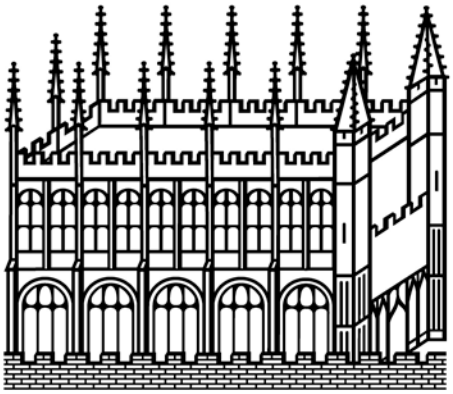

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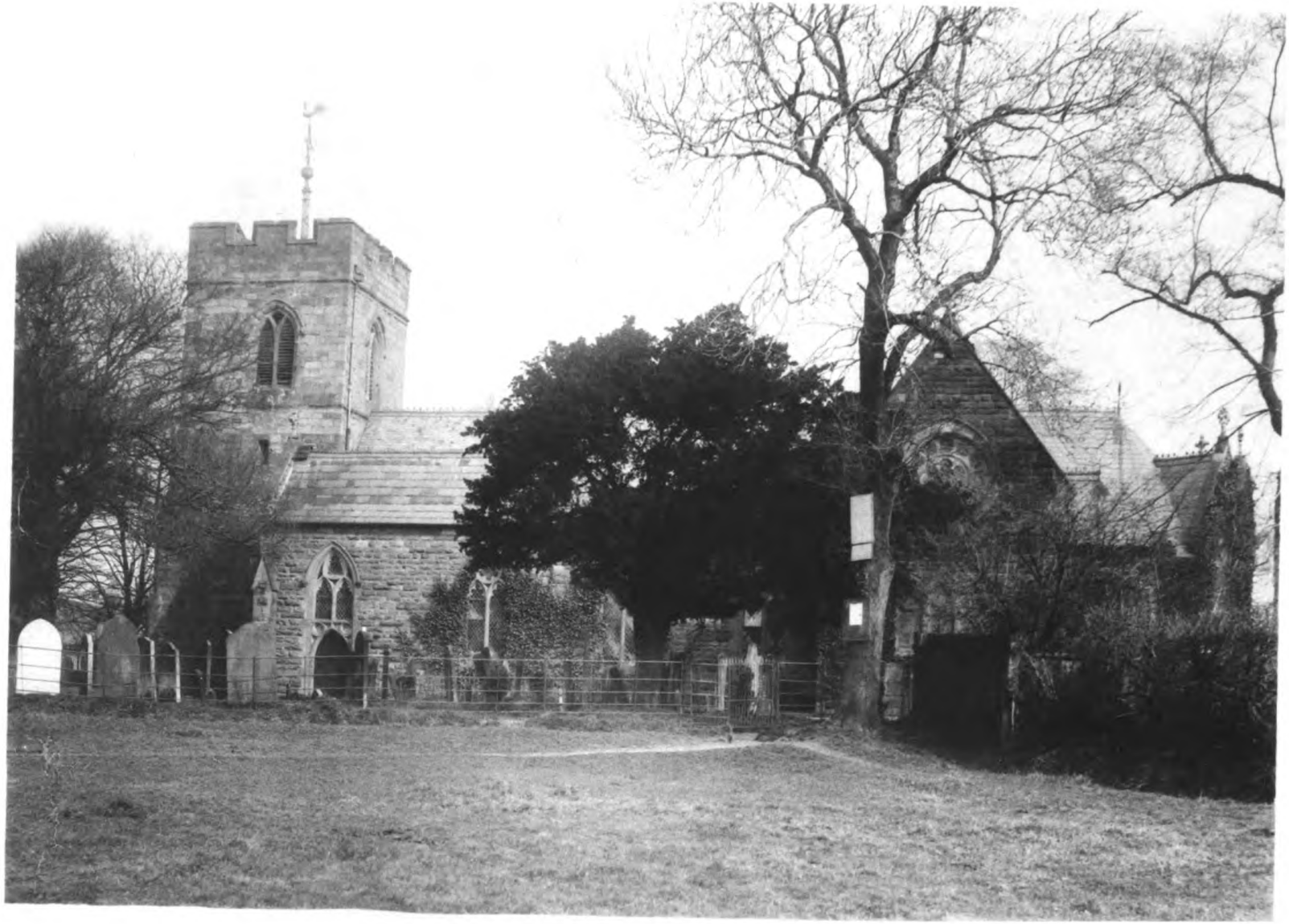
Harborne and its Surroundings:

BY

JAMES KENWARD, F.S.A.

BIRMINGHAM:
CORNISH BROTHERS,
37, NEW STREET.
1885.

HARBORNE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.



HARBORNE

AND ITS SURROUNDINGS:

BY

JAMES KENWARD, F.S.A.,

ASSOC. INST. C.E.

AUTHOR OF "ORIEL," *ETC.*

"Nulli quidem mihi satis eruditi videntur quibus nostra ignota sunt."—Cicero: *De Legibus.*

SECOND EDITION.

BIRMINGHAM:
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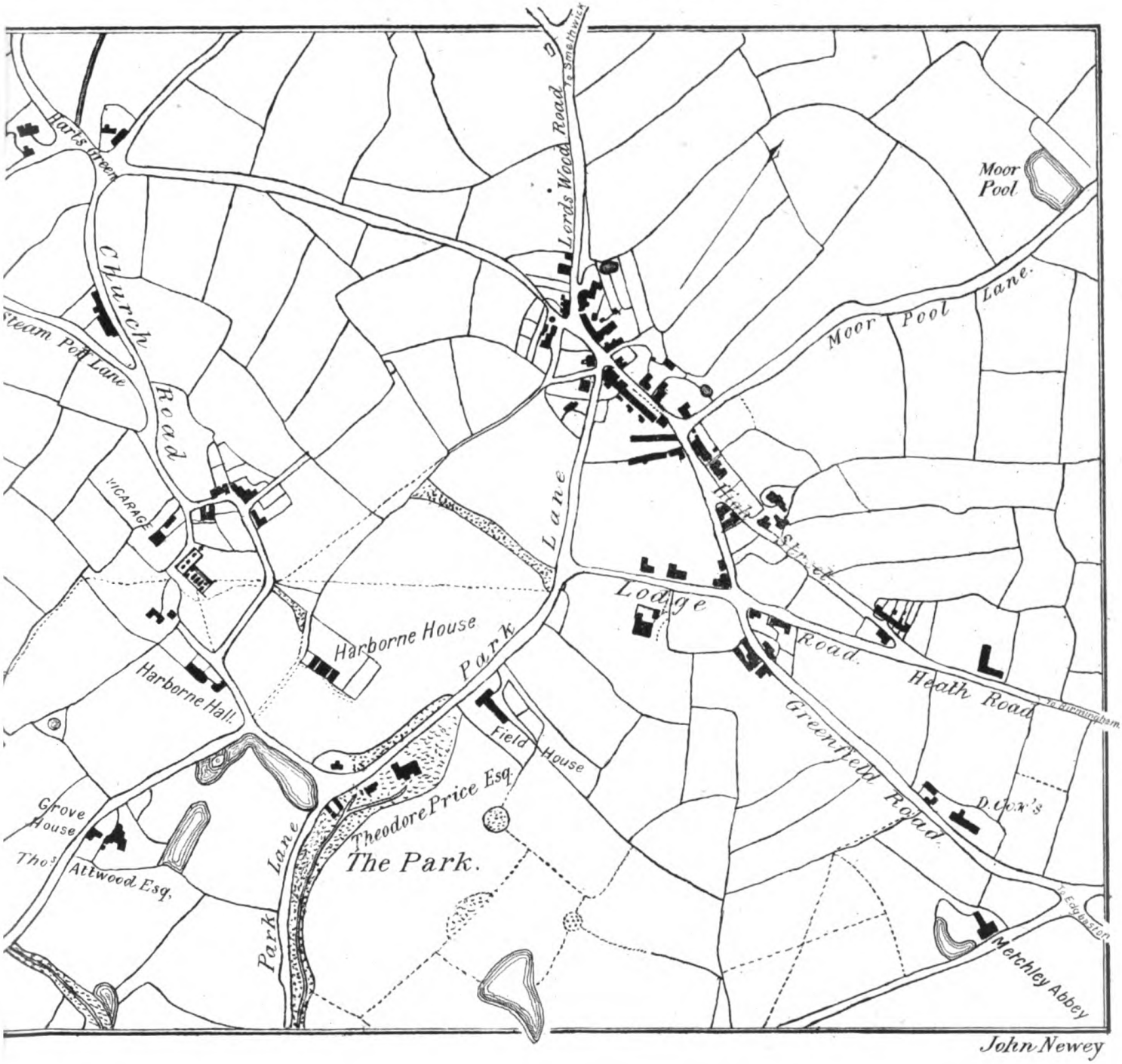
1885.

HARBORNE VILLAGE 1834.



THE basis of this Paper is a lecture delivered May 6, 1872, in aid of the fund for the reconstruction of the Parish Church of Harborne.

Corrections, additions, and suppressions have been made for the present re-issue, but I have thought it best to retain the original colloquial form. The reader may therefore consider that he listens to a topographical address nearly as it would be given in the current year.

I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. John Newey for the use of the interesting Plan of Harborne, which he drew fifty years ago; and to the kindness of Mr. Thomas Sargeant for the letters of Shenstone now published, I believe, for the first time.

J. K.

Eddystone House, Harborne.
November, 1885.

ERRATUM.

On page 7 line 6, read "*Britons.*"

HARBORNE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

IN offering some remarks on a subject more or less interesting to us all, I may not hope to present anything striking or important in the annals of our parish itself, for the notable names and incidents connected with Harborne are few indeed. On the other hand, it would hardly be desirable to imitate the example of John Whitaker, who in the "History of Manchester," has given us a minute account of early Britain, and a book of national archæology and topography, very valuable, though very imperfect.

Still, if it be true, as Johnson has declared—and I believe it indeed is—that "whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings"; it may be worth while to spend an hour in considering, as best we may, how this little settlement in the heart of England was named; how it grew; what waifs on the stream of Time eddied around it; what far off shocks of Event vibrated above it; and what it can show of memorials or suggest of probabilities, for the breathing life or the ripened thought of our own day.

Harborne! It is a very old place truly, but I need not indulge in speculations as to its appearance in those dim geologic periods when a great sea rolled between the Malvern and the Cotswold hills, when the Wrekin hardly lifted its whale-like back above the flood, and when even the peak of Snowdon scarce resisted the onset of the surging billows. Our own fair outlines yonder of Clent and Frankley and Lickey were then, you may be sure, undistinguishable.

And yet we are not quite without illustrations of the movements of wave and glacier. On the patch of green before Mr. Rutter's house, where Six Ways meet, there lay in 1872—I fear they do not lie there now—two small boulders of felstone, which may have travelled to us on an iceberg from the Cumbrian or Cambrian mountains, and been deposited on that low level by the subsiding waters. These stones were formerly within Mr. Rutter's rickyard, and they have been familiar to him for sixty years. There is a finer specimen, perhaps weighing six tons, at Tennall Hall, and another in a meadow near Smethwick Old Church. The tradition about this last boulder is "that *two* horses brought it thither in the night, and that *twenty* could not remove it." Whether that arise from the degeneracy of modern horses, or the richness of modern pastures which can make even stones grow, I leave you to decide.[1] There is also a large stone near the Summit Bridge, at the corner of Holly Lane and the Oldbury Road, and there are others of like character and size at the Ravenhurst, in Harborne. The granite boulder near the Stonehouse Farm is, I believe, unique in the district. Many small felstones are scattered about the roads and lanes and meadows. But the eldest son or big brother of our Stone family—at least above ground—may be seen at the Inn at Northfield, opposite the Churchyard gate. The house is named from the boulder, "Great Stone Inn."[2] A stone as large or still larger, however, has recently (February, 1885,) been discovered, in making a sewer, opposite Camomile Cottages, in the Tennall Road. One of less size had been met with during similar work in the Lodge Road. There is reason to conclude the existence of a great number of buried boulders within the area bounded by Northfield, Hales Owen, Rowley Regis, Handsworth, and Moseley. The Camomile stone has not been raised to the surface. It lies six or seven feet deep, undisturbed *in situ*, to be re-discovered *and preserved* by a future generation. Mr. William Newey, our Surveyor, has been good enough to give me a sample of it from a fragment he had detached. Marks of striation may be seen on some of these stones. Mackintosh says—*(Scenery of*

1. See in Appendix, "The Lay of the Old Stone."

2. An imposing specimen was unearthed at Ryland Park, in 1875, during the excavation of the lake. This felstone had certainly occupied since the age of ice-rolling, the position where it was found embedded, which may not be said of all the surface boulders referred to above.

England and Wales.) "Compared with the period the boulders have slumbered in their beds of marine-glacial loam, the conquest of Britain by the Romans is an event of yesterday. In these beds many of the boulders will probably remain when the South Staffordshire coal-field has become exhausted; when the heaps of coal-mine rubbish (by which a new scenographical geology has been given to the district) may alone diversify the surface of a great uninhabited desert." (p. 362.)

Without touching further on Geology, I may just record that near Bangham Pit, between Northfield and Harborne, is a fine typical section of the Trappoid Breccia of the Permians figured and described by Jukes. In the Quarry near Weoley Castle, is a good section of Waterstones resting on the Upper Soft Red Sandstone. Between the Stonehouse and Lappal Tunnel, the Boulder Clay rests on the New Red Sandstone. Near this is the small spur of Coal Measures marked on the Ordnance map east of the great Boundary Fault, and considered by Jukes somewhat of a puzzle.[1]

I need not do more than suggest, that in subsequent times the undulating dry land of our township was trodden by primeval man, in company with the cave bear, the horn-nosed rhinoceros, and the shaggy-maned elephant, all extinct species now, but which were his contemporaries and antagonists on the young earth. Throughout what is called the Quaternary period, and the Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages of Archæology, I doubt not that a thin aboriginal population was spread over the Midlands; but we have no traces, in *this* district at least, of such an occupation—no shaped flints in the drift, or bone-relics from the grave-mound, no implements of metal, and no undoubted earthworks or stone monuments to vouch for it.[2]

And if we pass to the coming of the Romans signs are still wanting.

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1. I am indebted for these statements to the Programme of the Dudley and Midland Geological Society's Field Meeting at Harborne, October 21st, 1878.

2. Standing one day near the World's End Farm, I observed on the opposite slope of the ridge leading up to Nonesuch Farm, some curious tumuli and broken ground, that looked promisingly like ancient barrows. On visiting the spot I found that my barrows were merely grass-covered heaps excavated from an abandoned and bramble-hidden shaft, which had been sunk in the search for coal. Let antiquaries make a note of it—and I should say, sportsmen also!

"Facilis descensus Averno,
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis."

Few battles were fought here. The legions long forbore to fell our woods and reap our corn. The agents who supplied to Cæsar a good deal of the gossip of his "Commentaries," had not much to report or to invent concerning lands far removed from the southern coasts where the conqueror had established some degree of authority. Perhaps the Archdruid's high seat was Barr Beacon, as some authors suppose. Perhaps the May-fires flashed from Warley Tor. And it may well be that the first emissaries of the Apostles, wandering through these plains, found a simple and not uninstructed people whom the exalted and patriarchal principles of Druidism easily inclined to receive the perfect faith in Christ; for the historic calumny respecting the idolatrous and cruel practices of the Druid teachers is best refuted, I take it, by the fact that where Druidism most flourished, as in West Britain, there the Christian Religion struck deepest and spread farthest.

Did I say that no sign of Keltic nationality survives among us? I am wrong. The name itself of Harborne survives, a trustworthy witness to its own antiquity. And here let me go a little into the matter.

When I came to reside in the place, and considered what the etymons of the word Harborne might be, I rather hastily concluded that the second syllable was the same as in Bourne Brook, the rivulet dividing for a certain distance both Warwickshire and our county from Worcestershire, and also dividing our parish from that of Northfield. And I did this the more confidently because some of my friends told me that the correct spelling was *bourne* not *borne*. I therefore thought that as Bourne Brook means simply the boundary-brook, the Anglo-Saxon *burne*, *byrna* being indeed both brook and boundary; and as the Gothic *har* means chief, or principal, Harborne must signify the place of the chief boundary, the village near the confines of two districts like our counties or parishes.

But a little reflection convinced me of the inaccuracy of this derivation. Places were named by the first settlers generally from the most striking natural feature, and from a hill rather than from a stream; and any one who looks at the ridges of Harborne from the Edgbaston or Handsworth side, or from the Canal bank between Weoley Castle and Selly Oak, will understand what that feature is. Besides, the *bourne* in

the sense of boundary, must belong to a later period than can fairly be assigned as that when our village received its name.[1]

We ought, then, to search for the meaning in one of the Keltic dialects, and we have in the Welsh two forms to choose from. *Har* may be a contraction of *hardd* which means *fair* or *pleasant*. *Borne* is *bryn* which means a *hill*. Hence we have *the pleasant hill*. Or else *har* may be *ar* with the aspirate, meaning *upon;* then we have *upon the hill*. An exactly similar form is seen in Harlech in North Wales, which either means *the place on the flat rock*, or *the fair flat rock*.

But we are not forced to derive from the Keltic alone, for the Gothic *brun* (German *braune*), is equally at our service, signifying *brow*, *brink*, *hilltop*. So as Gothic *har* (A.S. *hear* or *heâ*) is high, (and the Welsh *hir*, *ar*, is not very different,) Harborne might mean *High brow*, just as Harrow does.

There are two other possible derivations, both from Anglo-Saxon. The first syllable may be *har*=hoar, grey (Icelandic *hæra*), and compounded with *burne*, it may signify the grey, or perhaps the ancient brook. Or else *here* (Gothic *hera*, Swedish *här*)=army, host, may be concerned, and *here-burne* might be taken as the battle-brook or military boundary. Hoar Edge on Clee Hill suggests itself, and *hoar-stone*, a memorial of victory, of the encampment of an army, or of sepulture after fight, like the bilingual *Catstane*, or battlestone, in Scotland. But there is considerable uncertainty about all this. The *hoarstone* might express *grey* stone, and these rude pillars are actually called *grey wethers* by the people of Salisbury Plain. And Harborough might mean an elevation on which a war-camp stood, or simply the *grey* fortress, or else the chief *burg* or hill of defence.

On the whole, I incline to *High brow, (Har-brun,)* as the best solution for Harborne.

1. The highest spot in Harborne is, perhaps, the portion of the Lord's Wood Road near the house of Mr. John Newey, or the field opposite. There can be, however, little difference between this elevation and that of the Parish Church. In the New Ordnance Survey the Church has been made a datum (1884), but the level of it has not yet been determined. From observations with the aneroid barometer, I would suggest 585 feet above the sea as not far from the truth. The Council House of Birmingham is 463 feet; Selly Oak (the Tree) 487 feet; Three Mile Oak on the Wolverhampton Road 554 feet; Christchurch, West Bromwich 544 feet; above the sea. The Lightwoods I estimate as being about 750 feet in the highest part.

I have noted on the black board, ten different ways of spelling Harborne during the past eight hundred years.

No.	Year.		
1.	1086	... ...	Horeborne.
2.	1255	... ...	Horeburn.
3.	1291	... ...	Horeborn.
4.	1535 to 1673	... ...	Horborne. Horburne. Horborn.
5.	1697	... ...	Harborn.
6. 7. 8.	1670 and since	... ...	Harbourn. Harbourne. Harborne.

Example No. 1 is from Domesday Book; No. 2 from the "Tenure Roll of of the Hundred of Offlow," *temp.* Henry III; No. 3 from the "Taxation of Pope Nicholas" for Staffordshire, 19th Edward I; Nos. 4 and 5 chiefly from the Church Register of Harborne; Nos. 6, 7, and 8 from the Church Register and various books and records.

The explanation of the *o* in the first syllable as given in Domesday, may be that there was no written form of the word for the guidance of the officers of that Survey, and that they depended upon the pronunciation of the people, which would more resemble the *o* or the broad *a* than the *a* as we pronounce it now in the word Harborne. And we know also that these officers made many blunders in names through ignorance of the Anglo-Saxon language. Such introductions and interchanges of the vowels are frequent in that record as in later ones, and they in no way interfere with the radical forms. The *a* hardly appears in the spelling before the eighteenth century.[1]

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1. Domesday has *Holeburne* and *Tiburne* for Holborn and Tyburn. *Holbourne* is in the London Map of Aggas of 1568. There is in Scotland, near Midcalder, a Railway Station named Harburn. I have not investigated the neighbourhood.

In a deed, dated 26th of Elizabeth (1584), belonging to Mr. Howard Simcox, the spelling is Horborne. (This is a conveyance from John and Robert Coke, *alias* Harcourt; to William Colmore, of the original house and land now known as Harborne Hall.)

In the Visitors' Book of the old "Royal Oak," Bettws y Coed, is an inscription, "David Cox, Harbourn, Birmingham, Sept. 22, 1856."

As a personal name the word occurs frequently and in several forms. A family of *Harbornes* is buried in Solihull Churchyard. *Harbourn* and *Harborne* are in the London and Birmingham Directories. (In Domesday we find *Eelboldestone* among Fitz Ansculf's possessions. I do not know the steps by which this became Edgbaston.)

I hold, then, that a village was already in existence here, and called by the present familiar name, when perchance the light-armed troops of the Latin Emperors first ventured cautiously, but confidently, along its slopes.

All Staffordshire, as well as portions of the neighbouring counties, was then inhabited by that tribe of the Britains whom the Romans called Cornavii, or Carnabii, (there you have another instance of *ar* or *or* interchangeable,) a word signifying the dwellers in a country shaped like a horn—a peninsula or promontory; for this people had been first settled in that part of Cheshire which lies between the Mersey and the Dee, just in fact as—substituting land for water—our part of Staffordshire is peninsulated by Worcestershire and Warwickshire. The same meaning is plain in our *Cornwall*, and in the *Cornouaille* of Britany; and if my young hearers will glance at a map of each of these countries, they will observe how the land pushes out like a *horn* into the sea. Our Briton ancestors have been badly treated in popular history-books. We are told that they stained their bodies with woad, lived in miserable huts, and wandered unclad, unkempt, and forlorn—as so many ignorant and brutal barbarians, which they were indeed called by the fashionables of Rome. The fact is that they had a very respectable knowledge of the arts both of war and peace, they had chariots and horses and roads, worked in gold and copper and iron, tilled the fields, bred cattle, coined money, raised ponderous stone monuments, constructed camps, navigated rivers, practised astronomy and medicine, loved poetry and song, and believed in one God and in the immortality of the soul. Cæsar and many subsequent writers testify to this, or re-state it.

The Cornavii of Staffordshire had among them a subordinate tribe called Cangi who are supposed to have lived in the woods and moorlands of Cannock or Cank, tending cattle for their lords, and thus to have given their name to that great forest of which Sutton Coldfield was once a part. Some writers, however, suppose that Cannock takes its name from King Canute the Dane. We know that there are earthworks on Sutton Coldfield which have been attributed to the Danes, but also that the oak-forest of Cannock was a favourite hunting-ground of the early Saxon Kings of Mercia.

Other tribes, too, were attended by Cangi, particularly the warlike Ordovices who were settled along the maritime countries of the west, and also in a part of Shropshire.

The chief town of the Cornavii in the third century was Caer Vrecon or Uriconium, now Wroxeter, the meaning of this being the fortress of the Wrekin, or the rock-citadel, equally in the British, the Roman, and the Saxon forms.

I do not know that the Cornavii long opposed the Romans. The best opposition was that of the Silures, the Ordovices, and the Iceni who strove skilfully and valiantly against them. But the Cornavii doubtless took their share. There is an old tradition, and a visible camp on Winchbury Hill near Hagley, and also some barrows at Clent, that speak of a fierce battle there.

Time rolled on, and the Roman became master in all the land south of the Tyne and the Solway. The Midland province under his rule received the high-sounding title of Flavia Cæsariensis. His principal city among us was that same Uriconium or Viriconium on the plain of Salop, where the winding Severn still sweeps slowly beneath it, and the great old military road, the Watling Street, still runs through it. Many of you must have gazed at the stately fragment of wall rising out of the ploughed land, and have trod the very pavement of the uncovered streets, and examined the numberless relics of human life and art brought from, or lying in, that most interesting place, which, if our Government only were bold enough or enlightened enough, might be preserved in its fullest extent and smallest detail, as a study for all time—a Pompeii on our own English soil. Uriconium was not indeed destroyed by earthquake, but probably by a sudden onset in overwhelming force of the united Britons of the South and West. Truly *that* was a savage and terrible revenge; yet Peace can be as uncivilised as War; and I could almost say that the barbarism which refuses to preserve those ruins is little less than the barbarism which produced them.

The nearest Roman road to Harborne, however, was the Ikeneld Street, which coming from the south crossed the Bourne Brook not far from Kirby Pool, and thence ran, skirting the site of the Botanical Gardens,

to Monument Lane and Hockley, whence it proceeded to Sutton Coldfield and to the Watling Street which it intersected near Wall, then called Etocetum, less than three miles from Lichfield. The Roman Station nearest to us on that road was a small one in the vicinity of Metchley Park.[1]

Roman coins have been found—1500 on one occasion—at Rowley Regis and Cakemore, and a considerable number at Hagley.[2] But, as I remarked already, the whole of our division of Staffordshire is comparatively bare of relics, whether of the Keltic or the Latin race. There is, however, in the parish of Edgbaston, about a third of a mile from the eastern boundary of our parish, an interesting spot where evidences of an encampment possibly Roman, may still be discerned. This is a large field in Metchley Park, having the Worcester Canal dividing it, with the Bourne Brook on the south of it, in latitude 52° 27′ and longitude 1° 56′. It is the property of Lord Calthorpe, and in the occupation of Mr. Thorneycroft. Singularly enough no notice appears on the Ordnance map of any camp here, although the field was at one time, if it be not now, distinguished by the name of *The Camp*. The earthworks are extensive, being more or less visible over an area of about 20 acres, but very little of the form of the camp can now be made out, owing to the successive ploughings and levellings in past times. It is now pasture land and has been so for perhaps 20 years. Hutton described it nearly a century ago as having suffered much by cultivation. He believed it to be a Danish, not a Roman camp, judging from its considerable size, and from certain fragments of swords and battle-axes that have been ploughed up. It lies close to the course of the Ikeneld Street. I am disposed to think that it was occupied and extended by "those pilfering vermin," the Danes, as he, not inaptly, calls them. The Middlemore family possessed the estate for several centuries, and had a lodge here. I believe that excavations in this camp, especially if carried in a southerly direction, would amply repay the cost.[1]

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1. In a recent Paper on the two Ikeneld Streets I have treated of this road and of the Harborne district.

2. Shenstone in one of his letters mentions the finding, near the Leasowes, (in 1747,) of old masonry of Roman date, and a silver coin of Trajan.

3. I have called the attention of the Chief of the New Ordnance Survey to this camp (1884). There is also a place named *Camp* between King's Norton Church and the Railway Station.

I ought not to omit mention of the ancient well discovered in Harborne which I consider to be Roman. The following letter gives an account of it—

"I have the pleasure to communicate the recent discovery in Harborne (in cutting a drain) of a work dating, as I believe, from the Roman occupation of Mid-England, and therefore not later than the fourth or the fifth century. It is a cylindrical well, about 4 feet in diameter, and 20 feet in depth, constructed of shaped stones 18″ by 8″ on the surface, solidly put together with breaking-joints and bonding-tile. The mortar, wonderful compound though it be of lime, pounded tile, and gravel, has been much loosened by the secular action of the water, so that the edges of the stones have a rounded appearance. The blocks are of sandstone, probably from the Weoley quarry, not far off. There are about 4 feet of water now in the well. The top of the masonry is 3 feet below the present surface of the ground. There is no trace of a *puteal*, but a rude arched covering of stones and brick has concealed the well during, perhaps, the last 200 years.

This well is exactly of the Vitruvian type occurring in other districts, such as at Aballaba (Watchcross or Stanwix) and Housesteads (Borcovicus) on the Picts' Wall, where the diameter is also between three and four feet, while the material is free-stone in large blocks. No coins, pottery, or other relics have as yet been found in or near the well. It is situated on the carriage-drive of the house occupied by Mrs. Jones, in Park Road, Harborne This house appears to belong to the middle of the last century. No record exists, so far as I am aware, of the presence of the well in connection with it, nor have I met with any published reference, or heard of any documentary notice or personal recollection in any degree bearing on the subject. Park Road or Lane is a portion of the old direct road between Smethwick and King's Norton. The site of the well was, a few years ago, surrounded by a plantation on very swampy soil. Some trees are still near it, and the root-filaments of these and other trees long since perished have overspread the joints of the stones.

The well is about three-quarters of a mile west of the Ikeneld Street, where it skirted Harborne, and it is at about the same distance from the remarkable camp which, if not made by the Romans, was occupied by them in Metchley Park. I am of opinion that Park Road and the older bridle-path, of which traces remain, represent the track of a *via vicinalis* running in a north-west direction from the road of the Iceni, and that the well was formed in connection with it, agreeably to practice. Some small earthworks have yet to be examined in this neighbourhood.

I am glad to believe that the old well will be retained, if not in an open, at least in an accessible, condition, as a memorial of good Roman work in a district of the Flavia Cæsariensis, which has very little of that era to show. I have to record my thanks to Mrs. Jones for her courtesy in permitting me to examine the well, and to Mr. William Newey, for much material assistance in the work.

(It has been suggested to me that this well may have been formed in connection with a spring of medicinal water supposed to exist in the vicinity, but a careful analysis of the water in the well kindly made for me by Mr. A. S. Johnstone of Harborne, has quite disproved this opinion, not for other reasons tenable.—1883.")

Such remains after all may be doubtful or few, but the four centuries

of Roman rule in Britain have left imperishable marks upon our jurisprudence and on much of our other intellectual work; and if in the edifice of our national character the Saxon may be called the granite, and the Norman-French the stucco, then assuredly the Roman is the polished marble.

During the six hundred years of Saxon and Danish domination in England, although our little village is not even named in any chronicle, yet our county was the theatre of many a stirring scene. The race of Cerdic prevailed in battle after battle until the Britons were forced back beyond the Dee and the Severn, though they never were entirely subjugated by the Saxons. And together with these wars of races there were the contests of the so-called Seven Kingdoms themselves one with the other, and the long struggle with the Danes, the fiercest foes that ever trod our soil. Mercia, of which Staffordshire, Warwickshire and Worcestershire formed part, was the last kingdom constituted in what was known as the Heptarchy. It name is significant. *Mearc* is a mark or limit, and Mearcia means the marches, or the borders of England against Wales. The term Marches was used also in Norman times for the Welsh Border; and the powerful barons who possessed them by the tenure of the sword, had always enough to do to hold their own—or rather what was not their own.

One of the chief towns of Saxon Mercia was Repandune, now Repton, in Derbyshire, near the north border of our county, and which marks the site of the Roman settlement Repandunum. It is in Derbyshire and North Staffordshire, not in our part of the county, that the most abundant and interesting remains of the Mercian Saxons have been discovered in the burial-mounds or *lows*, and it is significant that nearly three hundred places there have the suffix *low* in their name, and that in every such instance the place is, or has been, distinguished by a barrow.[1]

Mercia was the last kingdom, except possibly Wessex, to receive the Christian Faith. This conversion happened in the middle of the seventh century, when the son of Penda its king being in violent love with the daughter of a neighbouring prince who was a Christian, and being only able to obtain her by abjuring idolatry, the true religion was gradually

1. "*Grave-Mounds and their Contents*," by Llewellyn Jewitt, F.S.A., page 4.

embraced by his father's people after his example, though it was long ere the venerated superstitions of Odin were extinct in the land.

How curiously has the mighty influence of Woman been exerted in the cause of Truth! If Anna Boleyn had not been fair would the Reformation have numbered our Henry among its Apostles?

Three names stand out prominent in Anglo-Saxon history, and with our Mercia they have an especial connection;—Offa, Alfred, and Ethelfleda, in the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries respectively.

Offa has been called the Charlemagne of the West; and he indeed resembled in character as in fortune the great Emperor, his contemporary and professed friend. By the Welsh no Saxon is better remembered, or with better reason. He signally defeated their Prince Caràdoc on the Marsh of Rhuddlan; and that most plaintive melody "Morva Rhuddlan" has told for a thousand years the tale of slaughter. He resided at Tamworth, and he had such an affection for Lichfield that he made the bishopric of the good St. Chad an Archbishop's See, taking the Primacy away from Canterbury. He has left his name, it is thought, in the name of our hundred Offlow which means Offa's grave; but this is doubtful, for Matthew of Westminster says he died at Offley in Bedfordshire, and was buried in Bedford. His grave is also said to have been discovered at Hemel Hempstead in Hertfordshire. As seven cities contested the honour of the birthplace of Homer, three counties have disputed the burial place of Offa.

The two great memorials of this king are not in our county. Offa's dyke is on the Welsh border, and the noble and beautiful Abbey of the proto-martyr Alban, of which Offa was one of the builders, belongs to Hertfordshire. I am not sure, however, that his name does not linger in Uffmoor Wood and Uffmoor Green, both near to St. Kenelm's Chapel.

He was beyond comparison the most strong-minded and capable fighting man that ever bore the title of King of Mercia, and Bretwalda, or chief ruler, of Saxon England.

But the *greatest* man was of course Alfred, and he is connected with Mercia by many a hard conflict, for the children of the Raven Standard, the terrible Danish Sea-rovers, ravaged England during thirty years in his

time, and there was not a town or village, or hill or valley, in Staffordshire which they did not visit with their *requisitions*, to use a polite modern term. You know how the good and brave Alfred triumphed, and how at Hastings the savage Viking, driven from the Thames to the Severn, fled at last back to his Scandinavian rocks, leaving Alfred to rule peaceably in Mercia as in Wessex, for the brief remainder of his life. What he did for his people, and for posterity—how learned and wise and valiant and religious he was, needs no illustration from me. Our Mercia began to assume in his reign its present proportions and divisions. The shires of Stafford and Warwick and Worcester and Salop were then distinguished, and their respective hundreds and tithings marked out. Alfred was, as an old chronicle tells, "the maker of the University of Oxford—a man greatly given to Learning." "He gave to Houses of Relligious that he buildid half the Landes that he had purchasid."[1] This was, I suppose, about ninety years after the first institution of the Saxon Monasteries. The Britons had them centuries before Alfred's time. And here let me say a few words for these establishments. I believe that Alfred did a good work in endowing them. It is a great popular mistake to assert that there was nothing but evil in their constitution and practice. No doubt it was well that they should be suppressed when they were, for their work was done, and times were changing fast, though even then the end did not justify the means. But it must not be forgotten that they were for generations the depositories of learning, the hospitals of charity and medicine, the centres of religious faith, the schools for secular instruction, the registry of events, the treasuries of manuscripts, the homes of Art. I never gaze on one of those beautiful illuminated manuscripts—of the Gospels for instance—without a sentiment of gratitude and admiration for the devout feeling, the patient intelligence, the exquisite skill, which have produced it. And although grave abuses crept in, especially in the more richly endowed houses, it is equally true that many were models of good discipline down to the last, and that many were so constituted that the monks worked hard for their daily bread—that of Bangor for example, where there were 2,100 of them, and where all lived by the labour of their hands.

1. Leland, *Collectanea* (Hearn), Vol. i, 521.

I wonder whether it has been recollected by our friends of the Nine Hours Movement now so successful, that Alfred established an *Eight* Hours Movement, so to speak, in his own practice, giving eight hours to prayer and study, eight to the business of the realm, and eight to food and rest. You will agree with me that if the toilers of our time, whether with arm or brain, would honestly undertake to carry out such a tripartite division of the day, they would deserve full liberty to attempt it; and that it would be better for the world if its time could be universally arranged on that system.

But Alfred's son Edward, and Alfred's daughter Ethelfleda, were fit inheritors of his power and fame. And his grandson Athelstan carried the Anglo-Saxon sway to its utmost bounds, A.D. 940. Ethelfleda was the Elizabeth or the Maria Theresa of the Saxons—the beloved of her people—the admiration of all chroniclers. "Ethelfleda"—says one quoted by Leland, "the famous Lady of the Mercians, a woman of consummate justice and valour." She helped her brother Edward to smite the Danish host at Tettenhall, when the northern raven had once more alighted on our plains; and you may see even now some of the barrows and ridges of the battle-fields. She was married to Ethelred, Sovereign Earl of Mercia, but after his death she governed alone—in the words of the chronicle, "Sola regnum Merciorum strenuo moderamine rexit."[1] She built fortresses in South Mercia at Stafford, at Tamworth, and at Warwick—the last was the germ of the present Castle. She wrested Derby and Leicester from the Dane. She marched against the Welsh, and took prisoner the wife of their Prince. She died at Tamworth A.D. 921. I rather wonder that the name Ethelfleda is not more popular for girls, and that of Athelstan for boys. *Ethel* is now common enough, but Ethel alone was never used by the Saxons as a name. It is only part of a name, though *Etheling* was used for a Prince to express royal birth. Athelstan means *noble stone*, or a gem; Ethelfleda *noble-flowing*, a term which well suited the impetuous and high-born Lady of the Mercians.

Although during all these periods, and through the time of the brief Danish monarchy, and of the last Saxon Kings, our Harborne is still un-

1. *Collectanea*, Vol. iii. 184.

recognised in history, it was, as I confidently believe, both a local habitation and a name.

No dwelling-houses or traces of them, it is true, now survive. The simple habits and limited wants of the early cultivators of the land were not of a sort to suggest the adding of stone to stone and field to field for a memorial to posterity. The old Church tower which we see in our midst was, perhaps, not erected till the end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century; but I doubt not there was a place of prayer on that site at least in Alfred's time; and in the reign of Edward the Confessor it is known that there was a Church at Hales Owen which would receive many persons from the scattered homesteads westward of the village of the High Brow. Religious establishments and parochial charities were certainly not uncared for in those days. Ethelfleda repaired Wednesbury Church, as well as fortified its castle. At Coventry a monastery flourished, founded by Leofric, Earl of Mercia and husband of Lady Godiva. (He was lord of Dudley Castle.) At Wolverhampton Wulfrena had founded one in the reign of Edgar or of Ethelred.

Bishops of Lichfield were regularly appointed. Leofwin was the last Saxon bishop there. An old Latin record, speaking of Lichfield and its early bishops, says "Lichfield is a poor little town in the county of Statford far from the traffic of cities, in the midst of a well-wooded region, with a little river hard by. The church was on a narrow site, thus showing the humility and abstinence of the men of the olden time."[1]

To which I may subjoin that Chad, the great patron Saint and Bishop of Lichfield, was a shining example of such humility and abstinence, seeing that he would not use horse or carriage in his episcopal work, but trudged on foot through the mire till he was actually forced by the Archbishop into a sort of two-wheeled cart. I will not suggest obvious comparisons, but I confess that a bishop of our day calling on his clergy, knapsack on back, or even driving in a dogcart, would be an edifying spectacle. The late Bishop Selwyn seems the nearest to this good old type.

The Anglo-Saxon youth were taught in the monasteries, if not destined to a life of labour. Unhappily too many were so destined, and slaves of

1. Leland, *Collectanea* (Hearne), Vol. iii, 261.

both sexes were attached to nearly all the great estates, and sold, used, and bequeathed like other animals.

There was, in the year 819, one poor little lad called Kenelm, who was not a bond slave, but King of Mercia, and son of a king, whose span of life seems to have been more tearful, and whose death was more cruel, than that of any of these children of the soil. You have all, doubtless, looked on the mutilated effigy of this king of seven years old, on the wall of his Church in the lonely Clent valley yonder—that very curious little Church with its elegant turreted Gothic tower and Early English decoration, and Saxon arch. The story is not, perhaps, new to you, but some of the details which I translate from two old Latin chronicles may be so. The first chronicle puts the matter sententiously thus:

"Kenulph, King of Mercia, died A.D. 819. King Kenelm is the son of Kenulph. Quendrida and Burgovilla are the sisters of Kenelm.

"Quendrida lays snares for Kenelm by means of Askebert, his attendant and tutor, that she herself might reign. Kenelm, only seven years old, is led by Askebert into the forest, under pretext of hunting.

"In that forest there is a deep valley called Clent hidden between two hills. A white cow in former times frequented this valley.

"The place was thence called the Valley of the Cow.

"In this valley Askebert cuts off the head of Kenelm.

"A dove bore away to Rome in her beak a parchment scroll inscribed in golden letters with a memorial of the martyr St. Kenelm, and placed it on the high altar of St. Peter."

These were the words of the scroll:

> "In Clent, in Cowdale, low under the thorn,
> Bereft of his head lies poor Kenelm, King-born."

(The field, the scene of the murder, is, I believe, still called Cowbatch.)[1]

"There is a contention," continues the chronicle, "between the men of Gloucestershire and those of Worcestershire respecting the transfer of the remains of St. Kenelm. The body is at length brought to the monastery of Winchcomb."

(This rich Benedictine monastery, I may remark, had been founded by his father Kenulph with great pomp, twelve Bishops and the Archbishop of Canterbury assisting at the dedication of the Church to St. Peter, whose

1. Cowbatch is the gorge between the Clent proper and Walton Hill, extending from Clent Church to St. Kenelm's.

very favourite name is borne by many Churches—our own included—dating from the eighth to the fourteenth centuries.[1] Winchcomb is 15 miles from Gloucester.

I now blend together the two chronicles—

"Quendrida was standing in the open gallery of the western part of St. Peter's Church at Winchcomb, a short distance from the courtyard of the Monastery, and she was singing the 109th Psalm at the time when the funeral procession passed with the body of little Kenelm. Disturbed by the chant of the priests and the gratulations of the people (at obtaining the body) the fratricidal woman looked out, and then, I know not by what witchcraft"—says the chronicle—"she went on singing the Psalm *backward* from the end, with the desire to confuse the choristers. But suddenly by Divine power, at the 20th verse, 'Let this be the reward of mine adversaries from the Lord, and of them that speak evil against my soul,' the eyes of the witch dropped from their sockets upon the book; and the page is still stained with blood at that verse."[2]

Caxton's "Golden Legend" contains another version of this history of Kenelm. It relates also that he was warned by a miraculous dream of his impending fate. He saw a tree stand by his bedside. "The height thereof touched heaven, and it shined as bright as gold, and had fair branches full of blossoms and fruit. And on every branch were tapers of wax burning, and lamps alight, which was a glorious sight to behold; and he thought that he climbed upon the tree, and Ascobert his governor stood beneath and hewed down this tree, and when the tree was fallen down the holy young king was heavy and sorrowful, and he thought there came a fair bird which flew up to heaven with great joy." This being interpreted by his nurse to mean that Ascobert and Quendrida should slay him, and that the bird flying to heaven was his soul, the child is said to have retreated to Kenilworth which had been built for him, and called from his name Kenelm's *weorthig*, or estate.

As regards agriculture, the only industry which our Saxon ancestors pursued in Harborne, though they worked elsewhere for iron and salt, there is not much to boast of. It must be confessed that the Romans were better

1. Nearly nine hundred churches in England are dedicated to Saint Peter.

2. Leland, *Collectanea* (Hearne), Vol. i, 314; Vol. iii, 263.

Quendrida seems a name of ill omen. Quendrida the wife of King Offa murdered the young Prince Ethelbert of the East Angles in an extraordinary manner, about 30 years before the time of Kenelm. She was the grandmother of our Quendrida—a perfect Lady Macbeth.

farmers as they were better miners. Under their rule the country abounded in cattle and corn, so that the legions in Italy were supplied from this vast insular storehouse. In the year 359 or 360 no less than 800 ship loads of grain, about 120,000 quarters, were sent from Britain, by the Emperor Constantius or Julian, to the Rhine. But the Saxon farmers failed to get such produce from the land. They were, however, great cattle-feeders, and had a particular love for pigs, like many of their descendants. They no doubt appreciated *Roast Pig*, but it was reserved for the more refined civilization of our own day to write a brilliant essay on the raptures of eating it, and to give £3,550, or about the sum spent in rebuilding our Church, for a picture illustrating those raptures. (There were 2,078,504 pigs in England in 1871, of which Staffordshire had no more than its due share.) The price of land was low, about 1s. an acre in the time of Alfred. But land was often sold by barter. In the tenth century an acre was worth 4 sheep ; 3 acres worth a horse. For a farm containing 10 hides, or about 1,200 acres, there were given on one occasion, 10 casks of honey, 300 loaves of bread, 12 casks of strong ale, 30 casks of small ale—our fathers loved ale above all things—2 oxen, 10 wethers, 10 geese, 20 hens, 10 cheeses, 1 cask of butter, 5 salmon, 20lbs. of fodder, 100 eels. Not a very dear farm, one would think.

In the laws of Ethelred the following market prices were fixed. I give them in sterling money. *A man or slave*, £2 16*s.*; a horse, £1 15*s.*; a mare or colt, £1 3*s.* 5*d.*; an ass or mule, 14*s.*; an ox, 7*s.* 0½*d.*; a cow, 5*s.* 6*d.*; a swine, 1*s.* 10½*d.*; a sheep, 1*s.* 2*d.*; a goat, 5½*d.* The price of a good hawk was the same as that of a man.

In 1065 the population of England was not more than two millions, not counting Durham, Cumberland, Lancaster, and Northumberland It is estimated that three-fourths of this population were bondmen, and they were the only cultivators of the land. Yet food was generally abundant. The men were strong and healthy, and the really "bad times" for farmers were reserved for the Norman rule, when they were ground down by a tyranny harder tenfold than any inflicted by Earl or Thane of the race of Cerdic.

If the race of Cerdic had done their best for Harold the last Saxon

King, it is probable that he would *not* have been the last. Hardly any men from our Midland Counties fought with him at Hastings. On the small English army there everything had to be risked. No reserve force was ready, and no second leader. One day's battle conferred five hundred years of empire on the Conqueror and his posterity. Fraud and violence triumphed in his person. Then followed the dividing of the spoil among the four or five hundred knights who "came over" with their lord, and the numberless monks, soldiers, merchants, and families of all sorts that hastened after to share in the rich prey. As sings an old rhymester :

"William de Conigsby
Came out of Britany
With his wife Tiffany
And his maide Maufas
And his dogge Hardigras."

The spoil was simply the territory of England. "From"—as Thierry expresses it—"the Tweed to Cape Cornwall, from the English Channel to the Severn, the whole country of the Anglo-Saxons was conquered and overrun."

Twenty years after the Conquest, the great Domesday Survey was completed, in which the transfer and expropriation of the lands were minutely registered. King William helped himself to about 1,500 manors, forests, and fisheries, all of the choicest and best. In the Midlands the three prize-holders of greatest note were, Robert de Stafford who had some 80 lordships, mostly in the north, the Bishop of Chester, and William Fitz Ansculf. Fitz Ansculf possessed about 25 lordships, including Selley, Northfield, Frankley, Weoley, Hagley, Dudley and Dudley Castle (his head quarters), Aston, Cradley, Witton, Perry Barr, Handsworth, Erdington, Edgbaston, and Birmingham—a very fair landed property, certainly, for one man !

Now a word about the Bishop of Chester. I think I mentioned that Saxon Lichfield was a small humble place even for that time, and that the Saxon Bishops of Lichfield were men of humility and abstinence. But the last man of *that* stamp died a year after the Conquest, and Peter the Norman succeeded him ; a Norman of course (Lanfranc) being Archbishop of Canterbury.

Peter did not find Lichfield to his taste. He preferred a large town to live in, and his friend the Archbishop met his views by removing the see to Chester, while his friend the King equally met his views by endowing it with broad lands ecclesiastical and secular. Among these the manor named from Longdon near Lichfield, was conspicuous—a very comprehensive manor truly, for it included Harborne, Smethwick, and Tipton, with nearly 30 other manors, townships, and villages.

Peter died in 1086, and was buried at Chester. His successor, Robert de Limesey, a low-minded and avaricious man, got possession somehow of the wealthy Monastery of Coventry, which Leofric and Godiva had founded; and Coventry being thus become the more important and "respectable" place in his eyes, he removed the see thither in 1095. In 1138 it was finally restored to Lichfield.

Our Harborne, therefore, had the honour of belonging to the Church eight hundred years ago, and to the Church it belonged down to 1546, or for nearly 500 years, as I shall further notice by and by.

But it must not be supposed that His Lordship Bishop Peter of Chester did not make terms with desirable tenants for the cultivation of some of his possessions. The Domesday Survey shows this, and the following entry is remarkable as the oldest reference to our village that I am acquainted with.

"Horeborne, 1 carucate of arable land held by Robert."
"Smedewich, 2 carucates, and Tibintone 5 carucates, held by William."

A carucate was just so much as could be tilled with one plough in one year, a variable quantity, but about equal to the *hide*, which was exactly 120 acres.[1]

The Bishop of Chester's great domain of Lichfield (Lecefelle) of which the above small dependencies were part, is given in Domesday as comprising 73 ploughlands or carucates, 25 acres of meadowland, and the equivalent in *leucæ* of 93,760 statute acres of woodland; the whole being of the then annual value of £15. There were also 2 mills worth 4 shillings

1. The *hide*, *cassatus*, *mansa*, and *carucate*, appear to be different expressions of the same value, the carucate being introduced, I think, by the Norman officials.

each.[1] All this property belonged to the Church of St. Chad in the time of the Confessor.

I wonder who was the Robert that held the ploughland in Horeborne. Perhaps he was an ancestor of our esteemed Vicar, the last letter of Roberts meaning *son* as in *Robertson*. But I have an impression that the Vicar would prefer to trace his descent from the people who were here before the Conqueror and the Conquered "came over." And we know that he believes what he himself illustrates,

> "Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

Smedewich was then the Village of Smiths as it is now, its name bearing witness, and we know that the modern Iron Age had dawned over the Midlands, and that men had begun to reap that mighty harvest of the buried primeval woods, and had cut down on the surface those waving woods of, comparatively speaking, yesterday, where kings had hunted and armies taken shelter.[2]

And yet Smedewich had twice as much arable land as Horeborne, and Tibintone or Tipton had five times as much. Perhaps William who held that estate of the Bishop was the progenitor of the ironmasters of that name.

It is obvious that the area of the land thus indicated for Harborne Parish is but a small part of the actual area, which is at least 3,300 acres, Harborne Township having about 1,500 acres.

Our big and busy neighbour Birmingham was held at this time of Fitz Ansculf by one Richard, but it does not appear to have been a much larger place than Horeborne or Smedewich. Hutton, however, calculates that the population of Birmingham in 1066 was 3,500, and the number of houses 700.

The King held no land personally in our district.

I proceed to notice a few dates and facts before passing to the eventful reign of Henry VIII.

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1. I take this summary from the "*Domesday Studies*" (Staffordshire,) of the Rev. R. W. Eyton. Table I.

2. Falmouth, or rather the old village which was the nucleus of it, bore for the same reason the name of Smithick, as appears from the Journal of the House of Commons in 1653. There were probably other places so called.

The Benedictine Priory of Sandwell, (Sanctus fons) at West Bromwich, or rather the Monastery of Cluniac monks, was founded in 1130, and the Priory of Dudley in 1155. The Parish Church of Dudley in 1155. The Parish Church of West Bromwich was finished perhaps a little later. About 1160, Ralph, dapifer or sewer of Walter Durdent, Bishop of Lichfield, was lord of Horeborne under the Bishop.

A.D. 1215, King John founded, or enabled Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, to found, the Hales Owen Abbey of White Canons, or Canons of the Præmonstratensian Order. They were called by that high-sounding name from *præmonstrare*, because it was pretended that when the original founders of the order were hesitating as to the site of the first monastery, which was in France, the Virgin Mary appeared to them, and *going before them pointed out* the place she preferred. And they were called White Canons from their dress. John endowed the Abbey with the advowson of Hales Owen Church, and much good land, as appears from a document of 1291, the "Taxation for Staffordshire by Pope Nicholas," where West Bromwich and Walsall, "Horeborn," and "Synewyk"—a new way of writing Smethwick—furnish their quota of ten per cent. on the rental of certain land and on other items of income.

A.D. 1235-40. In the "Testa de Nevill," "Longedon" is named as in the Barony of the Bishop of Chester, while Clent, Hagley, and Handsworth appertain to Roger de Somery.

A.D. 1255. It appears from the "Tenure Roll of the Hundred of Offlow" that in 1224 the extent of the Manor of Longdon and the town of Lichfield, held by Alexander, Bishop of Chester, of the King in barony, was 24 hides, or 2,880 acres, of which about one-tenth part was in Horeburn and one-seventh in Tybinton and Hintes.

Between A.D. 1280 and 1285, the Hospital or Priory in Birmingham, dedicated to St. Thomas the Apostle, was founded by the De Birmingham family. In the present year, 1885, and last year, bones of persons buried in the cemetery of this Priory, have been found during the excavations on the west side of Corporation Street, together with a portion of a wall of a building supposed to be the Chapel, one skeleton, perhaps that of an Abbot, being exhumed on the inner side of this wall.

It is now time to speak of the erection of our Parish Church of Harborne, or rather of the Church which remained almost intact down to the last century, and of which we have only the tower left. I am unable to fix the actual date of this erection from any document, but we have sufficient evidence to suggest it. The character of the tower, and a comparison of it with others in the Midlands, leave little doubt that it belongs to the beginning of the thirteenth century. (The existing Cathedral of Lichfield was completed a century later, the beautiful Lady Chapel with its unique octagonal apse having been added in 1300.) And I am glad to refer to a very interesting testimony of another kind. In November, 1878 there came into my hands a manuscript book containing a valuable collection of documents relating to the affairs of the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield. Bishop Hobhouse, to whom I showed it, believed that it was compiled by Henry Griswold, a Canon under Bishop Hacket (1661-1670). In this book is a transcript of certain capitular rights and privileges accorded by Roger Weseham, Bishop, A.D. 1255, and confirmed by Archbishop Boniface of Canterbury, at Lambeth, (written Lambhey) 12 February, 1259. Among the Churches named is our Harborne. "Cum Ecclesiis de Prees, Berkswich, Thachbrooke, Gaya, Harbourn, Eccleshall, Ruiton," *etc.* The spelling *Harbourn* is that of the transcript toward the end of the seventeenth century, not that of the original. In 1255 it was Horeburn.

The body of our Church was re-built toward the close of the last century, and--to use the words of Shaw in his History of the County---"in a neat and commodious form, consisting of a single pace, well-pewed, with a large modern gallery at the west end, and a small one at the north-east end." (Some of us remember the exceeding beauty of that north-east gallery!) The Church was further enlarged in 1827 and 1828 by a new wing on the south side, and by a new east window, at a cost of about £1,700, which, with the exception of £250 from the Society for Promoting the Enlargement of Churches was obtained by subscription. The Rev. James Thomas Law was then Vicar, and Mr. John Rutter, Churchwarden. Three hundred medals were distributed by the Vicar to the workmen and school children on the occasion of the laying of the first stone of the new building. Many of these medals should be extant now. The Churchyard was enlarged

in 1830. The re-construction of 1866, at a cost of £3,500, gave us the present handsome and spacious interior.

Early in 1874 the work was completed by the insertion of stained glass in the windows of the apse (one representing the Creation—a memorial window for David Cox—one the Crucifixion, and one the Resurrection,) by the addition of a choir vestry, a new tesselated pavement, and by extension of the chancel. There were also placed a new lectern (the gift of Mr. Charles Hart), a font cover, a new pulpit, Communion rails, etc. The organ was brought down to the floor, and repaired and enlarged, at the expense of Mr. Thomas Short, the donor of the instrument. Recently this organ has been replaced by a still larger one, worthier of the accomplished musician who presides at it, Dr. Rowland Wynn, and of the increasing capabilities of the choir he has trained.

If the date of the fabric of our Church be not so exactly written in its stone tower as we could wish, the date of the Parish Register is clear enough. Down to the time of the dissolution of the Monasteries, these establishments kept record of great and little events, including the death of persons of distinction and note; but there were no public registers of the important acts of the Church—Baptism, Marriage, and Burial. In 1535 or 1536, an order was issued for the institution of registers, but it was only partly obeyed, and it was not until September, 1538, that the Act was passed making it compulsory on all parishes to keep a register. This wise measure was due to Cromwell, Lord Essex, the gifted and unfortunate minister of Henry VIII., who had just then completed at his master's command the violent expropriation and destruction of the religious houses. Those of Hales Owen and Sandwell were of course so treated, and Lord Essex himself received from the King the revenues of the latter house. The gross revenue of Hales Owen was estimated at £337 10*s.* 6*d.*, the net value at £280 13*s.* 2*d.*[1]

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1. Dugdale's *Monasticon*. The details are as follows :—

		£	*s.*	*d.*	£	*s.*	*d.*
In Shropshire—Hales, Manor		133	18	7			
Hales, Town		19	11	7			
Hales, Church		30	0	0			
St. Kenelm, Chapel ..		10	0	0			
Others		10	16	0			
					204	6	2

Harborne was one of the first parishes to provide a register in obedience to the Act. Yardley register dates from 1539. King's Norton, and St. Martin's, Birmingham, from 1544. Northfield from 1560. Bromsgrove from 1590. West Bromwich from 1608. Edgbaston from 1635.

It is well to remember that when the Harborne Register was commenced we were still in the age of castles, although the power of the great barons had ceased. Dudley and Kenilworth were in their full grandeur. Weoley was held in true Norman fashion by the lord of Dudley. The old moated castle of the lords of Birmingham stood on its island where the Cattle Market is now, but the possession of it had just passed, through a singular fraud, into the hands of John, Duke of Northumberland.

The first book of our register is of vellum, in a hand of the period, and well-preserved, containing 52 pages of closely-written entries, dated from the year 1538 to 1652, but those of the last few years are illegible, having been written on the cover and much rubbed and erased. This is not, however, the original book—at least as regards the entries from the commencement to 1597. In 1597 an Act of Elizabeth, and in 1603, one of James, ordered that certified copies should be made of all existing Parish Registers, and preserved along with the originals. This was done with our register, but the original is no longer in our possession. The transcript bears this title on the cover, "Humfrey Fletcher of Horborne Vicar, his Register." "The trew coppy of the Regester booke of the Parishe of Horborne, Anno Dom. 1538." The heading on the first page runs thus—"This is the Register of Horborne of all Weddinges, Christeninges and burienges as was first exercised the 10 Day of Januarie in the year of or Lord God 1538, and in the XXX^TH year of the raigne of or Soveraigne Lorde Kynge Henri the Eight, supreame Head of the Church onder God."

The Act for Registers came into force only in September, 1538, but

In Stafford—	Horburne	5	18	8	
	(Net about £5, equal to nearly £7 now.)				
	Smethwyke	16	0	8	
	Others	70	15	9	
					92 15 1
In Worcester—	... .	40	9	3	
					40 9 3
				Total...	£337 10 6

several Churches, our own included, went back to the beginning of the year, and some even two or three years, for the first entries.

Harborne Register commences, therefore, with the following burial: "Henri Carles was buried the XIXTH day of Januari, in the yeare of or Lorde and of the Kinge as aforesaide."

I do not know who was this Henri Carles. A wood, long ago cut down, appears on the Ordnance Map, close to the Lord's Wood Road, as Carless Wood, but I believe that this owes its name to an old woodman Carless, who was employed by Mr. Green, and who is still remembered by some inhabitants of Harborne. The name is not an uncommon one in Staffordshire and Birmingham annals. Colonel Carless commanded for Charles II. at the battle of Worcester, and was with the King in the oak tree at Boscobel. Dr. Johnson's first love, Miss Hector, married a clergyman named Careless. And there lived in Harborne eighty or ninety years ago, an exemplary and well-remembered lady of the name. One of her daughters was married to Mr. Thomas Attwood, who resided at the Grove House where Madam Careless herself had resided.

The first entry of baptism in the register is, "Anne Yeforthe was cristened the XXI day of Februari and in the year as aforesaide" (1538). The first entry of marriage is, "Thomas Sycome was wedded to Agnes Jackson the 4th day of Juli, Anno Dei et Regis prædicto" (1538).

In accordance with the Act every page, or every other page, of the transcript is signed by the Vicar, who in 1597 was Humfrey Fletcher. His signatures appear from 1538 to 1607. And this circumstance led me to believe on my first glance at the Registers that the venerable *Sir* Humfrey Fletcher—as parish priests were styled—had been the pastor of Harborne for at least 70 years. Similar statements had been made in County Histories and elsewhere with regard to the longevity of clergymen of other parishes—the same signature in some cases running on for 80 or 90 years. But the fact that the greater number of these years were merely transcribed from another book, and signed page by page, and perhaps all at one time, by the clergyman, easily explains the error.

We are only sure that Humfrey Fletcher was Vicar of Harborne in 1597 and down to 1611. How long before 1597 I cannot tell. He is the

first Vicar of whom I have seen any record. Cases, however, are not wanting in our own day and district of far-extended periods of pastoral service. The late Vicar of St. Mary's, Warwick, Mr. Boudier, held that charge for more than sixty years. The Rev. Edward Bouverie died in 1874 at Coleshill, having been Vicar of the parish for 66 years. He was 90 years old.

The Churchwardens also signed the register with the Vicar.

Mr. Fletcher was succeded by Daniel Perye, who was inducted into the Vicarage 6th June, 1611, and according to an entry in the register, "did reade all the articles agreed upon by the King, his Council, and Bishops of Parliament." His signature does not appear in the register.

Then from 1617 to 1628 Henry Kempster signs as "Minister." Next, from 1629 to 1636, Samuel Kempster signs as "Curate." 1638, Thomas Bayly signs as Vicar. 1640, Jo. Mabmorth signs as Vicar.

In the following books we have at 1660, Edward Atwood, Vicar; at 1671, Godfrey Ward, who was rather fond of scribbling his name on the pages. During the long incumbency of this gentleman, about 30 years, I find the following entry: "July 23, 1673: Memorandum y^{t} Mr. Thomas Parkes y^{e} yonger did acknowledge and grant unto me Godfrey Ward, Vicar of Horborn, all vicarial dues and profits y^{t} shall fall or be any ways due from y^{e} land which is now in the tenure of Thomas Baker which y^{e} said Mr. Parkes holdeth by Lease from the Deane and Chapter of Lichfield."

"In y^{e} presence of
Thomas Parkes of Horborn.
John Silk; of y^{e} same."

The following learned comment on the above appears in the corner in another, but contemporary, hand—"At the same time hee should have greanted the large Tythye which was by Law is writes."

From 1700 to 1714, Richard Stubbings was Vicar, and in 1715 Thomas Southall. In his time the yearly revenue of the living being only £50, it was augmented to the extent of £20 by contributions from Mr. George Birch, Mr. Henry Hinckley, and Mrs. Dorothy Parkes, and by Queen Anne's Bounty. And the Church School was also then founded by those benevolent persons and by the subscriptions of others. Shaw thus relates

of it: "All the children in Harbourn and Smethwick, boys and girls, are taught to read and write, without any charge to their parents, and learn the Church Catechism,"—we had no School Boards or Education Leagues in those days—"there being seldom fewer children thus taught than fifty."

In 1732, Thomas Green was Vicar, and he has called the attention of posterity to the fact by emblazoning his name with pen and ink on the covers and title-pages of the registers. Mr. Green's incumbency lasted 34 years, the longest, I believe, in our Harborne annals. He was buried here on the 15th January, 1766, and it is recorded of him that he was "Chief Master of Birmingham School."

Daniel William Remmington was Vicar after him for a year or two.

In 1786 John Ward signs as Curate, and John Gaunt signs from 1774 till 1786, also as Curate.

About 1788 Robert Robertson became Curate of Harborne, and, I believe, served as Curate or Vicar down to 1824. This gentleman was Master of the Free Schools, Hales Owen, and was evidently educated in the old free school of the last century. He used to ride over from Hales Owen on a lame pony, on Sunday morning, for the service in our Church, without being particularly regardful of punctuality. It was his habit to call at a public house in Camomile Green for a warm glass of brandy and water. During this period Richard George Robinson occasionally signs as Vicar. He was probably non-resident, being Vicar of Barrow in Derbyshire, and Minor Canon and Chancellor's Vicar of Lichfield.

In 1825 James Thomas Law, Chancellor of the Diocese of Lichfield and Coventry, became Vicar. This gentleman and two of his curates, Edward George Simcox and Thomas Green Simcox, are well remembered for their administrative talents and social influence in the parish. But Chancellor Law is remembered also, or is worthy of remembrance, for the enlargement of the Church which took place in 1827 under his auspices and mainly through his efforts; and again for an act of considerate benevolence in 1833, when, looking at the depressed state of the agricultural interest, he offered to relieve the ratepayers from payment of Church-rates during three years, or to deduct 17 per cent. from his tithes, an alternative which was chosen by the people. He resigned the Chancellorship in 1873,

having held it for 52 years. He was distinguished for his studies in Ecclesiastical Law.

In 1845 he was succeeded by his cousin, The Honourable W. Towry Law, a brother of Lord Ellenborough, the Governor-General of India. The next Vicar was John Garbett in 1851, who was replaced about seven years afterwards by the Rev. Edward Roberts; and *him*—I say it with all reverence—may God preserve!

The entries of baptisms, marriages, and burials in the early books of our Harborne register, are very brief, and are blended together without any classification. Nor are there any notes of current events such as abound in the register of Alrewas in this county, or any singularities and curiosities of registration such as are met with in the books mentioned by Burn in his interesting work on Parish Registers.

For instance, under the year 1670, at Melton Mowbray, is the following very lucid and comforting assurance. "Here is a bill of Burton Lazars of the people which was buried, and which was married above 10 years old, for because the Clark was dead, and therefore they was not set down according as they was. But they are all set down sure on nough one among another here in this place."

In old times the disease called King's Evil was cured—or said to be cured—by what may be termed a *sovereign* remedy, the actual touch of Majesty. Witness one instance from Alrewas register—"1767, Edward Hall, who was touched and cured by His Majesty King Charles the Second for the King's Evil, was buried January 19th, aged 110 years."

Anthony A Wood tells us that in 1687 King James II., being at Oxford, touched at the Cathedral, in the course of two mornings, from 700 to 800 persons.[1]

I wonder whether our Harborne patriarch, James Sands, of whom I shall presently speak, was ever touched by one of the many kings and queens under whom he lived.

In one respect some of our books resemble those which Burn alludes to in strong terms as having been shamefully ill-used in past days. He states that ladies—even clergymen's daughters—curled their hair with them,

1. *Athen. Oxon*, Vol. i, 281.

shopkeepers wrapped their goods in them, milliners lined dresses with them, and on them dogs tried their teeth and cats sharpened their claws. Our first two books—one being from 1538 to 1652, the other from 1653 to 1673—are of vellum, and in fair preservation, but the succeeding ones, Nos. 3 and 4, on paper, from 1674 to 1732, are in a wretched condition indeed. Perhaps the Hanoverian Rat who came over as a conqueror, towards the latter period, had something to do with the matter. No. 5, however, embracing a period from 1732 to 1782 as regards baptisms and burials, and from 1733 to 1762 as regards marriages, is a vellum book in good condition, and re-bound. All the succeeding books are of paper. The baptisms, marriages, and funerals are entered in separate books after No. 5, and generally in the improved forms prescribed by Act of Parliament.

I will now advert to one or two entries of interest in these documents.

In the notices of burial no age or date of death is given. There is one instance in which I should much like to know the real age of the person buried. In Dr. Plot's Natural History of Staffordshire, it is stated that James Sands of Harbourn died December 6th, 1588, aged 140 years, having outlived 5 leases of a farm, each of 21 years, after his marriage. Also that his wife lived to be 120 years of age.[1] Now I cannot tell on what authority Dr. Plot relied for this assertion, nor can I find any trace of the old patriarch's farm, unless it be that an echo of his name exists in the homestead called Sanelies, a mile south of Weoley Castle, or—as I have seen it spelt—Sannelly's. But there is doubtless the registry of his burial—not *death*—6th December, 1588, and with a hand pointing to the entry. Would it not have been natural to add to the bare record some remark or note concerning his reputed great age? The *absence* of a remark is not, however, adverse to the assumption of the age, for throughout the older Harborne Registers, the object of each successive writer seems to have been to confine the entry to a single line, and to crowd the lines as closely as possible together. And yet on the vellum cover of Register No. 5 is the following

1. A carrier named William Farr died in Birmingham, 1770, aged 121. In 1792, John Roberts died in Birmingham, aged 103; he had 28 children by 3 wives, 6 after 80 years of age. 1864, March 5, Elizabeth Taylor, Sparkbrook, died, aged 104.

note signed by "Theo. Price," and dated 18th October, 1823:—"About three weeks ago Mr. Hamper of Deritend House told me that he had seen at Mr. Chas. Jennings' an old Register belonging to Harborne, in which the longevity of Sands and his wife were entered" *(sic)*.

Under this is written:—

"The Register which I mentioned to Mr. Price is now in the Parish Chest.

W. H., Apr. 19, 1824."

Perhaps some other inquirer may be fortunate enough to find the record of the "longevity" in question.

All the entries are in English, with the exception of a few Latin words in the dates, and one Latin memorandum to which I shall refer presently.

The Roman Catholic worship was resumed in England in 1554, and under the years 1556 and 1557 Philip and Mary are named as King and Queen.

In the first three years of Elizabeth's reign there are no entries--1558 to 1561—why, I cannot guess, unless the omission imply another change from the Papal to the Reformed Ritual, and a corresponding change of clergymen.

In 1642 King Charles I. passed through Birmingham, and in 1643 (April 3rd) Prince Rupert attacked Birmingham; and in 1645, Hawkesley House at King's Norton, a strongly fortified place, was taken by the King and Prince Rupert. There is no record in our books of these events.

The era of the reign of Puritanism is, however, well marked in our Register—a melancholy time for England and her Churches! "The ordinances of 1643-1644 enjoined that all Altars and Tables of stone should be taken down and demolished; that all Communion Tables should be removed from the east end of every Church and Chancel, that all tapers, candlesticks, basins, crucifixes, crosses, images, pictures, organs and their frames or cases, should be taken away and defaced, and that no rood-lofts or holy-water fonts should remain."[1]

How thoroughly all this, and much more than this, was executed, the records or the traditions of well-nigh every Cathedral and Parish Church

1. *Cur. Lit.*, Second Series, III, p. 335.

can tell, and in many instances the irreparable injuries themselves are the best evidence. "The Puritans," says Disraeli, "actually baptized horses in Churches at the fonts, and the jest of that day was that the Reformation was now a thorough one in England, since our horses went to Church."[1] At Winchester the Cathedral was turned into a stable for Cromwell's cavalry. At Lichfield Cathedral such havoc was wrought that good Bishop Hacket could hardly, with all his zeal, achieve the restoration on which he had set his heart.

The Reformation had nothing to do with devastation and persecution such as this. The object of the Reformers was chiefly to remove *idolatrous* images, shrines, candlesticks, and offerings. Elizabeth, by two distinct proclamations, sought to moderate the over zeal of the Protestants.

Into every Parish Church during the ascendency of the fanatic party an interloping preacher came, supported by rough soldiers, and usurped all authority. Frequently the pastor was marched off to prison: always he was prevented from performing his functions. Naturally therefore the Parish Registers were neglected, and it was fortunate when they were not stolen or defaced.

In our Harborne Register, between June and September, 1647, occurs a Latin note of the Vicar, Mr. Mabmorth. There are two illegible words, but the sense is as follows; "Many things are here wanting, some imperfect—because the malice of man and the oppressions of the times have not permitted the Vicar to fulfil his office."

It is to be hoped that no one has required, or may require, to prove the date of a baptism, a marriage, or a burial, in the year 1647, from the Harborne Register. Things must have been in a sad state in the Church and in the Parish. Fancy your Vicar imprisoned in his own house, or if contumacious or "malignant," as it was termed, put into the stocks! (The stocks in Harborne stood then very close to the Church.) Fancy your Churchwardens deprived of their keys, and books and staffs of office, and forced to look on while outrageous sacrilege was being committed, and to listen to the devotional music of drum and fife, and to the melodious voice of some close-cropped dragoon expounding the judgments of God,

1. "*Remarks on English Churches*," by J. H. Markland, 1842.

mounted on the broken Communion Table! Let us hope that no errors—real or imaginary—in the doctrine or ritual of our Church, will ever again be treated with *that* sort of reform!

The second Register-book of Harborne is of vellum, and embraces a period of 20 years, from 1653 to 1673. This register was badly kept for several years, especially in 1658, and from 1660 to 1664. There is no reference to the great Plague of 1665, and none of the books mention even any striking event near at hand, such as the fire in Warwick in 1694, when St. Mary's Church and 250 dwellings were destroyed.

In 1653, Cromwell's Parliament passed a measure which deprived the Parish Clergyman of the control of his own register, and appointed a layman to the office of Registrar of births, marriages, and burials. Baptisms were not mentioned. Marriages were to be effected by proclamation of the intention on three successive Sundays in the Church by the Minister or by the Registrar; or else on three successive market-days in the public market-place. After which, the parties were to proceed with the Registrar to the Magistrate of the district, and exchange a brief form of words, whereupon the Magistrate was to declare them man and wife, and sign the register-book to that effect. I do not know whether the wives of the period approved of the proceedings in the market-place, and of the purely secular and magisterial coupling together. As there was no market-place in Harborne the proclamations were in the Church, and much the same as the old familiar banns. But in the solemnization—save the mark!—of marriage by a Justice of the Peace, what a contrast to the really solemn declaration made a hundred years before by the Council of Trent, that marriage was a Sacrament! The elastic consciences of more recent legislators have authorised alike the florid sumptuousness of the High Church practice, and the severe simplicity of the Superintendent Registrar.[1]

1. In the Register of Eling in Hampshire, on the border of the New Forest—commenced 1537, (one year before the Act)—is the following entry :—

"1654. Thomas Burges, the sonne of William Burges, and Elizabeth Russel, the daughter of Elizabeth, the now wife of Stephen Newland, were asked three Sabbath dayes, in the Parish Church of Eling: sc: Apriel 16, Apr 23rd, Apr 30th, and were marr: by Richard Ld. Crumwell, May XXIId "

(This was the Protector's son, then living probably at Hursley, 10 miles north of Eling.)—(From Wise's *New Forest*, 1863.)

Oliver's daughter Frances was married in this way in 1657, as appears from the Register of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. (See Burn's *History of Parish Registers*.)

In the year 1653 there is an entry in our book, partly illegible, indicating that John Millward of Harborne was appointed Registrar under the new Act, and Hamstead Hall the residence of the Justice before whom the marriages were to take place. Accordingly we find many entries in the following form :—

"The Intention of marriage between Robert Povey of this Parish of Harborne, naylor, and Alis Grainger, of ye said Parish, daughter of Frances Grainger, Widdowe, was published 3 severall Lord's Dayes in ye said Church, (viz., ye 24th of February, ye 2d and 9th dayes of March, 1655) by me John Milward."

Mo yt ye afforsd psons Robert and Alis were declared husband and wife at Hampstedd Hall upon ye 10 day of March 1655 according to ye Act of Parliamt in yt case made and provided by John Wyrley."

The Justice of the Peace was Sir John Wyrley, Knight, a man of considerable ability and wealth, and of a very old Norman family. He died, aged 80, in 1687. The John Milward lived either at Tennel Hall, or at the Welsh House in Harborne. *His* ancestors did not come over with the Conqueror, but attended to wind or water mills like honest folks, long before the Conquest.

Agreeably to the new state of things, we have in 1653 the first entry of *birth* in our register, and until October 16, 1659, the word "baptized" disappears from it. But the Protector died in 1658, and the old forms of marriage and baptism were soon resumed.

Registers Nos. 3 and 4 are intermixed as to dates, which extend from 1674 to 1732. These books are of paper, and, as I have before said, are in a wretched condition. They are conspicuous also for bad spelling of names. But Smethwick is spelt correctly *Smithwick*, as in the following: "Benjamin Greaves of Moseley Hall, Esq., and Miss Jane Hunt of Smithwick, were married ye 9th of July 1691."[1] Is there not something touching in these two entries? "A child of a poor travelling man was buried May 19, 1727." "A stranger was buried 3 October, 1729." Nameless, and forgotten by all—except God! There are many such entries in Yardley Register.

1. Smethwicke was the printer or the publisher of one of the early copies of *Hamlet*.
An edition in 12mo. of Michael Drayton, of 1630, bears the publisher's or printer's name of Will. Stansby for Iohn Smetwick.

Under the year 1727 occurs this entry:—"The Pious and Charitable Mrs. Dorothy Parkes, Foundress of ye Chappel at Smithwick, was buried January 14th, 1727." This lady was a daughter of Mr. Thomas Parkes of Smethwick. She seems to have lived a single life from choice—at least her epitaph states that she never "thought fit" to marry—and to have devoted herself to a career of benevolence. I have spoken of her benefactions to the Schools and to the Vicarage of Harborne. Her name is also associated with doles of loaves, coats, and bibles to the poor of Harborne and Smethwick, as appears from our Church tablets. She vested, by indenture in 1719, and subsequently by will, in the hands of trustees, property for the erection of a Chapel, and of a School and Parsonage house, at Smethwick. This Chapel, a plain Georgian building, was consecrated in 1732 by Dr. Smalbrook, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry; and the body of the foundress was removed thither from Harborne Church where it had been interred in 1727. The inscription on the stone placed by her trustees, and quoted by Shaw in his County History, states that she was born the 16th September, 1644; and that she died in Birmingham 7th June, 1727, being thus nearly 83 years old. There is an entry in our register of the baptism of a Dorothy Parkes, daughter of Thomas Parkes, February 6, 1668; but this child must be the daughter of our Dorothy's brother who is mentioned as "Thomas Parkes the yonger" in the grant of Tithes to the Vicar dated 1673, which I have read to you. If you would like to see a Harborne lady of two hundred years ago, permit me to introduce to you good Miss Dorothy Parkes. I am indebted to the kindness of my friend Mr. Addenbrooke for the opportunity of showing this interesting portrait, which is by a pupil of Sir Peter Lely.

The west gallery of her Chapel was added in 1759 by public contributions. In August, 1884, the trustees proposed to the Charity Commissioners to sell twenty acres of land for £3,500.

Under the late Vicar, Mr. Addenbrooke, who for many years held this living, the Church was repaired and decorated, a vestry built, the burial ground twice enlarged, an effective choir and a new organ introduced, and above all, a daily Service established.

But it is evident that the time cannot be far distant when a more

capacious Church must be erected on the ever-widening borders of the town of Smiths. May that day find more than one Dorothy Parkes! Meanwhile a small Iron Church, dedicated to St. Chad, has been placed in Shireland Road, near its junction with the Dudley Road.

In our Harborne register I have not noticed anything about the baptism of the Harborne *bells*. I am not alluding to the lovely young ladies whose christening had been for any cause delayed, or to the dear little innocents who were duly carried to the font; but to the real bells up in the steeple there. It is true that we were only Roman Catholic for a few years within the period of our register; and then again it may not have been customary to record the event in such documents. But certainly bells were anointed, blessed, and baptized as long ago as the tenth century; and I believe the practice still continues in Catholic States. In 1501 the Priory bells of Little Dunmow in Essex were baptized by the names of St. Michael, St. John, Virgin Mary, and Holy Trinity.

The oldest bells in the Harborne Church tower were doubtless so treated. Certain others were added in 1691, made by William Barcly of Chacom (Chalcombe or Chacombe, near Banbury), as the inscription testifies. In 1877 two new treble bells were hung, with convivial rather than religious ceremonies.

An anti-Catholic writer in 1580 says that the Belles (so he spells it) have Godfathers that hold the rope, and say Amen to that which the Bishop demands of the Belles; and he continues thus—"Then they put a new coat or garment on the Belle, and so conjure it to the driving away of all the power, craft and subtiltie of the Devill, and to the benefit and profit of the Souls of them that bee dead (especially if they bee rich, and can paye the Sextone well) and for many other like thynges. Insomuch that the Belles are so holy that so long as the Church and the people are (upon any occasion) excommunicate, they may not bee rung."

Well, for my part I always feel that there *is* something sacred in our bells—a holiness not of man's producing by superstitious ceremonies, but springing from the associations which the Almighty has ordained that they shall awaken in our heart; whether by their joyous marriage melody, or by

their slow and solemn warning when dust is to be gathered to dust.[1]

Let us glance at the names most recurring in our earlier Parish books, and other records. Those of Saxon derivation are the more abundant, as might be expected. We have Wesley, Whitehouse, Green, Birch, Underhill, Parkes, Harwood, Bayley, Hipkiss, Fleetwood, Hart, Rock, Newey, and many others, which refer to natural objects or to places. Stanley also, and Whorwood, though of aristocratic association, are but simple Saxon. Price, Davies, Powell, and Penn, are Celtic. Gaunt, Jennings, Jervoise, Carless, Neville, Fletcher, and, I think, Piddock, are of Norman origin. There is one name, not, so far as I know, in our old register, but that of a living resident in the village, Joseph Harborne. The possessor of this name is beyond doubt entitled to take family precedence in Harborne, on the Norman principle of territorial appellation, just as in the case of John of Gaunt, or Robert of Gloucester.

The three most frequent names during 200 years are Birch, Millward, and Piddock. The Birch family were land-owners, and residents in Harborne for many generations. About a hundred years ago, George, son of Judge Birch, sold the manor which had been acquired by the family in 1710. This George Birch married into the Wyrley family of Handsworth, and became possessor of that manor. Esther, or Hester Barbara, the daughter of Judge Birch, married in 1799 the Rev. Thomas Lane, Rector of Handsworth.[2] The Piddocks also were long resident in Harborne. Elizabeth Cowper *alias* Piddock appears by the Charity Tables in the Church as a benefactress to the poor by her will in 1576. Hutton mentions them as a numerous and opulent family, and as owners of many estates in the manors of Smethwick and Oldbury.

The Millwards lived at the Welsh House and at Tennel or Tennall Hall, two of our oldest houses, the meaning of whose names I cannot fix. I have heard it said that the latter was called *Tunnel* Hall from some

1. There is inscribed on one of the bells of the 17th century—"Cantate Domino Canticum novum"; and on the bells of 1877 respectively—"Gloria in excelsis Deo," and "Cum voco ad Templum venite." A new clock, chiming Westminster quarters, was placed in the tower in 1877.

2. There is a singular epitaph in Harborne Church to the memory of a Thomas Birch and Sarah his wife, written by himself. Two lines are—

"A greabler couple could not be,
Whatever pleased he always pleased she."

tradition of a subterranean way from it to Weoley Castle.[1] It is spelt *Tenhaul* in one place in the register, and this leads me to think that the original spelling may have been *Tynhal* or *Ty-yn-haul*, which would signify in the Welsh language, the house in the sun, or with the sunny aspect. And the neighbourhood of the "Welsh House" seems also to point to the occupation by Welshmen of the immediate district, before the time of the Millwards. If, however, Tennall be a proper name, it must be that of the builder or first occupier.

Queen Elizabeth is said to have been entertained at Tennel Hall during a progress to Worcester, perhaps in that of 1575, when she visited Dudley Castle on the way, and the arrangements for her reception appear to have been made by Sir Ambrose Cave, a distinguished ancestor of the family of that name now residing in Harborne, who had been High Sheriff of Warwickshire and Leicestershire in the preceding reign, and who was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and a Privy Councillor of Elizabeth. I cannot ascertain whether Sir Ambrose Cave resided at any time at Tennel Hall; it is not improbable that he did.

The house is Elizabethan, and an interesting example of the style, half homestead, half mansion of that period. It has, however, been injured externally by the inevitable coat of stucco, and internally by the necessities of a farmer's life. The old wrought iron gate with its heavy knocker is a good specimen of intricate work. The pavement before the second entrance, and the prolongation of the roof over the door, are also worthy of notice, as well as the tall polygonal chimney on the east side, the only one of the kind left.

A massive wall bounds the premises, bonded on the lower part, Roman fashion, with tiles, and appearing to be of a date anterior to the house itself. Dr. Plot in noticing this place, before 1680, says that he found by the roadside a red sort of earth which discolours the hands, and strongly adheres to the tongue.[2] This earth, by the bye, would not be a bad illustration of

1. There is also a tradition of a passage from Weoley Castle to the house called Sanelies. Some indications in the cellars of the latter house, and the proximity of the two places seem to favour the existence of *this* passage. But the present house could not have existed even in the last days of Weoley.

2. "As for *medicinal earths* I met with but few in this country, the most likely to be such is a red sort of *earth* near *Tennal Hall* in the parish of *Harborn* by the wayside which *discolours* the hands,

money. "Woe unto him that ladeth himself with thick clay!" There is, I believe, a remarkable echo from the field in front of Tennel, which Dr. Plot would have been glad to awaken. Nor does Dr. Plot seem to have noticed the spring, which must have existed in his time, at Poyner's Corner, on the north side of Mr. Iliffe's garden, and which was celebrated and much frequented for the salubrity of its waters.

In the period 1734-1747 certainly, and probably earlier and later than those years, Tennel Hall was inhabited by Thomas Smith, Attorney at Law; and the poet Shenstone seems to have visited him there frequently.[1] Mr. Thomas Sargeant kindly showed me in 1877, several original letters from Shenstone to Smith, addressed to "Tennal" and to "Lapall" or "Lapwell," Halesowen, (1757-9); and to Birchy Close (1761-2). I give three of these letters which are of interest. It is not pleasant to think that such a sport as coursing was favoured by the author of the "Pastoral Ballad," who could write—

> "For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
> Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
> And I loved her the more when I heard
> Such tenderness fall from her tongue."

The scene of this coursing exploit was probably between the Leasowes and Tennel, a distance of two or three miles. Shenstone had only one brother who died when they were both young. Their mother had left a small estate which may have been divided between them.

To

Mr. Smith of Tennal. [No date.]

Sir,

I have sent to demand the Hare which was cours'd in my Brother's Grounds, Kill'd by my Dogs, and taken from my Servants. I little expected this usage from the Persons that were concern'd in it.

I am, your Servt.

Will. Shenstone.

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and strongly *adheres* if put to the *tongue*, like the *Bolus Armenus*; but whether as useful as that I left to the tryal of the learned and ingenious *Sr Ch.* Holt, a near *neighbour* to it, whereof I have not yet had the favour to hear."—*Natural Hist. Staffordshire, 1686.* p. 124.

1. Shenstone was born at Hales Owen 1714, and died there 1763.

[No date.]

Sir,

I was inform'd and I believe with truth, that your Dogs had cours'd the Hare previously, but *lost* her, that the Hare coming accidentally into a Field where *my* Dogs were, the Noise generally made upon those occasions introduc'd *yours* a second Time, whilst *mine* were in the Pursuit, that She was kill'd in my Br^s^ grounds by my Dogs, and torn from them not without some Violence. I leave you to consider the Nature of this Behaviour which I can only be induc'd to over-look by your Promise to send me one of y^r^ next Hares you kill.

I am, y^r^ hum: Serv^t^

Will. Shenstone.

As y^e^ Hare was design'd for Cous. Shenstone if you give *him* y^r^ next Hare 'twill be consider'd in y^e^ same light.

In thinking of this unseemly altercation it is impossible not to remember how a greater poet, a contemporary, treated *his* hares, and with what a clear mind and a loving heart he has pleaded for the rights of the lower animals.[1] Shenstone himself wrote truly "One should not destroy an insect, one should not quarrel with a dog, without a reason sufficient to vindicate one through all the courts of morality." (*Essays*, page 240.) The sportsman, however, will be at no loss to find his sufficient reason.

To Mr. Smith at
Birchy-Close.

Mr. Shenstone's service to Mr. and Mrs Smith. I expect the Harborne tenant to come about my Farm to day, but cannot well tell at what time. If Mr. Smith shall be at Home I will let him know so soon as the man comes; and shall be glad to have him step over and assist me in the Letting it.

Saturday, Aug. 27, 1762.

I do not know which farm in the Harborne district is referred to in this note.

Mr. Sargeant showed me other letters addressed to Mr. Thomas Smith. One, dated Aug. 21, 1744, from the Rev. Pinson Wilmot, Vicar of Hales Owen, is a receipt for ten shillings, the tithe for some herbage land of "Tennall" farm in that parish. Another, Dec. 11, 1747, contains a certificate from Mr. Wilmot that certain cows sent to Tennall were, and had

1. See "The Winter Walk at Noon."—
"I would not enter on my list of friends," *etc*.

been for two months, free from infectious disease. In 1743-4, Mr. Foley, Vicar of Northfield, applies to Mr. Smith at Tennall Hall for tithe as under :—

		£	s.	d.
On 6 acres Wheat at 4/-		1	4	0
4 „ Barley „ 3/-		0	12	0
16 „ Oats „ 2/-		1	12	0
		3	8	0
Cr. Half a hundred Cheese			10	6
		2	17	6

The letters show that in 1770 Mr. Smith was at "Bartley Yeild," and that in 1771 Mr. Foley was still at Northfield.

In the Elizabethan times Harborne Heath was really an open heath between the east and west brows of the hill, and the houses of the village were grouped thinly upon the west brow. *Then* flourished those venerable institutions of our rural forefathers, the Maypole and the Stocks. Edgar Poe speaks somewhere of the practicability of living out one's life in instalments, leaving it in charge to your executors to wake you up at certain intervals for spaces of ten years or so. No doubt it would be interesting to see glimpses of the men and the events of the far future. But for my part I should also like to live *backward*, and among the sights which as a Harborne man, I should have been glad to see, was the royal banner of England floating from our Church tower in token of the great victory over the "Invincible Armada," and the bonfires blazing from the Vicar's garden, or from the Court Oak Lane, in answer to the bright beacons of Lickey and Walton and Clent.

But not longer ago, even, than fifty years,[1] the Village of Harborne, was composed only of the houses near the Church (not counting of course those of Broughton Terrace and Victoria Road, which were unbuilt) and of the houses comprised within a space bounded by the "Duke of York" Inn, Park Lane, Mr. William Taylor's premises, and the west end of Green-

1. See the Map of Mr. John Newey prefixed to this work.

field Road. This was called Harborne Town. Very few dwellings stood between the "Junction" Inn and the "Green Man," both of which then existed, as did the "Bell" and the "King's Arms" and the "Fish" in Fish Lane, and, I believe, the "Duke of York." I fear that these Inns only half a century ago were the scenes of, and the incitements to, many a savage display of vice and cruelty. The Statute-fairs were held opposite to the "King's Arms." Deep drinking, Sabbath-breaking, dog-fighting, bull-fighting, were sadly characteristic of our village, and not exclusively among what are termed the lower classes. It is remembered that a dog was once tossed from the bull's horns through a bedroom window of Mr. John Newey's house in High Street. Happily much of this is gone for ever. More happily still the good change is yet going on; and an inhabitant of Harborne fifty years hence, should he chance to read these lines, may wonder, with all the light and peace of that new day around him, how such things *could* have been.

Among those that have contributed to the material growth of Harborne, I must not omit to include the gentleman I have named, Mr. John Newey, who has built nearly three hundred houses in and about the place, and has lived in it all his life, as his father and grandfather and great-grandfather lived before him. Mr. Newey has assisted, both in his professional and official capacities, during the past forty years, at the opening of several highways, such as Church Road, Albert Road, Victoria Road, Wellington Road, Serpentine Road, St. Mary's Road, Lonsdale Road; and on the other hand at the closing of many a pleasant field-path and the transformation of many a pastoral nook. But are there not yet left to delight us, meadow and coppice and dingle and upland, and the song of birds and the scent of wild flowers, and the pure breath of the west wind? Have you ever walked through the fields and lanes from Harborne Church to St. Kenelm's, on a genial morning of spring-tide with all the day before you, and the determination to enjoy it? If not, I counsel you to do so.

I could wish, however, that some of the old local names had been preserved. "Poyner's Lane" has more individuality in it than "Park Lane," and "Wedding Field" is surely better than "Albert Road." One can fancy the happy couples walking to Church between the blue sky and

the green grass of a May morning, where now they are drawn along dusty roads in the carriage dear to the heart of Respectability. War or Warr Lane has not yet suffered the usual fashionable conversion into *Road* as in the case of Park Lane, Bear Lane, and others. There is a notion that Cromwell besieged Weoley Castle, approaching it by War Lane, hence so called. But I can find no evidence of this, and the analogy of Warley is much more obvious with its reference to a field of battle.

There are in Harborne some old half-timbered houses smaller than Tennel Hall, one for instance, near Camomile Cottages, (Did Dr. Plot see camomile growing thereabouts?) and one at the west corner of Greenfield Road, which cottage formed part of the Elizabethan village. We have, however, nothing to show like that first-class specimen of timbering, the Old Crown House of Deritend, in Birmingham, which dates from the latter half of the 14th century, and which, thanks to Mr. Toulmin Smith, is likely to stand for a century yet, in its most happily restored form.

Stonehouse, on the Northfield Road, carries in its name a proof of the rarity of stone as a building material in our district. It is interesting also for its curious chimneys. I have little doubt as to where the stone came from. It was not conveyed far, and was shaped nearly ready to hand. In other words Weoley Castle was the quarry, although there is at hand a small natural quarry from which Weoley itself was in part derived. I presume that Stonehouse brook was so named from this farm—But what was its original name? Is it to be considered as the same stream as Bournebrook, flowing through the Harborne Reservoir as the Rhone through Lake Leman or the Dee through Bala Lake?

The two dwellings called Ravenhurst are finely placed country houses with much of the ancient character about the gardens and out-buildings. The name is evidently older than the dwellings. Fancy would like to connect it with a camp of the Danes, but it means more probably *the wooded haunt of ravens.*

The Beakes, just outside of our Township, in Bearwood Road, is also an interesting though not handsome old house, partially moated, and with a look of solid comfort about it. There are some massive old trees near it. It was the residence of the Hinckleys in the 17th and 18th centuries. You

remember the tablets in the external south wall of the Church, to the memory of Beata, who died in 1714, daughter of William Hunt of the *Ruck of Stones*, Smethwick, and wife of Henry Hinckley; and to the memory of Henry himself, who died in 1732.[1] Hinckley is a very old name. Elena and Ralph de Hinkeleye are in the list of persons taxed in Edgbaston and Birmingham in 1327 for the defence of the kingdom against the Scotch, as appears from Mr. W. B. Bickley's Extract, 1885.

The signification of this word *Beakes* is not at all obvious. If the house were in the Lake District I should understand it to mean *becks* from small rills. There are, indeed, several such in the vicinity, and there must have been more of them in the old days of the house. *(Bach*, German, *brook.)*

Another large house which, like the Beakes and others in our district, has survived its ancient importance and is passing through the lowest stages of degeneration, is Shireland Hall, where lived, about the middle of the 17th century, one of the Jennens or Jennings family, whose name is well known in connection with an interminable controversy about the succession to the estate of two millions left by William Jennens, who died in 1798. In Shireland Lane, (now absurdly called Waterloo Road,) according to Hutton, the royalist Earl of Denbigh was mortally wounded in an attack on the party of Captain Greaves, at the time of Prince Rupert's raid on Birmingham.

I must not linger over houses and names which would suffice for two or three lectures, but certainly I should like to know whether desolation be implied by *Wilderness Farm* and *Bareland's Coppice*, or perfection by *Nonesuch Farm*—I can vouch for its pleasant situation—or a repentant deathbed by *Good Knave's End*. *Metchley*, or more properly *Mitchley*, a name given to the house, I believe, by Mr. John Freeman, the father of the historian, might mean an *idle place*, or place of mischief, not a name of good

1. This gentleman gave the original endowment to the National Schools in connection with the Parish Church. Hutton, in his *Autobiography*, writes—"I also made two purchases of Dr. Hinckley at Smethwick. One, the Shire Ash, thirteen acres, for £250. Sold the timber for £126, and let the land for thirteen guineas. The other, Spring Dale, eight acres, £100. Then under a lease for ninety-nine years, twenty-four of which were to come, at £3 per annum. It now lets for ten guineas" (These purchases were made in 1769. He adds that he sold Shire Ash, June 3, 1800, for £500, and Spring Dale in May, 1803 for £400.) *Ed.* Llewellyn Jewitt, 1870.

omen for an abbey.[1] The *Masshouse* takes one back to James the Second; it was perhaps the original place of worship for the Birmingham Catholics. The *Ruck of Stones* does not promise warm hospitality. There is an unfathomable mystery in *Mock Beggar Farm*.[2] Nor are the *Hagge* or *Slatch House*, or *Bleak House* (certainly not named after the story of Dickens) farms between Smethwick and Hales Owen, much less curious; or the *Hem*, or *Bustleholm*, farms near Wigmoor, or the *Dog Kennel* at Oldbury. *Bosom's End*, a district near the Old Church at Smethwick, seems an unaccountable appellation. It is now become the *Uplands*, a change quite as unaccountable. Stone Cross near Sunday Bridge at Wigmoor, must refer to an ancient memorial, but what signifies Saturday Bridge or Friday Bridge in Birmingham? The Quinton may have reference to the old English game of like sound. There is little of romantic about West Bromwich, yet the imagination is excited by the *Virgin's End*.

These names of houses and places are given with many others of like character on the Ordnance Map. They are undoubtedly old names. In Harborne Village the larger houses entitled Hall, Grove, Park, Field, Lodge, and House, are nameless, although their existence is indicated.

The geographical appellations of our district are curious indeed, and I cannot wonder at the answer made—it is some years ago—to a friend of mine when a teacher in our Church Sunday School. "Where is India?" said the teacher, "In the Black Country," said the scholar. It is not a solitary case. I have heard that a commercial traveller—not a very old one—being at the "Hen and Chickens" in Birmingham, on a Saturday, and inquiring for some quiet sea side place where he might spend a pleasant Sunday, was recommended to Dudley Port, and that he acted on the advice with many thanks.

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1. Metchley Abbey in its present form—or rather in the form it presented previously to the reconstruction which has made it two houses—belongs wholly to our century. The small house which was the nucleus of it, was occupied by Mr. George Birch and by Mr. Hezekiah Green. In the enlarged house lived successively Mr. Philemon Price, Mr. John Freeman, Mr. William Neville, and others. Edward A. Freeman was born there in 1823. His mother was a daughter of Mrs. Carless of Harborne. Mr. Thomas Attwood married another daughter. These ladies were distinguished for their works of benevolence in the parish. The venerable Mrs. Mary Greaves, whose social reminiscences of old Harborne are so interesting, speaks of them in the highest terms of praise.

2. It is curious that in the Memoir of John Hookham Frere, by Sir Bartle Frere (1872), mention is made of a farm-house styled Mock-beggar Hall in Norfolk, the residence of one of Frere's ancestors, respecting which he could give no certain interpretation. There is a Mock-beggar Shoal between the mouth of the Dee and the mouth of the Mersey.

But perhaps the Sunday School child was thinking of the dark skins or the dark souls of India; and I submit also that it was quite natural he should look for India over yonder, considering that if you only travel a mile from our Church you are among the diggings of California—if you just pass into a neighbouring parish you may explore a very modern Nineveh—if you take a quiet walk along the Dudley Road you may double the Cape of Good Hope—and if you penetrate a short distance beyond the Welsh House, you may actually arrive at the World's End.

Speaking of appellations, can any say when and how the term "Hungry" came to be applied to Harborne? I presume that it refers, not to the poverty which cannot satisfy hunger, but to the bracing airs from the south-west which provoke it. I am inclined to believe the nickname is ancient. Leland, writing in the time of Henry VIII, tells us "The Water of Hungrevale is 7 miles on this side of Dudeley Castel."[1] Is Stonehouse Brook this Water? Is Hungrevale the valley it flows through? Is "Hungry Harborne" a derivation therefrom? Perhaps *Hungry*, as *first* applied to the Vale, meant much the same as was expressed by Bareland's Coppice and Wilderness Farm, in the vicinity. "We have changed all *that*." Warr, or War Lane is a very old name, and doubtless from *Warley* not far off. Can any of my readers throw light on the "Snuggery," on "Matchcroft," or on "Steampot Lane," in Harborne? This lane, despite its progress-suggesting title, must, together with the road from "Gravel Bank" to Stonehouse Brook, have been in an undesirable condition in the year 1823, since it was then the subject of an action called "Blakeway's Indictment," which cost the parish some hundreds of pounds. Mr. Blakeway lived at the Stonehouse.

In this age of new building and new naming, it is to be desired that some pictorial or written record were preserved of the houses demolished and of the names abolished. Photography now is a cheap and facile process. Why should it not have given us, for instance, a memorial of Frankley Church before its reconstruction in 1873; or of the old house near the Ridgacre farm, half a mile south-east of Quinton; or even of Metchley Abbey? The *Hall* and the *Grove* in Harborne have been well-nigh rebuilt,

1. *Collectanea*, Vol. i., pt. ii., p. 507.

and others of our houses of the last century also; but, so far as I know, there is not any accessible presentment of their original form. The Church, and the avenues of the time of David Cox are preserved, I think, in his pictures or in private sketches. I do not quarrel with our local authorities for their choice of the current names dictated by fashion or euphony for *new* roads and streets. To multiply Alberts, Victorias, or Albanies is harmless, if a little confusing. And one can have no particular objection to the lapse of Fish Lane into North Road, or even of Greenfield Street into South Street. But it is surely unwarrantable to convert Heath Road into High Street, or Moorpool Lane into Ravenhurst Road, or Shireland Lane into Waterloo Road, for these changes destroy references and associations consecrated by history and topography for many years. And such caprices are by no means provincial only. On what ground has the historical Ratcliff Highway in London been euphonised into St. George Street?

The most ancient masonry in our district---a mere fragment now--is of course Weoley Castle, or *Weolegh* as in the original grant. It is just over the county and parish boundary, being in Worcestershire and Northfield. It is almost certain that a castle stood here at the date of the Conquest. In 1264 it was rebuilt by license from Henry III, by Roger de Somery of Dudley, who then also rebuilt Dudley Castle. Thence it passed to the Bottetourts and their female descendants,[1] and thence to Edward Sutton, Lord Dudley, who sold it in 1551 to William Jervoise, mercer, of London, whose family possessed it for 200 years. It became afterwards the property of the Ledsam family. Hutton, writing towards the end of the last century, says that its appendages occupied 17 acres in a park of 1,800 acres. Also that the walls were massive and formed the alleys of a garden, the rooms being its beds, and that the steward admitted the walls were pulled down as stone was wanted. (One sees *where* it was wanted by glancing at houses and bridges hard by.)

Hutton adds that there was not much left to pull down. In Britton's "Worcestershire," under date 1814, it is stated that little remains but the south wall. I first visited it in 1871 and could see but mere fragments

1. Joan de Botetourte and Richard de Weleye are named in the Bordesley Division of the War Tax List of 1327.

level with the ground, chiefly by the side of the fishpond, and that considerable section of wall in the meadow by the canal side, eastward of the castle. Of what building this wall formed part it is difficult to surmise. It was very thick, and had somewhat of the aspect of a Roman ruin. There were fragments of two sides left. The stones of the lowest course were massive and set at an angle, while the similar stones of the top course were set at the contrary angle. This wall was removed in 1878, apparently to afford materials for embanking the sides of the adjacent brook. The castle had no keep, and standing on ground commanded by high ridges in two directions, it could never have been a strong place. The wide and deep moat must have been its chief defence. This is still full of water. A rivulet runs into it from the west, and out of it through the field of the old wall, under the canal, and joins the Bourne Brook or Stonehouse Brook; but the course of this little stream was altered in recent times. The enclosure where the principal buildings stood is a quadrangle, the length of the sides taken together being about 250 yards. It forms a good old English garden. Here and in the moat have been found, but not within my recollection, vases, spurs, bones of stags and other animals, with several coins of the Henries and Edwards. The present occupier of the Weoley farm, Mr. William Cave, takes an intelligent interest in the few remains of antiquity now committed to his safeguard. I believe that researches properly conducted would still yield important relics of the old Lords of Weolegh.[1]

At the period of the commencement of the Harborne register, 1538, the lord of Weolegh was Edward Sutton, Lord Dudley. The ghosts of the Norman barons had not yet been scandalised by the intrusion of the London silkmercer, who, however, had a Norman name. In connection with this tenure I will just notice briefly the succession of the manors of Harborne and Smethwick. We must keep distinct in our minds the Lichfield Church lands of Harborne forming part of the Longdon Manor, and

1. I have a silver penny from the moat, very much worn, but of early date. An interesting and somewhat rare specimen of a groat of Henry V in good condition, found at a depth of two feet in a garden in the Wellington Road, Harborne, was brought to me lately. It is from the Calais Mint, and has the legends and characteristics exactly as figured and described by Ruding in No. 9 of Plate 4, and p. 318, Vol. 3, "*Annals of Coinage.*" The weight is 54 grains. In the Serpentine Road, not far from the garden where this coin was found, there was unearthed, about 1870, a short sword with a narrow blade much corroded, and a hilt of hardwood and brass having attached to it a portion of a brass guard of a curious shell pattern. This weapon is in the possession of Mr. Wm. Newey. I can offer no opinion as to its date or origin.

the Hales Owen Abbey lands of Harborne. In 1541 Henry VIII erected the Bishopric of Chester as a separate See, taking away the Archdeaconry of Chester from the See of Lichfield and Coventry to which it had so long appertained. The See of Lichfield and Coventry lasted till 1836, when Coventry, including Birmingham and sixty other Warwickshire parishes, was transferred to Worcester. In 1546 Bishop Richard Sampson, after some royal pressure, surrendered Longdon and all its manors (including Harborne and Smethwick) to the King, for a "consideration." The King granted them to Sir W. Paget, Knight. In 1547 the Bishop and the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield confirmed the grant. Elizabeth—who would equally unfrock a bishop or impoverish a baron—confiscated the Paget estates. James, her successor, restored them, and so at last the Marquis of Anglesey became lord of the manor. The Dean and Chapter of Lichfield, however, are the appropriators of the living of Harborne. The great tithes (which they have from time to time leased to others) were commuted for £262, and the Vicarial for £514, yearly; the appropriate glebe has 26 acres and the Vicarial 25. Perhaps appropriation by the Church is better than Lay appropriation. I believe that there are some eight thousand individuals of the latter class, who inherit the spoils of the Abbeys. The Abbeys, however, had inherited too often the spoils of the Saxon Churches.

Next as regards the Hales Owen Abbey lands in Harborne—a small modicum only, the value being but £5 net, about £7 current money.

In 1538 Henry granted the greater part of the surrendered real property of the Abbey to Sir John Dudley. He was attainted by Mary and forfeited his estates. They were soon afterwards restored by Elizabeth to Edward Lord Dudley, whose grandson, Sir Ferdinando Dudley, being a spendthrift, the estates in Harborne and Smethwick went to the Cornwallis family of Blakeley Hall, an ancient moated house near Oldbury, of which little remains. The house, an old one, on its site, is known also as Blakeley Hall. Two members of this family, Frederick and James Cornwallis, were Bishops of Lichfield, Thence the estates passed to Philip Foley, who sold them, about the year 1710, to the Birch and Hinckley families, the former taking Harborne, the latter Smethwick. John Baddeley, the ingenious optician and clockmaker, possessed part

of the manor of Smethwick in 1798. George, son of Judge Birch, sold the Harborne manor to Mr. Thomas Green, who built for himself the large square house near the Church called Harborne House or the Manor House;[1] and so we come to the end of the last century. From that time to the present I need not refer to the numerous subdivisions of the Harborne lands. The names, for instance, of Theodore Price, J. W. Unett, and Thomas Green Simcox, are familiar to you. The last-mentioned gentleman was a Curate of Harborne when the Rev. James Thomas Law was Vicar, and he became afterwards the first incumbent of North Harborne, which he held for more than thirty years. All Smethwick can testify that during this long period he was distinguished for the Christian charities of his heart and the practical usefulness of his ministration. He died at Winchester in 1876. The patronage of the Church of Harborne had from the earliest times belonged to the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield, to whom it *now* belongs. But for a certain period it seems to have been a privilege of Hales Owen Abbey, and as such to have been vested in Edward Lord Dudley and his descendants.

Edgbaston Church may have stood in the relation of Chapel of Ease to Harborne. Certainly in old records it is called a Chapel, *capella*, while Harborne is called a Church, *ecclesia*. Similarly King's Norton was a Chapel of Bromsgrove Church.

I should like to be able to give some account of the industrial and social condition of Harborne during the past 300 years; but the materials are very scanty. At the date of the commencement of our Parish Register, A.D. 1538, grazing was more extensively practised than ploughing, all over the county. Animal food was more abundant than breadstuffs, and pork was particularly in request. The preference for rearing animals partly arose from the ease with which they could be conveyed to market, for corn often had to be carried on horse-back owing to the impassable state of the roads for wheeled carriages, and this was a very tedious and expensive process. Wealth, too, was not so diffused as at present, and pasturage was much cheaper, and managed by fewer hands than arable farming. Then also the constant liability of tenants to military service much interfered with prosperous agriculture. In 1531 a large ox sold for 26*s.* 8*d.*; a sheep for

1. A smaller and older building in Fellow's Lane is also called "Manor House."

2*s.* 10*d.*; a calf 4*s.* 8*d.*; a goose, 8*d.* Masons, carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers, and glaziers, received 6*d.* each a day without diet, or 4*d.* with diet. A mower in harvest had 4*d.* a day with diet; a reaper, 3*d.*; a woman-labourer, 2¼*d.* Great variations were in the price of wheat from 1534 to 1564—from 8*s.* to 25*s.* a quarter. In 1541 a summer goose cost 7*d.*; 100 eggs, 1*s.* 2*d.*; 12 sparrows, 4d.; butter, 3*d.* a lb.; a rabbit, 2½*d.* In 1564, old iron was 4*s.* 8*d.* the cwt; brass, 19*s.* cwt.; the rent of an acre of meadow, 5*s.* The Sexton had 5*d.* for a day's work in 1549; and the value of the Harborne Vicarage was £4 a year. In the Chamberlain's Books of Christchurch, Hampshire, in 1578 a skilled mechanic had 7*d.* to 1*s.* In 1562 7*d.* was paid for a large salmon; a barrel and a half of beer, 4*d.*; a load of straw for thatching, 2*s.* 6d.; a load of clay for mortar, 5*d.* I should mention that the current value of the money of that time was different from the value of ours in the ratio of about 3 to 5, about 5oz. of the silver of Henry VIII being coined into 20 shillings.

About the year 1650, Dr. Plot noticed a peculiarity of the Harborne farming. He says, "The oddest sort of manure I ever met with was at Harbourn in this country, where they sometimes sow vetches upon their poorest land, with no design to reap them, but to plow them in under furrow before they are kidded, merely as a manure, where, rotting away, they so fertilise the land that it certainly brings a good crop the next year."[1] It appears from various accounts that we have always had a good reputation for growing potatoes. I hardly know whether it be kept up in these days. A plan of Harborne Charity Lands, made in 1834 by Mr. John Newey, shows a total of nearly 67 acres, distributed in various parts of the parish but chiefly in the north-east. The names of Green, Tibbatts, Newey, and Bromwich are those of the principal tenants at this date. About three acres are in Smethwick, near the junction of the Dudley Road and Crockett's Lane. The land has become largely enhanced in value during the past 50 years.

Respecting the population of Harborne, the earliest indication I can find is that in 1662, when hearth-money or the chimney-tax was levied by His never-too-rich Majesty Charles II., Harborne and Smethwick paid for

1. "*Nat. Hist. Staff.*" p. 346.

132 hearths a sum of £13 4*s.*, or 2*s.* for each family. This early form of Household tax produced for the whole country £200,000 a year, but it was always hated by the people.

About 600 persons would be implied by the 132 families in Harborne. Birmingham possessed 6,000 inhabitants at the same date, a less number than Harborne has now. In 1778 Birmingham had 42,500, and the town of Stafford about 5,000. In 1773, best joints of meat averaged 4*d.* per lb. In 1811 the soil of Harborne is described by William Pitt in his "*Topographical History of Staffordshire*," as being good corn and grass land, very productive of potatoes. There were then 626 males and 658 females in the place, that is in Harborne proper, not including Smethwick; or 1,284 in all. There were 281 inhabited houses, 6 houses building, 5 houses void. Of the 281 families only 26 were engaged in agriculture, 243 in trade, manufactures, or handicraft, and 12 not comprised in these two classes. A large proportion of these 243 families were employed in nail-making, which had been carried on at least from the fifteenth century throughout all the Hales Owen, Northfield, and Harborne districts, as it is, though less generally, in the present day.

In this year 1811, Smethwick had 631 males and 697 females; 1,328 in all. The population in 1811, of Birmingham was 85,753, or by another estimate 75,000, while the county of Stafford numbered 295,153 persons. The county of Stafford had by the census of 1871 858,326 inhabitants, and Birmingham 343,787 without Aston, and 377,735 with Aston.

In 1841 we find the population of Harborne and Smethwick, 6,633, against 2,612 in 1811, an increase of four thousand in 30 years.

In 1851 the population of Harborne without Smethwick, was 2,350, against 1,284 in 1811, an increase of 1,066 in 40 years. In 1861 Harborne had 3,617, Smethwick, 13,379; together, 16,996. In the census of 1871, Harborne numbered 5,105, Smethwick, 17,158; together 22,263. Of the 5,105 in Harborne, there were in St. John's district 3,353 persons, in St. Peter's 1,752. The increase in these ten years is thus for Harborne proper, 1,488; for Smethwick, 3,779; total increase, 5,267. The inhabited houses in both divisions of the Parish were in 1861, 3,299, and in 1871, 4,274, an increase of 975 in the ten years. By the latest census (1881) there

appear for Harborne 6,433; for Smethwick 25,076, a total of 31,509. The increase in the decade is thus about 26 per cent. for Harborne, and 46 per cent. for Smethwick, against 41 for Harborne and 28 for Smethwick in the preceding decade, a curious reversal of the proportions. The inhabited houses in both divisions in 1881 are 5,906, against 4,274, an increase for the decade of 1,632. The population in 1885 is perhaps 37,000.

The population of Birmingham without Aston in 1881 is returned as 400,757, and with Aston Manor 454,601. The rate of increase is 16 per cent. for Birmingham and 58 per cent. for Aston. The houses in the whole borough number 88,937 against 75,460 in the preceding decade. The population of the county of Stafford in 1881 is given as 981,385.

The growth of the material prosperity of Harborne may be also estimated by a glance at the assessments at one or two periods:

	Harborne proper.	Smethwick.	Whole Parish.
	£	£	£
1829 ...	3,091	5,560	8,651
1842 ...	6,329	16,440	22,769
1852 ...	8,459	32,233	40,692
1862 ...	14,338	61,278	75,616
1872 ...	19,240	71,171	90,411
1882 ...	29,680	103,360	133,040

These figures show more particularly the rapid growth of our manufacturing daughter Smethwick.[1] She has taken full advantage of her position on the edge of the Black Country, of the great canals in her midst, of the three railways, and of her vicinity to the Midland Metropolis, as it loves to style itself. I shall not speak of her imposing array of factories and mills, of her perfected machines and her toiling men, of the works she produces, or the money she expends, or of her devotion to Steam, whose great apostle, James Watt, lived and worked on her borders. Her Trinity

1. The Smethwick of eighty or ninety years ago was well-described by its oldest inhabitant.—"Bless your heart, Sir, I can remember when there were scarcely a dozen houses within a mile of where you stand; (and we are supposed to be standing in the centre of modern Smethwick,) there was a homestead here and a cottage there, and generally the place wore a rural aspect; nothing met you but green fields and cornfields, arable land and meadow land, quiet roads and narrow lanes, whistling ploughmen and bonny dairymaids." ("*A Walk through Smethwick*," by Charles Hicks, 1850.)

Church dates from 1838, St. Matthew's from 1856, St. Paul's from 1858. St. Stephen's is of very recent date. The old Chapel I have already mentioned as having been consecrated in 1732. That fine iron bridge the "Galton," better known as the "Summit" was erected in 1789. Of her numerous Nonconformist Chapels, her Public Hall, Local Board, Libraries, Schools, and the rest, she is with more or less reason proud; and, so far as increasing industrial developments constitute prosperity, she may look forward to a prosperous career. But our daughter has begun to slight her parent. "Antiquam exquirite matrem" is not a maxim she cares about. She wishes to set the example *to* us, and not to take it *from* us. She is now mechanical and progressive; we are agricultural and slow. She is self-governing and self-dependent. She laughs at old associations and outworn traditions. When we asked her for aid to rebuild our Parish Church, which was in fact her own, she too frequently did not see the force of the appeal. She was lately pressing her claims for separate representation in Parliament *in her own name*, with the gracious permission that "Harborne" may be included in her or with her, for this purpose.

It must be confessed, however, that old Harborne has no superiority to assert in that which alone constitutes a valid superiority. She is inferior to Smethwick in the life and energy of business. She is but equal with Smethwick in the obscurity of her annals, the poverty of her intellectual work. No great event has been prepared or achieved by either. Hardly one great name is connected with either by birth. Yet let it not be forgotten that Harborne was the cherished home of a David Cox, an Elihu Burritt, who, if not natives, were attached to it by many a tie of sympathy and love. We all know the house in the Greenfield Road in which David Cox worked and died. Twenty-five years have elapsed since he was laid in the leafy Churchyard in whose avenues he delighted to wander, but his fame abides and grows with the century. Elihu Burritt has perhaps a closer, or at least a more recent connexion with us. He was appointed American Consul in Birmingham, in May, 1865, and came to reside in Harborne in December of that year. He left us in 1869, and after a brief stay at Oxford, quitted this country for his first home in New England. He died there in 1879. In Harborne he lived in a small house in the Victoria Road, which I occupied

after him. In its pleasant garden where he spent many a morning hour, the chime of the Church bells, the song of the thrush, the happy shout of children, the tender leafage of spring, the flush of sunrise on the hills, have often recalled to me the kindly and enlightened spirit of one who loved Nature and his fellow creatures so well.

Burritt had a true affection for Harborne, and especially for its Church, and I make no apology for inserting here a passage from one of his most celebrated books in illustration of this, and an interesting letter which he addressed in 1877 to the editor of our spirited local newspaper, now nine years old.

"A mile or two further in a westerly direction is the parish church of Harborne, which only lacks the ivy surplice to be even more attractive than that of Edgbaston. It drew me to that rural suburb, and has become as home-like and dear to me as the church of my native village in America. In situation it conforms religiously with the Fourth Commandment. It retires meditatively from the six days' labour, and all its noise, dust, bustle, and sight; and, far from the public roads, invites the worshippers of the village to its quiet sanctuary. They come at the cheering voice of its sabbath bells, which ripples outward across the green valleys to homesteads half hidden and half revealed. And the congregation comes across the broad fields by footpaths that converge from every direction into the solemn aisles of the churchyard trees. The main avenue is nearly a third of a mile in length, with a lofty roofage half the way. The church has no gorgeous east window of coloured glass pictured over with olden saints in fantastic robes of mediæval conception; but Nature, from some tall overshadowing trees, has hung a curtain of leaves just outside the plain, untinted panes, and thus substituted her cheap and pleasant artistry for the more costly and lifeless pictures done by the painter in oil."—"*Walks in the Black Country and its Green Borderland*," page 90.

"THE PUBLISHER OF THE HARBORNE HERALD.

Sir,—An old friend sent me a copy of the *Harborne Herald*, which I read with sincere interest, being very much pleased that what was but a village when I resided there had grown to such city dimensions and pretensions that it could have and support such a large newspaper, so full of interesting local news as well as that of all parts of the kingdom. No one can appreciate its value more than myself, for it will almost enable me to live again in Harborne, where I spent four of the happiest years of my life. It will keep the very life of the village fresh before me to hear weekly of all its incidents: its social, educational, and religious interests and movements, connected with names new as well as old. There is no other church now standing on either side of the Atlantic which I hold in such pleasant memory as the old embowered sanctuary in Harborne. Perhaps no part of it is or looks *old* now, after all the renovations it has passed through during the last ten years. I hope, however, the old tower—which was time-eaten and grey before America was discovered—has escaped the irreverent hand of modern improvement, and may

stand for a century to come as a monument of twenty generations; and that the new bells may swing in it till they are as old as the ones they displace, and which poured over the green valleys a Sunday flood of music I shall never forget. These pleasant memories will give me an interest in every weekly issue of your paper which few of its readers residing in Harborne can feel, and I wish you the best success in its publication.

Yours truly,

ELIHU BURRITT.

New Britain, Connecticut, U.S.,
January 25, 1877.

P.S.—Please send your paper to me as long as the enclosed will pay for it."

Let me add that Charles Rann Kennedy, poet, scholar, and barrister, dwelt in Stapylton House; and that Dr. Charles Badham, the distinguished teacher and author, was also a parishioner of Harborne. Nor should Mr. Burt the artist, or Mr. Capern the poet, be forgotten when we are counting our gifted men.

Thomas Attwood, the Champion of Reform and founder of Political Unions[1]—a man of whom Birmingham has reason to be proud—was long a resident in the Grove House, now the home of one who loves, as *he* did, all that is most liberal in Politics and in Art. Mr. Attwood died in 1856, 73 years old. Nor was his brother Benjamin, of Cheshunt, who died in 1875, less remarkable. It is said that this latter great philanthropist gave away in his lifetime, *secretly*, £375,000, as appeared by evidence after his death.

Of the developments that wait on population and on the general advance of the Age, Harborne has had its full share. Its active and intelligent Local Board, with all the work accomplished; its Institute (1879), and Masonic Hall (1880); its School Board dating from 1873, which now educates more than 700 children in Harborne, and more than 3,500 in Smethwick; its well-managed and well-supported Church Schools; its Political Associations, its minor institutions of Temperance Societies, Fire Brigade, Athletic Clubs, and the like; its Railway (opened August 10,

1. In a manuscript book of Miss Pearman, of Tennall Hall, kindly communicated to me by Mrs. John Newey, is inscribed the following, in Mr. Attwood's handwriting:—"Whenever it may please God to call me to the grave, the greatest honour which my friends can pay me will be to inscribe upon my Tomb, 'HERE LIES THE FOUNDER OF POLITICAL UNIONS.'"

1874); the Omnibus service, the coming Tramways, the Postal service; all tell in their different degrees of the energy and progress of its people. Nor should the religious life be passed over. The enlarged Parish Church, the Church of St. John (consecrated in 1858); the numerous Chapels of all denominations; the Roman Catholic Church; testify to the higher instincts and interests of our people. And it is clear that another Church must soon be built, for it is demanded not only by the growth of population, but by the growth of devotional feeling.

Animated by such examples around us and within us, past and present, by the prosperity and enlightenment we have attained, is it not our duty to press onward? Every village, every town in the kingdom, every separate community having an ancient parochial foundation, should strive, not simply to follow and fall in with the general movement of Humanity, but to lead, to suggest, to proclaim it. Let us in this place, according to our power in talents, money, and time, do more than we have hitherto done, to spread and confirm knowledge, health, peace, brotherly charity, around and among us! I know not what physical circumstances may be in store for us. A century hence, and we may be ruled by a Latin or a Teuton race, and have done with the customs and privileges we now enjoy. A century hence, and we may have no such pure air and pleasing scenery as God blesses us with now. The hundred thousand dwellers in Smethwick, West Bromwich, and Oldbury may have become a million, and Birmingham may have blotted out Edgbaston and Edgbaston Harborne.[1] There may be no homesteads or green fields, nothing but one enormous hive of manufacturing industry from Clent to Barr Beacon—from the Avon to the Stour. The rare bird to whose inexpressibly charming song we have listened in the pleasant nights of early summer, may have fled for ever from a treeless earth and a smoke-laden sky—from the railways and canals, and the strife of toiling humanity.[2] Our Churches may then be heaps of dust, our

1. Already Harborne seems to be considered as an appendage or suburb of Birmingham. In the "Post Office" Directories it is called a "suburb" and a "suburban parish," and its streets and inhabitants are drafted into the Birmingham Lists! It is now united to the great Borough for the purpose of Parliamentary representation, and its complete absorption into the municipality is within "measurable distance." The "hamlet" of Smethwick will probably make good its right to independent existence.

2. In the latter days of April, 1872, a nightingale took its station in the old holly-hedge on the east side of Fellow's Lane, close to the site of the cottage whose occupant long ago is remembered in

dwellings buried beneath new dwellings, and the memories I have been this evening recalling to you, may have vanished for ever from the minds of men.

But with all this we have little to do. It is our present part to labour for a higher end than self-gratification—to build a nobler monument than the trophies of commercial success. It is our present part to cultivate the intellectual, and especially the moral nature, in ourselves and our fellows—to subordinate the getting rich to the getting wise—the being *feared* to the being *loved*—to separate and set forth in our daily life the clear first principles of Right and Wrong, changeless amid all change, eternal amid all decay.

This is our work, and if we do it well, our influence shall be a living and mighty power over far generations to come, even if the name of Harborne be forgotten, and the place of Harborne be known no more.

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that name, where until the 16th of May, it refreshed and delighted the senses of the hundreds who flocked to hear it, with the melodious exuberance of its twenty-four notes.

On the morning mentioned it was stolen by one of those despicable hedge skulkers called "bird-fanciers," who had lurked in Mr. Percival's grounds for the purpose. There is abundant law-making to promote the vile pleasure of the few in regard to the songless creatures termed "game;" but there is not in all Philistia the least attempt to promote the pure pleasure of the many by protecting the warblers of our hedges and woods. The modern ravishers of nightingales may perhaps plead the necessities of their own existence; but must we pay such a price for such a benefit? They may be—to give the accusation of Horace another turn—"Luscinias soliti impenso prandere coëmptas," but the "impenso" here means the irreparable loss of the public.

At least twelve years had elapsed since this surpassing voice resounded in our district, and it was then in the copses of Warley, now sadly diminished. Surely the sequestered spot which our poor Philomel has last chosen should henceforth be called "Nightingale Lane"!

The nightingale has been heard in 1881 and since, in certain parts of Edgbaston, but not, I think, again in Harborne.

THE LAY OF THE OLD STONE.

THE LAY OF THE OLD STONE.

(Inscribed to Miss Annie Addenbrooke.)

An old grey stone near an old Church-tower,
In a pasture-mead, by a brooklet's brink,
With nothing of service or beauty or power,
Has little to waken one's interest, you think:

And heedless we see it, when east winds blow
The factory-smoke from our winter air,
Lying formless and folded in unsmirched snow
Or black on earth's bosom frozen and bare.

And heedless too in the golden time
When populous grows the meadow-path,
When round the rude angles June's wildings climb,
Or the clover-sweet wealth of the after-math.

Yet though all unnoted, uncared for, lone,
In our Vulcan-vowed district, and 'practical' day,
There's something about this incongruous stone
That wit might guess at, and reason weigh.

How came it hither?—the valley slopes
Upward and south to the woodland crest;
Downward and north to the streets where mopes
The poor little stream by bricks oppressed.

Sunrise and sunset show nothing clear
  Of quarry or hill to help our pains;
No word of a boulder ice-rolled here
  In the texts that treat of our midland plains.

Well, was it dug from beneath the loam
  When the land was levelled, or bounded, or ploughed?
Some relic of building or battering Rome
  Among the Cornavii might be allowed.

But never a mark of chisel is there,
  And fancy *ballistæ* for such a ball!
Each *Iter* is dumb, and the fields are bare
  Of tomb and trench and mound and wall.

Did it come from the Moon? Has she fires enough
  To hurl, with a thousand Etnas' force,
The glowing granite from crater or trough
  To the point where Attraction inverts its course?

Or was it an Asteroid's shattered shell
  That launched it afar in its flaming flight,
Till thundering and hissing to Earth it fell
  Stunning the ear of our calm Midnight?

But if it came thus from above or beneath,
  Why did not farmers clear it away,
Or *savants* impound it, and duly bequeath
  Some certified note for the men of to-day?

A boundary-stone? But the rivulet there,
As old as it, runs shining and straight—
A market stone? where the people in fear
Of plague or ravage were wont to wait.

Yet History fails, and Evidence quite,
And all that Tradition has to say,
Is that *two* horses brought the Stone in the night,
And *twenty* couldn't take it away!

A marvellous pebble for growth, no doubt,
Like the three in Idris' the giant's shoe,
Who, finding they hurt him, kicked them out
To lie near grey summits and waters blue.

Or rather, when all was the Briton's land,
And Archdruid ruled, and Pendragon led,
Here did the gold-wreathed chieftains stand
To swear swift doom on the heathen head?

And what if no mystic Stonehenge be here,
No Carnac's megaliths whose grey ranks
Rise like a ghostly phalanstere,
Veiled in the fogs of Biscayan banks!—

Yet kneeling here may the white-robed priest,
When solstice or equinox marked the time,
Have turned his deep-browed eyes to the East,
And offered a prayer to the Name sublime.

Or while May-fires gleamed on the uplands gay,
  And the harp rang clear to the nodding wood,
Was the Stone flower-decked for the festal day,
  And ringed by a joyous multitude?

Or marks it a spot which Battle shook,
  And a warrior's rest, who, perchance when he fell,
Thirsted, but shrank from the blood-red brook,
  Till Death poured him Heaven's pure œnomel?

A glorious purpose! but 'Omne,' 'twas said,
  'Ignotum est pro magnifico,'
And vulgarer uses come into one's head—
  Though time has hidden them, time may show.

Perhaps 'twas flung from the dried-up mere,
  And left as a worthless and harmless thing;
Perhaps—but I whisper you softly here,
  'Tis a secret, this, for the innermost ring—

The fields are quiet when midnight rules;
  The fields are dim 'neath the summer stars;
Shovels and picks are convenient tools;
  Good at need are ropes and bars;

Nobles or guineas would still suit me;
  Gems—worth a hundred settings—suit you;
Old plate becomes an old family—
  (N.B. For your marriage we'll melt it anew.)

If you mark what these propositions show,
  Let us prove the reason of my rhyme,
And the *buried treasures* of long ago
  Shall flash in the sunlight of our time!

Ah well! the old Stone is a sad one withal,
  Discoloured and vexed by sun and storm—
No *lætus lapis* to make us recall
  Our bright meridian Star of Reform:

And 'Story, Sir'—it has 'none to tell,'
  Like Canning's knifegrinder, but what of that!
Its teachings are sound if you heed them well,
  Though common—as life and death—and flat.

It has seen the pageant of Man pass by,
  Joying and sorrowing to its goal;
It has seen the pageant of the sky
  Reflecting in airy types the whole:

It has seen Trade's temples cumber the ground,
  And servile Poverty's pallid brood,
For ever launched in a vicious round
  Of Food for Work, and Work for Food:

It has seen the graves thicken where corn waved wide,
  And the fields grow hallowed with praise and prayer,
And many that kept their tryst at its side,
  And gathered the hay at its base, lie there.

Seasons and cycles and moons have rolled,
  Circle on circle evolved and done,
The Past still locked in the Future's fold,
  Rising and setting and ever one.

Let Nature be! In the world of Man
  Is no mere reproduction hopeless and dim,
But circles widening and widening in span,
  Till they touch the eternal Heaven's rim.

And we thank thee, old Stone, for thou tellest not ill
  Of the passing time, and the coming end;
And we muse, while thou liest cold, changeless, and still,
  Whence are *we*, what are *we*, and whither we tend.