered only by its stream, pic-nic parties from Manchester enjoyed tea, with lettuces and fresh eggs, and revelled in scents of newly-mown hay,

hawthorn, and sweetbriar, as yet unspoiled by "polluted brooks."

Fallowfield House, one of the earliest of the second generation, was at first only small, and not until comparatively recently called by its present name. Mr. Orme built his house a little distance from the road; the drive to his door was, for long, the only forerunner of the present Egerton Road.

This gentleman soon sold his house to Mr. Wardley; it was then occupied by Mr. Saul, who lived in it several years, and was succeeded by his son-in-law, Mr. Aitkin, and he by Mr. Bateson Wood, who occupied it through the rapid growth of the village and district.

The Oaks was built by Mr. Ogden, and has from the beginning been an important house.

Oakley, built by Mr. Hodgson for one of his sons, at the time when he himself lived at Ashfield, is interesting as having been the house in which Mr. Robert Barnes, founder of Barnes' Home, lived for awhile, and died.

Park Place, the detached white house in Mellor's Lane or Aucklands, was one of the latest of this list. It was originally two houses, and the speculation of Mr. Samuel Porter, pawnbroker, of Manchester. Mr. Porter also built houses in "Lady Barn," amongst others Rose

Cottage and gardens, and "Bath Cottage," where he instituted a bathing establishment in connection with the stream which still flows close to the cottage. We fail to learn that these "Lady Barn Baths" were a success.

Lady Barn appears to have been always an offshoot or suburb of Fallowfield. It consisted originally of "only a few cottages and a public-house," and each increase has been a few more cottages and another public-house. Indeed, the public-house element was for so long undisturbed, that its effects are now difficult to deal with.

A Wesleyan Chapel and Sunday School, a Church Sunday and Day School, and a Working Men's Club, combined to lighten the sodden mass of intemperance this place had become, and the leaven once introduced must spread.

Fallowfield Grove was originally, indeed until recently, two houses: it was a long irregular building, and popularly called the "Salt-cellar," but was always surrounded by extensive grounds. Its first only entrance was from Lady Barn Lane. The Egerton Road gates are also quite recent.

After the building of these older houses the district was still rural. Several of the younger inhabitants of the village have told

me how, in their school days, they walked to the "Brow" on their way to Birch, and then "ran across a Plantation to steal crabs;" in fact, the clearest recollection of these first Birch scholars is their journey through the Crab Apple Plantation. I have asked many, "Where used you to go to school?" the answer was always the same, "To Birch." "Oh yes, and we used to go through the plantation, and get crabs." One woman, with a mischievous twinkle, even confessed to being "thrashed many a time by Bower's servants." After a a while the plantation was fenced. One of the trespassers, indignant at such interference with their liberty, said, with a sigh, "Yes; but the place has never been so nice since."

The same memory revels in days when its owner used to ride on the top of a hay cart, from a field located where "Norton House and Villas" now are. The gate opened on to the high road; a deep step between field and road has impressed itself, by reason of a lurch the cart gave, and its consequent shock to the excited nerves on the top.

This hayfield had a pool at its lower end, where village folk came with buckets for water wherewith to clean their houses, this being as yet the only supply of any but rain and spring water.

Indeed our village was at this time, though town, yet

> ". . . country too; you felt the warmth
> Of clustering houses in the winter time;
> Supped with a friend, and went by lantern home.
> And from your chamber window you could hear
> The tiny bleat of new yeaned lambs, or see
> The children bend beneath the hedgerow banks,
> To pluck the primroses."

For many years succeeding 1842, there was no line of village shops; Wilbraham Road, Oak Drive, and Egerton Road were luxurious fields, and Brook Road still an uncovered stream. The atmosphere, purer than that any other side of Manchester could boast, the freedom from smoke, or, thanks to Lord Egerton, the possibility of any great volume of such a nuisance; and the general quaintness of rural surroundings began to attract attention. Old landed proprietors showed themselves willing to sell, and younger men willing to speculate; this was the beginning of the end of our Old Fallowfield.

The first of these speculations were Norton House and Villas, built in the pleasant hayfield with its pool. Egerton Lodge, built by Mr. Partington, soon followed; it was originally surrounded by extensive grounds, which, however, were soon curtailed. Mr. Maclure's house and the neighbouring crescent, built by Mr. Bridgen, were

placed upon them. Warren Chase was the first house built near Ley Brook.

Nearer town Oak Drive was projected. Oak House, the one situate at the corner of the high road and the northern arm of the drive, was completed in 1850. Bank Field, built by the late Mr. Frank Gill, and still owned and occupied by his family, was the next. Mr. Gill took his wife to her new home on Valentine's Day of 1851, and she for several years enjoyed good views of Alderley Edge from one window, and of occasional carriages or omnibuses wending their way through the village from another.

The house in which Mrs. Orrel, the present Lady Whitworth, lived, was either contemporaneous or very nearly so, and others followed in rapid succession.

"The Plantation," and its classic crab apple tree, after many changes, fell to the share of Mr. Hilton; this tree was the ornament of his garden until 1863, when he was compelled to cut it down for improvements.

Undoubtedly the most interesting house of Oak Drive is the one at the south-west corner of the southern wing. Barcomb Cottage was designed in 1861 by the architect, Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., for his own residence. The

house displays the taste of its designer, as well externally as internally. The pine doors and general excellency of material show the man to have been as thorough then as now, and the exquisitely stained windows show him to have been also as artistic. The beams of the drawing-room are supported at one end by well carved portraits in stone of Mr. and Mrs. Waterhouse, and at the other by good floral medallions. The house was originally called "The Chalet," and was an intended imitation of a Swiss cottage. Mr. Waterhouse changed the name to Barcomb, in remembrance of a Sussex village with which he had pleasant associations. The architect of this picturesque little home is, as is well known, also the designer of the Manchester Assize Courts, the Town Hall, and the Owens College, of the National Liberal Club in London, the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, and of buildings in almost every part of the country. Mr. Waterhouse left Barcomb Cottage in 1865. The house first passed into the hands of Mr. Max Kyllman; afterwards of Captain White.

In April, 1874, it was purchased by Mr. E. J. Brockbank, to whom it still belongs, and who has kindly furnished me with these facts. Mr. Brockbank has added stables, and a large bay-

window to the drawing-room; in other respects the house is unaltered, except that the whole is now covered with richly clustering ivy, and forms a pleasant object from the Didsbury Road.

The next house south of Barcomb was built by Mr. Hewitt on the footpath which previously led across fields to "Ardern's Lane."

The next, again, moderately old, was probably one of the first built by Mr. Rider.

Winstay Grove, Willow Bank, and the two houses between, were built near 1860, and if not entirely the work of the late Mr. Peter Wood, were so to a great extent; the estate still belongs to Mr. Wood's descendants. Meanwhile Mr. Rider had bought land on the eastern side of Didsbury Road, and built most of the detached houses between Norton Villas and the brook. The houses on the west were the work of various men. So far there were no turnings from the high road in either direction between the present Aucklands and Mauldeth Road; no lines of village shops, and no Wilbraham Road.

The next step was the purchase by Messrs. Mapleston, Cook and Crowther, of land upon which Egerton Road, Clifton Avenue, and Brook Road were built, and of which they were practically, though not fully, the boundaries. Messrs.

Pennington and Bridgen bought the plot between Clifton Avenue, Lord Street, and the end of the Egerton Lodge garden.

The first of Messrs. Mapleston and Co.'s attempts to repay their investment was "Woodleigh," and its neighbour on the northern side of Egerton Road; the second was Dr. Williamson's own house, and its neighbour. These were finished in 1863. When Dr. Williamson took possession, Egerton Road was only a rutted cart track into the field upon which his house was built. The outlook from his southern windows was perfectly free, nothing disturbed the expanse of field and hedgerow, except the brook which ran close by. The children spent the summer of that year weaving wreaths of wild roses or honeysuckle, sitting by the side of their beloved stream, and were perfectly happy with a "home in the country."

The original name of Clifton Avenue was Pond Street, and it contained a good deal more pond than street. Dr. Williamson's garden soils used to be tilted into this "street," and lay there until it was convenient to wheel them through a low wide wooden gate, on to the plot of ground he had secured for cultivation.

Among the earliest houses following Nos. 4 and 6, Egerton Road, were Egerton Crescent,

built by Mr. Mapleston, and the Crescent House by Mr. Broom, for his own use.

Then followed rapidly Mr. Bridgen's houses in Clifton Avenue and Lord Street; the covering of Ley Brook, and the beginning of the houses in Brook Road; and the continuation of Egerton Road as far as Brook Road. The gabled houses in the village, Carilt Drive, Aucklands, Mauldeth Road, and the change from cottages to shops on the west side of the village, were all completed within very few years.

Up to this time there was no regularly established place of worship, though our Rector, the Reverend J. J. Twist, came each Sunday from Birch, to conduct Mission Services in the cottages. He tells me his congregation at that time frequently consisted of twelve people, eight of whom were between eighty and ninety years of age. This is only one of almost innumerable evidences of the general healthfulness of our little hamlet. The Presbyterian Church, which though not in the present "Parish of Fallowfield" is within its Postal limits, was built between the years 1867 and 1869.

In 1870 the "Fallowfield Schools" were opened. According to their first circular they were intended to "provide a good, sound,

English education within the reach of all classes, and free from any sectarian teaching, at the rates of 3d., 6d. and 9d. per week."

They originated in a small legacy left by a Unitarian gentleman for the educational benefit of the neighbourhood. Mr. Broom, Mr. Holme Nicholson, and Mr. Steinthal took much pains to bring them to a successful conclusion. Their trouble has been rewarded by a long continuance of well educated youths and girls. Mr. Holt, the original master, still presides.

At the time of which we are speaking, the land between the village shops and Mabfield, was a Rifle Range and practice ground for Volunteers; marksmen stood near the High Road, the Butts were beyond the Rectory; every shot fired passed over the ground now occupied by Schools, Church, and Rectory. And on practice days the village was alive with perpetual rattle of musketry.

The sudden development of the district in which the late Lord Egerton was a large landowner, led him to the conclusion that he might perhaps further his own interests and the increase of residences by constructing a good road, which should connect Fallowfield with Chorlton.

This he did, and at the same time gave land

to the value of £1,120 for the church and dependent premises; and the houses upon Wilbraham Road have been the last additions to the village.

The history of the parochial relationship of Fallowfield is complicated, and various authorities on the subject are somewhat contradictory. It has been always in the great Manchester parish, but that parish was divided, and Stretford and Didsbury were two of the divisions. Canon Raines, in his "Notitia Cestrensis," places Fallowfield, Birch, and Platt in the "Stretford Division," but does not say at what date.

Dr. Booker says that in 1573 injunctions were given to the warden of Manchester "to insist upon preaching every Sunday in the church of Manchester or in one of" seven chapels mentioned, Didsbury and Stretford being two. He also says the parochial control of Didsbury extended over Withington and Rusholme, and must in that case have included Fallowfield.

However things may have been in earlier days, since the building of the old Birch Chapel, 1579-1595, Fallowfield, although situated much more largely in the township of Withington than in that of Rusholme, has centred its religious interest in Birch.

The formation of Withington Parish and the building of its church in 1841, almost simultaneously with the building of Birch Schools, and a little previously to that of Birch Church, did little or nothing to draw attention in the Withington direction.

And when, on August 30th, 1873, the separate ecclesiastical parish of Fallowfield was created by order of the Queen and Council, though the land for the new parish was drawn more from Withington than from Rusholme, the vital working and financial interests were drawn almost entirely from Birch in Rusholme, and the little parish still enjoys to feel itself somewhat under the guardianship of Archdeacon Anson, to whose kindly forethought its existence is owing.

The district assigned to the new Parish is on the Didsbury, now Wilmslow Road. It is bounded north by Platt Brook, or Old Hall Lane; south by Ley Brook or Brook Road; its eastern boundary is Shooting Gallery, or Whitworth's Lane; an extension runs along Mauldeth Road, in the direction of Burnage; westward the parish extends a considerable distance along Wilbraham Road; from which it sends out a tongue northward along Dog Kennel Path; this western portion includes Demesne Farm,

Dog House, and Old Hall Farms, and reaches to within a stone's throw of Hough End Hall.

The Rev. J. J. Twist, who, whilst acting as curate under the Archdeacon, had already ministered to the good of the people, was appointed Rector. He has furnished me with the following facts.

The first meeting to take into consideration the erection of a church at Fallowfield, was held at the house of Mr. J. W. Maclure, M.P. The Rev. W. H. Strong was chairman, Archdeacon Anson, Principal Greenwood, Messrs. Hugh Birley, E. Webber, L. Wilson, J. Slagg, and J. W. Maclure, were present.

The land had already been given by the late Lord Egerton.

The foundation stone was laid June 4th, 1870. The church opened for Divine Service, June 4th, 1872. The necessary endowment fund was still incomplete, and £2,000 of the entire cost of £8,879 were to be collected; this deferred the consecration of the church until Holy Innocents Day, December 28th, of the same year.

The Lady Barn Sunday and Day Schools were built in 1875, the Rectory in 1876.

The New Schools were built and various improvements made to the church in 1882. This year of 1888 will see the completion of church,

tower, and spire, around which we hope, instead of—

> "Rattling musketry and clashing blade,
> Which through the ages that have gone before us
> In long reverberations reach our own,"

to hear

> "The holy melodies of love arise;"

and from the tower will

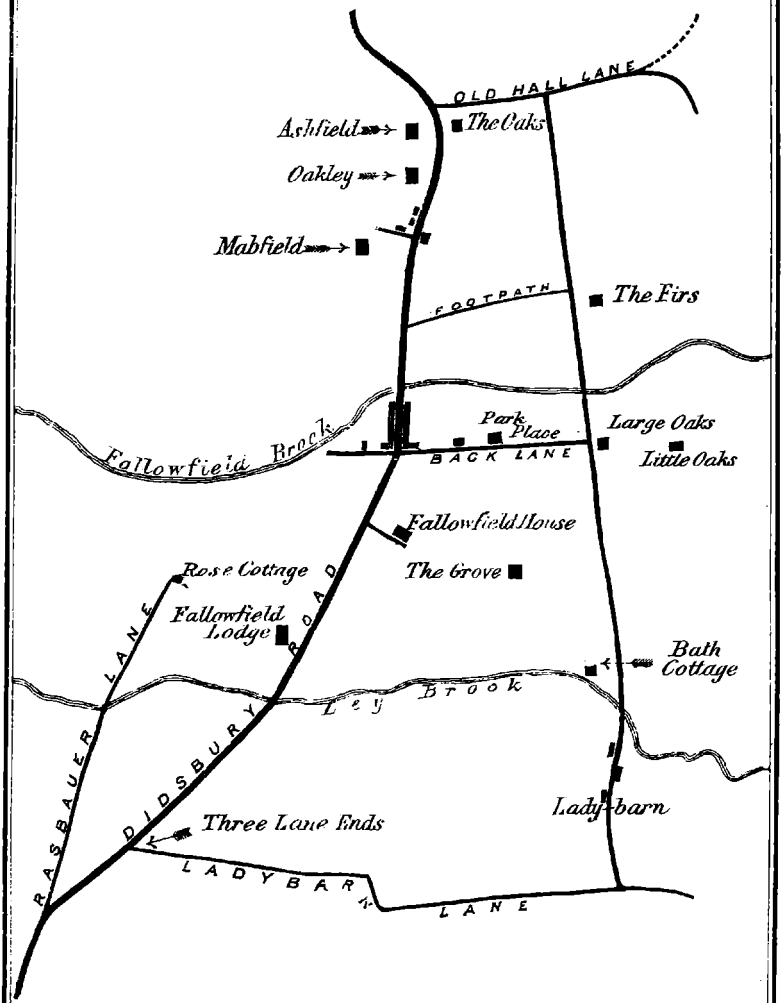
> "As the evening shades descending,
> Low and loud, and sweetly blending,
> Low at times, and loud at times,
> Sound the beautiful wild chimes
> From the Belfry."

Having pried so far into the doings of past days, we will take one more walk along Wilbraham Road; it will lead us exactly on to the ground, where Jordan de Fallowfield used to gather his eyries of hawks, falcons, and herons, and his honey; and where churls used to lie in wait to see that "no one did harm there," for the great space around which our houses stand is still uncovered, and we can still enjoy the big hurrying clouds, and fresh south-west winds; but the circle is encompassed by gas lamps, and on its boundary are almost as many railway stations projected or in existence, as there were Manors. As evening closes, a light flits sharply around one side, which, but for its speed and intensity might have been "Will o' the Wisp" of old

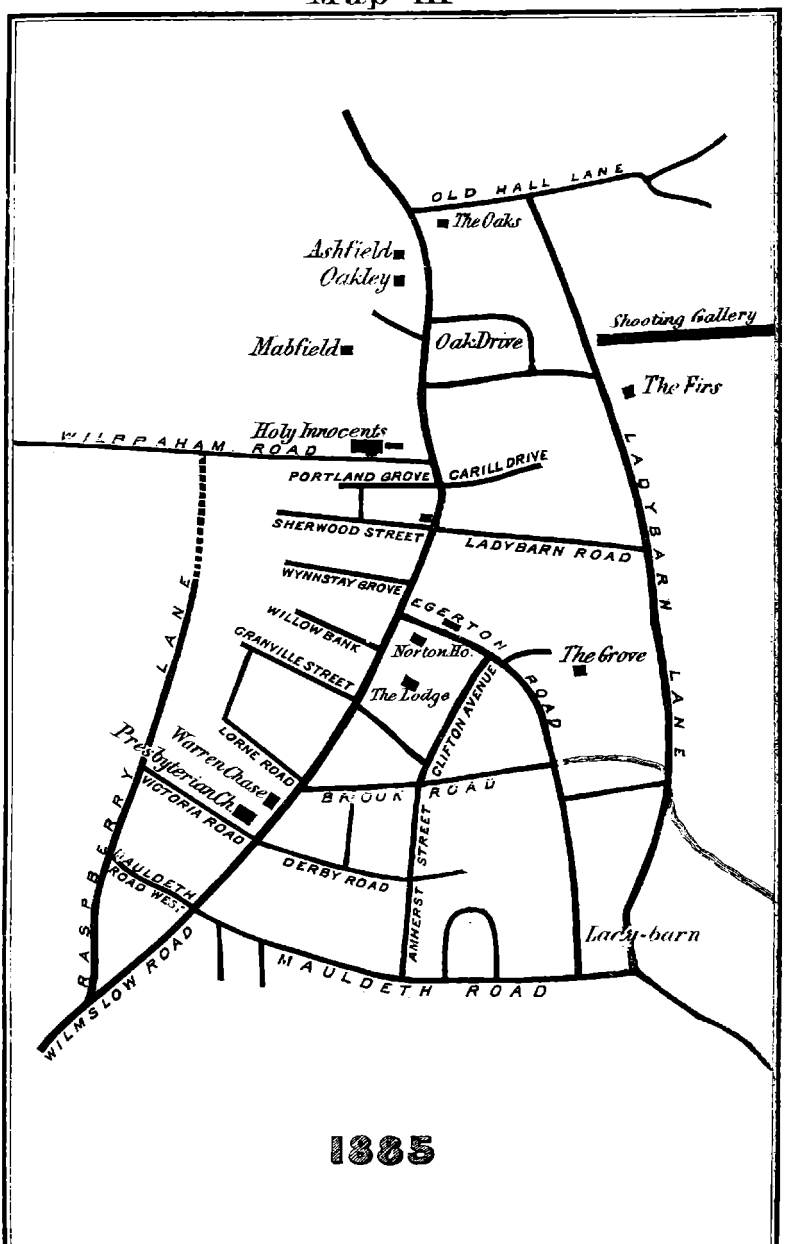
days, and is but a "London Express"; moreover a great piece of the plain has just been joined to Manchester; we must accept such connection with whatever it may bring, "For better or for worse."

JOHN HEYWOOD, Excelsior Printing and Bookbinding Works, Manchester.

Map 11


OLD HALL LANE
Ashfield
The Oaks
Oakley
Mabfield
FOOTPATH
The Firs
Park Place
Large Oaks
Fallowfield Brook
BACK LANE
Little Oaks
Fallowfield House
Rose Cottage
The Grove
Fallowfield Lodge
RASBAUER LANE
DIDSBURY ROAD
Bath Cottage
Ley Brook
Lady barn
Three Lane Ends
LADYBARN LANE
1843

Map III


OLD HALL LANE
The Oaks
Ashfield
Oakley
Mabfield
Oak Drive
Shooting Gallery
The Firs
WILBRAHAM ROAD
Holy Innocents
PORTLAND GROVE
CARILL DRIVE
SHERWOOD STREET
LADYBARN ROAD
WYNNSTAY GROVE
WILLOW BANK
GRANVILLE STREET
EGERTON ROAD
Norton Ho.
The Grove
The Lodge
CLIFTON AVENUE
LADYBARN LANE
RASPBERRY LANE
Presbyterian Ch.
Warren Chase
LORNE ROAD
VICTORIA ROAD
BROOK ROAD
MAULDETH ROAD WEST
DERBY ROAD
ANHERST STREET
Lady-barn
WILMSLOW ROAD
MAULDETH ROAD
1885