

Leonard Wheatcroft, of Ashover.

Contributed by the Rev. C. KERRY.

DERBYSHIRE has not only produced many men of talent and mark in the higher and more privileged ranks of society, but many others who in their day were centres of life and light in more humble and perhaps less refined circles. Among these, Leonard Wheatcroft, of Ashover, who flourished during the Commonwealth and two succeeding reigns, holds no inferior position.

He was clerk of the parish, village tailor, landlord of "*The Hand and Shears*," and the village songster. From a list of books once forming the library of his son Titus, upon whom the father's mantle seems to have fallen, and at least one of his father's offices, it appears that Leonard was the author of two works; one, entitled "The Bright Star of Love Appearing to Bachelors," and the other, "The Art of Poetry; or, Come, ye Gallants, Look and Buy, Here is Mirth and Melody." "The Bright Star of Love" is lost; but from the contents of the first portion of the "Art of Poetry," which is wholly given up to the praise of Cupid, it is a loss for which no one need mourn. The latter volume happily exists, and from it the varied compositions, now for the first time presented to the public, have been extracted. The manuscript is the property of the Rev. Nich. Milnes, Rector of Colly Weston, Northants., whose courtesy in submitting it to us for publication the Editor desires very thankfully to acknowledge.

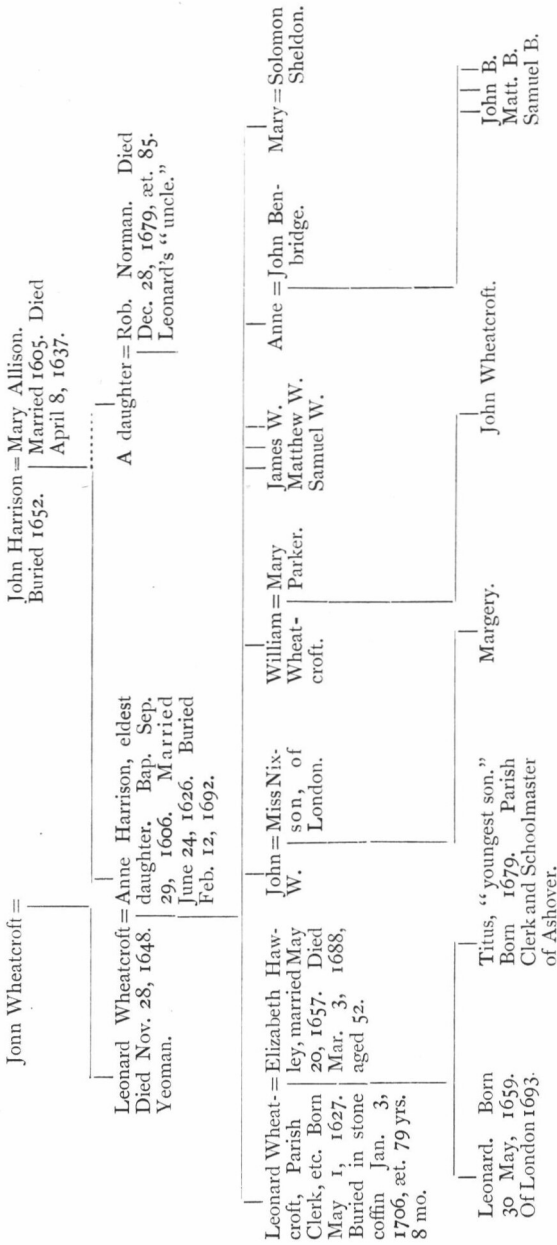
Of the Wheatcroft family of Ashover but little is known, save from Leonard's own memoranda. In the list of alehouse keepers of 1577, given in the first volume of this journal, p. 68, William Wheatcroft occurs as tenant or landlord of one of the two inns then in Ashover. He might be the father of John Wheatcroft (Leonard's grandfather), but we have no proof, for unfortunately the registers of Ashover only commence with the appointment of the parish registrar of the Cromwellian era. The earlier ones were destroyed by the Puritanical fanatics who visited Ashover during the civil war. Leonard, however, has been careful to note in this Cromwellian register for his own satisfaction some records of his "forebears," either taken from the earlier lost records or from family memoranda. From these sources we deduce the pedigree on opposite page.

In a lease, now in the possession of Mrs. Nodder, of Ashover, Leonard, the parish clerk, is termed a "Yeoman." "On the 8th of October, 1658, Richard Marshall, of Dethic, in Ashover, yeoman, and Edward Lowe, of Jofhole Lane, yeoman, leased and to farm lett to *Leonard Wheatcroft*, of Ashover, *yeoman*, for the term of 12 years, all that dwelling-house wherein the said Leonard Wheatcroft dwelleth, with certain parcels of land called Long Acre, Horse Meadow, Brook Pingle, and Broad Green Pingle, at the yearly rent of £4. Sealed in the presence of Elizabeth William and Francis Allyn."

Mr. Immanuel Bourne, late of Ayleston, in the county of Leicester, clerk, by his last will, among other lands bequeathed to his wife "Two Doles of land which he purchased of Leonard Wheatcroft and Thomas Bower, lying in Elder Tree Lane."

For the office of parish clerk Leonard was obviously well qualified. He was a very creditable scholar, an accomplished ringer, and, if the testimony of his son may be received, an excellent singer. His compositions, if measured by the present standard of poetical merit, would perhaps be considered beneath notice, but in forming a just estimate of them we must recollect that very few of the educational privileges now available were

Wheatcroft of Ashover.



then open to lads of the middle classes. No doubt his accomplishments were considered very wonderful by the villagers, and his genius recognised by all who knew him. His extracts from parish registers were often tendered in verse to his applicants for certificates, and almost every incident of village life was reduced to rhyme, and sung no doubt to the most approved tunes. The death of an old and respected neighbour generally suggested an elegy adorned with pathetic allusions, high commendations, and pious aspirations.

His loyalty was as unmistakable as his Puritanical or anti-Popery principles were pronounced. He had an exalted opinion of "Asher," and "Asher" was proud of him. His songs on the ringers of the neighbouring churches, in which there is sometimes a touch of criticism, but, generally speaking, more of admiration, are particularly interesting. They are written in the most genuine vein of good fellowship, as by one of a fraternity held together by the truest sympathies. We may almost see them at their ropes, and Leonard standing kindly by, noting their merits, and overlooking many a failing.

These belfry sketches are invaluable; all of them are given, as well as our author's "rules" for "Asher" belfry.

Of Leonard's vocal powers we have no evidence save that of his son, but in his song written for his own use when collecting his clerk's wages, he alludes to his ability to teach them David's Psalms. At the end of Leonard's "Art of Poetry" is a filial tribute inserted by his son Titus, entitled, "A single Epitaph on my honoured father, who was clerk of this church 36 years."

"Leonard is gone! alas, what shall I say?
E'en from us all he now is ta'en away.
Of all the Clerks i'th country there's not one
That could be equalized with him; but ah! he's gone.
*A right good voice he had, which did appear
Right clear to sing, that every one might hear.*

To all alike he was both civil, meek, and kind,
Constantly courteous, of an honest mind.
Rare Leonard's gone:—I hope where he doth sing
High praise and thanks unto his heavenly king."

“I Titus Wheatcroft this Leonard’s youngest son have been Clark since he Dy’d in 1706, till this year 1752; being aged 74: born in 1679: being clark 46 years.”

Leonard became clerk in 1670, the year following the appointment of the Rev. Obadiah Bourne to the Rectory.

Our worthy parish clerk was also the village tailor, and it is probable that many of his rhymes were incubated during his sedentary employment. He appears to have had apprentices, and for their encouragement he wrote:—

“ A few verses for apprentices to set up in their shope to move their customers to bountifulness.”

“ Sir, we desire to beg of you some treasure
Or else some ale; *’twill make your cloth hold measure,*
And also make our master’s sheares cut clearer:
And for your work you shall pay none the dearer.
One piece of silver, or one pot of ale
Would make your work done better than ‘for sale.’
Then shew your bounty to us who are here,
And then your clothing shall sit neate and cleare,
And on our credit it shall be well done,
As sure as ever mother had a son.”

In one of his poems, “shewing what great praise and renowne belongs to the noble and amiable Company of Taylors in this Kingdom of England since King Henry the Seaventh, but now slighted and despised by many bumpkins of our times,” he writes:

“ If Kinges and Lordes and Earles have lost renown
No marvel Tailors Manhood should be trodden down.”

Of King Henry VII., he writes:—

“ Our charter is his princely gift,
Which is maintained to this day.
He added ‘Merchaunt’ to the name
Of every Tayler as they say.
So ‘Merchaunts’ is our name,
Then fie! fie! fie! for shame.”

Despite the marshalling of the arms of the Company of Merchant Taylors, Leonard ventures a "difference." At the end of his MS. is a shield with bearings under which he has written "My Coate of Armes."

On the field is pourtrayed a yard wand for a bend sinister between a needle, thimble, and bodkin on the dexter side, and a smoothing iron, scissors, and pressing board on the other, with a chief fretty, perhaps meant for a display of "cross-stitch."

" Here is my yarde wand, and my needl (needle),
 My pressing iron to make stuff yield.
 Here are my shears of silver pure,
 A golden thimble too, I'm sure.
 My bodkin is not far behind,
 And thus my coate of armes is lined."

As Leonard was the landlord or "mine host" of the "Hand and Shears," we can hardly wonder at the frequent allusions to "health drinking," "bottled ale," and so forth, nor can we think it unreasonable that he should dilate on the merits of his liquor. He was "*in the business*," and, no doubt, with his songs and varied accomplishments, contributed largely to the entertainment of his guests and the "good of the house." The "Shears" was originally a *tailor's* sign, though, like most other trade emblems, it had become common in the seventeenth century.*

If this sign of the alehouse at Ashover was not of Leonard's adoption, it would almost indicate that he followed the occupation of his forefathers, as was usually the case in country places. His eldest son, Leonard, was in London in 1693, and may have been a tailor, but Titus, the youngest son, who succeeded his father as clerk, was apparently (from the inventory of tools in

* The "Hand and Shears" in Cloth Fair, Smithfield, played an important part at the opening of Bartholomew Fair. The first irregular proclamation of this fair was for many years made by a company of tailors, who met the night before the legal proclamation at the Hand and Shears, elected a chairman, and, as the clock struck twelve, went out into Cloth Fair, *each with a pair of shears in his hand.*—*History of Signboards*, p. 358, J. C. Hotton.

his workshop), a turner or carpenter, as well as clerk and schoolmaster.

Leonard, the subject of this sketch, was an ardent Royalist, and many of his pieces are full of military allusions. At the end of one of his compositions, he writes—"This song was made when Monk came out of Scotland. I was a soldier then." He must have enlisted when in his teens, for he was only twenty-one when the king was beheaded in 1648-9. There can be no doubt that the havoc played by the Puritans in the parish church of Ashover, involving the ruthless destruction of the painted windows as well as the church registers, the demolition of Eastwood Hall, the residence of the respected rector,* and the violation of all that hitherto had been cherished and venerated by the youthful Leonard, had deeply set his mind against them. In his song on the "Fishing of the Amber," "Major Wheatcroft" occurs, without doubt from the "Hand and Shears," and it is probable that for his valour he obtained this promotion. That he was no coward appears from an incident which he relates concerning himself on one of his excursions to Winster:—"Then did I expect an answer from her (Elizabeth Hawley) againe, but none came. Then did I and another mount on horseback, and to the Towne of Winster we went well armed, with a full resolution to see sweet Betty, which after many repulses we did. But after

* In a paper on Eastwood Hall, in Ashover, read by Mr. W. B. Bunting, in 1885, before the members of the Scarsdale Field Club at Stubben Edge, and published in one of the Derbyshire papers, the following lines on the destruction of that manor house, the ancient home of the Reresbys, is attributed to our author, although they are not to be found in Mr. Milnes' MS. If the lines have not been "*touched up*" a little the metre is unusually good for Leonard, whose measures are somewhat irregular, rhyme apparently forming his chief idea of versification.

"The Roundheads came down upon Eastwood Old Hall,
And they tried it with mattock, and tried it with ball,
And they tore off the leadwork, and splintered the wood,
But as firmly as ever the battlements stood,
Till a barrel of powder at last did the thing,
And then they sang Psalms for the fall of the King."

"They afterwards marched to the Church. After destroying a *stained glass window* erected by the Reresbys, and the *parish Register*, which because they could not read, they said was full of Popery and Treason, the miscreants rode away."—*Mr. W. B. Bunting's quotation from Mr. Bourne's Letter.*

our departure, we had like to have been taken by 7 scouts, which on a soden fell upon us. So we, having but short time, made as short dispatch with them as we could; for at the first tilt I bore down two of them, and my partner flew among the rest. They laid upon us very sharply, but we having the better horse, forced them to flee with losse. So, praised be God, we escaped with the loss of little blood."

Towards the end of his MS. we have :—

"There is in this Booke a great deal of preparation concerning Venus' warres, now I shall show you some preparation concerning Mars and martiall discipline—and I will show you first what I know of the Musket, secondly of the Pike.

"The first word of command is 'Silence'! but the first Motion is 'Handell y^r Armes'! 2. Slip your hand. 3. Recover your musket. 4. Set your musket and your rest* together. 5. Open your pan. 6. Cleare your pan. 7. Prime your musket. 8. Shut your pan with a full hand. 9. Face about and charge. 10. Draw forth your 'scourer' at 3 motions. 11. Darte it to an inch. 12. Raise it with a full hand. 13. Charge your musket with powder. 14. Draw up your bullet by y^r barrel side. 15. Ram downe y^r powder and bullet. 16. Recover your scourer againe at 3 motions. 17. Put up your scourer. 18. Set your musket and your rest together. 19. Hould your match in y^e little finger of y^r left hand. 20. Cocke your match. 21. Guard your pan. 22. Try your match. 23. Blow your coale. 24. Open your pan and close it againe."

The "pike" drill is not given.

From the following composition it would seem that Leonard was in an engagement or skirmish near York, where his party were routed by the Roundheads, probably about 1644 :—

"Vpon the SAD AND FATAL BATTLE AT YORKE."

(1) "Mourne, Mourne, our colours are all torne,
And our state is most forlorne,
Since last we fought in field :

* A staff with a forked end, to rest the musket upon when aiming.

For it was our desire
 Our horses for to tire
 To cool the Roundheads' ire,
 Or cause Cromwell to retire :
 But I dare sadly swear
 His boys were all so stout,
 That they put us to the rout.

- (2) " When on the hills I did espy
 Such a mighty company
 To God psalm-singing there,
 Then we did curse and swear
 Like a thousand pound a yeare,
 To see them all appeare
 Like men devoid of feare.
 At last they did draw neare
 And charged us all so 'home'
 That where they came was 'room.'
- (3) " Wee feared no Companee
 But Manchester's Infan-tree
 When they did come into y^e field ;
 For they like men did fight
 As if their cause was right
 Till it grew almost night.
 No man did ever see the like
 We thought that we should rout them quite,
 And quickly make them run ;
 But that could not be done.
- (4) " Upon Prince Rupert I did cry
 But could not him espye
 For he first faced about.
 He was wise, I do protest,
 For I think his course was best.
 For Cromwell would not jest
 With his pistol at his breast.
 He would not let him rest
 But forced him to retire
 Or we all had stuck i' th' mire.
- (5) " Then they like champions of the fray
 Came yearning for their prey
 Like Lyons fierce and strong,
 And when they came us nigh,
 They let their bullets fly,
 Which caused our men to cry
 Alas ! we must all die.

Now 'Noll' has won the day
 Let's all be gone, every one;
 Run y^r way! Run your way!

Ffinis, by an honest Cavallier."

If we may make an inference from Leonard's earlier compositions, it would seem that his first affections were rather widely distributed. On this account, doubtless, some wholesome restraint was deemed necessary by his parents, and his rambles were restricted. On page 45 of his "Art of Poetry" he writes:—"These ten verses following was the Song in the prayes of my Chosen mistris.* The reason why I made it was because I was held in, and wanted liberty, but still I held out my pure love

" 'To none but Frances, whose pure glances
 Was the centre of my heart.'

"And the reason why I made this was because her father chid her, *whereby she was forced to sparr the dore on mee*. I had also some lines sent me by a friend of some condition persuading me from her:—

" 'Sometimes I walk into the fieldes
 My love for to restraine;
 But that to me small comfort yields,
 For all is still in vaine:
 The merry birds their tunes leave off
 To lend an eare to mee
 Which am opprest, and cannot rest
 For want of liberty.

" 'I'm loth to end these verses few
 Because I do love thee:
 I will not say to thee adieu,
 Tho' thou unconstant be.
 My love to thee is ever pure,
 Sweet Franke, I tell to thee,
 And shall for evermore endure,
 But, - I want liberty.'

Written at Ashover, by mee, Leonard Wheatcroft."

* Frances Symth, of Higham in Shirland.

The sparring or fastening of the door against him, whether metaphorical or literal, made a deep and painful impression on his ardent spirit, and was the cause of the following lines :—

“ At night when I should take my rest,
 And in my bed lie quietly,
 Then do I think on my dearést
 Whom I doe love so heartilee :
 Then do I turne and never rest
 Because she sparrd the door on me.

“ What! dost thou thinke I’m basely borne,
 Or, I’ve not means enough for thee?
 Why dost thou hold me in such scorne
 Knowing I love thee heartilee?
 Why dost thou hold me in such scorne
 That thou dost spar the door on me?

“ ‘Leo’ my name begins withall
 And ‘Nardus’ makes it full you see.
 I am an heir, and that’s not all;
 (For I do love her heartily)
 My pedigree it is not small,
 And yet, she sparred the door on me!

“ And ‘Wheat’ my surname doth begin
 With ‘Croft,’ which never changed shall bee,
 And when her name shall be put in
 Then I shall love her heartilee;
 And when her name shall be put in,
 She’ll never spar the door on me.”

No wonder Leonard took his treatment to heart, for her attractions must have been of no common order :—

“ First to set out her lovely beauty
 I know not where I should begin;
 Her wit, her wisdom, and her beauty
 Argue that she hath no sin.

Shee is a neat one, and compleat one,
 If you saw but every part.
 This pure Frances as it chaunces,
 Stolen hath my loving heart.

“ The first time I did behold her,
 Yea, that smirking smiling face,
 Never eagle’s eyes more bolder
 Stood in any Christian’s face.

“ Oh, she shined when she pined,
 Like to pearls in every part,
 That those glances of fair Frances
 Stole away my loving heart.

“ Her hair more fine than spider’s spinning :
 Her cheeks like blooming roses gay :
 Methinks in her my joys beginning :
 Her arms like pillars doth me stay.

“ She doth know how to drive the plough,
 Though shee in rich array be bound :
 Oh ! she’s a neat one, and compleat one,
 As ever trod on England’s ground,” etc.

The door does not seem to have been re-opened to the disappointed Leonard ; for in the year 1652 he had formed another attachment, as appears from a treble acrostic styled, “ The first Love Letter sent to my deare, well respected & well known & renowned mistris with her name as you may find.” The letters at the beginning, middle, and end of each line are the same, forming in three columns of capitals the name ANNE NEWTON. The two last lines exhibit his own initials :—

“ Long though I bee ere I declare my wilL ; you know my
 mind, doe not your servant kilL ;
 Would I might spend my days where I might vieW your
 comely features and your heart most treW.”

The lady, however, who finally secured his affection was Elizabeth Hawley, of Winster. Many of his compositions are loud in her commendation, and a treble acrostic arranged like the former embodies her name, the last line ending—

“ Your amorous Beauty makes me sometimes crY, For thy sake
 Betty, I will live and deY. (die)

Finis L. W. 1655.”

After numerous visits to Winster, and much correspondence, Leonard's suit was accepted. His letter of proposal commences—

“ My Joy and Dearest Love,

“ My God above knowes I love thee as bone of my bone . . .
Aye, my love, be no wayes wavering, but thinke on poore me who
am yours all over, and will be ‘till death vs depart;’ and as vertue
doth consist in action, so, both my penne, my hand, my Love,
my sword, my life, and all I have, are ready to be imployed and
adventured at your command by the servant of your honourable
vertues—Leonard Wheatcroft

April 24. 1657.”

Her answer :—

“ Dear Love,

I will not omit any oportunity that I can get to commend
my dearest Love unto you, and as a token of my love, I have sent
you a band, desiring you to let it imbrace your neck—as willingly as
you would imbrace me. So expecting to heare from you

“ I remaine yours ever

“ ELIZABETH HAWLEY.”

Leonard continues :—“ I did no little rejoyce to heare and see
this her loving answer, after which receipt I warbled forth these
lines :—

“ I want a quill out of an Angell's wing
To write sweet musick, everlasting praise.
I likewise want an angell's voyce to sing
A wishèd haven to thy happy dayes.
Then since I want both angell's voyce and pen,
Let Angells write and sing: I'll say—‘ Amen.’”

The following particulars concerning his marriage are too
interesting to be omitted :—“ But before the wedding* my Sweet-
heart came over to bring some Pewter and other things which
we might use ; so, shee staying with mee awhile, at last returned
home, and I awayward with her. So parting with her vpon the
wild moors, I went to fetch in some fat wares which I had bought
against the wedding: but before I parted with her I told her
I would not come over again till I came for her, to which she

* “ Fixed for Wednesday in Whitsun weeke, beinge May 20, 1657.”

seemed very willing. So coming home againe I set very many at worke, the butcher for one, who dres't for me against that time, and while the wedding did last, 35 head of wares. As for beer, it was brewed before, to the vallew of 8 Quarters of malt with many more needfull commodities to the vallue of 62 poundes, 9 and nine pence.

"The wedding dayes did last long. For eleven dayes together there was 11 dinners got; all was shot diners, and there was which breakfasted, dined, and supped, to the number of 200 persons; and I had one cooke or two all the while. But before I proceed any further I will say something of the day itself.

"Wednesday being May 20th before the Dayspring brake forth, I awoke, and leaping forth of my bed was not long before I had put on my wedding apparil, and arming myself for the day of uniting love, many came to see me that morning. Then did my chosen ringers, Henry Poursgloue, Gyles Low, John Bower, and Jonathan Street *with flying colours tied to the wrist of their hand*, cause the merry bells to ring aloud, so that at last many came, and went along with me to fetch the Bride.

"So coming to this Towne of Winster we found them all in readiness, and though they had before many times assaulted me, yet now was the wayes made open, so that I, with the rest of my friendes, safely arrived at her father's house, where we was noe little made welcome. But when they saw I would take their daughter, the pearly teares fell from their eyes, yet withal, did they rejoyce. So when Breakfast was ended, the trumpet of each man's heart sounded to horse. Then bringing the damsel away, we advanced towardes Justice Spateman's,* who was then in power according to the Act of Parliament to marry. Then coming to his house I alighted with my bride, and many more, and went in and was wed. The bride-garters† being taken, and

* The Spatemans lived at Road Nook, in the parish of Morton, or Brackenfield, about three miles from Ashover.

† *Bride-garters*.—"There was formerly a custom in the North of England which will be thought to have bordered very closely upon indecency; it was for the young men present at a wedding to strive, immediately after the ceremony, who could first pluck off the bride's garters from her legs. This was

many more compliments ended, we walked forth againe. So when I came to the gates, there was about 9 or 10 which stood ready horsed (which heard there was some ribands to ride for), and when they saw me, they asked me the truth. 'Gentellmen,' said I, 'I have 4 good ribands, and if you will venture, you shall have them. There is one for the first man in the towne on our return, another for the second, and another for the third, and the fourth is for the first woman that comes in town: so all that will venture for them, single out on to this greene.'* So as many as would venture did, and when the word was given, away they rode, some dropping in one place, and some in another, till at last they arrived at Ashover, where the wedding was kept. The first that did enter the towne was Mester Henry Dakine's man, who for his share won the scarlet Ribing, which was for the first. The second followed so close, that he won the crimson coloured one; his name was Edward Hadfield. The third was Edward Butler, who gained the hero colours, and after him, as close as might bee, followed John Stear's maid, whose name was Alice Woodward, who very valliantly obtained the watchet† garter; these four being now voted champions for that daye's torneaments by the general assembly. Immediately the word was given that the Bride and Bridegroom was drawing near the towne, the musick no sooner hearing this than they came to meet them, and after salutation done, they merrily played before them into the towne. About the middell of the towne stood a Quinten (Quintain) for all that would venture the combat might break a speare, which very many did very nobly. In the meanwhile Charles Feelding, master of the Quinton, advanced towards the Bridegroom with a white speare in his hand, which was very richly deckt with all manner of flowers, which immediately the bride's groom brake at the first tilt. Then the business being

done before the very altar! The bride was generally gartered with *ribbons* for the occasion. Whoever were so fortunate as to be victors in this singular species of contest bore them about the church in triumph! These garters, it would seem, were afterwards worn as trophies in the hats.—*Brand's Popular Antiquities*, by Sir Hen. Ellis, ii., 79.

* Probably Brackenfield.

† "*Watchet*," a pale blue colour.

ended, the word was given that every man and woman should take their 'roumes,' for dinner was just ready. Then did they all in order take their places, and the 'sarvitors' very well bestirred themselves, for there were 14 tables sate full at one time: they were twice full that day, and some of them 3 times; and all of them gave very good satisfaction to the parties that were*married that day.

"Then the night began to draw vpon vs, and many left off for that day. Far in the night they gat us into bed with noe small adoe, and after many had ta'en leave of us, my man acted his part in clearing the room of the rest.

"The next morning when Phœbus began to appeare and shew himself valliantly in the firmament we did open our eyelids. And the musick hearing that we were awake came and saluted us with pleasant lessons, and choice tunes, and with them many more to know what rest we tooke. After that done, they departed the roome, and when they were all gone, we arose from our bed, and coming to her father—who was then my father-in-law—and desiring a blessing from him, hee gave it me, and withal 12 half crowns. So after breakfast was ended, it fell to the cook's care to provide for another dinner, which immediately hee did, and much moneys was taken that day. The next day being Friday, the *Bride pie* was eaten, at which dinner was above 22 messes. Almost all these were women. There came also many on Saturday and laide their shots, and on Sunday came very many to dinner, and gave us their shots freely, and, as I said before, so say I againe, that for 11 days together we got 11 shot dinners. Besides, very many came long after, and that day sennight that our wedding day was, came above 24 messes from Winster very good 'ges' (? guests), whose names I could very well find in my heart to subscribe in this book, but as I know not all of them, I shall only tell you the total sum by messes as near as I can during the time of our nuptial feast. And from my book which I took an account in, I found there was bidden above two hundred messes; besides, many came freely of their own good will, which, as I could guess, were two

hundred and nine messes, which I hope they were all satisfied with, and as for raiment, they brought it along with them, only this I did give to some of my acquaintance to the value of three-score and odd yards of ribboning: and as for gloves, I gave not above 12 or 13 paire, and I thought all very well bestowed, as they did their moneys. What I did gaine by the feast was sufficient, for which I give all my frendes many thankes, and shall be ready to congratulate them in like matter. But what I shall gaine by my wedding, as yet I cannot tell, for if my wife prove noe worse hereafter than shee doth already, I hope I shall be no loser at all. But for that matter, let all those who are desirous to know what I have gained stay till God separate us againe, and then let them view my inventory, and if they knew my estate when I was married, they may the easier know my gaines. And so, gentle reader, I leave off my two years' suit. If you would know how many times I went a wooing, you shall find so many slashes vpon an Ash Tree at Winstre Towne End: and how many miles I travelled for her sake: they were 400 and 40, and odd. And so, gentle reader, I rest.

“August 16, 1657.”

Opposite the conclusion of this piece is a reference to his will written “in the way of A. B. C. 1686.”

“Aye Death thou art the messenger that must
 Beate mee in pieces vnto claye and dust
 Cast off thy hollow eyes and let me live:
 Devoure me not before my goods I give.
 Equal division is a satisfaction
 For friends and foes; and I give such direction,” etc., etc., etc.

“Rise up sweet wife, and be thou my recorder.
 Sure I must dey; I'll set my house in order.
 Thou'st be executor if I dye this time:
 Value my goods; the one half shall be thine.
 When I am dead, let Leo have my land.
 X pound a piece, let each child have in hand.
 Yield thou to this, Let not the poor be . . . (left?)
 Zeal in a widow, God will keep from th . . .” (theft?)

On the preceding page are these lines:—

“ My will I’ll make, and then farewell.
Come loving saxon, Toule my Bell.
In my *stone coffin* bury mee
That all my friends may plainly see.
And at my head, a stone pray set
That where I lye none may forget;
I’ve writ on’t so;—‘ He who goes by
Must stoop to death as well as I,
Death tolls the Bell and strikes the Dart
Farewell deare friends, we all must part.’”

The stone coffin which was chosen by Leonard for his last home was discovered in the churchyard near its south-eastern boundary in the year 1880. It contained besides a few of the larger bones, which were re-interred where the coffin was found, a flat, heart-shaped piece of lead, about six inches in length, now preserved in a chest in the vestry, bearing the following inscription:—

“ HERE WAS LEONARD WHEATCROFT BURIED ”

“ JANUARY III. IN THIS STONE ”

“ COFFIN: WHO WAS CLARK OF THIS ”

“ CHVRCH 56 YEARS ”*

“ AGED 80 ”

“ 1706.”

Where this old coffin was in Leonard’s time we cannot tell, but it was probably taken at some time or other from beneath one of the ogee arches in the north wall of the chancel, and may

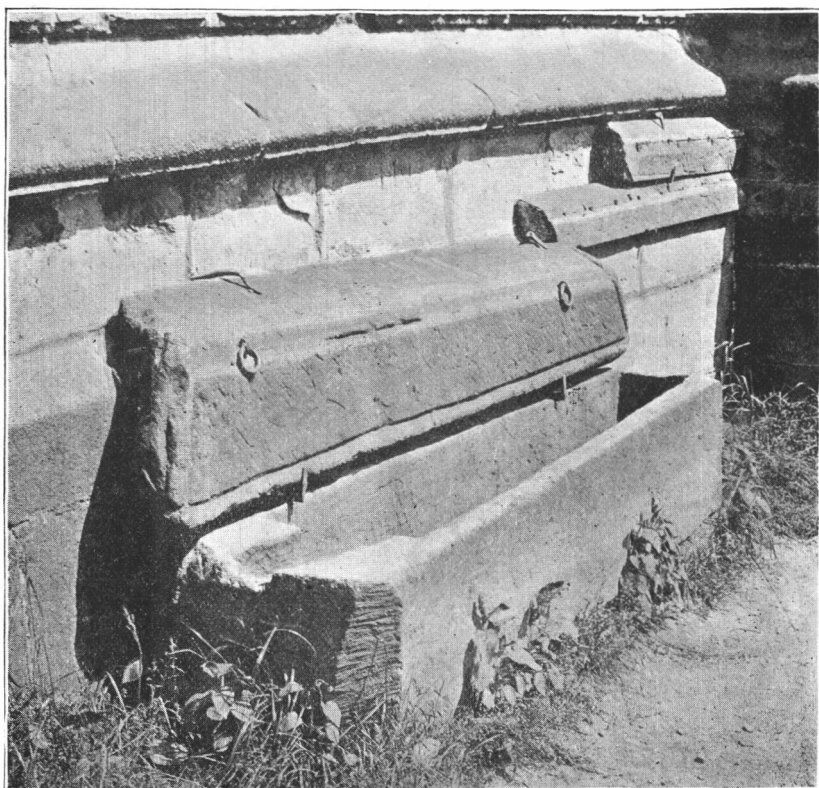
* In a volume of memoranda, etc., written by Titus Wheatcroft, and now in the possession of H. H. Bemrose, Esq., M.P., of Derby, is the following:—
“ This is to be written on my father’s headstone:—‘ Here lieth the Body of Leonard Wheatcroft, who was clark of this Church of Ashover 36 years. Aged 79. He died January 1st and was buried in this stone coffin January 3rd 1706.’”

In a Latin rendering which accompanies this epitaph we have the duration of his clerkship again asserted:—“ Qui Ecclesie Parochialis de Ashover per sex trigint que Annos fuit Sacrista.”

The following subjoined note seems to confirm the longer duration of office recorded on the leaden plate:—“ My father was sworn clark before John Spateman Squire Ffeb. 3^d. 1653.”

have formed the sarcophagus of one of the Reresby family, who were patrons of the church. It is now placed at the west side of the tower (without). The original lid has been secured to the wall above it, and is adorned with two crosses down the sloping sides of the cover, characteristic of the commencement of the thirteenth century.

By the courtesy of J. P. Jackson, Esq., we have been supplied with an excellent photograph of this coffin, which we reproduce below.



STONE COFFIN, ASHOVER CHURCH.

Selections from the Writings of Leonard Wheatcroft.

“The Poet’s Profecie vpon Sacheverill of Morley, who was chosen Knight of the Shire Nov: 24, 1670, when Esquire Varnon stood against him besides all the Dukes, Earles, & Lords in y^e County:—

“ Thanks gracious Charles for granting us a writ
To chuse a man which we did thinke most fit.
Then shout brave blades ‘ I am for Cheverill ’:*
Let varnon’s friendes doe what they can or will,
He has our voate, whose voate for us will bee
Pleasing to us, and to his Maiestee,
And also vnto other Cuntries too,
Which burden’d are, and know not what to doo.
If once in parliament our choyce but sit
The rest o’th’ Lords will thank us for our wit
That we have made so rare, so good a choyce,
As will not feare to let them hear his voyce.
Then for Sacheverill let your voyces thunder
That Vernon’s Lords and friends may thereat wonder.”

Leo: Wheatcroft.

Sequel.

“ In the year ’70 (1670) November th’ twenty foure,
I gave my voate tho’ I was tumbled ore.
The Black-coates Tourne-coates went vp rank & file.
We little Gray-coates did them all beguile.
And their partakers too, tho’ men of note
Were greatly vex’d ’cause we had got the voate,
And that the bells of famous All Saints Steeple
Should (out voate) them and all the rest o’th’ people.
Tis trew the noyse (of both sides) was so loud
No bells I heard, I was so thrust i’th’ crowd
Againe I cry, ‘ Candise† and Cheverill ’!
I voate for both, with heart, and soule, and will.
And I beleeve his Highness will respect them
Though severall others, seeming may reject them.
For many years they have been trew as steele
Case-hardened, that, ‘ Babell’s Whore ’ shall feele.

* Will. Sacheverell of Morley.

† Cavendish, *i. e.*, William, Lord.

Then shout amain ; these two knights are the men
 By my consent shall sit for knights agen,
 And then His Highness will have cause to say—
 ‘Derby (of all) doth beare the bell away.’
 Then shout aloud, aloud with one consent,
 That these two Knights may sit in Parliament
 To God’s great glory, and our King’s renowne,
 Our Nation’s peace, Rebellion to pull downe.
 Then make your voyces in the skies to ring
 Ffor joy these two must once more serve the King.”

By me Leo : Wheatcroft senior.

Upon twelve of North Winfield Ringers. L. W., May 29,
 1688:—

(The Tune is “*The Sparring of the Door.*”)

“You gentlemen of Derby-shire, that minding are to ring
 If you’ll be pleas’d to stay a-while, then you shall hear me sing.
 It is a song both new & trew, I boldly dare it say,
 At Winfield it was done of late, the twenty nine of May.

“There’s Henery Royles the parish Clarke, and Robert Mottershaw
 Besides there is full half a score : I’ll name them all a-row.

“George Brent, he’s one that’s fast i’t’h heft
 And does observe his place :
 So will stiff John—brave Pendleton,
 The third bell bravely grace.

“The next is William Mottershaw,
 Who can the first bell trouble,
 So can my little Tommy Clay,
 That pretty * loving soule.

“John Marsh I know’s a pretty man,
 And very well can ring ;
 But William Ashmore far exceeds :
 He can the fifth bell swing.

“John Brelsford often rings behind ;
 (He will pull far apart.)
 Besides, there’s honest Edward Clay
 Will make his bell to start.

* *Pretty* = neat, fine.

- “ John Wheatcroft for the second bell
 He'll ring it pretty trew :
 So will Will. Browne ; I hold a crown
 He rings as well as you.
- “ And now you see my brethren all,
 How well we doe agree,
 To ring, and sing, and glass our King,
 And make us to agree :
- “ And when we drink a merry pot,
 We none of us may quarrel ;
 But all agree to pay the shot,
 And broach the other barrel.
- “ Now here's a glass unto that soule,
 That did these lines invent :
 We'll make our bells most bravely troule
 To give him good content.
- “ We'll turn them up unto the height
 Each man shall own his string
 And here we'll meet each Thursday night
 A merry peal to ring.”

Upon Shirland and Higham men who came to ring at Ashover
 on Lady Day, 1689 :—

(The tune is “ *Lovely Nancy*,” or “ *Smiling Francis*.”)

- “ You gentlemen of Derbyshire
 That minding are to hear me sing,
 I earnestly do you desire
 That to my church you'll come and ring ;
 Then your names and fames shall flourish
 Vp and downe the Country,
 And the Clerke of Asher parish
 Will thank you for your company.
- “ I'll tell you now a pretty story,
 If you'll be pleased a while to stay :
 'Tis for the honour and memory
 Of the Blessed Lady Day.
 There were five young men came unto me
 Desiring me to let them ring,
 Who afterwards did kindness show me
 When they had handled each a string.*

* Bell rope.

“ The first was Wright by name and nature,
 He did ring the Treble Bell :
 As for the rest, I will not flatter,
 They far all others did excell.
 Winfield men did ring most bravely,
 And did behave themselves right well,
 But Shirland men did far excell them,
 As that heard can justly tell.

“ The second was a pretty young man
 They say his name is Harry Lees
 He follow'd bravely like a strong man
 For two long hours he did not freeze :
 They all did sweat from top to toe
 I did observe them all so well :
 And he's to blame that says not so ;
 I'm sure all others they excel.

“ Little Farmery did him follow
 Scorning to o'erthrow his bell
 Then after him an Heir* did 'sallow' ('salley')
 His name as yet I will not tell.
 There was no teaching in their ringing
 Each one had his part so true
 I can no longer forbear singing
 To give every man his due.

“ Mr. Miles for tenor ringing
 I'll advance him very high :
 And George Wright for gallant singing,
 Few or none can say him nay,
 Heire sang neatly, Lees completely
 When—as we dranke their Highness health
 With Devonshire's, and Dallamotts,
 Brave soldiers for our Commonwealth.

“ Now here's a glass to all true ringers
 That live in city or in Towne,
 With all my heart I'll drink two swingers,
 If it cost me half a crowne.
 For I doe love all good ringers,
 Let them come from sea or shore,
 And he that loves not merry singers,
 I pray you—put him out of door.

ffinis. L. W.”

* Probably Revell, of Ogston.

Vpon South-Winfield Ringers, April 9, 1696:—

(The Tune is "*Here is a Cup of Nappy Liquor.*")

“ You Ringers all within this County
 That minding are to hear me sing
 I pray draw near and shew your bounty,
 And I will make your fame to ring.
 First observe what now I tell you ;
 Stand fast at foot unto your bell,
 And for my part I'll never fail you,
 I'll rather coat and breeches sell.

“ Stout Mikell he shall lead the Treble :
 Brave Sidbury shall ring as true :
 And honest Thorp he scorns to brable,
 Nor Master Halton,—give him 's due.
 Clark-son I hope (he) will not faile you,
 For I am sure I know him well.
 These five ringers are brave singers
 Or they their changes could not tell.

“ Then come brave blades, and ring your changes,
 Be they less or be they more,
 And in your pulling use no Ranges
 Lest your bell you do throw o'er.
 Then your pleasure is but folly
 If your bell do not right rise :
 And standers by looke melancholly,
 Then pray you ringers now be wise.

“ These five Ringers I have named
 As they stand and act their part
 Of none of them I am ashamed,
 For I love them in my heart.
 Give them their due they ring so true
 I seldom heard the like before
 Mark what I say—They had no stay
 Yet did not throw one bell right o'er.

“ South-Winfield Ringers, I commend you,
 For I'm sure you can ring true :
 I hope your wives will not offend you
 Which if they do they'll sadly rue.
 Now to them all I'll drink a swinger,
 Let them come from sea or shore :
 Then here's to thee my fellow ringer,
 And to conclude, I will give o'er.”

A fragment, evidently relating to the same :—

“ The fourth was Master John by name
 Who rung in ample manner
 I'll praise him ever for the same
 He lives at Winfield Manner
 He stood so straight, and rung so right
 The like I never see
 Brave Halton he shall have my voat
 For he 's brave companee.*

“ Now here's a health vnto all those
 That wish well to these four :
 I'll drink it off with all my heart,
 And so I will give o'er.
 They are the best ingenious men
 That ever I did see,
 For ringing, singing, and good parts
 Of their brave companee.”

The Clerk's orders for all Ringers belonging to him to be observed and taken notice of, and to be diligently read over every Fifth of November, And if there be any young men that desire to be Ringers, they may then be admitted, and their oaths given them by the Clerke, which orders are as followeth :—

“ You noble ringers that at Randon run
 Observe your orders, and your forfits shun.
 If here you enter, and intend to ring
 Be sure you do observe here everything.
 First doff your gloves, your spurs and hat,
 Else twopence due to th' clerk for that.
 Next, be you wise, and strive not to excell :
 There's twopence due if you throw o'er a bell.
 Also in setting, if you miss, then I
 Will have one farthing, if I do stand by.
 When you ring changes, for each fault you make,
 One farthing more you shall unto the stake.

* Undoubtedly John, eldest son of Immanuel Halton and Mary, daughter of John Newton, of Oakerthorpe. He died without issue in 1740. The old home of the Newtons was purchased by the late Mr. Strelley, and is now occupied by the representative of that ancient family. But little of the Newton house remains. On an old lintel are the initials I. N. with the date 1655.

Again I say, he that doth break a rope or wheel
 Shall pay his stake, and I will mend it well.
 And if he will by force enter my steeple
 He shall be lasht in sight of all the people.
 And if you leave your ropes upon the ground,
 Or wet or dirt on them, you shall be bound.
 If in the church you do Tobacko take,
 You shall for every pipe one penny stake:
 It is against the Commons of this nation;
 Besides, it is a very vgly fation (fashion).
 If any in our company sit down
 He shall pay part, or else I'll call him 'clown':
 Tis all our mindes to give to him one glass
 To which he's welcome, and so let him pass.
 Each Monday night, I'd have th'old ringers ring,
 And every Thursday, the young ones have their swing.
 There's one thing more you Ringers must remember
 That to our landlord, yes, we must be kinder;
 That's when we've money given us for ringing
 They may have parts by turns else needs have flinging.
 Three, and a shot-pot, is our due to have:
 He that saith 'no,' the rest will call him knave.
 Be all agreed;—assent and consent granting,
 And on my part, there shall be nothing wanting.
 And to conclude,—I wish you strength—And hope
 A store of money: but, beware the rope.

By me Leonard Wheatcroft, Clerke.

The Twelve Articles for all Ringers to be sworne vnto:—

1. Ffirst, you are to be diligent and obedient vnto your Clerke, giving him half a duzen of ale at your entrance.
2. You are to be carefull you doe not foule the Church for displeasing y^e Saxtone.
3. You are to observe all the times herafter nominated; that is to say, for the first yeare, you are to help to ring the first and second peales every Sunday or Holy-day at 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning.
4. At nine o'clock to be ready to ring the sarmon-bell, and chime all in.
5. You are to be carefull and knit up your roapes when you have done that they be not troden under foot.

6. He that is last sworne, is to be the monitor taking notice of all misdemeaners.

7. He that is the second sworne is to carry the Keyes when they goe to ring for pleasure, and take care that all be made sure.

8. He that is the third sworne, is to turn the Rope when a bell is thrown over.

9. He that is the fourth sworne, is to fetch all things necessary, as fire and candells.

10. He that is the fifth sworne, is to observe the Boyes and Girles that they doe no mischeefe in the church, nor amongst the bells or ropes.

11. You are all to observe all the foregoing orders before mentioned, and to avoyde all quarreling in the church or church-yard whatsoever.

12. He that swears any oath in the church must and shall pay his two pence to the poore man's box or else forfit his part of Ringing money for one month next ensuing.

“Upon that brave Horse-Race which was run at Ashover Rod, July 6, 1692 by four horses Yorkshire, Nottingham, Lincoln and Derbyshire:—

“(To the tune of ‘*Hey, then up go wee.*’)

“July the sixt in nintye two
 There was a brave hors-race
 At Asher; rode in Derbyshire:
 The horses tripped apace.
 I shall you name them every one,
 And who their masters bee,
 If you'll be pleased to hear my tone,
 'Tis ‘Asher race for mee.’

“There was Sir Paule, and Squire Revill;
 They stood for Derbyshire:
 And little Obadiah too,
 Whose horse did scorn to tire.
 Squire Paler was for brave York-shire:
 Stables for Nottingham.
 O 'tis Lincoln Bay I'll praise to-day,
 For hé did win the game.

“ There was a cup of five pound five
 Provided for that day,
 And he that did the race round win
 Might beare it cleare away.
 This race is full two miles about :
 You might it clearly see :
 Most famous English champion ground :
 O ‘Asher race for mee.’

“ Nottingham, York, and Derbyshire,
 And towns that’s round about,
 They one and all did much admire
 To see them run about.
 There was good horse and horsemen too
 As ever you did see :
 They whip’t and skipt, and bravely tript
 O—‘Asher race for me.’

“ There was severall sorts of gallopers
 Which there you might behold ;
 Each one a rider on his back,
 With silver and with gold.
 Besides all sorts of female kinds,
 Rare beauties for to see,
 Which some will never out of mind :
 O—Asher race for me.

“ Brewers and backers every one,
 You are all welcome thither :
 I hope we shall meet twice a year
 To drink a glasse together.
 As for all you that do us view,
 And our fine pastime come to see
 You shall not have one jot of wrong
 At Asher Race tru-lee.

“*By me Leonard Wheatcroft.*”

“ Vpon the ‘Poynting’ of Ashover Church :—

“ Ye Church’s } What am not I a brave and shining Temple
 Speech } Whom last yeare, each call’d poor and simple
 Because my bones and joynts were split asunder :
 And yet I stand ’gainst hail and rain and wind and Thunder.
 But now my joynts are stuff’d with new made liquor
 I hope you will resort to me the quicker.
 Were I as fair within as I’m without
 Th’ old Clarke would sing, and grace me without doubt

And my good people would to me retourne
 Which in my sickness did both weep & mourne.
 Then blest be he that soar'd so very high
 To do'ff and d'on my crown with majesty
 That now's a subject willing to obey
 The wind and weather both by night and day.
 And like the swann i'th pond so I i'th wind
 Move loftily, to see how dull mankind
 Is grown of late, that once I could not heare
 The sound of bells resounding in mine eare
 Like to my neighbours (bells) east west & north & south.
 I'll find the rope; find you the wheel and mouth
 And the six Vulcans in my parish will
 Make mee to speake and shew my Maker's Skill.
 In warbling Echoes and in Hymen's Charmes
 We'll sweetly toll to save you from all harmes,
 So as no high loud sounding cymbals near us
 Shall us outring, or find a flaw to jeer us.
 Then come you lovers of my musicke sweet
 And buy another bell, and I'll you greet."

"Vpon the gilding of Chesterfield Weathercocke, with its
 Speech to the Mayor of y^e Towne. A.D. 1673:—

" Good-morrow, Maister Mayor, I am glad to see
 You upon earth beare rule in Seventy three;
 It was my chance a prisoner for to bee
 On the main mast, where thousands did mee see.
 'Twas nayther Stormes of Wind or Snow or Raine
 Could get me loose, till I was cut in twaine.
 Then blest be all the gods that rule the wind,
 And blest be you that to me was so kind,
 And blest be he that soar'd so very high
 To take me down and gild me gloriously:
 But at whose cost, as yet, I cannot tell.
 I pray you sir be pleased to pay them well
 For this my golden coate which you have given;
 I'll ne'er ask more of you while that you liven.
 But out! alas! my sorrows to renew,
 I'm up againe for those who're pleased to view;
 Tho' many greasy butchers jeerd my friend
 Because they could no sooner make an end;
 But now they've done their worke, let them be paid:
 I'll face about, when all of you are dead
 I'll wheele and turne, let th' wind bee ne'er so small
 And by that means I'll satisfie you all."

“The Ale-draper’s Petition to the Honorable Bench at Chesterfield Aprill 20, 1677 for my Licence:—

“ May it please the Bench this day to grant to me
Your worships’ License, that I may be free
To brew, to sell, keepe food for horse and man,
For all that come pay but a penny a can.
Rare bottle-ale if any soule doe mind it
At ‘ *Hand and Shears* ’ in Asher you may find it,
With severall sortes of English napping (*nappy*) Licquor;
’Twill make the dullest spirits to flow quicker.
Then Bachus like, each man with glasses fettle^{*} *
Hectorian like, shewing yourselves brave mettled
Sober and wise: if otherwise you find, then
I hope your worships will be pleased to bind them.
To that they never say—’Tis pity
Cause there’s so many now in town & city.
May it please you all to grant me my request
And in that calling I will doe my best
To please the King, the Judge, and Justice too,
And waite on him that daily holds the Plough,
And all men else, excepting the Excise,
Because they daily make of me a prise,
Gaging my vessels with a Gallon Rule.
I wish such gagers may outgag the —.
All this is true, I to your worships say
Give me my license, then I’ll goe my way.
And for the same, I’ll for your worships pray:
If you’ll dispatch, I will no longer stay.

“ *Leo. Wheatcroft.* ”

“An Elegy upon the death of all the greatest Gentry in Darley Dale who loved Huntinge and Hawkinge and severall other names. By me LEO. W. 1672.

- (1) “ As I on Oaker Hill one day did stand
Viewing the world which I could not command,
I turn’d my face toward Bercho’re parly west
In view where Greaves’s used to have their nest
But out! alas! I found they were all gone
Not one was left to kick against a stone.

* *Fettle* = ready, prepared.

- (2) " Then looking forward the coast being very cleare
 At Routhier, there I found one Adam Eayre
 But now he's gone : left house and land behind him
 And to be short, I know not where to find him.
 But if any counsellor can make it out
 He'st have his land, and I will go without.
- " (3) I'll up to Hassop to hear them sing a mass :
 There shall I know who made the old mans fias
 (Death made it wronge), t'send him to Purgatory
 Where he must stay till he be fit for glory :
 But if there be such place twixt here and heaven
 I fear he cannot pass, 'tis so uneven.
- " (4) Then did I to my panting Muses say
 'Haste and begone, you shall no longer stay
 Haste and begone, up Caston toss your banners,
 And call at Haddon, where liv'd ould John Manners.
 O use him kindly I do strictly you command,
 For unto England's poor he always was so kind.'
- " (5) But now he's gone (like others) hence away :
 Then for another Earl like him we pray
 That will be kind vnto rich and poore,
 Then God Almighty will increase his store,
 And bless him here vpon this earthly throne,
 And at the last call him to be one of his own.
- " (6) Walking by the River, Stanton I did spy,
 But neither Caston, nor a boy saw I :
 They are all gone and nought left but ould boards :
 Alas ! alas ! what doth this world afford.
 There's several more that are slipt out o'th' way
 But not one word of them I here will say.
- " (7) Then calling back my Muses, methought I
 Spied Little Stancliffe standing pleasantly,
 Well fed with springs, & deck'd with laurels greene,
 But not one Steare i'th stall yet to be seene
 But an ould Backer bourning of the oūne*
 'Till Steare returne, there's no one knows how soone.
- " (8) Then on the hills I came to Darley Hall,
 To heare that Musicke in those ashes tall :
 List'ning awhile, I not being pleased well,
 Thought I,—Where is my pretty Cullen-bell
 Whose name and fame made all this dale once sound ?
 But now, that honnour's buried vnder ground.

* Baker burning of the oven.

- “(9) Besides four parsons of Divinity
As Paine, and Pott, Edwards, and Mosley,
All foure divines, and men of noble birth,
All dead and gone, now buried in the earth.
How can I chuse, but much lament to see
My friends all gone, who did make much of mee?
- “(10) Tho’ all in haste one place I have past by;
That’s Cowley Hall, where I oft heard the cry
Of great mouth’d doggs who did not feare to kill
Which was their master’s plesure word and will
His name was *Sinner** who ever did him know
He’s dead and gone too many years ago.
- “(11) Then turning round; all gone—thus I did think—
Where shall I make my friend or Muses drinke?
Then looking downe below I did espy
A pretty hall, which stood me very nigh;
Where lived the father, son, and wives of either,
Both in my time, although not both together.
- “(12) A Knight, the father, and a squier the son:
One heir is left: if dead—that name is done.
This heir being young, with ladies durst not play
So he in sorrow quickly went away
Leaving no Heir o’th name, no, no not one
So farewell Milwards now of Snitterton.
- “(13) Then rushing forward downe by Darwen side,
My Muses presently through Matlock hied,
And finding there the good old pastor gone,
I hied to Riber there to make my moan:
But out alas! my sorrows to increase
That name is gone, now buried vnder hearse.
- “(14) Wolley, Wolley, Wolley, farewell to thee
A noble Esquire thou wast, both kind and free
To all that came, I say both rich and poore,
There’s few went empty, that came to his doore.
Walker’s faire house is almost worne away,
With severall more now going to decay.

* Richard Senior, of Bridgetown, purchased Cowley Manor from George and Henry Needham in 1613. The person alluded to was perhaps Anthony, son of Richard, one of whose co-heiresses married Lionel Fanshaw, whose son Henry in 1718 sold Cowley to Thom. Bagshaw, Esq.—*Lysons*.

- “(15) To speak of Dethic, what shall I doe there?
 Babington's Treason hateful doth appeare.
 Their house is downe, and they are gone to nought;
 So will all those which e'er Rebellion sought.
 Then pray to God for Peace and Vnitie,
 That King and Nobles all may well agree.
- “(16) Then I to Ogston, there to break my fast.
 They all in mourning stood at me aghast
 To think my friend and lover was departed;
 And so I left them, all most heavie hearted:
 What shall I doe (thought I) to hide my head
 Seeing so many Gallants now are dead?
- “(17) Then up by Amber I did quickly hie;
 None of my antient friends I could espie:
 In Asher parish I could find not one:
 Old Crich, old Dakin & old Hodgkinson
 They are departed, and gone hence away
 As for myself, I have not long to stay.
- “(18) I will returne vnto my hill againe
 And cause my Muses to sing out a straine,
 And that in mourning too they shall be drest
 To sing new Anthems of the very best.
 And thus you see in a few dayes how they
 Are all gone hence, and turn'd to dust and clay.
- “(19) Ffarewell you Huntsmen that did hunt the Hare:
 Ffarewell you hounds that tired both horse and mare:
 Ffarewell you gallant Falkners every one;
 The chief of all did live at Snitterton.
 So to conclude, ffarewell both great and small:
 Those that are left, The Lord preserve them all.

“*By mee Leonard Wheatcroft.*”

Another verse, written subsequently:—

- “If any one of this same truth do doubt
 From Oaker Hill I'd have them walk about
 From house to house, to proof the truth of this;
 And then they'll say there's nothing writ amiss.
 I have no more to say, but this my charge,
 Let all that's here say 'Pray God bless K. George.'”

“Of a famous Hunting much to be admired in the Parish of Ashover vpon Newyears Day by Master Henry Lees with his 3 couple of Beagles as you shall heare in this following ditty. 1694.

- “(1) You gentlemen Huntsmen come listen awhile
 And I'll tell you a story, 'twill make you to smile.
 A few of them once were gathered together
 January the first, when it was foule weather.
 In Ashover parish we first did th' fox spy
 At a place we call Cow-bridge—I'll tell you noe Lie.
- “(2) Then 'Nimble' and 'Famous' did after him follow,
 And all the brave Huntsmen did make a great 'Hallow.'
 Brave 'Rockwood' and 'Ringwood' with rest o' th' pack
 Did follow so close till they catch'd him by th' back :
 Rare 'Dido' stick'd close : like a bird she did fly
 With 'Gamester' and 'Bellman,' I'll tell you no Lie.
- “(3) He run to Mabkirke as fast as he could,
 Where he staid but awhile, for there was no hould.
 Rare 'Dido' was nimble, but not very tall:
 Shee forced ould Renard to th' top of a wall,
 Where for two acre length, he never fell by,
 But ran clearly aloft—'Tis no bit of a Lie.
- “(4) Then 'Famous' and 'Dido' did run on each side,
 Resolving to tame the old Fox for his pride
 For climbing so high, and forsaking the ground ;
 But at last you'll admire where ould Renald was found ;
 For when on the earth no hold he could spy,
 He ran up a mill wheel—I'm sure 'tis no Lie.
- “(5) There close he did lie in a bucket o'th' wheele ;
 The like was ne'er known that a scent they could feele :
 But being rare doggs as our shire can bring out
 They catch'd him i' th' parish he never ran out :
 They follow'd so close, and made such a cry,
 The like was ne'er known : I'm sure 'tis no Lie.
- “(6) Now all you brave huntsmen & bold merry blades,
 Pray keep well your geldings and ride on no jades,
 And I'll keep my doggs well, for I know they are free.
 I have but three couples the best i' th' countree ;
 For if they could once but ould Reynould espy
 They'd soon overtake him, I'm sure 'tis no lie.

- “(7) There’s ‘Rockwood’ and ‘Ringwood,’ there’s ‘Famous’ and
 ‘Spring,’
 With ‘Gamester’ and ‘Bellman’ make all the woods ring:
 And these are the doggs that will make a fox swing:
 The pastime of Hunting would pleasure a king.
 They follow’d ould Renald w^t such a loud cry
 He was forced for to earth—’Tis no bit of a Lie.
- “(8) From’s Kennel at Eastwood* they ran him apace
 That he had ne’er time to look them i’ th’ face,
 But took up his hould at Robin-Hood’s Stone
 Where ‘Touser’ the Terrier laid fast hold for one:
 The rest of the Beagles stickt very close by
 Where they took him by th’ chops—’Tis no bit of a lie.
- “(9) They trail’d him to Asher with whoop and with Hallow,
 And bravely those Beagles did after him follow
 Vnto an ale house, where merrily wee
 Did drinke of our glasses and sung cheerilee
 To Earls and to Lords, and gentlemen nigh,
 Wishing all of them health—I’m sure ’tis no Lie.
- “(10) Then on the next day we went oute againe,
 And there at Stanwig, we found a new traine
 Of an ould Renald, as false as the other;
 And for ought I know they were sister and brother.
 Then ‘Bellman’ and ‘Dido’ did after him fly
 And catcht him at White-edge, I’m sure ’tis no Lie.
- “(11) And when we had caught him, our horns we did wind:
 To whoop and to Hallow we all were inclin’d.
 To the Rattell-grange there we marched along,
 Where we did sing a merry new song:
 We drunk merry healths to all Huntsmen nigh
 In full glasses, all swingers, I tell you no lie.
- (12) “ And so to conclude this merry new song
 I hope it will please you for we’ve done no wrong
 In killing three foxes in so short a time:
 The like was ne’er known or put into rhyme.
 Then drink off your glasses, and let none pass by:
 The parish will pay all†—I hope it’s no lie.

“*Leo. Wheatcroft.*”

* In Ashover.

† The churchwardens and overseers of most parishes at that time paid a certain sum per head for every fox killed.

"MY SONG WHEN I GATHER CLERK-WAGES.

(To the Tune of 'Gerard's Mistress.')

"Weare*-leave
 Good master and good dame, I say
 For you I pray
 That of your charity you'll something give me :
 You know
 My wages they are small and very low.
 Pray now bestow
 Some of your silver, that will much befriend me :
 A pie—a pudding—or a chine,
 Or else a little piece of beef :
 Something I crave, & fain would have,
 For now I want relief ;
 And to you all I will be thankful,
 And teach you David's Psalms to sing ;
 And when your lives are at an end
 A passing bell I'll ring," etc.

"Vpon a Race between Bacon and Walker—run on Bonsall Moor, and how Bacon had like to have been poysoned. 1687.

"BACON—Good morrow, my good neighbours all,
 Here I salute you great and small.
 I'm come to run before you all
 For gold and Recreation.
 Pray then be pleased awhile to stay,
 And you shall see us trip away,
 According to the fashion."

"WALKER—'Thou'rt welcome to me,' Walker said,
 'I'll run with thee till I be dead :
 I ne'er was yet of man afraid,
 And never yet forsaken.
 Yet, I'll tell thee friend, what I doe think,
 That if thou'lt of my bottle drink,
 Then one of us full soon will shrink :
 Thou'rt welcome to me, Bacon.'

* With your.

“ POET SINGS—Then hand in hand away they went,
 Which was to many great content.
 But Bacon followed by the scent,
 Of some base cunning cheater
 Who gave him poyson ere he ran,
 Whereby so many are undone.
 Yet for 10 pound with him he run,
 Tho Walker then ran better.

“ WALKER—‘I tell thee Bacon what I thinke,—
 Tho it was I that gave thee drink,
 It was not for to make thee shrink,
 But rather to run swifter.’

“ BACON—‘In that thou art a cheater bold
 I lay thee 20 pound in gold
 Thou gave me poyson : for I’m told
 That thou hast had a gifter’ (*bribe*).

“ WALKER—‘All gifters I do deadly hate,
 Though some did put it in my pate :
 Now to repent it is too late,
 Fools are so soon persuaded.’

“ BACON—‘Now thou speaks true, I well may swear.
 I’ll have at thee again next yeare,
 All thy partakers I’ll not feare ;
 I ne’er but this time failed.’

“ WALKER—‘Thy challenge Bacon, I like well :
 It to my master I will tell ;
 Then all the country like a bell
 Will sound at our next meeting.’

“ BACON—‘My words I will make good, if I
 Before that present do not dye.
 Or, when wee meet, tell me ‘I lie’ ;
 And that’s no handsome greeting.’

“ WALKER—‘Now to conclude, well met my friend,
 Another race will make an end,
 And I my dearest breath will spend,
 For fame and reputation.’

“ BACON—‘If this prove true, I’ll tell thee plain,
 Then we’ll have all our gold againe,
 And there thy name for ever staine,
 I scorne thy ugly fashion.’

“ L. W. 1687.”

“The Fishing of the River Amber, August 26th, by a few Derbyshire Blades, who, after they had taken a cup of ale, sallied out, resolving to turne the River out of its natural course, thinking thereby to catch a dish of fish—no man to doff hat-band, hose, or shoes, or any other apparel.

- “(1) In the month of August last
 When five and twenty days were past,
 As I doe well remember,
 Wee were a few of the joviale crew
 And we went down to Amber.
- “(2) Major Wheatcroft led the van
 And captain Chapman was his man :
 All the rest came marching after
 With spades and shooles and other tooles—
 We made a mighty slaughter.
- “(3) Then antient Newton did display
 His gallant banner all the way
 Saying ‘March my lads, let’s render
 Lets never feare when we come there
 To turne the River of Amber.’
- “(4) Oh when we came to the Brook side,
 Immediately we did divide,
 But yet we did not wander ;
 For with heart and mind we were inclined
 To turne the River of Amber.
- “(5) Then Sergeant Allen he stept in
 And swore he’d venture bones and skin
 Although they were but tender :
 A dam he made, like one o’ th’ trade,
 Which turn’d the River of Amber.
- “(6) Leftenant Beardsley brought up the reare
 Who did no living fishes feare,
 And like an old commander
 He kept us close unto our work
 Till we had fished the Amber.
- “(7) Then corporal Tansley he stood by,
 And Billy Towndrow being nigh
 For fear of further slander,
 They joyned hands in loving bands
 Till they had laden Amber.

- “(8) With the help of Standers by
As Will, and Humfrey, John, and I
Who sadly there did render
The earth for clods which some call sods
Which turned the River of Amber.
- “(9) There were many standing by
Who oft did shriek and cry
To see the fishes squander :
For very fear that we came there
To fish the River of Amber.
- “(10) When the waters did wax low
You might the severall fishes know,
And where they had their places :
Mid roots and stones they swore by's wones,*
And caught them by their faces.
- “(11) From our hands the eels did slip :
About our feet the trout did skip,
With other fishes plenty :
But at the last, we caught them fast
And had a dish most dainty.”

Vpon Captain Millwardes march at Chesterfield, July 2, 3, 4,
5, 7, 9 (year not given) :—

“Tune—‘*Four and twenty Highland men.*’

“March on you gallant soldiers all,
With hearts of Resolution,
Against your enemies great and small
That breed our great confusion.

“Beat up your drums brave soldiers all,
And let us now be merry,
And ready bee at every call
To follow our ould Harry.

“His father was a Colonell †
A captain was his brother :
And he—a captain as we see
Where have we such another?

* “*By's wones*” = “*By His (Christ's) wounds* :” now, “*Zounds!*”
With this, compare “*Zooks!*” i.e., “*By His hooks!*”—the nails of the
cross ; an exclamation used by the people of Smalley fifty years ago, but now,
I believe, quite obsolete.—(ED.)

† Col. Milward, of Snitterton, died in 1669.

“ Then march brave captain all along
 Into yon Scotland Borders,
 And we will follow you along
 If you will give us orders.

“ And when we come before their face
 Then will we all be merry,
 And put you into mickle grace,
 Noble Captain Harry.

“ Lieftenant now bring up your men,
 Our captain's now before us :
 We'll make the Rebels quake for feare
 For domineering o'er us.

“ I can abide no flattering tongue
 Let e'er a man so smooth bee
 I scorn to offer any wrong :
 So God bless Captain Boothbee.

“ *L. W.*”

“ Vpon the Victorious Conquests of M^r Henry Wright when
 he was Captaine :—

“ Here lies the Body of one Captaine Wright
 Whom none can equal whether by day or night :
 For his great prowis and his valliant actes
 Noe King or Prince or Knight could e'er him tax.
 To tell you of his warlike deeds shall I
 Extol his valour?—Sir, I scorn to lie
 For at that fight he was at Willoughbee :
 He was commander of the whole partee,
 And by his valour did so stoutly charge
 That thorough all he made his passage large.
 At Ashby-de-la-Zouch he won the day
 And took all prisoners—but what did run away.
 Also at Barton-upon-Trent : There hee
 Routed Prince Robert (Rupert), drove him the counteree.
 At WINFIELD-MANNER I'm sure he was there
 Entering the same, without all dread or feare.
 Also at Naseby : there he play'd his part
 And made them run, and glad with all his heart.
 His fame was great at Horncastle's great Race ;
 For there he wounded many a noble face
 With his good sword, and never-daunted steed :
 Thousands of men that day were made to bleed.

At taking of Nantwich he never shrunke
 Till he had conquered Noble Generall Munke,
 And many more besides the Garrison
 Which he that day by strength and valour won.
 His harness good was made of purest steele,
 His horse more fierce than ever trode on heel;
 For when his warlike heart was taken out,
 A living serpent from the same did sprout
 To the amazement of them all both far and near,
 To thinke that such a Devill should be there.
 But some may thinke I write as a deceiver
 But you may now behold the same in Belvoir ('castle')
 Wherein the picture (and it) may be seene,
 To admiration both of Kinge and Queene.
 Then Gentlemen now pray and never cease
 That wars may end, that we may live in peace.

“*By me Leo: Wheatcroft.*” *

“Vpon the Earle of Scarsdale’s race-horse:—

“When as my master mounted upon me
 Then, like Achilles, you could scarce him see
 He was so nimble on my back that I
 Defied all Earles & Lordes & Knights me nigh.
 As for the first heat,—did not I run well?
 Yea, and the second too, you all can tell.
 And were my tongue like Balaam’s Asse, then I
 Would tell you true, how Kingstone he went by.
 If e’er I run again in that same place
 I lay a thousand guineas that I win the race.
 It is not he that gave the golden piece (prize or stakes)
 Or he in Ireland, Scotland, France, or Greece
 Should me outrun, *had not my Mr staid me:*
 I am so vexed; I wish that he had flayed me.
 But to be short, I’ll run the three heats round
 With any horse that was upon that ground.”

“Vpon the strange and admirable building of two Crows upon
 Blackwell Church Weather Cocket† April 2, 1688, in Derbyshire:—

“Behold my friends what here I have set downe
 (A stranger thing was never done in towne)
 Thousands have seen—I know I do not mock.

* Apparently penned about 1680.

† Probably constructed in the ornamental scroll work usually attached to the rod of the vane.

On Blackwell Steeple, just on th' weather cock,
 Two crows have built their nest so neat and high,
 'Tis thought no tree so tall beneath the sky,
 But only the Palmeto—royal high,
 Which far surmounts all other standing by.
 Shee sits this month : the other brings her food ;
 'Tis mighty strange, hard to be understood.
 They carried timber to their nest so large
 That both together bore an equal charge—
 One by one end, the other by the other.
 Such love scarce seen by father or by mother,
 To raise a fabric for their young and needy ;
 Tho' th' wind was high, they made it firm and steady ;
 As men who lived near with eyes beholding
 Saw them each day most neatly act their building :
 All this is true and much in admiration.
 There's stranger things will soon appear i'th' nation ;
 To tell you one, and let the rest pass by—
 A Parliament will sit, or else I fly."

Titles of Anagrams, Epitaphs, and other Gleanings.

"On My old friend Thomas Low of Crich* :—

" 'Low' was you borne, 'tis true what I here say,
 Of parents true, on May the Twentieth day :
 With joy and gladness when you first was seene,
 It was just then Sixteen, eighteen." (1618)

Appended to two anagrams, one upon his cousin Elizabeth Wheatcroft, and the other on Rebeckah Boore, is a note that they were written by him at Hockley, when he was just sixty. Sep. 16, 1687.

Another is dedicated to an unknown friend (William Bonner) who had sent him a suit of clothes.

* Thomas Lowe of Crich issued a "Token" in 1669, inscribed thus :—

(*Obverse*) "THOMAS . LOWE"

(*Reverse*) "OF . CRICHE . BVTCHER . 1699."

(See *Boyne's Trade Tokens* by Geo. C. Williamson, Vol. I., p. 121.)

Esquire Adderley* is referred to with gratitude for his generosity to the ringers :—

“ With that he gave us ale which made us sing
And when we went, we made our 4 bells ring.”†

“ Upon the birth of Hannah Crofts, daughter to George Crofts and Troth his wife :—

“ O’th 12th of August before the font you bended
Rarely‡ with witnesses you were attended.”—1627.

“ Vpon the birth of Leonard Cowley, son of Giles Cowley§ and Joan his wife baptized Sep. 21, 1637.”

“ Vpon one James Yorke, author of a Booke of Heraldry.”

“ A single acrostick vpon Robert son to Rob. Booth and Alice his wife who was Bap. Mar 3, 1644 :—

Rouse vp ould Friend and view y^r christened name.
Of your trew birth, you never need fear shame,
Besides your gallant calling, you are of noble blood,
Endeavouring daily for to practise good.
Robert y^r father (Booth) And Alice y^r mother
To tell your age, I scorn it for to smother.

“ **B**aptized you were, (’tis fifty years and more)
On March the third I say in Forty four.
O pray now watch, and to your Saviour pray
To be prepared against your dying day :
Heaven be your guide to walk in th’ narrow way.”

* Probably Charles Adderley who married Felicia, elder co-heiress of John Milward, Esq., and through whom he obtained a moiety of Snitterton with the Manor house. (*v.* Lyson.)

† The church bells in those times were regarded more as means for village recreation than as monitors of better things. Their dedication to sacred uses was utterly forgotten. Happily, in every well-regulated church, these profanations are things of the past. Leonard, as will be perceived, considered the belfry and the bells as his own, and himself supreme head of the ringing fraternity.

‡ Bravelly or largely.

§ Giles Cowley and another purchased the manors of Ashover and Lea, from Sir John Pershall, Bart., in 1648.

“An Epitaph:—

“Here lyes the Body of Jemima Bourne
 The eldest daughter of a famous Knight—
 Sir Thomas Beckingham,—his daughter born
 By his faire Dame, Elizabeth, most bright,
 Of Tolson towne in Essex, county faire.
 This lady was unto a parson given,
 And by her life and conversation rare
 This relict now is made a saint in heaven.
 Three score and nineteen years of age was she
 As by her tomb appears in letters fine.
 July the 19 her funerale I see
 One Thousand Six Hundred Seventy nine.”

“An Epitaph vpon the death of my very lovinge vnckle
 Robert Norman:—

“Here lyes a man who did provide
 His coffin and his stone
 For many years before he died:
 His name is Robert Norman.
 December he the Twenty eight,
 Did goe from hence away:
 He buried was in 'Seventy nine, (1679)
 Who's now returned to clay.
 His age was four score years and five,
 Before he lost his breath,
 Besides three quarters of a yeare,
 But now hath left this earth.”*

* From the will of Robert Norman, of Ashover, dated 11th November, 1678, which was in the possession of the late Mrs. Nodder:—

“The seaven pound bond which will become due to me from my kinsman Abraham Norman, June 10, 1680, to be equally divided among the children of my kinsmen Richard Hawley of Sutton, and Leonard Wheatcroft of Ashover.

“To Richard Hawley . . . my ceiled bedstead in the parlour. To my kinsman Edward Norman my ceiled chest at my bedside and to my sister Anne Hawley, that chest in the parlor with the lock upon it. To my sister Frances Norman the other chest in the parlor. To my kinsmen George and Robert Norman 20^{shill} apiece. All the rest of my estate I give to my kinsmen Richard Hawley and Leonard Wheatcroft the elder, and I make my kinsman Richard Hawley sole executor.”

“An Epigram on his Honour’s Birthday—Samuel Pierpoint of Oulecoates in Derbyshire upon May 29, 1687 :—

“Then let’s with him rejoice with joy and mirth
That we have such a peer to tread our earth,
Who is the age (as Freak this day me told)
No more nor less—but 34 years old.”

“January in the year 1693
I set the sycamore at Hocklee.”

“On my new adopted kinsman (cousin) Henry Hibbert, May 6, 1693.”

“My sister Jane Wheatcroft.”

“Mary Wheelwright Baptized Nov: 1, 1643.”

“A treble acrostic upon M^r Thomas Morrey schoolmaster of Matlock 1695.”

“Upon M^r George Calton of London in 1695. Born at ‘Asher.’ Baptized June 21, 1671.” (See Lyson, p. lxxx. and note.)

“An Acrostic vpon the Christening of my louing Friend Mistris Lydia Bourne, who was baptized August 4th 1639.”

“Benjamin Ragg was borne December 9 . 1674.”

“Rich was he wrapt, as I doe well remember
And right baptized the fourteenth of December.”

“Vpon the thrice noble & virtuous John Manners, Earle of Rutland’s Birthday being May 29, 1696—aged 58.” (? 15, an easy mistake to make from the local pronunciation of “fifteen”—the correct age.)

“An acrostic to Abigail Brockshaw L. W. 1699.”

“An Elegie upon the death of my very good friend John Milward Esquire and K^t of the honourable house of Parliament who departed this life September 14th in y^e yeare 1670” :—

“He was a lord Lieu-Tenant of the County,
Who at each muster he did shew much bounty.
He was a Landlord to his tenants kind :
But few like him about us now we find.

He was a neighbour good of sweet behaviour,
 Owing the poor as soon as them that's braver.
 He was a father to his children deare,
 As by their learning, breeding, may appeare."

"An anagram upon the death of George Blagrove clerk of All Saints in Derby." (Leonard greatly extols his skill in ringing, singing, and the medical art.)

"Rare in his practice, for Christ's sake cured many
 Ever rejoicing when he could them save
 Awhile from death—but now, he's in his grave."

"An Epitaph upon Captain John Lowe a Justice of the Peace:—

"Lowe here a captain and a justice lies
 Whose warlike actions *never won a prize*,
 Lowe loved his prince but seldom by him stood.
 Lowe loved to fight, but not to lose his blood.
 Lowe while he lived—poor people all did feare him
 Lowe now he's gone, they wish some fiend w^d rear him
 (for he gave nought at his funerall)"

"On my very loving Friend Margery Beastall of Wensley who died Feb. 1677."

"Another on James Beastall, of Wensley deceased—my brother Poet."

"Written for a friend (T. G.) to his Lady—Anna Toplady."

"An elegy upon the death of Captain Henry Milward Esq who departed this life at Snitterton in Darley Parish April 7, 1681:—

"Farewell deare friend, farewell deare friend I say,
 Wilt thou go hence, leave Snitterton this day?
 'Tis pity! house with gardens bright and faire
 Should now grow wild, because thou'st left no heire.
 Now farewell hawk and hound in Darley dale
 Ffarewell faire world, thy blossoms are but frail.
 He was a man not 40 years of age
 Whose bloom is nipt, ended his pilgrimage," etc.

“An anagram vpon my brother Clerke—George Vernon of Alfreton:—

“Grim death, why hast thou ta'en my friend away
England's brave clarke (Cryer o'th' market day)”

... “Vernon he was, of ancient name and fame
Which Earls Esquires & lords do honour much the same:
Right of behaviour; to his neighbours kind:
Few equal him: he bore a princely mind.
O come my friends and mourners everywhere,
Now mourne with me for this my brother deare.”

“Vpon William Seamell a young man who departed this life
July 23, 1688:—

“Meek was he here, and mild upon the earth
Eschewing evil, seldom minding mirth.”

“Vpon my cousin Helen Chadwick who died Dec. 30, 1693.”

“An Elegy on the death of my deare and loving Ffather Leonard
Wheatcroft, Yeoman, who departed this life at Ashover November
28, 1648 who lived a quiet and peaceable life amongst his neigh-
bours and family:—

... “Was it the number of our sins O Lord
Our negligence? contempt of Thee? thy Word?
And all thy graces still bestowed upon us
Which did provoke Thee now to take him from us?
Was he too worthy deemed to tarry here?
We to enjoy him—his small children deare?
... He was prepared; had 's wedding garment on
Ready to enter and receive the crowne
That Crowne of glory and eternity
Not subject unto mutability,” etc.

“Upon my son David Wheatcroft who departed this life
October 15th 1688.

“An Elegy vpon Elizabeth wife to Leonard Wheatcroft, who
departed this life March 3, 1688 aged 52. Buried in Ashover
Church Yard:—

... “Amongst my children thou wast a nursing mother,
Being their guide from one day to another,
Exhorting them to love and unity,
That they like brethren all might well agree,” etc. . . .

“Vpon the death of my much honoured and very good friend and Mistress Anne Woolhouse, who departed this life June 19, 1667. She was daughter to Gilbert Linacre, of Plumley Hall, Esq. She was first married to John Parker,* of Lees Hall, Esq., and after his death to Thomas Woolhouse, of Glapwell, Esq., J.P., with whom she lived above 30 years, whose death he much lamented, not only for his own great loss, but for the loss of others, to whom she was most charitably minded:—

. . . “ Her greatest fancy was to touch the skin
 Of the decrepid swollen putrified & lame.
 Let all men judge of her thrice noble fame,
 For all her greatness she did not disdain
 To wash and dresse, to make them whole againe.
 She, with her daughters, and her servants too
 Made it their practice good workes for to doo.
 If that they came both halt and blind and pained,
 For all her cures, their silver she disdaind :
 Her answer was, ‘God give you health and grace
 And now and then, pray let me see your face
 That I your hungry bellies may well fill,
 And clothe your backes according to God’s will.’
 . . . She was like Dorcas doing works of wonder ;
 To name them all, my muses could not ponder.
 At her departure she warbled forth this straine,
 ‘When Christ appears then I’ll appear againe
 Not as I am, but more in glory shining
 With saints and angels all about me twining.’
 These were her words. And so she lived and died
 And now in heaven I hope she’s glorified.”

“An Elegie vpon my very loving friend Mistris Elizabeth Chadwicke late daughter to the right worshipful Thomas Wollhouse Esq and wife to the right worshipful James Chadwicke Esquire. She departed this life May 13, in 1670, and now lyeth buried in the Chancell of Bolsouer, next to her mother Anne Wollhouse.”

“An acrostic upon Robert Williamot Esq, chosen shireave

* ? Barker.

for ye county of Derby in the year 1671, and an ancient bachelor:—

. . . . “Like thing was never known or acted here
Lo, we shall have 5 sheriffs in one yeare
John Munday one, Sitwell, and this deceased,
A Cooke the next, the other not rehearsed,” etc.

“A discourse betwixt Death and Doctor Ouldham of Nottingham. He was a Surgeon Barber and Doctor of Physic. May 3, 1675.”

“An epitaph of my aged Friend James Tricket who departed this life Feb. 7, 1691. He lived 73 years.”

“An Epitaph on my loving and kind mistris Elizabeth wife to Master Obadiah Bourne, Rector:—

“Elizabeth, the mother of sons seven,” etc.

“Vpon the Life and Death of Master John Revill Esquire son and heire to Will : Revill of Ogston Esq.”

“Vpon Edmund Nickson who departed this life Jan :—

“Nickson his name was, while he lived heare,
In Morton buried :* born in faire Cheshire,” etc.

“Vpon the death of William Revill Esquire, father unto John Revill. Aug. 15, '69:—

“William Revell of Ogston Esq. dyed ye 15th day of August, and was buried at Sherland ye 17th day of August, Anno Dom. 1669.”—*Morton Register*.

“Upon Mistris Troath Hodgkinson who departed this life October 11th, 1678, and lieth buried in ye church of Ashover:—

(“A maiden kind”)

“Nature had framed her so in every part
Susanna like, both chaste in mind and heart.”

“Vpon that most noble & honourable Peer of England John

* “Edmund Nixon Rector of Morton was buried ye 5th day of January A.D. 1677.”—*Morton Church Register*.

Manners Earl of Rutland, who departed this life Sep. 29, 1679:—

“ I wonder death, thou conqueror of man
Of woman, child, and infant,—but a span,
How dare thou come with thy bare bones in sight
Now for to take from us so great a wight,” etc.
. . . . “ He went from Haddon October the Twenty three
In '79; at Botsworth now lyes hee.”

“ An Elegy upon the thrice worthy and Right Honourable
Christiana, Dowager Countis of Devonshire, who departed this
life Feb: 18th, 1674, and now lyeth buried in the Church of All
Saints in Derby in her owne sepulcher:—

“ Then come trew Mourners crowne y^r heads with bayes
Let's mourne thrice over more than 70 dayes
For this sweet Israelite. Oh what a blessed Matron
That to all women was a heaven's Patron,” etc., etc.

“ Then let's not mourne, nor sigh, nor greeve, but say
Blest be the Lord who took this saint away
From foes, from friends, from tenants that will miss
Their loving Dowager, who sitteth now in bliss.”

“ An Elegy vpon Mistris Anne Braylesford, of Senier, in the
Parish of North Winfeild in Derbyshire:—

“ Long hath she breathed upon this drousey earth,
Enjoying pleasures of her noble birth:
She was of age when conquering death came o'er her
Full ninety six: no one could ever blame her.” . . .
“ Died April, 1692.”

“ An Elegy vpon my loving friend Mr. Robert Parkes, who was
buried August 7, 1688:—

“ He was a Royalist most trew,
Engag'd i'th wars, now bids the world adew.
Rare for all vertues, rich in worldly wealth
Trew in his dealing, ever hating stealth.”

“ Master George Hodgkinson of Overton dyed July 16, 1692,
aged 75:—

“ He was a man that was a poor man's friend
Oh, now he's gone, who will them money lend? . . .
Kind to the poore, a helper of the rich,
I was one once—he help'd me out o' th' ditch.”

“An Epitaph vpon Mary, daughter to M^r Immanuel Halton of Winfield Mannor (1692):—

“Shee told her parents as I heare
That God Almighty loved her deare
Ffor when her dying houre drew nigh
She did so clearly signifie
That death did knock upon her skull,
Saying, ‘Thy pitcher now is full,
Come haste thee from this Bloody Manner,
Ffor thou must beare thy Saviour’s Banner
Into the ffeilde of Paradise,” etc.

“An Anagram upon the death of M^r Samuel Hodgkinson, who was buried at Ashover July 9, 1680.”

“Vpon the death of M^r Henry Wright:—

“Right in his principles—a man of warr,
You’ve heard his valour, and have seene his scarr
Right were his dealings with his Lord and Master
I ne’er could heare he wronged him of a Teaster.”

“My Cousin Anne Sheldon’s Epitaph. Buried March 4, 1686:—

“Then let’s not mourne for her but praises sing,
Whose glorious triumphs doth in heaven ring.
Shee buried was on March the fourth ’tis true,
In 1686, she bid the world adew” (*adieu*).

“M^r George Hodgkinson. Born Sep. 18, 1658, dyed June 19, 1687:—

“Oh what a world of sorrows lived he in:
Death long agoe touch’t sinews, bones, and skin:
Gaping for him for 20 years and nine.
Known to us all; but now he’s paid his fine,”

“An Anagram vpon M^r Richard Gregory,* who was buried Aprill 16, 1688:—

“Aye my dear friends, this of him I must say—
Right in his dealing was he every way.
Death gazed upon him & his wife & daughter
God knows in 7 weekes: Oh what a slaughter!
Ready they were prepared (although all young)
Ever to pray, and sing Hosannah’s song.”

* of Ravensnest in Ashover.

“Upon my loving friend Giles Cowley, who departed this life March 7, 1686, aged 87.”

“An Elegy vpon my aged Mother Anne Wheatcroft. Buried Feb. 12, 1692. Aged 87 :—

“ Who e'er was hurt, if this ould Matron knew
Haste would she make, and presently them view
Either in head or foot, or armes, or shoulder ;
A rare Chirurgion and the poores' upholder.
All that she did was done for charitee :
Come poor or rich, they all to her were free.
Rare were her cures, and what she did was sure :
Of this ould matron I shall say no more.
From us shee's gone : I hope her soul's ascended
To live with Christ ; for thousands she has mended.”

“ My friend Margaret Cowlshaw departed this life Decem. 30, 1695.”

“ My sister Charity Summers departed this life January 20, 1697. Aged 78.

. . . . “ You midwives all, that learned of her that art
Shiphrah & Puah, like them act your part.
Value no threats ; whatever people say
Mind well that art, as she did night and day,” etc.

“ *By mee Leo. Wheatcroft her Brother.*

“ Jan. 26 Shee was buried.”

“ An Epitaph upon Master Richard Berresford, Doctor of Divinity, who departed this Life March 3, 1694 :—

. . . . “ Doctor in Cambridge in College of S^t John,
I scarce in England e'er knew such a one.”

“ Upon my old friend Roger Clark of Stretton :—

“ He was laid on his back July the 6th 1696.”