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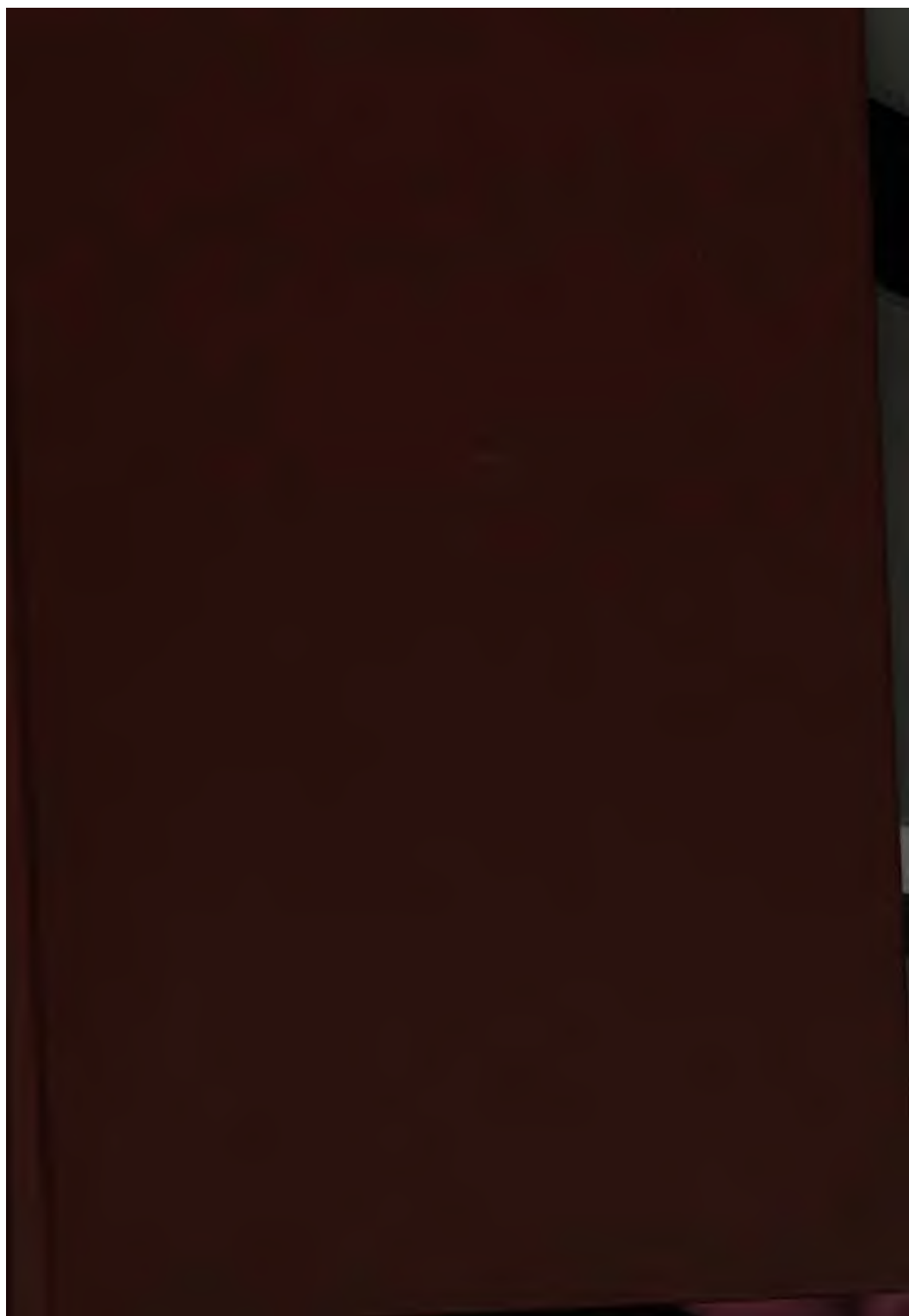
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DÆMONOLOGIA:

A DISCOURSE ON WITCHCRAFT

AS IT WAS ACTED IN THE FAMILY OF MR. EDWARD FAIRFAX,
OF FUYSTON, IN THE COUNTY OF YORK,
IN THE YEAR 1621;

ALONG WITH THE ONLY

TWO ECLOGUES

OF THE SAME AUTHOR KNOWN TO BE IN EXISTENCE.

WITH A

BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION,

AND NOTES TOPOGRAPHICAL & ILLUSTRATIVE.

BY

WILLIAM GRAINGE,

Author of "*The History and Topography of Harrogate and the Forest of Knaresborough*,"
"*Castles and Abbeys of Yorkshire*," "*Vale of Mowbray*," &c., &c.

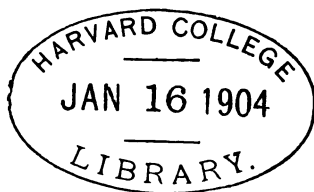
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The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That have their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanished;
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.

—Coleridge, from *Schiller*.

“One of the most curious and capital things I ever met with
in all my life.”

—REV. ROBERT COLLYER, D.D., *New York*.



P r e f a c e .

IT is a most extraordinary fact in literary history that the *Dæmonologia* of Edward Fairfax, one of the poets of the Elizabethan era, and confessedly one of the greatest refiners of the English language, has never been fairly offered to the reading public. Extracts have been made from it and comments made upon them by many writers, yet no one has been found to give it to the public in its entirety. It is quite evident from the opening of the discourse in which the author addresses the *reader*, and the many other places in which the reader is mentioned, that Fairfax intended the work for publication, and not merely to remain in manuscript, to be copied and preserved in the libraries of the curious, for the gratification or amusement of a select few, for the long period of 260 years, which it has done; therefore we may claim some small credit for carrying out the intentions of the author. If the many regard the publication with the same affection that the few have shown for their manuscript copies, its success is certain. This may be fairly said to be the first time that this most singular and curious work "by a gentleman, a scholar of classical taste, and a beautiful

poet," has been offered to the public; the previous publication being a private one, confined to the members of the "Philobiblon Society." The lovers of books, no matter to what society they belong, have now an opportunity of reading what has previously been enjoyed only by the select few.

To the student of human nature this work cannot fail to be highly interesting, as it gives the most minute and graphic account of the symptoms of witchcraft that has ever been written. Simple and unimportant as the subject may at first appear, it presents one of the most singular problems which human nature has offered to the mind of the philosopher—the origin, constitution, and decay of witchcraft! The philosophical historian may tell us what he can of the cause or causes of such a dark cloud of credulity and cruelty at any time overspreading the land; for it was not confined to any one rank or station in life; it affected all at the period to which this treatise relates, from the royal James on the throne to the humblest peasant in the field, and, as we see in the case of Edward Fairfax, even learning and talents of a high order did not lift their possessor out of the slough of credulity. How much more should we have revered our forefathers of that age had they not been such faithful followers of the orthodox fashionable faith in witchcraft; while we regard the sceptics as the true lights of the age.

"Times change, and we change with them."

The age in which we live is an age of investigation and scrutiny—men are no longer disposed to take things upon

trust; they ask the why and the wherefore of all they see and hear and are called upon to believe. They are no longer satisfied with the assertion—

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy!”

Observation and experiment must test the value of all things that are intended to pass into the world's mental currency. We are by nature observers, and therefore learners. Fairfax was an observer; but his observations did not go to the root of the matter—he could not find out the cause, therefore assigned a false one. Can we with all our advanced science and more exact analysis determine the true cause—which he failed to do? Say was it material or mental—a disease of the body or the mind? If the former, the learned anatomist and physician may speak with effect. If the latter, can our metaphysical philosophers and spiritualists explain it?

The most reasonable account of the origin of witchcraft we have seen is given by the American historian Bancroft, who, speaking of witchcraft in the New England States in 1688, says—“Belief in witchcraft has sprung alike from the letter of the Mosaic law, and from the natural wonder excited by the mysteries of nature. Man feels that he is a dependant being. The reverence for universal laws is implanted in his nature too deeply to be removed. The infinite is everywhere, and everywhere man has acknowledged it, beholding in every power the result of an infinite attribute. The same truth superstition admits, yet disguises, when it fills the air with spectres, or startles ghosts among the tombs, or studies the stars to cast a

horoscope, or gazes on the new moon with confiding credulity; or, yielding blindly to fear, beholds in the evil that is in the world the present malignity of Satan. The belief in witchcraft had fastened itself on the elements of religious faith, and become deeply branded into the common mind. Do not despise the credulity. The people did not rally to the error; they accepted the superstition only because it had not yet been disengaged from religion."

Many narratives have been published of the doings of witches, and the operation of their spells upon the bodies and minds of their victims; but none, that we are aware of, so full and minute as this of Fairfax. The reader of these pages looks day by day upon the children suffering apparently intense agony, from what he believed to be witchcraft, and which we now deem an impossible crime. We see them as he saw them, and have no recital of things heard of and related by a third hand, but the simple narrative of one who saw — and shall I say — felt the whole.

The author, at the same time, in language pure and simple, gives us a faithful picture of the modes of life, manners and customs of the lower order of gentry of that period in England, such as can scarcely be found elsewhere. We enter with him into his dwelling, and there he unfolds to us the whole of his household economy. We see the poet and his family living on meat and bread, and drinking beer. Their occasional delicacies, sugar-cakes, and raisins, sent as presents from Leeds. The home teaching of the children, their daily prayers and bible readings. The floors

strewn with rushes instead of carpets. The hearths or fire-places filled with green boughs in the summer. The ark in which the silver spoons and family plate are kept. The desk in which the money is locked up. The milk-house in which the milk and bread are kept. The familiarity between the servants of the household, and the master, the mistress, and their children. The outside works on the small farm. All have their incidental recognition. We see the hay-making carried on in August—no harvest is mentioned—and the poet bargaining with workmen to open out the ditches in his fields. His occupation of the corn mill at Fewston, and the dealings of his wife in corn with the poor people round about; sometimes a daughter sent to fetch home the money from a negligent payer. The annual bleaching of the better family linen upon the grass by the side of the brook. The jovial Christmas festivities, when forty people assembled to make merry in his small house. All these pass in review before us, and many more things of a similar kind will be observed by a careful reader. So that this treatise may be regarded as an addition to our existing knowledge of the social and domestic life of that period, and a further illustration of manners and customs, now nearly, or wholly, obsolete.

With these few remarks, we consign this hitherto little known work of Edward Fairfax to the kind consideration and judgment of the public.

W. G.

Harrogate,

December 1st, 1882.

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BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.

THE great historical family of Fairfax has been seated in the Ainsty of York from the earliest times of which there is any record. The name is Saxon, and means "fair hair," either bright in colour or comely from the plenty thereof. The original seat of the family was at Walton, near Wetherby, whence the scions of this grand old family went forth into the world to seek distinction in court and camp. Most famous for his prowess was that doughty Sir Nicholas Fairfax, the Knight of Rhodes, who fought his way through the besieging Turks, and brought succour for his hard-pressed brethren from Candia.*

The senior branch of the family was for centuries of Walton; its representatives afterwards became Viscounts Fairfax of Gilling Castle; and it is now extinct. But during the wars of the Roses, a younger son, Sir Guy Fairfax, the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, founded the more famous junior branch. He fixed his seat at Steeton, in the parish of Bolton Percy, where he built a castle or embattled house. The chapel belonging to it, and which is still standing, was consecrated by Archbishop Rotherham in 1473.† He married one of the Rythers, of Ryther, on the opposite side of the Ouse, by whom he had

* Markham's Life of Lord Fairfax.

† "This house was enlarged by a third Sir William Fairfax in 1595, who placed a coat-of-arms carved in stone over the door, bearing Fairfax and Thwaites quarterly, impaling Curwen. When the family removed to Newton Kyme, this stone was brought there also, and is now let into the wall over the hall door."—Markham.

a son Sir William, who also distinguished himself as a lawyer, and became a judge. This Sir William Fairfax married a sister of Lord Manners of Roos, and with four daughters had a son and heir, also named William, who was a very influential Yorkshire knight during the reign of Henry VIII., and was the chief founder of the greatness of his family. Mr. C. R. Markham, in his valuable "Life of the great Lord Fairfax," says:—A noteworthy story attaches to the marriage of this second Sir William Fairfax. In the lowland, some four miles away from Steeton, near the junction of the rivers Ouse and Wharfe, stood the very small but very ancient Cistercian nunnery of Appleton, which was then presided over by the last abbess, the Lady Anna Langton. A young lady named Isabel Thwaites, who was an orphan and a great heiress, had been placed under the guardianship of the Nun Appleton abbess. She had been allowed to hunt and visit friends in the neighbourhood, and she and young William Fairfax loved each other. But the scheming abbess had other views for her young ward; she forbade the Fairfax lover to approach the nunnery, and confined fair Isabel within its walls. At last an order was obtained from higher authorities to release the girl, but even then it was necessary to make a forcible entry into the nunnery, and Isabel was carried off in triumph to be married to young Fairfax, at Bolton Percy church, in 1518. This was a fortunate and most auspicious union, and from it descended all the statesmen and warriors, scholars and poets, who rendered famous the ancient house of Fairfax. Isabel Thwaites brought to her husband the estates of Denton and Askwith, in beautiful Wharfedale, and those of Bishophill and Davy Hall, within the walls of York.

Sir William Fairfax, of Steeton, lived for many years with his beautiful Isabel, and was a very influential knight in Yorkshire. He joined the Pilgrimage of Grace, yet, long afterwards, Henry VIII. addressed him as his trusty and well-beloved knight. It was a remarkable retribution that Nun Appleton, where fair Isabel had been so ill-used

by the abbess, should at the reformation have been granted to the Fairfaxes. On December 5th, 1542, the same hard, unfeeling Anna Langton had to surrender her nunnery to Thomas and Guy, the young sons of Sir William and Isabel, who pulled down the religious buildings, and erected a house out of part of the materials.*

Sir William made his will in March, 1557, leaving Steeton and the manor of Bolton Percy to his younger son, Gabriel Fairfax, the ancestor of the present family of Steeton and Newton Kyme, whose head is now the only representative, in England, of the grand old house of Fairfax; while his eldest son, Thomas, inherited Denton, Nun Appleton, and Bishophill, in York. As there was ample provision for both sons, Sir William resolved to found two lines, so that there might be two Yorkshire families of repute descending from his rare and radiant Isabel.

Sir Thomas Fairfax was in the wars in Italy and Germany. He was knighted by Queen Elizabeth in 1576, and died in 1599; leaving issue three distinguished sons, Thomas, Charles and Edward; and two daughters, Ursula and Christiana, married respectively to Sir Henry Bellasis, and John Aske, of Aughton.

Sir Thomas, who succeeded to the estate of Denton, distinguished himself as a diplomatist early in life in the reign of Elizabeth, having been sent five times into Scotland to conduct negotiations with King James, who was so pleased with his conduct, that he offered him a title, which he refused. He was afterwards knighted before Rouen, in Normandy, by the Earl of Essex, Captain-General of the Queen's forces; a distinction which he won by the courage he displayed in the army which was sent to the assistance of Henry IV. of France. He was the first Lord Fairfax of Cameron. His son and grandson, Lord Ferdinando, and the gallant Sir Thomas Fairfax, were the two distinguished leaders of the Parliamentary armies in the great civil war of the seventeenth century, and it was of the latter that Milton sung:—

* Markham's "Life of the great Lord Fairfax," p. 3, 4, &c.

"Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
 Filling each mouth with envy, or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,
 And rumours loud that daunt remotest kings."

The second son of Sir Thomas Fairfax was Charles, a gallant officer of the school of Sir Francis Vere; and who fought side by side with Horace Vere and John Ogle, at the battle of Nieuport, in the year 1600. In the siege of Ostend he commanded all the English in that town for some time before it surrendered. During this service he received a severe wound in the face from a splinter of a French Marshal's skull, and was slain there in 1604.

Edward, the third son, was the poet, the founder, with Spenser, of the modern school of English poetry—a profound scholar, and the translator of Tasso's famous poem "Jerusalem Delivered"—with whom we are chiefly concerned. So little is known about him that the time of his birth, and the place of his education, are not given by any biographical writer; the probability is that he was born at Denton, and educated at Leeds. That his youth was studious, appears by his early proficiency; and he continued all his days a man of books and peace, living a country life, familiar with the beauties of nature, and devoting much time to the education of his children and his nephews (the sons of the Lord Fairfax, who grew up under his tuition in all liberal and godly learning). Though possessed with that shy fantastic melancholy which some have deemed the proper complexion of poets, he kept old English hospitality, yet impaired not but rather improved his estate. And so, having attained a good old age in credit and good will, he died in 1635, at his house Newhall, in the parish of Fuyston, between Denton and Knaresborough, happy in being spared the necessity of choosing a side in the sad contest that ensued. *

The above is nearly all that biographers have recorded respecting the life of Edward Fairfax; we therefore must seek for further information elsewhere. The probability is

* Hartley Coleridge in "Northern Worthies," p.p. 174-5.

that he married early in life, and his wife was of the family of Laycock, of Copmanthorpe, near York. For a short time after his marriage he resided at Newhall, as his daughter Elizabeth was baptised at Fewston in 1606. In 1607 he was living at Leeds, in his house there called "Stocks," near the Parish Church. In 1619 he made Newhall his permanent place of abode, and in 1621 the strange disorders in his family began, which he believed to have been the effect of witchcraft, and of which he has left such a graphic description in his *Dæmonologia*.

It is from his translation of the great poem of Tasso, the "Jerusalem Delivered," that Fairfax is principally known to fame. This undertaking was the work of his younger years, as it was completed and published in the year 1600, under the title of "Godfrey of Bulloigne," and was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. We give this dedication, as a specimen of his poetry; as may be expected it deals very largely in flattery.

TO HER MAJESTY.

Wit's richest triumph, wisdom's glory,
 Art's chronicle, learning's story,
 Tower of goodness, virtue, beauty;
 Forgive me that presume to lay
 My labours in your clear eye's ray,
 This boldness springs from faith, zeal, duty.

Her hand, her lap, her vesture's hem,
 Muse, touch not, for polluting them,
 All that is hers is pure, clean, holy;
 Before her footstool humble lie,
 So may she bless thee with her eye,
 The sun shines not on good things solely.

Olive of peace, angel of pleasure,
 What line of praise can your worth measure?
 Calm sea of bliss which no shore boundeth;
 Fame fills no more the world with lies,
 But busied in your histories,
 Her trumpet those true wonders soundeth.

O, Fame! say all the good thou may'st,
 Too little is that all thou say'st;
 What if herself, herself commended?
 Should we then know, ne'er known before,
 Whether her wit or worth were more?
 Ah! no, that book would ne'er be ended.

Your Majesty's humble subject,

EDWARD FAIRFAX.

This translation of Tasso has been praised by nearly all critics. Dodsworth, the antiquary, speaking of Fairfax, says—"He translated Godfrey of Bullan out of Italian into English verse; writ the history of Edward the Black Prince, and certain other witty eclogues, as yet not printed that I hear of. He is accounted a singular scholar in all kinds of learning, and yet liveth, 1631." This work certainly received all the encouragement which the few readers of that age had in their power to bestow. It must have rapidly become popular to have found a place in the specimens of celebrated poets in Allot's "England's Parnassus," printed in 1600. His descendant, Brian Fairfax, states that "King James valued it above all other English poetry; and King Charles in the time of his confinement used to divert himself by reading it."

The critics of a later period have not been sparing of their commendations:—Edward Phillips, the nephew of Milton, describes Fairfax in his "Theatrum Poetarum," as one of the most judicious, elegant, and haply in his time most approved of English translators, both for his choice of so worthily extolled an heroic poet as Torquato Tasso, as for the exactness of his version, in which he is adjudged by some to have approved himself no less a poet than in that he hath written of his own genius. Winstanley describes him in nearly the same terms.

Mrs. Cooper in her "Muses Library," after reprobating the neglect with which his memory had been treated by poetical biographers, says—"This gentleman is the only writer down to D'Avenant, that needs no apology to be made for him on account of the age he lived in; his diction

being generally speaking, so pure, so elegant and full of graces, and the turn of his lines so perfectly melodious, that I should hardly believe the original Italian has greatly the advantage in either; nor could any author, in my opinion, be justified in attempting Tasso anew, so long as his translation can be read."

Dryden, in the preface to his *Fables*, says—"Spenser and Fairfax both flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; great masters in our language, and who saw much further into the beauties of our numbers than those who immediately followed them. Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax, for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families. Milton has acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original; and many besides myself have heard our famous Waller own that he derived the harmony of his numbers from 'Godfrey of Bulloigne,' which was turned into English by Mr. Fairfax." David Hume, the historian, says—"Fairfax has translated Tasso with an elegance and ease, and at the same time with an exactness, which for that age are surprising." *

* After Fairfax, John Hoole was the next author who published a complete English translation of the "*Jerusalem Delivered*" of Tasso, and who thus speaks in his preface of the work of his predecessor:—"The only complete translation is that of Fairfax, which is in stanzas which cannot be read with pleasure by the generality of those who have a taste for English Poetry; of which no other proof is necessary than that it appears scarcely to have been read at all. It is not only unpleasant, in such a degree as to surmount curiosity, and more than counterbalance all the beauty of expression and sentiment which is to be found in that work. I do not flatter myself that I have excelled Fairfax, except in my measure and versification."

The Rev. J. H. Hunt, of Kirkby Lonsdale, published in 1818 the next complete version of "*Jerusalem Delivered*," and thus wrote of the merits of that of Fairfax.—"In regard to Fairfax's poetical powers, they were never called in question, and many scattered beauties are to be found in his version of Tasso. But it has one great fault, that of not being sufficiently faithful. There are also other objections. The first arises from the structure of the stanza, which to the generality of readers is irksome. I know, indeed, that on this subject there is a difference of opinion. The second objection is found in the quaintness of many of Fairfax's expressions, which, however correct and proper

The poet Collins thus chants the praise of Fairfax :—

How have I sat, when piped the pensive wind,
To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung !
Prevailing poet ! whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders which he sung !
Hence at each sound imagination glows !
Hence at each picture vivid life starts here !
Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows !
Melting it flows, pure, murm'ring, strong, and clear,
And fills th' impassion'd heart, and wins th' harmonious ear.

Hartley Coleridge, in his "Northern Worthies," says :—
"Fairfax was, it must be confessed, an unfaithful translator, who, if he sometimes expanded the germ of his author to a bright consummate flower, just as often spoiled what he was trying to improve." Besides his version of the "Jerusalem Delivered," he wrote the "History of Edward, the Black Prince," and "Eclogues," composed in the first year of James I., said by his son to be so learned, that no man's reading but his own was sufficient to explain the allusions in them. This filial praise does not promise much poetry. Still they must be curious ; and it is to be regret-

they might have been in those ancient days (I need hardly say that he wrote in the time of Queen Elizabeth), are now become obsolete, and from the greater polish which our language has acquired, seems to a modern ear unworthy of the dignity of modern poetry."

In order to give the reader an opportunity of judging for himself of these translations, we give the same stanza from each of them—that in which Godfrey is described as planting the Christian standard on the wall of Jerusalem.

About his head he tossed, he turned, he cast
That glorious ensign, with a thousand twines ;
Thereon the wind breathes with his sweetest blast,
Thereon with golden rays bright Phœbus shines,
Earth laughs for joy, the streams forbear their haste,
Floods clap their hands, on mountains dance the pines,
And Sion's towers and sacred temples smile
For their deliverance from that bondage vile.

—Fairfax.

The conquering banner to the breeze unroll'd,
Redundant streams in many a waving fold ;
The winds with awe confess the heavenly sign,
With purer beams the day appears to shine ;

ted that, excepting the fourth, which appeared in Mrs. Cooper's "Muses Library," in 1737, they have never been printed. Collins says of Edward Fairfax that "himself believed the wonders that he sung." There is more truth in this than might be wished. He was so much affected with the superstitions of his age as to fancy his children bewitched, and that on so very weak grounds, that the poor wretches whom he prosecuted for this impossible crime were actually acquitted. Yet even the verdict of a jury, little disposed as juries then were, (or dared to be) to favour witches, does not seem to have disabused his senses, for he left behind him in manuscript "*Dæmonologia: a Discourse of Witchcraft*, as it was acted in the family of Mr. Edward Fairfax, of Fuystone, in the county of York, in the year 1621." This has never been printed. As an important document in the history of human nature, it ought assuredly to be given to the world. It must be remembered that Fairfax in this instance only coincided with the spirit of his age, and bowed to the wisdom of his ancestors. To have doubted of the existence of witches would have exposed him to the imputation of atheism;

The swords seem bid to turn their points away,
And darts around it innocently play;
The sacred mount the purple cross adores,
And Sion owns it from her topmost towers.

—Hoole.

Of vict'ry proud, the conscious banner roll'd
Exultant to the winds its streaming fold;
Seem'd as the passing gales with rev'rence blew,
Seem'd as the admiring day more radiant grew,
To gild the flag divine; innoxious came
Each feathered shaft; each javelin missed its aim;
Thy head, adoring Sion, seem'd to bow,
And joyful Moriah bent her sacred brow.

—Hunt.

Henry Neele, in his "Lectures on English Poetry," (1827), thus mentions the translation of Fairfax—"Fairfax's Tasso, which was so long and strangely neglected, is now recovering its popularity. Of all the strange caprices of the public taste, there is none more strange than the preference which was given to the rhyme-tagged prose of Hoole, over this spirited and truly poetical production of Fairfax,"

and as certain disorders were uniformly attributed to diabolical agency. an anxious parent might be excused for mistaking the symptoms in his own offspring.

Fairfax's metrical "History of the Black Prince" was never published, and never will be, as the manuscript was destroyed in an accidental fire.

Of the "Eclogues" Mrs. Cooper thus speaks:—"The Eclogues are in number twelve; all of them wrote after the accession of King James to the throne of England, on important subjects, relating to the manners, character and incidents of the times he lived in; they are pointed with many fine strokes of satire, dignified with wholesome lessons on morality and policy to those of the highest rank; and some modest hints to majesty itself. As far as poetry is concerned in them, the very name of Fairfax is the highest recommendation; and the learning they contain is so various and extensive, that, according to the evidence of his son, (who has written large annotations on each), no man's reading, besides his own, was sufficient to explain his references effectually."

We give another specimen of the poetry of Edward Fairfax, entitled, "An Epitaph on King James." Although the nation might hold the memory of King James in contempt, there was at least one poet who held him in high esteem, who elevated the constitutional weakness of his character into a kingly virtue, and the indecent profligacy of his court into an example of purity. In this curious eulogy, the poet also sets up the doctrine of the divinity of kings, and expresses his gratitude to the dead sovereign for having left behind him such a hopeful heir as Charles, then in the twenty-fifth year of his age.

"All that have eyes now wake and weep;
He whose waking was our sleep
Is fallen asleep himself, and never
Shall he wake more till he wake ever.
Death's iron hand has closed those eyes
That were at once three kingdoms' spies,
Nath to foresee and to prevent
Dangers as soon as they were meant;

He whose working brain alone
 Wrought all men's quiet but his own;
 Now he's at rest, O! let him have
 The peace he lent us to his grave.
 If no Nabaoth all his reign
 Were for his fruitful vineyard slain,—
 If no Uriah lost his life
 Because he had so fair a wife,—
 Then let no Shimei's curse or wound
 Dishonour or profane this ground.
 Let no black-mouthed, rank-breathed cur
 Peaceful James his ashes stir.
 Princes are Gods, O! do not then
 Rake in their graves to prove them men.
 For two-and-twenty years long care,
 For providing such an heir,
 That, to the peace we had before,
 May add thrice two-and-twenty more—
 For his days' travels, midnight watches,
 For his crazed sleep, stolen by snatches,
 For two fierce kingdoms joined in one,
 For all he did, or meant to have done,
 Do this for him—write o'er his dust—
 James the peaceful and the just."*

If Edward Fairfax was sincere in this eulogy on kings, what would he have thought had he lived ten years longer than he did, and seen the doings of his nephew and grand-nephew, the Lord Ferdinando and his son Sir Thomas Fairfax?

Besides his poetical works, Edward Fairfax also engaged in polemical controversy, in defence of the institutions of

* The Editor of "The Fairfax Correspondence" makes the following observation on this remarkable production:—"The Edward Fairfax who wrote these lines was the brother of Sir Thomas, afterwards first Lord Fairfax, and distinguished himself in the reign of Elizabeth (to whom he dedicated his translation of Tasso) for his adherence to the Church of England. 'I am in religion,' he tells us in his book on Dæmonology, 'neither a fantastic puritan, nor superstitious papist; but so settled in conscience that I have the sure ground of God's Word for all I believe, and the commendable ordinances of our English Church to approve all I practise.' The facility with which he reconciled this declaration of faith with his admiration of King James, is as remarkable as the facility of his versification, so highly applauded by Dryden, and imitated by Waller."—Vol. I., p.p. 3—4.

the Church of England against Dorrell, a Papist. His letters on this occasion are said to have been written with great ability and judgment, as well as a moderation such as rarely characterised such controversies.

The "Dæmonologia" was not published in his lifetime, but many copies of it were distributed in manuscript, some of which yet exist. Francis Hutchinson, D.D., in "An Historical Essay concerning Witchcraft," published in 1718, thus mentions Fairfax and his work :— "Edward Fairfax of Fuyston in the Forest of Knaresborough, Esq., at the York Assizes prosecuted six of his neighbours for supposed witchcraft upon his children. The common facts of *imps*, and *fits*, and *apparition* of the supposed witches were deposed, and the grand Jury found the bills, and the Judge heard what the witnesses had to say; but having a certificate of the sober behaviour of the accused persons, he directed the jury so well that they cleared them. I quote this from a large manuscript which Mr. Fairfax, father of the afflicted children, drew up as a vindication of his own proceeding. The perusal of that manuscript I must acknowledge to the civility of the Rev. Mr. Wasse, Fellow of Queen's College in Cambridge."

Nor has this singular narrative ever yet been fairly given to the public. In 1859 it was printed for the members of the "Philobiblon Society," under the editorship of R. M. Milnes, Esq., the present Lord Houghton, who appended to it the following notice of the work, the author, and his family.

"Many portions of this diary of domestic occurrences in the family of an English country gentleman, near two hundred and fifty years ago, are familiar to the students of manners and mysteries; but the consecutive perusal of the whole has seemed to me to be necessary to convey the full impression of its singularity and its truth. The author, though illegitimate, was fully accepted as a member of the noble and historic family of Fairfax, and had all the social advantages of a person of condition; but it is, perhaps, owing to the circumstances of his birth, that

he abstained from political and military life, and was content with those rural occupations which gave him a competent subsistence and leisure for literature. Living in a district of Yorkshire, which even now is secluded and remote, he placed himself on the highest level of the accomplishments of his age, and he had the peculiar merit of giving to one of the chief classics of a foreign language almost the rank of a classic of his own. In times of turbulent thought and rash opinion, he pursued a rare moderation in matters of religion, and writes with equal distaste of 'the superstition of Papists and the fanaticism of Puritans.' His wealthier relatives entrusted him with the management of their estates and the education of their children, as a discreet, observant, and learned man; and it would be difficult to find a better representative of the moral and intellectual worth of his generation.

"His wife, the mother of the children whose strange story is here recounted, was of the family of Laycock of Copmanthorpe, and sister of Walter Laycock, chief Aulnager of the northern counties.

"The village of Fuyston lies in a small and picturesque valley, about two miles out of the road from Skipton to Harrogate. The site of New Hall is still recognisable, and a cottage remains built out of the old stone work, and perhaps part of the ancient structure. The tower of the church stands as it did in the time of Fairfax, but the body of the edifice has been taken down, and was replaced by a new building in 1697, leaving no material monument of the remarkable tenant of this wilderness, where books are as rare as civility or learning itself, during the early part of the seventeenth century.

"Of the daughters, the victims of the spell, Helen married a certain Christopher Yates in 1636, the year after Fairfax's death; the others persons of the name of Scarborough and Richardson, apparently obscure and rustic people; and it is observable as a sign of the female education of the period, that of these girls, the children of the translator of Tasso, one signs her name in the rudest

fashion, and another affixes her mark to the parish register.

“ The original MS. of the ‘ Discourse of Witchcraft ’ is still in existence, and several transcripts may be found in the libraries of the curious. One is in the hand writing of Miles Gale, rector of Keighley, and contains portraits of the witches, not ill drawn.”

We have tried in vain to verify the account given above respecting the daughters of Edward Fairfax. The parish register of Fewston, which we thought most likely to remove the difficulty, is wanting from 1631 to 1637; there are indeed slight fragments belonging to the years 1633 and 1634, but the name of Fairfax does not occur on them. As to the signatures it must be a mistake, as none of the entries of marriage in the register are signed by the parties thereto at that period, nor until nearly a hundred years afterwards.

The manuscript whence this copy of the “ Dæmonologia ” is printed formerly belonged to Ebenezer Sibley, M.D., professor of astrology, and a writer on that *science*. The title page states that it was transcribed by him from an old manuscript in 1793.

The Dæmonologia is a most singular production to be written by a man of genius and refined taste, conversant with much of the learning of his time; for such Fairfax undoubtedly was. Credulity and superstition are apparent on every page, nor can we for a moment doubt the sincerity of his belief in what he relates. His mind might be poetical, as it undoubtedly was, but he was neither an acute observer, nor an exact logician, or he would have seen the fallacy of many of his own conclusions. There is a sweet simplicity about many parts of the performance, giving a description of the every-day life of the poet and his family, which gives us a clearer idea of the country life of that period, than could be derived from a hundred “ Eclogues.”

Though belonging to such an illustrious family, and possessed of such distinguished talents and reputation as a poet, it is surprising how little is known of the life of

Edward Fairfax. Even the little that is known about him has been doubted, his legitimacy has been denied on the slender grounds that some writers, when speaking of him, use the term *natural son*. A writer in "Notes and Queries," Dec. 14, 1867, thus deals with the question of our poet's legitimacy—He was undoubtedly the legitimate son of his father, if the only reason to the contrary is the use of the term "*natural son*." In Elizabethan days (and I think long after), *natural* meant true, legitimate. When the term first became attached to illegitimate I cannot say. It would be curious to find out. Chapman in his translation of Homer's Iliad, Book iii., 259, makes Helen call Castor and Pollux, "*my natural brothers*." Again Il. xiii., 165-6, "He was lodged with Priam, who held dear his *natural sons* no more than him," i.e. his own sons. Now our present use of the term is a *non-natural* use. A man's *natural son* is not his *own*; according to law he is nobody's son. But not to trifle, I believe with a little trouble I could place my hand on many authorities to prove that in Fairfax's day, the word *natural* was used for *legitimate*, and *never* as at present used.

Theophilus Cibber, in his "Lives of the Poets," says that Edward Fairfax was a natural son of Sir Thomas. Sir Robert Douglas in his Scotch Peerage, generally remarkable for its accuracy, included Edward among the legitimate children. In the *Analecta Fairfaxiana*, drawn up by Mr. Charles Fairfax, grandson of Sir Thomas, who must have known the exact relationship of every member of the family, the issue of Sir Thomas is given in detail, as we have stated above.

The time of our poet's death is even uncertain, some accounts stating that it took place in 1632; others, with more probability of correctness, state that he lived until 1635. Unfortunately, the registers of Fewston are deficient at that period, and the great and sudden fire at Fewston church, through the negligence of the plumber who was repairing the leads, in the spring of 1696, destroyed any monument which might have been erected to his memory there.

The place of the poet's residence was unknown to local writers until quite a recent period. Mounsey, who wrote a *"History of Warrickshire"* in 1813, states, when speaking of the old hall at Newhall-with-Clifton, near Otley, that "A supposed fabric in the village was once the residence of Edward Fairfax, Esq., the renowned translator of Tasso the Italian poet." The same error is repeated in Allan's *"History of Yorkshire,"* and also in Hargrove's *"History of Knaresborough."* When such ignorance was manifested by writers on the spot, what could be expected from those at a distance. The mansion at Newhall-with-Clifton, never belonged to the family of Fairfax, and in the year 1621 was occupied by a gentleman of the name of Procter; whilst Newhall near Fewston was a possession of the Fairfax family. If there was any uncertainty before, the *"Demonologia,"* now places the matter beyond the reach of doubt. The situation close to a *beck* and mill, and to Fewston Village and Church, exactly describe the site of Newhall. were there no other traditions or facts to identify the place. If even these were insufficient, further evidence is forthcoming in the will of Sir Thomas Fairfax, the father of the poet. It is dated 13th January, 1599, in which he is described as "Thomas Farfax th' elder, of Denton, Knight," and then goes on to say "My sonne, Sir Thomas Fayrfax the younger, knight, shall have the disposition, ordering, and performing of my funerale;" and afterwards, "I do give and bequeath to Edward Farefax, at the request of my said sonne Sir Thomas Farfax, all that capital messuage called New Hall, and all lands, tenements, meadows, and pastures, with th' appurtenances lying and being within the parishes of Otley and Fuiston, in the countie of Yorke, to the same Newhall belonging. To have and to hold the said capytall messuage, and all other the same premises with th' appurtenances, to the said Edward Fairfax, and the heires of his body lawfully to be begotten. Remainder to my said sonne Sir Thomas Fayrfax, Knight, and his heires for ever."—"Item. I do give unto the said Edward Farfax the summe of one

hundreth and fiftie pounds." It is likely that the estate was entailed, and the father could not legally make this bequest to his second son without the consent of the heir; and the bequest being made at the request of that heir shows the fraternal feeling which existed between the brothers.

Newhall was (for we must now speak of it as a thing of the past), situate in the valley of the River Washburn, on a site now submerged under the Swinsty reservoir belonging to the Leeds Corporation, immediately below and to the south of the village of Fewston, about six miles west of Harrogate, and the same distance north-west of Otley, to which last named parish it belonged. Nor was it properly speaking in the Forest of Knaresborough, though often described as therein, being about one hundred yards outside its boundary. The house, which was demolished in 1876, presented only a humble appearance, and was of a square form, two stories in height, two rooms in length and the same in breadth, the roof covered with thick grey slate. The back towards the brook Washburn on the north, and the front towards the steep rise of the hill on the south. The windows were some of them of the same age as the building, some of them modern insertions; the older ones consisted of narrow lights divided by thick stone mullions. Some of the original glass remained up to the period of the purchase of the estate by the Leeds Corporation; one piece was stained and bore the representation of a Pelican wounding her breast with her own bill, while three young ones below were looking up to her for their expected food; the birds were tinted *or*, standing on a helmet in profile *gules*. This had formed the crest of the arms, the shield below was partially destroyed. This we take to be the armorial bearings of the family of Pulleyn, owners of Newhall before it came into possession of that of Fairfax. "George Pulleyn, of Newhall, near Fewston, in the countie of Yorke," made his will, dated June 5th 1557, by which he bequeathed to his brother "Sir John Pulleyn, vycar of Fuston, my lease of the Newhall,

and of other lands which I have of the grant of Mayster William Pulleyn." Sir John Pulleyn, was vicar of Fewston from 1545 to 1583. So the place evidently had not been long in the Fairfax family before it was given by Sir Thomas to his son Edward. To return to the house. Some years before we saw it the same window contained another piece of stained glass, which was broken by accident. The rooms were low, scarcely seven feet in height, but could not justly be called small. Tradition spoke of the house as having been more than double the size it was in its later years. On pulling down part of an old wall to make some repair in 1860, a gold ring, or rather hoop was found, broad and massive, on the inner circle of which was engraved in script hand "*After consent ever content.*" This ring and motto seem to tell a tale of one of the most interesting events of human life, of the

" betrothed bride,
She who would rather die with him,
Than live to gain the world beside."

Such was the place, and such a portion of the house in which Edward Fairfax and his afflicted family resided ; and though the tradition of the neighbourhood is positive in fixing the residence of the poet here, the stories of his bewitched family appear to be quite forgotten. Now all is gone. Fairfax and his dwelling have alike become things of the past.

The following entries belonging to the family of Fairfax have been gleaned from the parish register of Fewston :—

"1606. Elizabeth, daughter of Edw. Fairfax, Esq., was baptized the 8th of October."

"Mary, daughter of Sir Ferdinando Fairfax, Knight, was baptized ye xii. day of May, 1608."

"1615. Charles, sonne of Sr. Ferdinando Fairfax, Knight, was baptized the 26th day of March."

This Charles was slain at the battle of Marston Moor, July 2nd, 1644, he being then a commander on the side of the parliament.

"1621. Anne, daughter of Edw. Fairfax, Esq., was baptized the 12th of June."

She died the same year, as was believed, through the influence of witchcraft.

"1621. Edward Fairfax, Esq., a child named Anne buried the 9th of October."

The next entry belongs to the Menston family.

"Charles, son of Charles Fairfax, Esq., was baptized the 22nd day of August, 1629."

The next entry we believe to be that of the poet's widow.

"Mrs. Dorothea Fairfax was buried the 24th day of Jan. 1648."

"Mrs. Maria Fairfax, the religious and virtuous wife of Charles Fairfax, of Menston, Esq., was buried the 21st day of October, 1657."

1673. Januarie. William Fairfax, of Steeton and Newton, that noble and famous esquire, was buried the five and twentieth day."

"1673. December. Noble Charles Fairfax, of Menston, Esquire, was buried the 22nd day."

This last entry we believe belongs to the learned compiler of the Fairfax pedigree, the famous *Analscta Fairfaxiana*.

The site of Newhall had not been selected in order to command an extensive view of the country around, for it was shut in by hills on every side, and the prospect from its front was the most limited imaginable; if for shelter, it was more appropriate, as it was situate in the lowest available part of the valley, and screened by trees on every side. If chosen as a place of retirement from the bustle and turmoil of the great world, as a kind of hermitage, no better choice could be made. Even to the period of its demolition it was not easily accessible, for there was not a carriage road deserving of the name leading to it; and during the earlier part of the seventeenth century we can easily conceive that the roads would be much worse than they are now, and that the place could only be reached by

strangers on horseback or on foot, when accompanied by a guide well acquainted with the blind paths which led to it from the valley of the Wharfe and the town of Otley on the one hand, and the towns of Knaresborough and Skipton on the other. It was just such a place as a man weary of the world would select, in which to hide himself from false friends or furious enemies ; such an one as the poet himself described when translating Tasso's poem :—

“Entised on with hope of future gaine,
I suffred long what did my soul displease ;
But when my youth was spent my hope was vaine,
I felt my native strength at last decrease,
I 'gan my loss of lustie yeeres complaine,
And wisht I had enjoy'd the countrie's peace ;
I bod the court farewell, and with content,
My later years here have I quiet spent.
Amid these groves I walke oft for my healtie,
And to the fishes, birds, and beastes give heed,
How they are fed in forest, spring, and lake,
And their contentment for ensample take.”

It is pleasant to walk where illustrious men have walked ! to look upon and admire the rocks and vales, and woods, and streams, which they beheld and loved. It is pleasing to the imagination to conjure up visions of the poet wandering by the sides of this lonely river in meditative mood, wrapped in deep thought, or repeating to his own tuneful ear his version of the Italian poet's song :

“The birds awakt him with their morning song,
Their warbling musicke pearst his tender eare,
The murmering brookes and whiskeing winds among
The ratling boughes and leaves, their parts did beare ;
His eies unclos'd beheld the groves along,
Of swaines and shepherd groomes that dwellings weare.”

The house, and the small estate belonging thereto, continued in the Fairfax family until the year 1716, when it was sold by Henry, Lord Fairfax, to Mr. James Ibbotson of Leeds, with whose descendants it continued until purchased by the late Mr. John Bramley, of Norwood, who on his decease in 1853 devised it to his daughter, the wife

of Mr. James Kent of Menwith, with whom the ownership remained until 1871, when it was purchased by the Leeds Corporation, for the purpose of carrying out their scheme for supplying that town with water from the valley of the Washburn—house and land alike doomed to disappear, perhaps for ever, beneath one of their wide-spreading reservoirs.

Finally of Edward Fairfax we shall only say :

“He lived the impersonation of an age
That never shall return. His soul of fire
Was kindled by the breath of the rude time
He lived in.”





DÆMONOLOGIA:

A DISCOURSE ON WITCHCRAFT,

AS IT WAS ACTED IN THE FAMILY OF MR. EDWARD FAIRFAX,

AT FUYSTONE, IN THE COUNTY OF YORK,

IN THE YEAR 1621.

To the Reader.

I PRESENT thee, Christian reader, a narrative of Witchcraft, of which I am a woeful witness, and so can best report it. Read this without vindicating passion, and in reading let thy discretion precede thy judgment. I have set down the actions and accidents truly; observe them seriously; with learning, if you be furnished that way; if not, with reason and religion; the enquiry will afford thee matter enough to assure the wise physician that there is more than natural disease. To answer the superstitious ignorant that the actors in this be no walking ghosts, nor dancing fairies, and to stop the mouths of the incredulous (who deny witches), for in this appeareth the work of Sathan, not merely his own, but assisted by some wicked coadjutors, by whose co-operation these innocents were thus cruelly afflicted. The particulars will manifest unto you how infallibly the children distinguished the actions of the spirits from those of the witches, even to our capacity, who observed their words and behaviours in their extremities. First, let me give

you some notice of the Persons ; and I intreat you to be assured that for myself I am in religion neither a fantastic Puritan nor superstitious Papist ; but so settled in conscience that I have the sure ground of God's Word to warrant all I believe, and the commendable ordinances of our English Church to approve all I practice ; in which course I live a faithful Christian and obedient subject, and so teach my family.

Of the patients, two are my daughters, of whom this was the estate when the witches began with them :—The elder, Helen Fairfax, a maid of 21 years, of person healthful, of complexion sanguine, free from melancholy, of capacity not apprehensive of much, but rather hard to learn things fit, slow of speech, patient of reproof, of behaviour without offence ; educated only in my own house, and therefore not knowing much. Elizabeth, my younger daughter, an infant of scarce seven years ; of a pleasant aspect, quick wit, active spirit, able to receive any instruction, and willing to undergo pains. Besides these of mine, one Maud Jeffray, daughter of John Jeffray, gent., aged about 12 years, hath suffered much from the same hands ; but I know her not so well as to speak of children with assurance, for this lamentable occasion did acquaint us only ; neither know I her parents but by sight ; and these be the persons afflicted.

The women questioned for this offence are in number six, of whom five fall in my knowledge ; therefore I can give you some character of them ; and the spirits also I will describe, as the children demonstrated their shapes. The first is called Margaret Waite, a widow that some years ago came to dwell in these parts, with a husband ; who brought with them an evil report for witchcraft and theft ; the man died by the hand of the executioner for stealing, and his relict hath increased the report she brought with her for witcherie. Her familiar spirit is a deformed thing with many feet, black of colour, rough with hair, the bigness of a cat, the name of it unknown. The next is her daughter, a young woman, agreeing with

her mother in name and conditions, and, as is thought, she added impudency and lewd behaviour; for she is young and not deformed; and their house is holden for a receptacle for some of the worst sort—her spirit, a white cat spotted with black, and named Inges.

The third is Jennit Dibble,* a very old widow, reputed a witch for many years; and constant report confirmeth that her mother, two aunts, two sisters, her husband, and some of her children, have all been long esteemed witches, for that it seemeth hereditary to her family;—her spirit is in the shape of a great black cat called Gibbe, which hath attended her now above 40 years.

These are made up a mass by Margaret Thorpe,† daughter of Jennit Dibble, lately a widow, for which she beareth some blame. This woman, if you read the sequel, will perhaps seem unto you, not without great reason, to be an obedient child and docile scholar of so skilful a parent. Her familiar is in the shape of a bird, yellow of colour, about the bigness of a crow—the name of it is Tewhit.‡

* The family name of Waite does not occur in the parish register about the year 1621. The following extracts from the register belong to the family of Dibb, or as Fairfax on this occasion writes, Dibble:—

“1615. The wife of Henry Dibb was buried the 3rd of January.”

“1607. Richard Jeffray and Jennet Dibb were married the 29th of Februarie.”

“1623. June 1st. (There was another funeral the same day, after the entry of which occurs)—‘Old Dibb’s wife was buried same day.’”

† The family name of Thorpe frequently occurs in the register; the following are a few of the entries belonging to them about the period in question:—

“1603. Maud, daughter of Raphe Thorpe, was baptised the 30th of June.”

“1606. Robert Thorpe was buried the 15th day of May.”

“1608. Raphe Thorpe had a child buried the 26th of December.”

“1608. Margaret, daughter of William Thorpe, was baptised the 16th day of April.”

“1610. Jennet, daughter of Richard Thorpe, was baptised the 12th of August.”

‡ Tewhit is the common name of the Lapwing, *Vanellus cristatus*; in this district and a large portion of Yorkshire.

The fifth is Elizabeth Fletcher, wife of Thomas Fletcher,* daughter to one Grace Foster, dead long since; a woman notoriously famed for a witch, who had so powerful hand over the wealthiest neighbours about her, that none of them refused to do anything she required; yea, unbesought they provided her with fire, and meat from their own tables; and did what else they thought would please her.

The sixth is Elizabeth Dickenson,† wife of William Dickenson, of whom I cannot say much of certain knowledge; neither is her spirit known unto us. The report of her from my neighbour Jeffray you shall find dispersed in the subsequent discourse.‡

There is a seventh which much afflicteth the children, very frequently in apparitions, and talking unto them; but they know her not, and therefore call her *the strange woman*. This individuum hath a spirit in the likeness of a white cat, which she calleth Fillie—she hath kept it twenty years.

So many of these persons which fall within our knowledge do inhabit within the Forest of Knaresborough,§ in

* The Fletchers have also left their mark in the register.

"1611. William Fletcher was buried the 26th of October."

† There is a family of this name yet existing at Swinsty, in the same township as Newhall, whom no one suspects of witchcraft.

‡ These six women were tried at York Assizes on the charge of witchcraft. Sir Walter Scott, speaking of prosecutions of a similar kind, says:—"One of the most remarkable was (*proh pudor!*) instigated by a gentleman, a scholar of classical taste, and a beautiful poet, being no other than Edward Fairfax, of Fuyston, in Knaresborough Forest, the translator of Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered.' He accused six of his neighbours of tormenting his children by fits of an extraordinary kind, by imps, and by appearing before the afflicted in their own shape during the crisis of these operations. . . . It happened, fortunately for Fairfax's memory, that the objects of his prosecution were persons of good character, and that the judge was a man of sense, and made so wise and skilful a charge to the jury, that they brought in a verdict of Not Guilty."—*Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*.

§ The Forest of Knaresborough in the old feudal days was a district of considerable extent, situate between the rivers Nidd and Wharfe,

the parish of Fuystone,* in which dwell many suspected for witches, so that the inhabitants complain much of great losses sustained in their goods, especially in their kine, which should give them milk. For remedy whereof they would go to those whom they call Wiseman, † and these wizards teach them to burn young calves alive and the like; whereof I know that experiments have been made by the best of my neighbours, and thereby they have found help, as they reported. So little is the truth of the Christian religion known in these wild places and among this rude people—on whose ignorance God have mercy! When any of them was questioned before a Justice, they

extending about twenty miles in length, by seven or eight in breadth. It consisted of a great extent of old enclosed land, to which belonged upwards of 30,000 acres of common. It was enclosed by Act of Parliament in 1770, and much of it has been brought into cultivation. It is divided into eleven townships, of which three are parish towns, Fewston, or, as Fairfax writes it, Fuystone, being one; so that instead of the Forest of Knaresborough being in the parish of Fewston—Fewston is in the Forest of Knaresborough. At the time when Fairfax wrote this treatise it would certainly be a wild district, the roads across it mere trackways, and much of it a state of nature; and the people were probably as rude as the country they inhabited; but at the same time we find that there were some among them who did not place implicit faith in witches and witchcraft, and consequently were more in advance of their age than Fairfax himself.

* Fuystone, or Fewston, is a parish town pleasantly situated on an eminence on the northern bank of the river Washburn, about six miles west of Harrogate, and the same distance north-west of Otley. The houses are scattered irregularly among gardens and small garths, along the edge of a rather steep hill; the church and parsonage being situate at the eastern extremity, overlooking a fine and close prospect of the valley of the Washburn, with its large, lake-like reservoirs. Amongst other objects visible from the churchyard in Fairfax's day was Newhall, directly south in the bottom of the valley, and about a quarter of a mile distant.

† The Wisemen appear to be the legitimate successors of the ancient magi, soothsayers, and augurs, who lived on the credulity of the people in the early ages; their methods of divination were much the same; nor has their success been much inferior. Many of their rites have travelled through a long succession of ages; many of them are mutilated, and the parts of others have been awkwardly transposed; they yet preserve, however, the principal traits which distinguished them in their maturity—mystery and knavery.

wanted not both counsellors and supporters of the best. These men at feasts and meetings spread reports and moved doubts, inferring a supposal of counterfeiting and practice in the children, and that it was not serious, but a combination proceeding of malice. These things they suggested to our next Justices, where it found a welcome, either for the person's sake who presented it, or, for that those magistrates are incredulous of things of this kind; or, for perhaps both these reasons. Hereupon objections were made against the truth by persons of three sorts; first, by such as attribute too much to natural causes; some divines and physicians, who receiving information that the children in their trances and fits had divers convulsions and distortions of divers members, strange wringings in their bellies, and other symptoms, concluded that the matter was merely natural infirmity; neither did the infancy of the younger persuade them that she was free from that passion. To satisfy me herein some books were lent to me in physic, but they did not describe their agonies as I thought; for I saw in the children many things which could not be done but by operations of agents supernatural; for when any person in an extacy is heard to utter a sound, or to do such things as the organs of a natural body cannot effect, or such as the intellect passive of the parties could not have at, or before that instant, either from reason itself or from any of the outward or inward senses, then we must necessarily conclude that the patient hath that from without, by the agency of some power supernatural; if good, from God, as in his prophets and apostles,—if evil, from the devil, as in enchanters, witches, &c. Let therefore the physician and philosopher consider the actions and speeches of these children, and they will be fully satisfied that my children in their visitation suffer more than natural disease.

On Sunday, 28th October, 1621, my daughter Helen Fairfax was sent into the parlour at my house at Newhall, a little before supper time, to see that the fire did not hurt, and there she stayed for awhile; when William Fairfax, my eldest son,

came in the place and found her laid along upon the floor, in a deadly trance; and by informing me we took her up, but could not recover her; we called her mother, and made use of many means to recover her, but in vain; for she laid several hours for dead; but at last she respired, and shortly after spoke, then we found by her words that her imagination was—that she was at church at Leeds, hearing a sermon from Mr. Cooke* the preacher, and that she told to every one that spake to her. The next morning she was perfectly well again; but for some days after she had many of the like trances; and in them supposed she talked to her brothers and sisters, who were dead long before. We observed her speeches to them, and when she came to herself, she affirmed to be true, and added other things which she averred to have seen and heard in those trances. In these fits she had perfect symptoms of the disease called “the mother;” † and for a long time we attributed all she said or did to it.

* “Alexander Cooke, B.D., was Vicar of Leeds from 1614 to his death, June 23rd, 1632. He was a native of Beeston, near Leeds; author of many controversial tracts, under such titles as “Pope Joan,” “A Dialogue between a Protestant and a Papist,” 1610. “Work for a Mass Priest,” 1617. “More work for a Mass Priest,” 1621; &c. &c. He was buried in the parish church of Leeds, leaving behind him the character of a good and learned man, abounding in charity, and exemplary in his life and conversation. For further particulars of him see Thoresby’s *Vicaria Leodiensis*, p. 71-9

† For this peculiar female complaint, old “Nich. Culpeper, gent., student in physick and astrology,” gives no fewer than thirty-two different remedies, one of the most potent of which is the plant *Motherwort*, in his book called “The English Physitian enlarged.” Sir Kenelm Digby in his “Discourse of the Power of Sympathy,” relates the following story, which, as it has a large spice of superstition in it, we give as an illustration of this disorder—“I have known a very melancholy woman, which was subject to the disease called the *Mother*, and while she continued in that mood she thought herself possessed, and did strange things, which among those that knew not the cause passed for supernatural effects, and of one possessed by the ill spirit; she was a person of quality, and all this happened through the deep resentment she had for the death of her husband. She had attending her, four or five young gentlewomen; Whereof some were her kinswomen and others served her as chamber-maids. All these came to be possessed as she

On Saturday, 3rd November, near break of day in the morn, as she lay in my room, she cried out suddenly "—Oh, I am poisoned!" Her mother asked, "What with?" She answered—"A white cat has been long upon me, and drawn my breath, and hath left in my mouth and throat so filthy a smell, that it doth poison me." We endeavoured to persuade her that she did but dream, and encouraged her not to let any conceit trouble her; but she persevered to affirm it was true, and no dream; and we did observe after this blowing in her mouth by the cat, in many of her trances, she voided much blood at her mouth.

Wednesday, 14th November, she saw a black dog by her bedside, and after a little sleep, she had an apparition of one like a young gentleman, very brave; and a hat with a gold band, and ruff in fashion; he did salute her with the same compliment, as she said, Sir Ferdinando Fairfax * useth when he came to the house to salute her mother. That young man told her he came to be a suitor unto her, if she were minded to marry, and could like of him. And she asked him what he was; he said he was a prince, and would make her queen of England and all the world if she would go with him; she refused, and said—"In the name of God, what are you?" He presently did forbid her to name God, to which she replied,—“You are no man if you cannot abide the name of God; but if you be a man, come near me and let me feel you.” Which he would not do, but said it was no matter for feeling. She proceeded—"If you were a

was, and did prodigious actions. These young maids were separated from her sight and communication, and not having contracted yet such profound roots of the evil, they came to be all cured by their absence; and this lady was also cured afterwards by a physician, who purged the atrabilious humour." This is given by the learned knight as a proof of the power of sympathy.

* Son of Sir Thomas, first Lord Fairfax, and nephew of Edward Fairfax. In 1623, he was elected M.P. for Boroughbridge; on the breaking out of the great civil war he was appointed commander for the Parliament in the north. He succeeded his father as second Lord Fairfax, Baron Cameron. During some part of his life he resided at Scough Hall, in the valley of the Washburn, about two miles distant from his uncle's house at Newhall.

man you would not deny to be felt, but you are the devil, and art but a shadow." Then he went away, but returned with a fair woman, richly attired, who, he said, was his wife, a fairer by much than she was, but yet, he said, if she would go with him, he would leave the other ;—but she refused to go with him. Then he departed, but left his wife for a small time, but returned and fetched her presently. A little after he appeared to her again, but not so brave as before, and offered her a knife, moving her to kill herself therewith. She told him she would not. Then he offered her a rope, which she also refused. Then he advised her to take a pin out of her clothes and to put it into her mouth. She answered "I have no pins, my clothes are sewed." He said—"Yes, you have a great pin in your petticoat, which will serve your turn." She denied she had any such, but afterwards she shewed us the said pin, when she received her perfect senses. Further, he persuaded her to go to the beck to fetch water. She said "No, my father and mother will not let me fetch in water—shall I go to the beck for you to put me into it? Or, will I kill myself to go with you, think ye? If my father or brother were to come, you dare not tarry!" He said, "Thy father is naught; thy brother is naught; I am not afraid of any man." She replied, "I will send for Mr. Cooke." He said, "Cooke is a lying villain!" At these words Mr. Cooke seemed to come in at the parlour door, in his gown, which he put back, as she after reported, and she saw his little breeches under it. She began to say, "You are welcome Mr. Cooke, take a stool and sit down. I am sore troubled with one here. See! he standeth back now, and trembleth. He offered me a knife, and a rope, &c." And so told Mr. Cooke all that had passed. Then Mr. Cooke took a parchment book from under his arm, and began to read prayers, and bid her not be afraid, but put her trust in God. (At that instant my son took the bible and read in the Psalms). And she said, "Hark! Mr. Cooke readeth." At which instant the tempter went away and left her; but, the other like Mr. Cooke, did exhort her to have a good

heart, and to trust in God ; and said he would now depart but come again to-morrow, or when she sent for him. * So he went away, and she came to herself. Upon our demands what troubled her, she reported all this, not knowing that we had seen or heard any part. But when we perceived by her speeches the manner of this great temptation, we rejoiced in prayer for her, and noted all she said.

Here, I cannot but think who this comforter was, who in the shape of Mr. Cooke seemed to pray for her, instruct and comfort her. If an evil spirit,—then Sathan is against himself, and so his kingdom is divided. If a good one, it must be a good angel appointed for her particular guard.

Upon Saturday, the fifteenth November, 1621, in the kitchen, she fell asleep, and then into a trance, in which the tempter again appeared ; and she began to say—" Begone Sathan !" But he moved her to go into the chamber, and there to leap out ; or go into the back court, and there he would meet her ; but she refused all, and said—" Shall I go to the mill, for you to put me into the water ? " Then he offered her a dagger, which she would not take. That done he presented her with a red horse, furnished with a green saddle and trappings, and prayed her to get upon him and ride, and he would carry her with him. She answered " Dost thou carry folk to hell on horseback ? Well, let them ride to hell who will, for I will go on foot to heaven ! " Then he cut off the horse's head, and she asked if it was usual to ride on a horse without a head ? He replied, he could set that on again if she was pleased to ride.

* These visions evidently belong to that class of phenomena now known by the name of "Spectral Illusions." Macknish, in his "Philosophy of Sleep," says, "Various causes may so excite the brain as to produce these phantasmata, such as great mental distress, sleep, lessness, nervous irritation, religious excitement, fever, epilepsy-opium, delirium tremens, excessive study, and dyspepsia. I have known them to arise without the apparent concurrence of any mental or bodily distemper. I say *apparent*, for it is very evident there must be some functional derangement, however much it may be hidden from observation."

After these words she named God, whereunto he answered, there was no God but he. She asked what he was god of? He answered, "God of Faith." She replied, "You are a devil, and cometh to deceive me in pretty shapes, but now I see you are the same. What was that that came to me like my brother Thomas, all in gold lace?" He said it was one of his angels. She demanded, "Hast thou angels?" He answered, "Yea, ten thousand!" She proceeded, "Thou art the devil, and thy pride was such thou wouldest have been equal with God. Thou wert a bright angel, as thy name shews, for thou wast called Lucifer, and thou didst rebel against God, and therefore a hell was made for thee and for all thy partakers; and for all thy pride and bravery, yet thou art, and ever shall be in torment." Then he turned into the shape of a beast with many horns. She said, "O, what terrible horns hast thou!" Then was he like a calf. To which she said, "Now great calf, thou thinkest with thy ill-favoured shapes to slay me, but thou cannot; for as God will not let thee deceive me with pretty shapes, so thou canst not slay me with thy ill-favoured ones, for thou art still but the same." Presently he was like a very little dog, and desired her to open her mouth and let him come into her body, and then he would rule all the world. She said, "No! for thou didst deceive John Winn, at Leeds; but now thou art a dog, if I had a staff I would kill thee." Lastly, he filled the kitchen with fire. She said, "Wouldst thou slay me with thy fire? Thou canst not, for I neither care for thee nor thy fire. Thou canst not slay me, for God doth and ever will defend me." So he promised to come to her again in bed, and departed. When she came to herself and her memory was perfect, she confirmed all the words she had spoken in her trance, and the words of the spirit also; which by her answers we had collected and set down, though we heard not his words at all. Yet her relation of the devil's words and actions approved them to be as we had conceived and set them down. Which rule served afterwards and erred not in any of the following collections.

On Friday, 16th November, she did sit up very late, being not willing to go to bed as it seemed, because the spirit said he would come to bed that night. Her brother William, and Elizabeth Smith, a servant, did watch with her; but at last she grew heavy with sleep and went to bed, and was presently in a trance; which being perceived, I arose and came to her; whereupon she was instantly well, and told that a red cat laid upon her, but now she was gone. So she rested quietly till the morning. The day following the spirit appeared to her, and told her that he came to her in the night. She said,—“Yea, but thou durst not tarry; but I will lie this night with my father and mother, and there you dare not come.” Upon these speeches her mother took her to bed with her that night, where she rested quietly until the daylight in the morning. Then she said there was a black dog came to the bedside, and leaped upon the bed; her mother in some fear started out of the bed, and I tried if I could feel the dog, but I felt nothing; and the wench said—“The dog has leaped down and gone.” So she arose, and was in a trance at the same time.

Upon Friday, November 23rd, 1621, I was in the kitchen with many of my family, and there some speeches were made about charmers and lookers on, (as our rude people call them) and the names of many were reckoned up who were thought to be skilful therein, and it was said that such as go to these charmers carry and give them a single penny. These words gave occasion to my wife to remember, and tell it, that she had a single penny given her amongst other money by Margaret Wait, senr., which she paid for corn. The woman desired her to keep the penny, for she would come for it again, which she did accordingly a few days after, and demanded it, affirming that she would not lack it for anything, for it kept her from dreaming. She said it had a hole in it by which she hung it about her neck by a thread, at which words such as were present laughed, especially W. Fish, then my servant, with whom the woman was very angry, and departed angry, without

her penny. Upon the relation I willed my wife to fetch the penny she had, but she gave no great respect to what was said, till I urged her thereunto, saying I would burn the penny, for by the woman's confession it had been put to evil use; who said she had been much troubled with dreams since she wanted it, and therefore, I supposed, it was charmed; but she found delays, until at last I told her that if Wait's wife were indeed a witch, as she was reputed, then if we went not presently it was likely it would be gone. She answered it could not, for it was safely locked up in the desk in the parlour. Myself not being satisfied, I arose, and with my wife went to the desk, which was locked; we opened it and sought the penny with all diligence, and left not a paper unopened, nor any place unsought, but the penny was not to be found. Whereat we were a little amazed, for the place where the penny lay was on a little shelf in the desk, easy to be seen, and the desk was surely locked when we came to it. That day in the kitchen, my daughter saw the similitude of a man come in at the top of the chimney, and presently fell into a trance. The man told her he had mended the daughter of John Jeffray,* and that he would mend her if she would. To whom she said, "Hast thou mended Jeffray's daughter? It is like enough, for they run to witches and wizards for remedy, but we will go to none such." He said, "Why will ye not be mended? I will amend you if you will, for she is whole." She answered, "I will none of thy amends. God shall mend me when it pleaseth him, and none other. But where is the penny?"

* Jeffray is very common as a surname in the Forest of Knaresborough, but this individual, John Jeffray, was located we believe, about two miles to the eastward of Newhall, in the township of Norwood, in a house called "The Trees." The name is of frequent occurrence in the Fewston parochial register. The following entry probably belongs to the young person bewitched:—"1607. Maud, daughter of John Jeffray, was baptised the 6th day of February." This would make her 14 years of age in 1621, the great year of enchantment. The following singular entry also belongs to this family:—"1614. Old Jeffray wyfe, of the trees, was buried the 7th of April."

He answered, "It is gone." She said, "You did take it away." Then he did change into other shapes, but she closed her eyes—till then they were open. He bade her look at him. She answered, "I will not, for thou dost turn thyself into some ill-favoured likeness, therefore I will not look at you." Further, she told him she purposed to go to church on Sunday, and there he durst not come, but he threatened to meet her by the way and hinder her. She replied, she would try it. So her eyes were still closed for a time, and at last she looked up and the spirit was gone.

You heard how William Fish did laugh at Wait's wife for her speeches about the penny, and how the woman was offended at him for laughing;—since which time a miserable infirmity has fallen upon him; for the one of his feet is rotted away and fallen off from his leg, and hung up in his father's house, where he lyeth for a sad spectacle. His legs are now ready to fall off by the knee, and his certain death expected,* according to an imprecation against him. But I censure not these things. Jeffray's daughter, whom the spirit here speaketh of, is Maud Jeffray; she saw a vision of a boy, who appeared to her as she was milking her father's kine; and the wench thereupon fell often into many trances, and great extasies; whom many persons went to visit, and the report of it came to our ears about the midst of November. Her parents, as it is said, went to a wizard, who wrought so that the wench amended for six or seven weeks, and was perfectly well, but then relapsed into greater infirmities

*This is a most extraordinary statement; far too bad to be true. The credulous writer must either have deceived himself, or been deceived by others. As it is impossible for a human being to live any length of time in such a state as is here described, we naturally expected that he would die and be buried in the ordinary manner, and looked into the parish register for the entry of his burial, but could not find it. The name of Fyshe, however, occurs there,—"*1597—obliterated—sonne of Henry Fyshe, was baptized ye 7th day of May.*" This might be the identical William Fish of the poet's hallucination, who would at that time be 24 years of age.

than before. And this was the amending of that child which the spirit told of when he offered to amend my daughter.

Upon Sunday, the 25th November, she went to the church,* both before and after dinner; and that evening Mr. Smithson,† vicar of Fuystone, came to visit her, and tarried supper with us; and after supper, as we sat talking of other things in the parlour, especially of the penny, my daughter had occasion to open the desk, which stood by fast locked. She opened the lock and lifted up the cover, and presently, both she and all who were present saw the penny lying upon the shelf in the desk, to the great marvel of us all, especially of myself, who had so diligently sought for it before. Whereupon I took it and put brimstone upon it, and so thrust it into the midst of the fire, which was so vehement that it moved Mr. Smithson to say, "I warrant you it will trouble you no more," and we all thought it to be molten and consumed, yet on Sunday following, 2nd December, the penny again lay in sight before the fire, and was then taken up by Edward Fairfax, my son, a boy ten years old. Then I took it, and with brimstone and fire dissolved it, and beat it to powder on a stone.

After this, for the first four days of December she had some apparitions in the shape of such persons as she well knew,—as of her brother Edward, of her uncle Martin Laycock,‡ of John Simpson, my servant; but she talked to none of these, neither was in any agony at the sight of them.

Until this time we had no suspicion that this should be witchcraft; but the matter of the penny, and the fame of the woman that did bring it to the house gave cause to us

* The church of Fewston was only a quarter of a mile distant from Newhall, and could be distinctly seen from it.

† Nicholas Smithson was vicar of Fewston from 1591 to 1632.

‡ Her mother's brother, who had another brother named Walter, who was chief aulnager of the Northern counties. They were of the family of Laycock, of Copmanthorpe, near York.

to surmise that it might be the action of some witch, many being evil reputed, but we were slow to believe, yet on Wednesday, the 5th December, this accident the more confirmed us:—My daughter was in the kitchen, and fell into a trance, unto whom appeared a woman, as she often reported, like to Wait's wife in all things save that she looked somewhat younger. The woman saluted her and said, "Mrs., I am a poor neighbour come to see you, and have nothing to bring you but this penny, buy with it what you please." And thereupon she laid upon her knee a single penny; but she willed her to get gone, and take her penny with her; which the woman did accordingly. But she came again presently, and brought in her arms a child in swaddling clothes, and with frowning looks said—"I will have thy life, and the child shall suck out thy heart's blood!" Whereupon she set the child to her breast, which, as she thought, sucked vehemently for the space of half an hour; all which time she lay in great agonies, and grieved sore, and seemed to us who stood about her to be very sick. In the end she cast up all in her stomach, and the child thereupon was taken from her breast by the woman, and she spake and said—"Hast thou given it me? Well, God's will be done!" And having spoken these words the woman departed with the child, and she came to herself. I asked her how she did, she answered—"Well, but I must die presently for my heart's blood is sucked out, and I have cast it up." Then she told us all the manner of the woman's coming and the child's sucking and averred the woman was Wait's wife, and therefore concluded she must shortly die; but we comforted her, and assured her she did not cast up any blood; but that we perceived she was in great agony, and that she had a natural vomit; and informed her that these were illusions or lies from the devil, or some witches; and therefore we gave her the best advice we could from places of Scripture to persuade her, and so in the end she was satisfied, and smiled at the deceit of the witch.

Upon Saturday, December 6th, Henry Graver,* a neighbour came to see her, and found her in a trance, in which she remained not long; and when she came to herself, she told that two hares fought before her very cruelly, so that they drew blood one of another; one of them she said was the true colour of a hare, the other was not so, but mostly white.

Upon Friday, the 7th December, she was in bed in the parlour, and so fast asleep that none could wake her, at last he heard her say—"Shall I sleep three hours and then be well?" This was heard by her brother, William

* The family of Graver was of good standing and repute in Fewston, and this person does not appear to have yielded to the blind belief in witchcraft which misled Fairfax and many of his neighbours. He is even charged afterwards with aiding, abetting, and screening the witches, which we think is much to the credit of his good sense, considering the infatuation of the age in which he lived. The family were of good old yeoman stock, and long standing in the Forest of Knaresbro'. Robert Graver and Henry Graver paid poll tax in this parish in 1378. In 1536, John Graver, of Fuyston, was a witness to the will of Robert Beckwith, of Daore. The name occurs in the Fewston register in 1596, and the following extracts from the same record also belong to this family:—

"1602. Mary, daughter of Henry Graver, was baptized the 18th of August."

"1605. Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Graver, was baptized the 8th of September."

"1616. Ann, daughter of Henry Graver, was baptized the 23rd of Februarie."

"1621. Margaret, daughter of Henry Graver, was baptized the 16th of April."

"1606. Xpofer Graver and Isabel Ward were married the 1st of June."

"1606. William, son of Xpofer Graver, was baptised the 30th November."

"1607. Alice, daughter of William Graver, was baptized the 28th of Januarie."

"1641. Henry Graver was buried the 12th of Februarie."

"1654. Radulphus Graver, Clericus, in hoc parochia natus et educatus; de ecclesia de Long Green in comitate Derbensis sepultus fuit Septimo die Martii."

From the above extracts it is evident that there were three families of the name of Graver living in the parish of Fewston at one time. Richard Graver paid hearth tax in Thruscross in this parish 1672. The name is now extinct.

Fairfax. This was told her by a woman like Wait's wife—that if she did not tell she should be well in three hours, but if she told, then she would have her life; and many other such like speeches, among which she said to the woman—"Dost thou deny thou pinned my band? Thou knowest it is true, and I had a kit of water in my hand to cast on the clothes, or else thou should'st not. Thou sent two hares to me, but I do not care for all the spirits thou can'st send." The woman replied—"You think I do bewitch you, but I do not, it is Bess Foster, (viz. Elizabeth Fletcher); and I will tell you when: If you remember your mother sent you to Bess Foster's last summer for money for corn, and as you did return from her house, you did sleep upon the stile in Bland Fields,* and you could scarcely get over Rowton bridge for sleeping, and again you did sleep in your own pasture a great while. Therefore it is Bess Foster, and not I that bewitched you." She replied—"I think one of you witches will hang another, I will have a warrant for you." The woman said—"Nay, thine uncle Sir Thomas Fairfax is not at home." She answered—"If he be not at home, there be other justices." This discourse continued long. In the meantime Wait's wife came to my house, for I had sent for her, with intent to make

* From this piece of topography it is evident that Bess Foster resided in Norwood, and probably a couple of miles east of Newhall. Bland Fields yet retain the name, and a footpath yet leads up them from the river Washburn to the turnpike road which intersects Norwood from north to south, leading from Pateley Bridge to Otley. Rowton bridge was a foot bridge across the Washburn, about a mile east of Newhall. A ford for carts, near which were some stepping stones, bore the name of Rowton Wath up to a recent period, now all have disappeared, and instead of the rural footpath winding through the pasture, and the bridge of timber crossing the wood fringed river, we see "Water, water everywhere." By thus sending her daughter for the money for the corn sold, it is evident that Mrs. Fairfax was receiver as well as paymaster-general of her husband's estate. The farm at Newhall, we are quite sure, would yield no surplus corn for sale; but we must bear in mind that Edward Fairfax held Fewston mill, only a few hundred yards from his own house, on the opposite side of the Washburn, and to his other qualifications and occupations added that of a corn miller.

trial if my daughter would challenge her to be the woman who appeared to her with the child that sucked her breast. The person of the woman I knew not when I saw her in my kitchen, until I was informed who she was; then I walked forth with her under the side of the garden, and told her my suspicions, and reasons I had for the same, namely, that she got a touch of my daughter when she pinned her band. I told her also the matter of the penny and of her apparition with the child. She denied all, and during the time she talked with me, my daughter in her bed continued still the conference aforesaid with her similitude, to my astonishment.* After going between the bed and the garden, and hearing how it passed in both places, the woman herself with me was in great passion when I told her what I heard in the parlour, and she desired to be gone, or that Margaret Wait, her daughter, might come to her, for she must needs speak to her daughter. But I still threatened she should be carried before a Justice. I sent for Henry Graver, and for Mr. Smithson, the Vicar of

* This is the most extraordinary part of the case, and which would require the greatest amount of credulity to believe. Here was a woman carrying on discourse in two distinct places at the same time, a feat, we presume, which would overtask the most voluble of the sex. Sir Walter Scott remarks on this point—"Admitting this last circumstance to be a legitimate mode of proof, it gave a most cruel advantage against the accused, for it could not be confuted even by the most distinct *alibi*. To a defence of that sort it was replied, that the afflicted person did not see the actual witch, whose corporeal presence must indeed have been obvious to every one in the room, as well as to the afflicted; but that the evidence of the sufferers related to the appearance of their *spectre* or apparition. The obvious tendency of this doctrine as to visionary or spectral evidence, as it was called, was to place the life and fame of the accused in the power of any hypochondriac patient, or malignant impostor, who might either seem to see, or aver she saw, the *spectrum* of the accused." A notion of this dual power in the human being appears to have haunted the brain of that fanciful philosopher, Sir Kenelm Digby. In his treatise "On man's soul" he says—"that she (the soul), is nowhere, and (yet upon the matter) everywhere; that she is bound to no place, and yet remote from none; that she is able to work upon all, without shifting from one to another, or coming near any; and that she is free from all, without removing or parting from any one."

Fuystone, to whom I reported the strangeness of the case ; and of them expected advice, but I found myself deceived in that expectation, for these men were great friends to the woman, and turned all their speeches to entreat I would suffer the woman to depart, and to make further trial before I brought the woman in question ; to which I consented. This while the wench in bed talked to her similitude, and exhorted her to repentance, else she would be hanged ; and told her that the Scriptures said, "There shall not be a witch in Israel." I stayed the two men and the woman till my daughter should arise ; who, about the end of three hours, recovered from her trance and arose, and reported what had passed between the woman and her. The wench knew nothing that the woman herself was with me, whom I stayed and kept in talk. The wench being ready, came forth to us, and as soon as she saw Wait's wife, she said—"This is the woman in all respects that came to me with the child, and who stood even now by my bedside." This trial being made, I yielded to let the woman go, and told her my opinion, I doubted she was a witch, and therefore, if anything came to my daughter she should answer it with her life. So I dismissed her, and going foremost towards the gate of the court, suddenly she slipped before the two men, and with her hand gave a clap upon the back ; at which I turned suddenly, and said—"See, if thou show thyself not a right witch indeed, who cannot depart without getting a touch of me, that thou mayest bewitch me ; but I hope God will preserve me." My wife by chance saw this, and with much passion threatened her with hanging, if any evil came unto me. The woman went away murmuring, and in her going home so often stood still, and sometimes turned about, and sometimes looked back in a strange manner, that divers men working in a close as she went, and other persons marvelled to see her so sore troubled. In this report of the accident of this day, that which concerned Bess Foster, was this—Elizabeth Fletcher, usually called Bess Foster, did owe some money to my wife for corn, who sent my daughter for it to her house ; in her

return the wench was very sleepy, and sat down upon a stile in a close called the Bland Fields, and after that in the bushes in a cow pasture belonging to my house; in which places she did not sleep, but was rather in a trance, for in the time she sat she heard the birds sing, and saw some strange things, which her memory served not to describe. This happened in the summer before, and was not known to us before the trance revealed it. As to the pinning of the band, that was in the summer also. My wife had laid forth upon the grass some of her finest linen, to make it white, and she left my daughter Helen to sit beside, and attend it with her work,* who went down by chance to the river, and fetched a kittle of water with intent to throw the same upon the cloths, and so brought it towards them in both her hands. At that instant Wait's wife, then unknown to any of us, came unto her, saying,—“Mrs, your band is loose, let me pin it,”—and so stepping to her, did either pin her band, or seemed so to do. Which may well be true,

* This is a pretty piece of pastoral life, and pleasantly reminds us of the “sweet simplicity” of ancient days, when the daughters of kings and rulers drew water for the flocks, and attended with their maidens to wash the linen of the household;—as did Nausicaa, daughter of King Alcinous, described by Homer, in the *Odyssey* :—

“They seek the cisterns where Phæacian dames
Wash their fair garments in the limpid streams;
Where gathering into depth from falling rills,
The lucid wave a spacious basin fills.—
And while the robes imbibe the solar ray,
O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play.”

The river Washburn, in summer a bright, sparkling, lively stream, flowed almost close to Newhall, and the land sloped gently down to the water, forming a grassy bank. A footpath from Fewston there crossed the stream by means of a range of large stepping-stones, here called “hip-pins;” and in the little meadow here we can easily imagine the finest of the household linen spread on the grass to bleach, and a member of the illustrious house of Fairfax attending to it. The author of “The Gentle Shepherd” would have described the spot, as

“A flowrie howm, between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claes;
A trottin' burnie whimplin' thro' the ground,
Its channel pebbles, shining, smooth, and round.”

for she was told in a vision that the woman only made show to pin her band, with intent to get a touch of her, which by that means she obtained; and more, for she took from the wench's neck a thread, by which she got more power upon her than by the touch. The girl affirmed that her band was not loose at all, but that she could not resist her touching of her in that sort, because both her hands were employed in carrying the pail of water.

You may gather by these touches that the devil prescribeth rules and circumstances by the witches to be observed, in the doing whereof if they fail, their attempt has not the success they designed. Whether these ceremonies are the same to all, or diversified to sundry witches, I am not so well acquainted with their devils and them as to know. Thus my own experience teacheth me in my own case, that these two of my children, whom the woman touched, have suffered all these extremities; the witches themselves in their apparitions confessing they could not so violently deal with the rest.

Upon Monday, 10th November, as she stood by the window in the kitchen, mending an old cuff sewed with black work, she was suddenly in a trance, yet fell not, but stood upon her feet; her eyes were open and she still sewed, but she was speechless, and not sensible of anything done or said to her. She was taken and set down upon a seat, where she continued sewing, and did find out and mend all the places in the cuff, and when her thread was out she took some out of her bosom, and did thread her needle readily, and when her work was finished she came to herself, but told not of anything she saw in her trance. Towards night, the same day, she fell into another trance like the former, and she made signs for a needle and thread, which were given her, then she took up her apron, and in a corner thereof began to sew her work in true stitch, as they call it; and the mother did observe that she looked at something upon her knee, and that she numbered something by nodding her head so many times, and it seemed to her she told stitches, and ever she had sewed so much

as she had numbered; and thus she continued until she had sewed about two inches long, and she seemed to be much pleased with her work, and could not be put out of it. I took the Bible and laid it upon her knee open just upon the place she looked at, so that she could no more see the thing she sewed. Whereat in great displeasure she threw herself backward, and fell into a deadly extasie, and so continued very long. At the last she came to herself, and then told us that upon her knee was laid open an excellent work as long as her hand, that which she had sewed was a branch upon one side, and she would have taken out all the rest if she had been let alone. This was the first time that ever she took a pleasure in anything said or showed to her in trance or vision; and her mother picked out of her apron the branch she had sewed, lest she should take some delight in it afterwards,—which I well approved.

On Tuesday, the 11th December, she was in a trance in her bed, and talked much, but she was in so great agony and wept so extremely, that her words by reason of her sobs and tears could not be understood, so that we noted nothing from her mouth as we usually had done. At last she came to herself, and arose and made her ready, and it was soon perceived that her memory was quite gone, so that she had forgot what she had seen in her trance, and forgot also all that had happened unto her before, denying that she had been in any such trances, or seen any such visions of spirit or witch, or ever ailed anything. Thus she continued a long space, and none could persuade her to the contrary. At last I took her alone into the parlour and caused her to sit down at the feet of the bed where she slept; then I exhorted her, and supposing that her silence proceeded rather from fear than forgetfulness, I encouraged her to defy the devil and his ministers, and say boldly, "O Lord, open thou my lips, and let my mouth show forth thy praise!" but she remained silent and could not speak. And when I earnestly pressed her to speak them, she fell back on the bed in a deadly trance. Then I called company, and we prayed together for her, and

after a little time she came perfectly to herself, and her memory was restored, and she declared there came to her in her bed two women and three boys, who threatened to kill her and to carry her away, bed and all, which was the cause of her extreme weeping. Also they said unto her that they could get no power on her till she had a clean smock in such a place, which if she put on she should never live. This is all she could remember of that vision. The same night as she read in the Bible in the kitchen, Wait's wife, in her usual manner came to her, and bade her leave reading, and she was thereupon in a trance, and could not speak. Yet her eyes were open, and she read still to herself. At last the woman pulled out of a bag a living thing, the bigness of a cat, rough, black, and with many feet. This thing came up upon the book, but with her hand she put it back often, as we perceived. At last her eyes were closed, and her brother William read in the book; she did hear, and groping for the candle took it out of the stick and held it to her brother with her hand, following his reading, moving the candle from side to side; yet her eyes were fast closed and she saw not at all. Lastly, she sunk down in a deadly trance, and lay therein awhile, and then came to herself and told what had passed, and that Wait's wife did make her believe that the creeping thing should eat up so much of the book as she had read; and threatened that she would have her life, and exhorted her to give her soul unto *her god*, and she would make her like unto herself. To which she answered, "Thy god is the devil, and thou art a witch! Wouldst thou have me like thee?" These words we heard. Indeed also she told us when she fell down as dead, Wait's wife pulled her down by the legs, and took the use of them from her; which we found to be true, for she was lame and could not go, and was carried to bed in a woman's arms, and so taken up the next day, yet before dinner she had them restored.

Upon Friday, 14th December, she was in a trance, and felt a naked hand touch her bare knees, which took the

use of her legs from her ; and she felt also a finger touch her eyes, each after the other, and her eyes were thereupon closed so fast that by no means the lids could be lifted up, though we strove much to open them. Thus she continued, and was carried into her bed chamber, where she lay both lame and blind ; but before she went to bed she had her leg and eyes restored again in a strange manner, which for some causes I forbear to relate, and am persuaded that the hand and finger which made her lame and blind were the members of a true body, not of a spirit.

On Thursday, 15th December, a black cat came to her, and setting her forefeet on her knee, blew in her mouth, which made so great a heat in her mouth and stomach, as if it had been fire, and she had drink given her to quench it. This was done twice that day, and when the cat opened her mouth to blow on her, she showed her teeth like the teeth of a man or woman.

On Sunday, 16th December, she did baste a capon at the fire, and suddenly gaped a little ; her mother demanded the cause ; but she was in a trance and could not answer. She put forth her hand as if she took hold of something, and made signs to such as were present to take hold with her ; but her signs were not understood. When she came to herself, she reported that as she basted the capon a young wench in a green gown threw into her mouth a handful of something like meal, which had a very ill taste ; and that she got hold of the wench's gown, and would have had somebody to have taken hold with her, but none would, and that the wench with both hands plucked her gown from her and departed. Soon after, not being in a trance at all, she said that Wait's wife looked in at the window and willed some one to go out and to take her. Peter Croisdale and William Fish* ran forth, but saw nobody. Yet she said, " See ! now she goeth forth by way of the turf

* Is this our old acquaintance William Fish, whose feet rotted off at the maledictions of Wait's wife ? If so, here is a miracle greater than any wrought by the witches, for his legs are restored to him, and he is able to run forth.

stack,* and calleth to me." From that day to the last of December, she was not much troubled.

Monday, the last day of December, she was three times in a trance, morning, noon, and night, in every part of which a boy appeared to her, apparelled in scarlet breeches, a ruff in fashion, and a hat with a gold band, with whom she had much strange discourse. Among other things he told her that he lay, on the Thursday before, on a stool under the table in the likeness of a black cur. And it was true, there was such a cur which lay there at that time, and he repeated what he heard me repeat to her uncle, Martin Laycock, of her visitation; and that the day before he went with her uncle and me to Mr. Procter's† house, a lawyer, who lives three miles from me; and he named to her some of the company which that day dined there, viz: two young gentlewomen, daughters to Sir Guy Palmes;‡ and one old gentlewoman called Mrs. Moor, and others, whose names till then were never known to her. Further,

* This is another touch of rural life—the fuel used in the dwelling of the translator of Tasso's Jerusalem was turf and peat from the moors.

"A snug thack house, before the door a green,
Hens on the middin, ducks in dubs are seen,
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre,
A peat-stack joins and forms a rural square."

† Thomas Procter, Esq., of Newhall-with-Clifton, near Otley, barrister-at-law, died December 16th, 1646. His son, Henry Procter, married Anne, daughter of Thomas Fawkes, Esq., of Farnley. The Procters were owners of Newhall-with-Clifton, from 1590 to 1654. This house in its complete state was a large turreted building, and has been by many writers mistaken for the residence of Edward Fairfax, the poet. It is situate about a mile from Otley, and now belongs to the family of Fawkes, of Farnley Hall.

‡ Sir Guy Palmes, serjeant-at-law, resided at Lindley Hall, a large castellated mansion situated on an eminence above the confluence of the rivers Washburn and Wharfe, and overlooking some of the finest scenery of beautiful Wharfedale. It is about four miles distant from Newhall, the residence of Fairfax, now occupied as a farm house, and also the property of the Fawkes family, of Farnley Hall. Notwithstanding the apparent rusticity of his situation and pursuits, this affords us proof that Fairfax was the associate of the best of the gentry in his neighbourhood.

he declared what private speeches I had with her uncle at parting, which was in Mr. Procter's dining chamber; and also what business I had with Mr. Procter, and many other particulars, which I wondered to hear her recite, for that I knew them to be very true, and only known to myself. Also he said to her that I should not go to Otley* that day as I purposed, for he would tarry with her till it was too late for me to go. She answered—"You cannot hinder my father, for you dare not appear to him, but only to me; which I thank God for, and take patiently, for you can do no more than please God to suffer you; but the time is short." Then he said, in summer last she saw him between the kitchen and milkhouse often, almost every day for a week together, in the likeness of a little black dog. She answered, she thought he said true, for she saw such a dog, but did not remember it till then. These things could not come into her head but by supernatural means.

Upon Tuesday, 1st January,† she saw in trance an old man, a boy, and a woman; the man wore a pair of ruffs ‡ which she challenged for hers, and said they had been stolen from her. The man confessed they were hers, and

* The town of that name in Wharfedale, about six miles distant from Newhall, and the nearest market whence he could obtain the necessary supplies for his family, beyond what were furnished by his own farm.

† This would be the beginning of the year 1622, according to the *new style*; but as that was not in use until long afterwards, Fairfax does not note it as the first day of the new year.

‡ This fashionable article, which originated in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was much worn by both male and female dandies, is thus described by Stubbs in his "Anatomy of Abuses:"—"Great ruffs, or neckerchers, made of Holland, lawn, cambric, and such cloth so delicate that the greatest thread in them shall not be so big as the least hair that is, starched, streaked, dried, patted, and underpropped by the supertasses, the stately arches of pride sometimes overshadow three or four orders of minor ruffs placed gradation one beneath the other, and all under the master ruff, which was itself clogged with gold, silver, or silk lace of stately price, wrought all over with needlework. Sometimes they are pinned up to their ears, and sometimes they are suffered to hang over the shoulders like flags or windmill sails fluttering in the wind." Queen Elizabeth is always represented as wearing the ruff.

that he stole them. This seemed to be true, for the ruffs were never seen from that time. The day after, being Wednesday, she was in bed in a trance, and a young man did appear to her. He told her there were seven that bewitched her, and said he had her here alone now. She answered—"My father and mother are also in bed beside me, and if there were none, I care not, for God is always with me, and He is my chief friend. You cannot say your prayers, but I can. All may know what you are!" Then he took out of his poke a thing like a naked child, and did beat it. She said—"What a villain to abuse a pretty child!" Then presently she perceived it was no child, and saw it was not flesh and blood. He told her it was her picture,* by which they did work upon her. She said indeed they had pricked her heart twice, but God would not suffer it to be done the third time. "How many have you killed by that means?" He answered, "A thousand." She exclaimed, "All those thousand souls be in heaven!" Then he told her he could tell her how long she should live. She said, "Thou should not tell me when the Lord stops thy mouth." And he for some time could not speak. After a little space he offered to lay her picture in bed with her; and he spake again, saying, "Henry Graver and the vicar of Fuystone are good men, for they do not bear with you." She said, "Get you to them! He is not worthy of being a vicar that will bear with witches, and for Graver, he is afraid of you." Then he offered again to tell her how long she should live, but she would not let him, and said—"In the name of Jesus Christ get ye

* The image or picture is one of the ordinary processes of witchcraft, and is thus described in "Potts' Discovery of Witchcraft." The speediest way to take a man's life away by witchcraft is to make a picture of clay, like unto the shape of the person whom they mean to kill, and dry it thoroughly; and when they would have them to be ill in any one place more than another, then take a thorn or pin, and prick it in that part of the picture you would have to be ill; and when you would have any part of the body to consume away, then take that part of the picture and burn it. And when the whole body to consume away, then take the remnant of the said picture and burn it; and so thereupon by that means the body shall die.

away!" So he vanished, and she recovered from her trance. I rode three miles from home, and when I was gone she came into the court; and the boy she saw before, and another less than him came out of the garden, and offered to take hold of her; but she stepped back into the porch, and sat down upon a stone bench and then fell into a trance, and in this estate was found and brought into the kitchen, where the boys again appeared unto her, at the sight of whom she looked up; and they brought her picture and set it up with a prop, and then danced about it, and threw their hats at it, and kicked it with their feet. And she said—"So would you do with me if you could, but God will not suffer you." Then they requested her to dance with them, and she said—"Do not think any of God's servants will dance with you." And so they went away, and she recovered.

Upon Wednesday, the 2nd of January, after a little time, as she went out of the kitchen and passed by the back door, she heard one knock at the door, which she opened, and the aforesaid two boys rushed in, and the little boy caught her about the middle with both his hands; the greater held her by the arm with one hand, and with the other stopped her mouth lest she should cry. So in great haste they forced her into the back house, and told her they had long watched for her, but now they had her, and would drown her. She struggled with them and called to her mother for help. They said they would soon make her past calling. She answered they could do no more harm than pleased God to let them; and if they did drown her, yet her soul would be with God. And with her hand she did beat them about the head, which were bare for want of hair; and she felt their heads, and they were hard like the heads of other boys. So they brought her to the river side; one of them said—"This place is not deep enough, let us carry her up the stream." So they did, and they offered to throw her down the bank to the water, which was some yards distance; but in putting her down she got hold of the bushes, and she held so fast that the boys could not

get her hands loose, nor get her down further, though they laid hold of her feet and pulled violently, but they could not remove her. This while she was not in any trance at all, but had her senses perfectly, and called aloud for help. At this time her mother missed her and sought her. And it chanced that Elizabeth Smith passing by between the barn and the house, heard one cry by the river side; they all ran that way, but Elizabeth Morehouse first espied her standing holding of the bushes; to which she said—"Help me Bess, for here is two boys which would put me into the water." Then one of the boys said to the other—"Hang her, hang her! Come brother, let us go." So they left her and departed. Elizabeth Morehouse saw not the boys that took hold of her; and she at the same instant fell into a trance. We brought her into the house—to whom the boys reappeared, and she said—"You thought to have drowned me, but God did not suffer you." At this time I came home, and found her thus talking. Shortly after she came to herself and reported these particulars, and further added, that being at the water side, she saw a woman come to the other side of the river, and stand there looking upon her, and being snowy weather the prints of her feet were seen in the place the next day of one who had come to that side of the water, and returned from thence the same way that my daughter signified the woman had gone. This place was a bank of wood through which lay no way at all. This was a great day of trouble unto us, for Eliz. Fletcher took occasion to come to our house, as she said to clear herself of the imputation laid upon her by Wait's wife, but we found it was to have a touch of our young daughter Elizabeth; for standing by the fire she took the child under her arms and lifted her up, removed her from her place, and stood there herself. At this my wife was much troubled, and said when she went away, that if Bess Foster was a witch, the child would ail something, or be like the other; which proved very true, for on Sunday following, the 6th of January, the child being in the hall began to be troubled, and said she saw a poor boy, who appeared to her

sundry times and in divers places in the hall. This was said in the presence of about forty persons there being merry, for it was in Christmas time, and they all wondered at the accident, for the child was perfectly well till Elizabeth Fletcher touched her, which touch the woman before a justice of the peace denied with exceeding impudence; many persons upon oath averring the contrary, for they saw and noted the manner how she touched.

On Monday, 7th January, the child sat upon the knee of Elizabeth Smith, a servant, and there first fell in trance. To whom the boy appeared and threatened to take her away and drown her. She said, "Out upon thee—get thee away to them that own thee! Thou art Bess Foster's spirit, and didst come to the house with her." And so the boy departed, and she came to herself. At night she had another trance, and therein saw the boy and a woman with him. The boy, she said, offered her a black creeping thing, which was dead. The woman had a red thing, quick. That day also my elder daughter had divers trances, so that now our calamity was increased, and the trouble doubled. In those trances she saw strange and deformed things which spake not at all. She also saw a woman and the bigger boy, who told her that they did not intend to drown her when they carried her to the water. She answered, they would have drowned her if they could, but God was above the devil. They both had many trances several days running.

Upon the 10th of January, my daughter Helen saw a terrible monster with three heads, dropping with blood, a body and tail of a dragon, in the hand thereof a weapon with which it threatened to strike her. She was not in any trance at this sight, but more fearful than before.

On Friday, 11th January, in the night, a little before day, my eldest daughter arose out of her bed, and the door of her bed-chamber was opened unto her by one in stature not so high as a man, attired in white glistening garments. He took her by the hand and led her towards the window, then towards the door, but she turned about

and came towards the chamber door, the vision turned with her and came to the table side, where Eliz. Morehouse having missed her from the bed, found her. Then it left her and she fell presently into a trance, and did report after she came to herself that it had a little hand, and somewhat strained her wrist to make its fingers meet about her arm.

On Sunday, 13th January, she fell into a trance in the hall, and then one in bright clothing appeared to her, a man of incomparable beauty, with a beard, and his apparel shining; upon his head a sharp high thing, from which, and from his mouth, and from his garments streamed beams of light, which cast a glorious splendour about him. He spake unto her and said that he was God, come to comfort her; that the devil had troubled her by God's sufferance, but she was so dearly beloved of God that he was come to comfort her. Her answer was, "I may say with Job, 'Oft have I heard of Thee, but now have mine eyes seen Thee.' If you be God or some good thing, come near and comfort my heart." Then he came near unto her. She said, "Thou makest me doubt whether thou be a good thing or an evil. When I name God ill things fly from me, but thou at his name comest nearer to me, which makes me that I cannot tell what to think." Then he said he was an angel come from God to comfort her, for God loved her, and willed her to pray to him. Then he began the Lord's prayer. Myself, and such as were present, when we heard these things and perceived by her speeches what passed, joined in prayer for her, and besought the Lord to strengthen her against this great temptation; for in her words unto him she had described his fashion and apparel as aforesaid, and repeated all his speeches. He proceeded in the Lord's prayer, and she said after him readily until she came to the words, "Forgive us our trespasses," at which her tongue began to falter, yet she said it, but she could not say, "Lead us not into temptation," which perceiving I repeated those words three or four times, and at last she said them, and so finished the prayer.

Then we added some other prayers for her against temptation, as the occasion required; all which time the man in bright clothing held his peace, and finished not the Lord's prayer which he had begun. After a while she said, "If thou be God, let me hear my father speak, for he hath often comforted my heart." He said, "Hear him, and say after him, for he hath good thoughts in his heart." She replied, "If thou be God, thou knowest the thoughts of his heart." He said, "I do so." Then she prayed him to resolve her if he were God, and, if he were any evil thing, that in the name of Jesus Christ he should depart from her; but he still persisted in it that he was God. She said, "If thou be God, forgive my sins." He answered, "I forgive them all." She proceeded: "If thou be God, show me some of thy great works which thou didst before my time." He said he would do so, but it was not time now. Then she desired, if he were God, that he would take her unto him. He promised he would, but not yet. This while we continued to pray for her, and the man went away, and she by degrees came to herself, and first heard her brother read a prayer against temptation, and some psalms. Then her eyes were opened and she read upon the Bible herself, and was in short space perfectly whole. All that night she was persuaded this was God, or some angel sent to comfort her, and could not be removed from that opinion; but next morning with some difficulty we persuaded her to the contrary, by such reasons and scriptures as our small knowledge could afford.

About Monday, the 14th of January, Elizabeth Fairfax being at the house of Anthony Smith (where she was some days to satisfy the request of some that desired to have trial if the change of place might avail), being not in any trance at all, but playing with the children of the house, she saw that like monster that her sister had seen before, and being thereupon brought home she saw it again at home, and was in great fear, but not in any trance at that sight. Also at the same time that her sister saw the bright vision, she saw Elizabeth Fletcher and the boy, to whom

she talked a little in a trance, and charged them in the name of God to depart, which they did.

On Thursday, the 17th of January, my eldest daughter in trance, saw the same glorious apparition again, who said he was now come for her, and therefore willed her to go with him, but she defied him, and said, "Thou didst deceive me, and I didst pray to thee, (God forgive me for it!) for I know what thou art." Yet he still laboured to persuade her that he was God. "O silly fool! dost thou think to deceive me again? No, no; God did not reveal thee unto me, and will rebuke thee for taking his name upon thee." Then she persisted earnestly in bidding him get him away. He desired her to say her prayers after him. She said, "I will say my prayers, but that shall be to thy great sorrow." Then he said he would slay her, and presently she saw many horns begin to grow out of his head, and his beauty and glorious light were gone, and he changed into a most terrible shape. At sight of which she said, "Now indeed thou art like thyself, wouldst thou slay me? No, thou canst not slay me with all thou canst do. Thou wouldest slay that little infant there; (meaning her sister Elizabeth) thou canst not slay her. Thou may'st see how strong God is, that thou canst not slay that infant, nor touch a hair of her head." Then he changed himself into sundry shapes. She said, "I will talk no more with thee." So she used not more words, but by nodding her head made him signs to begone. So he departed, and she came to herself.

For some days following the children had divers trances, and in them great pain in their eyes, and gripings at their hearts, and some apparitions; the elder felt two little hands embrace her straitly, and pull her hair.

On the 25th of January, being Friday, a woman appeared to her whom she knew not, and said that she was her aunt Mary, viz., Mrs. Pannel, come from York to see her, and that she had brought her spice, and offered to put something into her mouth, but she would not suffer her, and said, "Get thee away! thou art a witch and not my aunt."

Then the woman filled her right hand with spice, which she kept fast closed, so that we could not open it. She saw nothing for her eyes were shut, therefore she groped for the fire, of which when she felt the heat, she threw into the fire that which was in her hand. Then her left hand was likewise filled, which she also closed fast, and would not suffer it to be opened, but groping again for the fire, discharged that handful also into it. Then her trance ended and she came to herself, and told that the spice which the woman put into her hands was great raisins which she would have had her eat.

On the 26th of January, being Saturday, she was in trance in the kitchen, and heard one call and rail upon her, to whom she answered, "Thou callest me and sayest I am nought, but I had rather have thy evil word than thy good word." Herewithal she saw the black cat, at which time the Bible laid upon her knee, but she could not read or speak; yet she heard her brother William read, and observed how he pointed to the line and words. The cat blew in her mouth a little, and offered to come up upon the book, but with her hand she put her back, and cleared the book of her. Then the cat sat upon a stone in the chimney, near her brother's knee, who read by chance Psalm 140, 8. The words are, "Let not the ungodly have his desire, O Lord; let not his mischievous imagination prosper, lest he be too proud." At which words the cat did grin, and offered to leap up upon the book, but with her fist closed she kept her down. This being perceived by her words and gestures, the same Psalm was read again, and at those words the cat seemed enraged, and a strife passed betwixt them as before, which moved us to iterate the trial six or seven times. At last by so often reading over the Psalm, and at those words and none other the contention was renewed betwixt the cat and her; in the end the cat departed, not able to endure the words any longer, whereupon she began to recover her senses by degrees. But the hand often lifted and beat against the cat was stiff for a time, and could not

be moved. That while the child lay in trance also, her speech and sight being taken from her for a time.

On Sunday, the 27th of January, the children were both in trance, and saw two cats which fought cruelly; one of them at last took my daughter Hellen by the throat with her fore feet, who beat her down with her hand, and then she thrust me in haste towards her little sister to help her, making some signs that the cats went to the child, to whom I went, and with some others prayed beside her. The cats began to fight again, and chased each other from place to place, at last into the oven and out again, and so out of the house; whereat Hellen laughed, and presently they were both well and told what they had seen.

On Monday, the 28th of January, they were both in trance in their bed. Their mother took up Elizabeth, and carried her away, at which Hellen fell into an extreme weeping, for a woman she saw did persuade her that she had carried her sister away, and threatened to carry her away also. Whereat she wept bitterly and said, "Well Bessy, God be with thee! The Lord have mercy upon you!" The reason of this passion being perceived by her words Elizabeth was brought again and laid down beside her, which she perceived, and turned her suddenly and embraced the child with great joy, and asked her many questions of her carrying away, which she answered by signs, putting up her fingers and the like, for she could not speak, and it appeared they understood each other, although they were not sensible of any thing done or said by any other person.

Also the same day at night, being both in trance, an old man came to them, and did persuade Hellen that he had taken away her sister, and left another in her room, so that she thrust away her little sister, and not knowing her, would not touch her for a time, but at last she did know her again, and embraced her with as much affection as before. When the children came out of this trance, the time being late at night, some company in the instant departed from the house, among whom one Charles Nichol,

a millwright, (going forth with some other persons) at the door of the porch saw a vision, at which he stood amazed. It was like a woman of low stature, and it went away by the corner of the house, and so vanished. The two with him saw nothing but his amazedness, of which they asked him the reason after, and he told what he had seen.

On Tuesday, the 29th of January, both the children were in trance, and had many strange convulsions and risings in their bodies, and stiffness in their arms and hands, and whole bodies sometimes, to the wonder of the beholders, but neither talked, nor after told of any apparition, but only of a deformed thing, having the face of a woman, and all the body besides rough and mis-shapen, which Hellen saw.

On Thursday, the last of January, they were both in trance, and Hellen saw the same deformed thing again, and a young woman. She seemed to insult over them and appointed them where they were to stand. They did offer to go to her sister, but she said, "Touch her not, but come and do the same thing to me which you would do to her, if God will give you leave." The young woman said she came to do her duty. She answered, "It is thy malice, not thy duty." Then the children fell both of them into great extremity of sickness, in which we all thought they would have died, and so they imagined themselves also, and prepared for it accordingly, making earnest signs of fervent prayer, and taking leave of all the family, and shaking hands with every one. This great agony they continued in from Thursday till Saturday following, without intermission, saving that Hellen, upon Friday, once towards night somewhat recovered, and did comb her hair, but fell down again before she could bind it up. This while she spake few words, but only called for me and her mother, and took a last leave of us, and kissed us and all the family, and desired that her brother Edward might be sent for from Leeds to her burial, and she said to the woman, "Now you have my life, but I forgive you freely." And so she exhorted them to repentance, and after con-

tinued as before, until Saturday in the morning. In this long extremity they saw a white cat. Francis Pullein* coming to the house by chance at the instant, also supposed that he saw when the children fell into that trance.

Until Saturday, the 9th of February, they were well ; that day my eldest daughter in trance saw the same woman again, who told her that they were seven which bewitched her until now, but now they were but five, for it is true that Margaret Wait, senior, and Elizabeth Fletcher were in the gaol at York. That day they had some fits, as it seemed, of the mother, and the day following, viz., Sunday, the 10th of February, Hellen saw the same woman, who offered her a piece of money, which she refused. The woman offered to make her well if she would. She said, "No, I will not be made well by thee." Then she threatened to kill her. She said, "I care not for thy threats, for if you could have prevailed I had been in my grave long since, but God doth defend me and you cannot hurt me, for I fear not what all your witches and spirits can do, but, down upon thy knees and call to God for mercy, if he have any grace for thee, but there is little hope for thee." The woman answered, "I serve my God better than you do yours." She said, "Our God is the God of heaven, even Jesus Christ our Saviour, whom we serve, and your god is the devil of hell, and he can do nothing but what our God doth suffer him. Tell me where dwellest thou?" The woman answered, "On the moor side," but could not tell which moor. She said, "Come to me," which the woman refused to do. Then she said, "If

* Any attempt to identify this Pullein among the multitude of the same name located in the Forest of Knaresborough would be futile. They appear on the first page of the Fewston register, and run through it like an unfailing stream to the last. The first legible entry is, "1595, John, son of William Pulleyne, was baptized on the 21" In the same year "Old Pulleyn wife was buried the 17th of April." Old as this "Old Pulleyn" was, he was neither the oldest nor the first of them by many a dozen. They were there when the poll-tax was levied in 1378, and there they yet remain.

"A thousand years they hae been there,
An' a thousand mair they'll bide."

thou hadst come near me I would have given thee a mark, that I might have known thee again, but it is no matter, for I see thou hast a mark by which I can know thee wheresoever I see thee." Then the woman told her the secret talk which Robert Atkinson and William Richardson had with me as I lay in bed that morning, for after my wife was up and gone forth into the kitchen, these two men came to my bedside, and there secretly told me some things of Jeffray's daughter, and some suspicions of Elizabeth Dickenson, all which I kept private till the particulars were revealed to my daughter by the woman.

I marvel what supposal of counterfeiting can be in this, or how could I be abused myself or made a fool of in this particular? Also in the long extremity which my children had upon the last of January was the first time that Margaret Thorpe appeared, whom my daughter Hellen spoke to and said she had a mark by which she took notice of her, which was a spot upon the left cheek. She was then unknown to them, but since they had her acquaintance too much, for none of the rest were so troublesome as that woman.

On Monday, the 11th of February, the children were both in trance, and my daughter Hellen saw the same woman again but the spot on her face was not to be seen, yet she knew her, and said, "Where is the spot on thy face? Hast thou gotten it off? Well, I know thee well enough, and if I wist where thou dwelt I would come and challenge thee." Then the woman told her that at that instant I was in the field, in a close of mine called Birkbanks, and two men with me, bargaining about some ditching,—which was very true. Further she told her that she came by me and the wife of Ralph Holmes* as

* Ralph Holmes was of Bland's Hill, in Norwood, and must have been "a pretty fellow in his day," or the following pompous style of entry would surely never have been adopted towards him and his in the parish register.—"Walter Holmes, sonne and heire of Rauph Holmes, of Bland Hill, was born upon the 13th day of Aprill, being Palme Sunday, and was christened on Maunday Thursday, being the 17th day of the same moneth, Ano. Dm. 1606." Walter Holmes, (probably the infant above christened) paid hearth-tax in Norwood, in 1672.

we walked upon the hill without my house, and that she heard our talk, and she told her what we said, which was a strange secret, as you shall hear. In the meantime the wench proceeded and said to the woman, "Thou didst bewitch my sister Ann," which the woman denied; but she confessed unto her that she did bewitch Jeffray's daughter, because the wench did anger her. She replied, "But why didst thou bewitch me, who did never offend thee, nor knew thee?" The woman said that was no matter, they could bewitch whom they liked. After some further speeches the woman said she was weary and her legs did ache, thereupon she kneeled down, of which the wench taking advantage, said, "Art thou on thy knees? say thy prayers." But she could not pray, and so arose again and departed. She came to herself and affirmed those things which we had noted at several times that day. It was above the power of means natural that she should relate what I did in the field at the instant with two men. Thomas Harrison and Ralph Ianson went indeed with me, and there conferred with me upon a bargain for ditching in that field called Birkbanks, which they afterwards performed.

For the private speeches of Holmes' wife, which the wench also revealed, the matter was this,—One Elizabeth Bentley, daughter of John Bentley, of Norwood,* came to the miln in summer last, and as she stood in the miln door talking with John Simpson, the milner, she saw a woman which seemed to wash clothes in the river, betwixt my house and the miller's. With the woman were four of my children, of whom she took sometimes one and sometimes another, and seemed to carry them to and fro, into the water and out again, divers times for a good space. At the sight hereof, and such carrying of the children, Elizabeth Bentley wondered, and it moved her to ask the milner if we had a new maid servant, and who it was that washed clothes and carried the children in such sort. The man answered that he saw none, neither had

* Thomas Bentley paid hearth-tax in Norwood, in 1672.

we a new maid, nor was that the washing day. She persevered in it, affirming that she saw the woman and my children; but he denied that she saw anything, and angrily said that "If thou seest anything it is the devil." At which words Elizabeth Bentley was afraid and shut the door of the miln. This matter was wholly unknown to any of my house, for the milner never spake of it, and was gone out of my service long before it was revealed, which was not until Holmes' wife told it me in secret, as you hear, for she had heard the report given out privately from the words of Elizabeth Bentley, who saw the vision. This was the talk betwixt Holmes' wife and me, which the woman with the spot on her face heard as she came by us invisible, and so she told it to my daughter, who said that the woman did not carry any of the children themselves but the pictures only of them. I questioned Elizabeth Bentley, and she confessed the vision to be so in effect, of which it appeared she had told to her sister, the wife of William Bradley, for she also confessed as much to myself. This happened in summer before any of my children were troubled, but in October following my little daughter, Ann Fairfax,* died at nurse in a strange manner, and the eldest in that month likewise fell into these extremities.

This may stop the mouths of such as say, "This is a practice." For by what art could my daughter tell what I did in the field at that time, she being in the house, and in that case she was; or, how understand the report of Holmes' wife, the subject thereof being so strange, and an accident happening to a mere stranger to us all,—a secret so far from our thoughts, yet an approved truth!

On Tuesday, the 12th of February, the children were both in trance in the kitchen towards night, and Hellen saw an old woman, very wet with rain, come in at the

* The following entries in the parish register of Fewston belong to this child.—"1621. Anne, daughter of Edw. Fairfax, Esq., was baptized the 12th of June." "1621. Edward Fairfax, Esq., a child named Anne, buried the 9th of October."

door, and with her an ill-favoured thing which she could not describe. The woman stood behind it and took forth of a poke, and showed unto her some pictures and a little creeping thing among them. The woman told the wench these were the pictures by which they bewitched folks;* the picture of my daughter Hellen was apparelled like her in her usual attire, with a white hat and locks of hair hanging at her ears, and that of her sister was attired in the child's holiday apparel; the rest were naked. Hellen said to the woman, "These pictures of ours have cherry cheeks, but whose picture is that which looketh so pale?" The woman answered, "This is Maud Jeffray's!" which wench my children at that time knew not, neither had ever seen her. Further, she said she was an old woman, aged about eighty years, and that she had been a witch forty years; that the young woman who came yesterday was her daughter. She told further that Elizabeth Fletcher, whom she called Bess Fletcher, was a witch, and that she did bewitch her little sister Elizabeth, and that the same day she came to Newhall and touched the child she did meet her before she got to the miln; and that she also was the woman who stood on the other side of the river the 2nd of January, when the boys carried her away and would have drowned her. She said further that Wait's wife was a witch, and told her that they began

* The simulacrum was usually of virgin wax, but sometimes of clay taken from a long-used grave. The image being moulded to resemble the person intended to be worked upon, and whatever injury was inflicted on the model was believed to have a similar effect on the original. Did they tie up a member of the effigy, paralysis attacked the corresponding limb of the person represented. Intense pain and mutilation were thus assumed to be produced; and to procure death sometimes the heart of the image was pierced with a new needle; sometimes it was melted before a slow fire, and sometimes buried at dead of night with a burlesque of the funeral service in consecrated ground. Such images were prepared by many in the middle ages for the destruction of their enemies. Thus Eleanor Cobham, wife of Duke Humphrey, was held to have attempted the life of Henry VI., and was supposed by a good many to have enfeebled his intellect. Leicester is said to have wrought thus on Queen Elizabeth; Bothwell on Mary Stuart, and half-a-score of her lovers on Margaret of Navarre.

to deal with her the first Sunday that ever she came to Fuystone church, which would be two years at Whit-Sunday* the next coming. She affirmed to her that they were hired to bewitch her by the best man in Fuystone parish, and that he did look upon her the last time she was at church, but did not speak to her, and he would do so again the next time that she came thither. She answered, "The best man in Fuystone parish is Henry Graver (for Robinson† is of our parish, viz., Otley), and indeed he did look at me, but spake not to me." The woman said, "It is not Robinson, but the two women in the castle can tell who hired them." Those two were Wait's wife and Elizabeth Fletcher. Then Hellen asked the woman if it rained, and said, "Thou art a silly old woman and ill wet." She answered, "Thy father stood in the porch door, and I could not come in beside him till now." It was indeed true that I stood in that place, and it had rained very fast a good while. When I came in the children fell forthwith into the trance, and it is also true that upon the Sunday following they both went to the church, and there Henry Graver did look earnestly at them, but spake not to them at all; whereof especial notice was taken, because of the words of the old woman at this time, who was now unknown, but afterwards found to be Jennit Dibb, to whom Margaret Thorp is daughter.

And this was the first appearance of Dibb's wife. For the pictures she showed (which indeed were images), but I alter not the words which the children and the witches used, it presented to my consideration that this is a part of that kind which is wrought *per instrumenta*, and histories are full of examples of such practices. Of late one in France cost La Mole‡ his life by misprision, because the

* From this it is evident that Edward Fairfax went to reside at Newhall in 1619.

† Henry Robinson, of Swinsty Hall, in the township of Little Timble and parish of Otley, of whom more afterwards.

‡ "Le Mole was executed for conspiracy in 1574, a short time before the death of Charles IX. of France. He was favourite of the Duke of

death of King Charles IX. was imputed to witchcraft, practiced by an image of wax found about the man, pricked twice with a pin by a witch. La Mole confessed the witchcraft, but died constant in the asseveration that his practice was not treasonable, and that the image was of a woman, whose love he sought by this means, and there had his reward; where the injustice of man executed the just judgment of God due for such wickedness.—Hist. Chr., pag. 300.

This kind of bewitching was frequent among the ancients, both Greeks and Latins. Witness Virgil, Eclog. 8 :

*"Linus ut hic durescit et hæc ut
cera liquescit."*

And Horace, Lib. 1., Sat. 8 :

*"Lanea et effigies erat, alteræ
Ceræ."*

And Theocritus in his Eclog. :

*"It est sicut hanc ceram ego cum Dea liquifacio sic
liquescit Daphnis."*

Theocrit. Eidyl 2 :

"In principio dea adjuvante liquifacio."

Alençon, and constantly wore a medal which he believed would preserve his master's affection towards him. 'Small waxen images pricked or pierced about the heart with magical words and ceremonies were supposed to produce death.' Such figures having been found in the house of Le Mole, which it was asserted he had procured from Ruggieri, in order to accelerate the progress and final effect of the disease under which Charles the Ninth then laboured. The unfortunate culprit did not deny that they were magical images, but he maintained that their virtue or efficacy was to excite love and not destroy life. He appealed to the testimony of the figures themselves, which were female, and protested his innocence. The court did not the less condemn him to expiate his imprudence on the scaffold."—Wraxall's France, vol. iv., p. 395. The massacre of St. Bartholomew's day took place during the reign of Charles IX., and it is matter of little wonder that after that event the king became a prey to disease of body and mind, and that "a slow internal fever exhausted his strength, and blood oozed even out of the pores of his skin," and that he died miserably in 1574, at the age of 25 years. His mother, the infamous Catherine de Medicis, always carried about her person cabalistical characters written on the skin of a stillborn infant, and several talismen and amulets were found in her cabinet after her death.

And familiar examples in the British kingdoms are not difficult to allege, save that I spare them because of their nearness to our times they have not the reputation which accompanies antiquity. But the similitudes of my children which Elizabeth Bentley saw were doubtless spirits in their shapes, for their action and motion manifested them to be more than dead images, as those and the others on the 2nd of January were, and I note also that the old woman being wet and her standing without in the rain, not being able to come in because I stood in the door, are arguments of a solid body.

On Wednesday, the 13th of February, the children were in trance, and a woman did appear unto my daughter Hellen, who said unto her, "Thou art not the old woman—thou art Peg Wait." The woman said she was not; but she affirmed often that she was Peg Wait, at which the woman blushed. She said, "Dost thou blush at it? Tell me, be the two in the castle* witches?" She answered, "Bess Foster is a witch," but at Wait's wife she made a stop, and said she durst not tell; yet at last she confessed that she was a witch also. Then she persevered still to say that she was Peg Wait, and said, "Thou shalt go to the castle to thy mother." The woman said she would make her forget, and that she would come again at night, which accordingly she did. The child both these times saw somewhat which she often said she could not remember. This was the first time of the apparition of Margaret Wait, junior, who was known before to my daughter Hellen, therefore she nominated her at the first sight; but so she could not do the old woman, and the other with a spot in her face, for she had never seen or known them, and the woman's blushing was a strong testimony of her real presence; for I think no authority doth remember such a show of alteration and sudden passion in any spirit, and the blushing proceeded from the wench's pressing her that she was Peg Wait, and that she knew her.

* The castle so frequently mentioned is the county gaol at York, in which two of the supposed witches were at that time prisoners.

On Thursday, the 14th of February, Hellen said suddenly to Elizabeth Morehouse, in the kitchen, "Bess, Bess, here is the witch!" And upon these words both she and her sister were in trance, in which they saw Margaret Wait, junior. Also, the day following, the little one said to Elizabeth Smith, another servant, "See thee, Bess, yonder comes the witch!" and so fell into trance. Her mother spake something of Margaret Wait, junior, to whom Hellen said, "Marry, Peg Wait is here!" and so likewise fell in trance, and then talked to the woman and said, "Thou art Peg Wait; didst thou not see me in the back court? Why didst thou come in no sooner?" The woman answered, because she could not pass by Elizabeth Morehouse, who was with her. She replied, "Indeed she was with me. Canst thou come by nobody but me? If thou wert not a witch they might all see as well as I do. Wouldst thou make me well? Canst thou not do it thyself? But another can. No, I will not be made well so. God shall make me well when it pleaseth Him. I care not for thy threats; thou canst not hurt me. If you could you had had my life long ere this, but God will not suffer you to hurt me." Then the woman put something into her mouth, and she sneezed violently, and said, "Thou hast not hurt me; thou wouldst poison me." Then her speech was taken from her; but shortly she said, "I can speak again, I thank God! Art thou going to Robinson's and to Jeffray's? Thou hast a master that can carry thee." Then the woman covered her face, and she said, "Dost thou cover thy face? It had been to some purpose to have done so when thou camest in first, but now it is to no purpose seeing I know thee." Shortly after the woman went away, and the children were well.

For some time following the children were not troubled, and John Jeffray had now complained, and procured warrants from the Justice to apprehend Elizabeth Dickenson, Jennet Dibb, and Margaret Thorp, who, as he alleged, afflicted his daughter in strange manner. Which women we could not, neither did bring in question, for that the two

last we knew not, and Dickenson's wife did never appear at all to my daughters. But upon the 22nd of February, being Friday, it chanced that my brother Sir Thomas Fairfax came to my house to see the children; which John Jeffray hearing of, he brought his daughter also to the place, where the children first met, having never seen one another before that instant. Being together they all fell in trance at once, and talked to the old woman, and Hellen did ask her for the pictures. Then the woman told her that Henry Graver did hire them to bewitch her.* She said, "Thou didst tell me that before, why didst thou tell me it again?" At that instant it chanced that the constable brought thither Thorp's wife, whom he had apprehended, and Margaret Wait, junior, who was likewise taken by him, and brought to the place at the same time. At their coming the children lay all in trance, not being sensible of anything said or done to them by any person; but if Thorp's wife or Margaret Wait spake to them, they answered readily, charging them that they were witches, and did bunc† them; and of this their speaking to them and none else, many trials were made for a long time together. In the end when the women were carried away the children came to themselves and told that they had in that trance seen Peg Wait, and the woman with the spot upon her face, and the old woman to whom they had spoken; and my daughters could not be persuaded that the other two were there in any sort, but as the old woman was, and found no difference in their appearance and talking to them, although the old woman did appear only to them in a vision, and was invisible to all us; and the other in our presence really stood by the children and spoke to them, yet were they insensible of the difference.

* Here we have manifest proof of the great risk run by those who were not believers in witchcraft. Henry Graver did not believe these women were witches, therefore he is the friend, the aider and abetter of witches, and hires them to bewitch his neighbours' children. A most serious charge, and how can he disprove it?

† Kick them; a word yet current in the same sense in the same district.

On Saturday, the 23rd of February, the women apprehended were, by appointment, at the house of widow Pullein, at Fuystone, searched for marks upon their bodies* and because of the assembly of many women, my elder daughter was fetched from home by the constable and two neighbours to make trial if she could challenge any in the company there met to be the women who troubled her, whom yet she did not know. At her coming she was brought through the house into a parlour where I was by the men aforesaid, and she said unto me, "Father, here be two of the witches in the house, Peg Wait, and the woman with the spot on her face, whom I know not, but she is in a red petticoat." To which I answered, "If thou dost know her, go back with these men and challenge her for it." So she went with the constable and the men, and took hold upon Margaret Thorp, and said unto her, "I know not your name, but you are the woman with the spot on your face, that doth so often appear to me and trouble me, and you are a witch." And it is true that at that instant the spot (so often spoken of) was visibly to be seen upon the woman's left cheek. After this was done the same man carried her up into a chamber where a dozen women were together, and there she went directly to Jennet Dibb, and challenged her to be the old woman who showed her the pictures, and she asked her for the pictures, at which all those who were present greatly wondered, for these two women were utterly unknown to her, both their persons and names; yet it was observed that ever after in all her trances when she saw either of them she called them by their names, which till then she had never done.

* This search for marks was one of the most disgusting means by which witches were supposed to be found out. "This search for devil-mark and amulet, as prescribed by the church, was worse than death itself to modesty; and of the thousands who perished a vast proportion died self-accused, preferring the deadly search of the flame to that of the monkish inquisitors. and confessing anything and everything in order to escape the latter." Such was a part of the wisdom of our ancestors, whose blind folly and cruel indelicacy we cannot sufficiently condemn.

Also the same day at night, being both in trance, Hellen saw a black cat and a yellow bird. The cat spake to her, which before that time it never did, and told her that she was Jennit Dibb's spirit, and that the bird was Thorp's wife's spirit.* The cat threatened to pull out her throat; and her brother William Fairfax took the bible and read the 140th Psalm; whereat the cat seemed enraged, and said—"Thy brother reads on the book, and makes a fool of himself." Upon this occasion we sent to desire the constable to bring Thorp's wife from Widow Pullein's house, where he kept her; which he did; but before she came the cat said they must away for Thorp's wife was coming; and they prayed Hellen to tell the woman that they would tarry for her on the top of the hill. So they departed, and Thorp's wife came in, to whom the children called as before they had done, when she was first brought to them in the hall; and they told her of the cat and the bird; neither could they come out of trance so long as Thorp's wife was present. The day after being Sunday, Margaret Wait, junior, was brought to the children; for many persons were desirous to see the trial of these speeches of the children to the witches. After some talk as before, the woman kneeled down voluntarily before the knees of my elder daughter,

* These were the familiars or imps always attendant upon witches, and no witch was properly appointed without one at least, some had more. They were said to suck their mistresses and leave a mark where they did so, which was the reason why suspected witches were stripped naked and examined that those marks might be detected, and the true character of the parties revealed. Some of these imps are reported to have behaved themselves very indecorously, and contrary to what might be thought their spiritual nature. Hutchinson mentions many of their pranks in his "Historical Essay on Witchcraft," from which we select a few specimens.—"Goody Hagtree kept her imp with oatmeal a year and-a half and then lost it. Mr. Gaul tells us of one that killed her imp for doing mischief. Susan Cock's imp worried sheep, and Joyce Boan's imp killed lambs. Ann West's imps sucked one another."—p. 70. "The imps of the witches of Warbois (nine in number) fought each other with great coalstaves, with which they broke each other's heads and arms,—apparently for love of Mrs. Joan Throgmorton, who was about the age of 16 or 17 years."—p. 104.

and earnestly prayed her to forgive her. The wench did forgive her, and said: "Why, Peg Wait, dost thou thus trouble me? If thou wouldst come to me in sight of everybody, I would forgive thee willingly." The woman answered, "Mrs. I am here in sight of everybody: your father sent for me, and I am here amongst them all." She said, "I do not believe thee, for I know none sees thee but I." Then divers persons made trial if she could hear or understand any other person; but she was senseless to all but Margaret Wait, and so was the little one also. The woman was carried sometimes without the door, sometimes without the window, and from these places to call upon the children. The elder did answer her from all those places and said, "Where art thou now, thou art far off me." At this time also, one Robert Pannell, a mere stranger travelling towards York, lodged at the house of Widow Pullein, and there seeing the women and hearing the report of these things, came to my house, and procured the constable to bring with him Thorp's wife. The man asked leave of me to satisfy himself of the truth by making such trial as he and some other strangers who came with him thought fit; which I did condescend to, and the rather for that the said Pannell used to serve upon juries at the assizes, being a freeholder of good estate, and therefore might perhaps be one upon her trial. That man and the rest used many experiments to satisfy themselves; but (as before) they found the children senseless of all things said or done by any person, only when Thorp's wife or Margaret Wait spoke to them; and then none could answer more readily or more discreetly to any question asked by either of those women than they did; to the great wonder of the strangers especially, to whom the matter seemed almost incredible. The women departed, and then the children came to themselves; with whom these men talked; and they and we well perceived that they found no difference in their understandings of the appearances of the two women in their trances, when they were invisible to us, and of their shewing themselves to

them in this sort, in sight and presence of us all, of which the children were wholly incredulous.

This talking only to the witches in trance, and to none other, and my daughter Hellen's challenging of Jennet Dibb and Margaret Thorp, whom she had never seen before to her knowledge, but in vision, were such motives to assure those that saw it done, that none among so many witnesses but were fully persuaded that these women were the persons that troubled them. And it is most certain that such things could not be counterfeited; which I leave to your wisdom to consider of, and to the enemies of the cause to answer if they can; with the remembrance also that the daughter of John Jeffray my neighbour, who dwelleth a mile from me, and with whom I never had acquaintance, and who was till the 22nd of February utterly unknown to my children, myself, my wife or family; and the witchcraft had continued in violence for divers months before, viz., from the 28th of October till the 22nd of February; which consideration taxes well the folly, or rather malice of those men who give out that John Jeffray and his wife devised this practice, and that his daughter drew my children into it; which slander needs no further confutation to wise men. For the parties who shall perform all things required in the management of so cunning wickedness, had need of long familiarity and great practice betwixt themselves, before they were fit to act their parts upon the stage.

The Spirit of the Wall—the holy maid of Kent.* The Frenchwoman with Deuil Verrine, and those whose impostures our wise king so lately laid open, were not so soon taught I believe. But of this hereafter.

On Monday, the 25th of February, the women were discharged upon bond from the constable, and that day the

* On the 20th of April, 1534, Elizabeth Barton, commonly called "the holy maid of Kent," and who had been esteemed a prophetess, was executed for high treason. She suffered with seven other persons who had managed her fits and deceptions for the support of the catholic religion. She is said to have confessed her fraud upon the scaffold.

children saw Dibb's wife and Thorp's wife; but they stayed not long, only they told them they must away to Jeffray's house, and so departed; in whose place the black cat and the bird came, and Hellen asked the cat if she was Dibb's wife's spirit, and what she called her. The cat answered that she had been Dibb's wife's spirit forty years, and she called her Gib. She asked the bird the like question, but the bird spake not. Then she said "Tell me, cat, cannot the bird speak? What doth Thorp's wife call this bird?" The cat said,—“Tewhit—and she hath had it ten years.” That day at night the black cat, the bird, and two other cats came all at once to Hellen; the black cat would not tell her whose the other two cats were, but only said that one of them was called Fillie; and that the witches should not now go to York, neither be hanged, and therefore they would have her life; and the cat did afflict her so that in great agony she cried out,—“She will kill me! beat her away! you may both see and hear her!” The child lay in trance all this while, but remembered not what she saw; only she told of a cat, and a little bird no bigger than a sparrow. The next day they saw in trance both these women again, and Jennit Dibb then said that she should not be hanged, but live yet a year longer, which time is now expired, this being the 8th of March, 1622, and the woman in this hour (as the report came to me at this instant) lieth ready to die in a fearful sort, talking to her cat, and chiding it from her. The congregation prayed for her on the last sabbath.

A black cat, as Francis Cotes, tailor, witnesseth upon oath, was tied up in a chain * in Jennit Dibb's house, which he

* Hutchinson in his *Essay on Witchcraft*, p. 57, says—“Suspected witches may be watched until their imps appear, and their imps may come in the shape of cats, dogs, rats, mice, spiders, fleas, nits, flies, a toad, a frog, a hen, a crow, a hornet, or a mole.” And again p. 58, “Imps may be kept in pots or other vessels, and that the pots or places where they are kept stink detestibly, and that therefore such stinking places in their houses are signs that they are imps.”

“Bumbastus kept a devil's bird
Shut in the pommel of his sword,

once saw there, and he asked the old woman (when she was detained by the constable at Widow Pullein's house as aforesaid) for the cat, to whom she gave answer that he should hold his tongue, or she would make the black cat pull off his black beard.

On Sunday, the 3rd of March, my two daughters desired to go to the house of John Jeffray, to visit his daughter Maud, whom they had once seen at my house, viz., the 22nd of February, and the community of their sufferings moved them to desire more acquaintance. Their mother suffered them to go, and Elizabeth Smith to attend them. At that house they fell into so great extremities that they could not be brought home again, but lay there all night, in which time they had many visions and trances, in which Dibb's wife let them see a spirit suck upon her head, and another under her arm. Elizabeth Smith also saw the black cat at that house among the brass vessels which stood upon a cupboard or shelf, at which sight she was afraid, and many times after she was speechless. When the children were in their trances, next day I went myself for my daughters, and after long time attending they recovered. I was forced to bring them home on horse-back, carried as dead persons, not once moving all the way. At that house also they saw Thorp's wife suffer the bird to suck upon the spot on her cheek, which by the sucking bled much; which spot (as divers have deposed) troubled the woman very much when she was by command at the house of Widow Pullein, for there she rubbed it, and used

That taught him all the cunning pranks
 Of past and future mountebanks.
 Kelly did all his feats upon
 The devil's looking-glass, a stone;
 Where playing with him at bo-peep,
 He solv'd all problems ne'er so deep.
 Agrippa kept a Stygian pug
 I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
 That was his tutor, and the cur
 Read to th' occult philosopher,
 And taught him subtly to maintain
 All other sciences are vain."—*Hudibras*.

many means to get it off, but could not; also she talked of it with some perturbation. And this was very strange concerning the spot, that divers persons testifying by oath that they saw it upon her face one morning, yet the same day when she came before a justice of peace the spot was not visible for the time, which myself and others observed.

Also, when my children were at the house of John Jeffray, the wife of that house gave to my little daughter Elizabeth Fairfax, a hose garter, which the child brought home to Newhall; and upon Thursday, the 7th of March, this garter was laid upon the knee of John Jeffray, as he sat by the fire in his own house, distant a mile from mine, and as he affirmeth his daughter Maud told him that she saw the black cat bring the garter in her mouth and lay it upon his knee, and the cat told her that the child lost it at home beside the turfstack, where the cat found it and brought it home again. This was a matter of fact, done above the ability of natural means. Let the detractors from the truth of this business say how; or answer how Elizabeth Bentley, Elizabeth Smith, or Charles Michel could see those spirits, if the thing was not serious; or how those strangers, never known to us, could be practiced withal if it were feigned.

Upon Tuesday, the 5th of March, being Shrove Tuesday, the black cat appeared to Hellen, and told her that Dibb's wife was at home weeping for that her time was now short, for that very day forty years he came first to her, and now she must go shortly to her and his master; that she had had four spirits, of which three had already left her, and he only did tarry with her. The wench said, "It were well if thou wouldst also leave her, for then perhaps she would repent and go to God." The cat said, "I fear she will repent, and if she be rightly handled she will confess all, for now her time is come, and she will not care to confess." Hellen prayed God that she might repent; whereat the cat was angry, and threatened to kill her. She answered, "I care not for thee; thou art the worst

thing that doth come to me, yet God doth defend me, and I care not for thee."

On Thursday, the 7th of March, a woman unknown to the children did appear to them in trance, and told them she was daughter to one Umpleby's wife, and that her mother was a witch; and they saw the woman let a spirit suck upon her breast; to whom Hellen said, "Thou art a cunning witch indeed to let thy spirit suck there upon thy pap's head, for nobody can find a mark upon thee if thou let thy spirit suck there. Hast thou any children?" She said, "No." The other replied, "It is well: for God help the children that must suck where the spirit sucketh!" Then the woman turned her back, and would turn her face no more, but went away in that sort. Then came Thorp's wife, and let her bird suck upon her cheek and upon her breast. The child in this trance saw Dibb's wife and her cat; Thorp's wife and her bird; Margaret Wait, the younger, and her spirit, being a white cat with black spots, which she called Inges. She also saw the woman whom they usually call the strange woman, who now did first appear unto them; but they could never remember her countenance, neither can they (if they should see her person) challenge her as they think.

Therefore I was not forward to seek out the woman above named, yet I learn that Umpleby's wife, whose daughter she said she was, is a widow, dwelling some few miles distant from my house, and reputed a witch: but of her daughters I know nothing, and therefore I spare to question them, except I could find some confidence in my daughters that they could challenge her upon sight, as they did Jennit Dibb and Thorp's wife. I therefore must leave this person, that maketh up the number of seven, to be still called the strange woman; yet her spirit is well known, and is in the shape of a white cat, she calleth Fillie, and hath had it twenty years.

On Friday, the 8th of March, my daughter Hellen in trance, saw Thorp's wife, who kneeled down before her, which occasion they took to will the woman to pray, and

she urged it with such vehemency that Thorp's wife wept bitterly a long time. Then she asked her how she became a witch, the woman answered that a man like to a man of this world came unto her upon the moor, and offered her money, which at first she refused, but at the second time of his coming he did overcome her in such sort that she gave him her body and soul, and he made her a lease back again of her life for forty years, which was now ended upon Shrove Tuesday last. The man did write their leases with their blood, and they likewise with their blood set their hands to them,* that her lease was in his keeping, and every seventh year he shewed it unto them, and now it was three years since she saw hers, and that each seventh year they renewed it, and set their hands to it again. She saith further that she knew forty witches, but there were only seven of her company. Hellen said, I think thy sister at† Timble is as evil as thou art, for she speaketh with black things at Timble Gill." The woman said, "Thou art a witch if thou can tell that." She replied, "I am not a witch, God bless me, her own child told it." This sister of Thorp's wife is a daughter also of Jennit

* This appears to have been the legal as well as poetical style of drawing up deeds of this kind. Marlow in his "Faustus" introduced the following scene, which is somewhat similar to the one here described.

Faustus.—I would lift up my hands, but see they hold 'em, they hold 'em!

Scholars.—Who, Faustus?

Faust.—Why Lucifer and Mephistopheles. Oh, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning.

Sch.—Oh. God forbid!

Faust.—God forbid it indeed, but Faustus hath done it, for the vain pleasure of four and twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood, the date is expired: this is the time, and he will fetch me."

† There are two townships immediately contiguous of this name Little Timble in the parish of Otley in which Newhall was situate, and Great Timble in the parish of Fewston, about a mile and a half distant from that village towards the south-west, the last named is probably the one intended here. Timble Gill is a small picturesque ravine, opening down into the valley of the Washburn from the west, dividing the two Timbles on the south from the parish of Weston, of which we shall have something to say hereafter.

Dibb, married to one Breakes, of Timble: the woman is evil thought on for witchcraft, and a daughter of hers raised a report that her mother used in a deep Gill at Timble to meet and confer with black things or spirits.

On Saturday, the 9th of March, the child fell in trance, and saw Dibb's wife, Thorp's wife, Margaret Wait, junior, and the black cat. They told her that her sister should fall by and by. The child said, "Why dost thou look at my brother William, and at my sister Hellen?" At which instant Hellen said, "I see her," viz., Thorp's wife; and having so said she fell in trance, to whom Thorp's wife showed her lease, which she spake of before: it was a large paper written with blood, and she said she came to let her see it, and had gotten it of her master to that end, with much ado. She advised her to throw it in the fire, and to forsake her master, and asked her what he promised her. The woman answered, "He promised enough." She replied, "He hath nothing to give but fire." So the woman departed, and she came to herself, confirming what we had written of these strange circumstances—of the compacts between the witches and the devils, the manner of their grants—the writing of them with blood, and the like, all of which were iterated another day upon this occasion.

A justice of peace here desired that my daughter and Thorp's wife might be personally together before him, so they confronted, as he appointed, and the wench fell in trance, and was senseless to all persons present, but to Thorp's wife she talked, and the woman (against her will, but enforced thereunto by the justice) interrogated of all these circumstances of the leases, the writing of them, and other particulars, which the wench answered, repeating to the woman all that she had told her concerning the same. The same justice also in the church, at Fuystone, told me in private, that he would try if Thorp's wife were a witch, by causing her to say the Lord's Prayer, for if she were a witch, he said, that in the repetition of that prayer she could not say the words, "Forgive us our trespasses." I

was silent, and observed the trial. The woman being put to it could not say those words by any means. At first she repeated the prayer, and wholly omitted them, and then being admonished and urged to the point, she stood amazed, and finally could not at all utter them, of which many people were witnesses, to their admiration.

Of these contracts with the devil the reports both by books and traditions be infinite, and true perhaps, though some of them seem foolish and some idle ; but seeing they be secret agreements betwixt the devil and his agents, it is not possible that any good christian should understand them, though many, not of the simplest, put some confidence in them. Thus I think that the taking away of something belonging to the party on whom they intend to practice, or the touching of their bodies, or such like, be covenants which the devil enforceth the witch to perform before he will assist her in afflicting the parties. And again, the sewing of certain words in set forms, the heating of iron tongs, the scratching of the witch and the like, to be covenants also to dissolve the bargain between them, and so to heal perchance the party grieved. I was often moved to seek help by some of these means, especially by the scratching,* which was urged to me as

* Of all preventitives and cures for witchcraft this was deemed the most effectual, and also the easiest of performance ; it was only to scratch the witch with a pin, a nail, or anything so as to draw blood from her, when the whole of her enchantments became of no avail, and the aggrieved party became instantly well. This practice is frequently alluded to by Shakespeare—

“Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch.”

If a bible, some say a prayer book, be carried about the person the charms of witches cannot take effect. Mistletoe hung about the neck has the same effect. The root of angelica was possessed of similar virtues, but of all the trees and plants of the field the mountain ash or Rowan was the most powerful charm against witchcraft, where the smallest fragment of it was worn the strongest spells could not take effect. Many other plants, especially the four leaved clover, had a nearly similar power. Then there were the means mentioned by Butler which are even yet employed to

“Chase evil spirits away by dint
Of sickle, horse shoe, hollow flint.”

a remedy ordained of God, but I could never believe it to be so, for I well knew that God is not tied to forms and circumstances, which though it pleased Him to use sometimes,—as to Naaman the leper—wash and be whole; and to the blind man,—laying clay made with spittle upon his eyes before the Ephata;* yet to presume that any such ceremonies are left as perpetual remedies for leprosy and blindness is a mere blindness indeed, and to practice them is an irreligious arrogancy. We left therefore their charms, tongs, and scratchings to them that put confidence in them, and to the devil who devised them; and only relied upon the goodness of God and invoked his help, without tempting Him by prescribing the means,† but attended his mercy which he hath not withholden from us, so that we are not disappointed of our hope. His name be praised therefore.

On Sunday, the 17th of March, the strange woman laid upon the children when they were in bed, as she had promised them the day before, and after they were got up she came to them in the kitchen, and told them she had been at York with other witches, drinking wine in a cellar there, &c. Then she threatened to kill Hellen, but the wench got a rod, and starting up beat the woman until she kneeled down and prayed her to forgive her. Then I took the rod and struck at the place where the children said the old woman was, but they perceived it not, yet they saw the woman much troubled and asked her what she ailed. For she wept bitterly that the tears ran down, and stirred from place to place to avoid the blows, and lastly told the children that I did strike at her, and she was

* Or Ephphatha, signifying “be opened.”

† It appears very singular during all this time that his children have been suffering we find no mention of any physician or medicine man of any kind being called in to attempt to relieve them, nor do we hear of any home made or old wives’ medicines being administered, which were often held

“As of sovereign use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
Or ghastly furies’ apparition.”

afraid to be so beaten, that she should stand up visible before all who were present. In this extremity, her spirit at the instant came to help her, being then in likeness of a bird ; it took her away. and both of them ran out of the door together. The same afternoon the strange woman again came to the children, and Elizabeth did strike at her ; but the elder sister did lay long in great extremity, for a white cat leaped on her, and did afflict her ; which cat she knew to be Margaret Wait's spirit, called Inges ; and this was one of the first works of that spirit. But the woman's agony, her tears and trouble for her beating, were so many arguments of a solid body, which the wench hit upon her when she struck with the rod ; neither have I read any precedents of such passions showed by the devil at any time.

On Tuesday, the 19th of March, my daughter Hellen went to fetch a blanket which was upon the hedge, and there she took up a short hazel staff, which when she had, the strange woman appeared and snatched it from her. The wench moved thereat, stepped to the woman and took hold of the staff, and after some wrestling with her, took it from her, and brought it into the house and put it into the fire in the kitchen, and there held it, and would not suffer any person to touch it. At that time she fell in trance, and the woman came and offered to take it out of the fire, but could not, and therefore wept bitterly. She asked her why she cried for it. The woman answered that she laid it in that place before the blanket, in hope that her or Elizabeth Morehouse, or somebody else, would have taken it up, and then she could have bewitched them whosoever had touched it ; but now she had burnt it, which she should repent : and presently the white cat Fillie came, and she was greatly tormented. The staff none knew, nor how it came there ; and it was perchance some instrument to practice by upon the touch, as the woman said, which the wench disappointed ; and it is true that when she found the staff and wrestled with the woman for it she was perfect in her senses, and not in trance ; yet then she saw, heard, and felt the woman, which she could not have done

to a spirit; so that both in trance and out their feeling of the witches was the same to them without difference.

On Wednesday, the 20th of March, the strange woman again appeared to my daughter Hellen, and wept for her staff, and entreated her to steal a paper for her, in which I had written the words which she spake to Henry Graver and Thomas Forrest, and the cats which troubled him, for she said if that paper were seen it would hang her if ever she was known; and if it were not locked up she would steal it herself. The wench refused to steal the paper; thereupon the woman was angry, and did cast her into great extremity. The things contained in the paper were these:—Thomas Forrest,* a young man, came riding late near the house of Margaret Wait, and there he was suddenly assaulted by many cats, so that he could hardly defend himself from them, but did ride away with all the speed he could, and so escaped; yet they followed him a great way; and it was told to the children afterwards that the cats were witches then assembled at the house of Wait's wife, who desired to have pulled Thomas Forrest from his horse, that they might have got such a touch of him, as they might have afterwards bewitched him.

That which concerned Henry Graver written in the paper was this:—The 20th of February my daughter Hellen being in trance saw Dibb's wife, who told her that she had been at the church, and the man which hired them to bewitch her (as before she said he would do) did there look at her, but spake not to her at all, and yet he passed by her as she talked with Robert Atkinson, and went and leaned upon the table in the choir. That it was Henry Graver indeed, and that he hired them to bewitch her father and mother, but they could get no power on them, and that she got power on her first by touching her

* The name of Forrest is of frequent occurrence in the Fewston parish register. We give one entry as a specimen:—"1608, Arthure Jollop and Jennet Forrest were married the 10th of Februarie." The family was of Great Timble, and continued to flourish there until quite a recent period, if indeed it be yet extinct.

at the church, but that touch was not enough, yet the same Sunday in the afternoon as she came from home in company of John Pullein's wife and Wilkinson's wife, she then touched her again and got power on her. Also the 2nd of March the strange woman in the hall told Hellen that she would now tell her who it was that hired them to bewitch her, and said it was Henry Graver. She answered, "I have been told that already; why dost thou tell me it again? We think him an honest man, and that thou dost slander him." The woman said, "Nay, but it is true, and I will tell thee a true thing in that matter," which was, that Henry Graver did hire Thorp's wife and Wait's wife to bewitch her and Jeffray's daughter, and gave them money, and that he went to the house of Wait's wife divers times after she was first questioned, and before she went to the gaol; that he had talked there with her and encouraged her, and said she could not be hurt because they had taken away no life, and promised that she should want nothing. And he gave her money from time to time, and maintained them lest they should tell of him, for he is afraid of them. The wench then asked the woman how she knew what talk Graver had with Wait's wife at her house. She did answer that she was there, and sat by the fire in likeness of a cat, when Graver came thither, and so heard their talk. This was the sum of that which the paper contained, and which the woman required Hellen to steal.

On Thursday, the 21st of March, the strange woman appeared to my eldest daughter, being in trance, and told her that she had been at Robinson's wife's bedside on the night, and that Robinson's wife would either kill herself or some other, and then they would have her, as she had none to read to her or instruct her, and that she would never think ill of Bess Foster. Further she said that Dibb's wife was the grandame witch, and that she herself was next her, but Wait's wife was as great a witch as any of them. That they thought to have the life of Henry Fairfax, my youngest son, but they could not hurt

him; which child being about three years old, upon Shrove Tuesday at night was suddenly very sick and shrieked pitifully, and said, "See, see!" and in the best language he had made it be understood that a woman appeared to him with a great knife in her hand. Thus he continued two or three days and nights, in which time he became so weak and his flesh was so consumed that we expected his death, yet it pleased God that he escaped with his life, and is well.

This Robinson's wife here named, is a near neighbour to us, of good estate, and is a very good and honest woman. She is in strange case, and often moved to destroy herself or her child, or some of the family. Her husband is a great favourer of these women questioned, especially of Elizabeth Foster, usually called Bess Foster, who is very familiar in his house, yet he hath little cause to do so, for besides the trouble of this wife, he had a former wife bewitched to death by the witches of Lancashire, as in the book made of those witches and their actions and executions you may read. But I forbear to say much of my neighbour, Henry Robinson,* for that at

* Henry Robinson resided at Swinsty Hall, a stately Elizabethan mansion, less than a mile distant from Newhall towards the south-east. He was originally of Old Laund, near Colne and Pendle Forest, in Lancashire, and consequently was right in the centre of the Lancashire witch land, and his wife must have suffered previous to 1614, when twelve witches were condemned at Lancaster. He purchased Swinsty Hall in 1590 from Francis Wood, a former owner. He was probably the most wealthy man at that time in the neighbourhood. He died in 1639, and was buried at Fewston as is evident by the following extract from the parish register.—"1639. Mr. Henrie Robinson, of Swinstie Hall, was buried the 25th of November." In the Inquisition post mortem, held July 23rd, 1640, the jurors say, "that the said Henry Robinson at the time of his decease was seized in fee of a capital mansion called Swinsty Hall, with pertinents and five other messuages or tenements, and various parcels of meadow or pasture land, &c. They also say that the capital messuage, tenements, and lands in little Timble were held by the said Henry Robinson of the Archbishop of York, by knight's service, as the fourth part of a fee, at an annual rent of twenty two shillings and two pence. And John Robinson is son and heir of the said Henry Robinson, and is of the age of twenty-nine years and upwards." The hall and estate were held by the family of Robinson

this time there is some unkindness and questions of law betwixt us.

Upon Monday, the 1st of April, the assizes began at York, at which place I was with my eldest daughter; the little one was left at home at the same time. All the six women questioned were there also; and upon Tuesday, the 2nd of April, the strange woman appeared to the child at home, and told her that her master, viz., the devil, was then gone to God Almighty to ask leave of him to get down her and her brother Henry Fairfax. And the next day she came to her again, and told her that God had denied to give her master leave to get them down (for

until 1772, when it passed into the female line, and at present belongs to Mr. John Bramley, of Norwood.

Swinsty Hall yet stands, the best, most substantial and majestic of the old halls which grace the valley of the Washburn. It stands with its clustered chimneys and many gables, grey, and grand in lonely solitude, a pile of mystery surrounded by legends. There is no road, not even a paved trackway for pack-horses leading to it from any quarter. There is no stone quarry near from which it has been hewn, and yet it has been piled up stone by stone at a great cost of time and labour. Tradition states that the stones of which it was built were brought on pack-horses from the opposite side of the Washburn valley. We might almost be tempted to think that some mighty magician had moved it by his art from some other locality, and placed it here in this lonely situation as the place of concealment for some enchanted beauty. The popular mind, sorely puzzled to account for its existence, invented the legend of the poor weaver, the plague, and the waggon load of gold, which is something to the following effect:—The builder of the Hall was a man of the name of Robinson, who in his youth was a poor weaver, and resided in a humble cottage near where the hall now stands; he left his humble home, travelled to London at a time when the plague was raging in that city, when death had left many houses totally uninhabited and desolate, wherein no survivors were left to bury the dead, and no heirs to claim their wealth. Our north country adventurer seeing this state of things, not forgetting himself amid the general mourning and confusion, took possession of the gold thus left without an owner to such an extent that he loaded a waggon and team of horses with the wealth thus acquired, with which he returned homeward, and in due time reached the place of his birth. But the story of the plague had reached the place as soon as himself and gold, and none of his former neighbours would admit him into their dwellings for fear of contagion. He washed his gold in the Greenwell Spring, near the Hall, and with the wealth thus acquired purchased the estate, and built Swinsty Hall.

that was the woman's phrase), in which he did not well to deny him. The sequel showed the woman's words likely to be true, for the boy having escaped the great danger which he fell into on Shrove Tuesday, hath ever since, I thank God, had his perfect health, and neither been in trance nor seen vision. And this going of Satan to ask leave is somewhat to be compared to the place of Scripture in Job i., 6., and ii., 1, and 1 Kings xxii., 21., that of Ahab's prefects of the devil standing before the Lord; and it is a great motive to me to proceed against these women, for that all the six being at York, then not one of them did appear unto her, or trouble the child, neither at any time when they were in durance, or any restraint laid upon them, did they execute any of their power upon the children, yet so soon as they were loose they forbore no longer to molest them.

On Thursday, the 4th of April, my eldest son William Fairfax being in the field called Birkbanks aforesaid, started a hare out of a bush and set a dog at her. Mr. Smithson, vicar of Fuystone, saw her also, and in like sort caused his dog to run at her, but they quickly lost the sight of her. That day, soon after the child was in trance, and the strange woman did appear to her and told her that she was the hare which her brother and the vicar set their dogs at; and that she came over the water with her brother William, and that he should see her again the next time he went to that place; which proved true. Also she affirmed that when she was in likeness of a hare, or of any such thing, she was then senseless. That being said, she showed to the child eight pictures of one sort, by which she said she did bewitch such as she had now in hand. Three of them were of my children, and three of John Jeffray's daughters, the other two she said were one of them a maid, late servant of Ralph Franckland*, and the other of a young

* This Ralph Frankland was of the family of that name, long settled at Thirkley, near Thirsk, which up to a recent period possessed considerable estates at Blubberhouses, in this parish, now held by Lord Walsingham. These estates were acquired during the reign of Elizabeth

woman called Atkinson; which two last mentioned (at the same time), were strangely afflicted, especially the man, with trances and swoonings. Also she had her five pictures, by which she said she had practiced before upon others. The child desired to feel the pictures, and the woman did suffer her to handle the first six of them, which she felt to be substantial, not illusory. For the woman's report that she was that hare, the detractors and slanderous scoffers of this infant may be confounded, if they consider that the child foretold out of the woman's mouth that her brother should see the hare again, which he did indeed in the same place upon Tuesday, the 9th April next following, which foretelling could be no imposture of the child, for her teachers, if they can suppose any such, could not themselves preface it so many days before. I cannot with silence pass over her saying that being in that or the like shape she was senseless, for as to the transforming of shapes in this kind the question deserveth to be written of in a whole volume, but it is far above my learning to resolve it, and books from which I might borrow any help are (in this wilderness), as rare as civility is, or learning itself.

It is not doubted but that the devil can transform himself

by William Frankland, of Rye, in the parish of Stanstead Allot, in the county of Hertford, a citizen and clothworker of London; and who on the 19th of August, 1574, gave to his brother Richard, and his son Hugh, the manor of Blubberhouses, and all his lands there and at Fewston. In the year 1638, William Frankland, of Thirkilbie, in the county of York, with Henry Frankland, knight, son and heir apparent of the aforesaid William Frankland, and Richard Frankland de Fuiston, in the said county, gentleman, surrendered the messuage or tenement of Upper Cragg, together with certain lands situate and existing *infra hamleto de Fuiston et villa de Timble infra Foresta de Knaresburgh*, to the use and behoof of Henry Fairfax, of Newton Kime, in the said county, clerk. This Henry Fairfax eventually became fourth Lord Fairfax, Baron Cameron. The following entries belonging to this family are from the Fewston parish register:—"1602, William Hardestie and Fraunces Frankland were married by a licence the 21st of October." "1604, George Cheldrey and Agnes Frankland were married the 18th of June." "1615, Margaret, daughter of Raphe Frankland, was baptized the 16th of April." "1629, The wife of Raphe Frankland was buried the 26th of January." "1640, Raphe Frankland was buried the 15th of Februarie."

into an angel of light, that he can enter into or use a living body as he did into the serpent and into the ass when he had talked to Eve and Balaam; and as profane stories remember of the ox in Lucania, of which Pliny and others speak; and his possessions of human bodies are neither to be numbered or denied; and this transformation of other bodies was believed of the ancients; by the Greeks, as that of Periclymenus who could turn himself into a fly, an ant, or a bee, or what he list, as Hesiod and Euphorian testify; or that of Empusa recorded by Aristophenes and Epicharmus, and the Latines agreed with them, as the works of Medea and Circe witness. But above all, the Leucanthopoi is most miraculous. This was believed in by all antiquity, and modern experience confirmeth the truth thereof, especially the late accidents in the Netherlands of Stub Peter and others, which witches that people do call *Weary wolves*;* of whom many wise and worthy persons report great wonders for assured truths. Also the changing of witches into hares, cats, and the like shapes, is so common as late testimonies and confessions approve unto us, that none but the stupidly incredulous can wrong the credit of the reporters, or doubt of the certainty. For the admonishment of the witch, and her senselessness while she is in that shape, I leave it to every man's conjecture, for it is above the reach of human reason to attain to the knowledge of what they then feel or

* This form of superstition, known as Lycanthropy, was that a human being had the power by sorcery, of transforming himself into the shape of a wolf (hence the name of were-wolves), and in that capacity, being seized with a species of fury, he rushed out and made havoc among the flocks, slaying and wasting like the animal he represented, far more than he could devour. This species of human folly did not prevail extensively in England, but was very prevalent in France and Western Germany, and worst of all in Livonia, which appears to have been the favourite haunt of these terrible creatures. The Irish *man-wolf* was not guilty of such atrocities, nor was it by choice that he adopted that shape, being compelled to assume it through the power of some vindictive priest or bishop; and Camden states that it was not uncommon for jilted mistresses and deserted wives to bribe witch and wizard that they might place the faithless men in such a situation as should consign them to the penal servitude of lycanthropy for the usual term of seven years.

imagine. But lest I be thought to be carried away with my passion, or to be credulous above cause, or so feign to be, because of my interest, let me freely tell the HONEST READER, that with St. Austin *De Civitate Dei*. lib. 18, cap. 18, I verily believe that the devil cannot really or truly change the shape of man or woman into any other likeness ; but that every such metamorphosis is only an illusion by which he doth abuse both the spectators and the witch herself ; and if she do things in that alteration above the faculties proportionable of her true body, these she doth by the devil's power ; to which may be ascribed her going invisible and the like ; for as a late writer well noteth, *Diabolus potest objectum quam celeriter novire, vel multis modis tegere, ut nos fallit*. Therefore I hold it not improbable, neither esteem it impossible, that the witch is sometimes heard, seen, and felt by the persons upon whom she hath power, and by none other. But that the devil can take to himself a true body, or that he can make one of this man's leg, the second's arm, and the head of the third (as a great divine hath lately written), or that he can play the incubus and beget children, as the old tale of Merlin, and our late wonder of the son of Mary Pannell* (not yet forgot) seem to insinuate. I think these fitter relations to fill up such fabulous stories as that of King Arthur, than to blot the leaves of grave divines and learned philosophers, which I am sorry to see them do so often.

The same Thursday, at night, Dibb's wife and Thorp's wife came home from York,† and the morning after both

* For an account of the birth and parentage of the great enchanter, Merlin, see Geoffrey of Monmouth's *British History*. In the year 1603, Mary Pannell, who had long been notorious for supposed sorceries, was hung at York, for the crime of having bewitched to death William Witham, Esq., who died at Ledstone, in 1593.

† Fairfax gives no Diary of the time spent at York, no report of the trial, or the summing up of the judge, and it is only from the return home of two of the accused women that we know that the verdict has been "Not Guilty." The Rev. Canon Raine, in preface to "*Depositions from York Castle*," says, "I am happy to say that in no instance have I discovered the record of the conviction of a reputed witch. All

these women and their spirits, the cat and the bird, did all appear to the child; and so they did also the day following, viz., Saturday, the 6th of April; and they then told her that myself and my eldest daughter were then at Tadcaster, and that we lay there the night past, and were coming home, but that we should hardly get home that night, for they would come and meet us upon the way. It was true that upon that Friday at night the 5th of April, myself and my company lay at Tadcaster, but that was unknown to my family, neither could they suspect it, for the place was not in my usual way from York; but the occasion which brought me thither was for that the judges* and many other people with them, riding from York by the way of Knaresborough as we should have done; to avoid the frequency of people which then travelled, we took the other way as less troublesome, and more fit at that time for our distressed company, and so lay at Tadcaster; which our doing was revealed by the child at my house, at Newhall, many miles distant, upon that Friday at night. In the inn at Tadcaster, both my eldest daughter and Maud Jeffray fell in trance, in which they saw Dibb's wife, who told

honour to the northern juries for discrediting these absurd tales! And yet some of these weak and silly women had themselves only to thank for the position they were placed in. They made a trade of their evil reputation. They were the wise women of the day. They professed some knowledge of medicine, and could recover stolen property. People gave them money for their services. Their very threats brought silver into their coffers. It was to their interest to gain the ill name for which they suffered. They were certainly uniformly acquitted at the assizes, but no judge, or jury, or minister could make the people generally believe that they were innocent. The superstition was too deeply rooted to be easily eradicated."

* The judges were now journeying from York to Lancaster on horse-back by way of Knaresborough and Skipton, by the best roads they could find, and none of them good. "The assizes were held twice a year, in March and August. Of their duration it is not easy to speak with certainty, but there seems to have been quite as much business to transact as there is at the present time. The circuit always commenced with York, and never with Lancaster or Appleby. The journeys of the dispensers of the law in many respects resembled the progresses of royalty. The sheriffs always escorted them with a gallant train of gentlemen."

them that the child was then in trance at Newhall, and in great extremity. We noted the time, and found it at our coming home to be true. Judge, READER, how this could be an imposture, the children being so far divided from each other; yet telling those passages, that I lay at Tadcaster with my eldest daughter the same night, and they in that town declaring in what case the child was at home; at which time also Dibb's wife told the two wenches she would meet us again the next day upon the moor; which promise, Mr. Clifton, vicar of Tadcaster, hearing the wenches declare, he desired me to certify him of the success the next day.

On Saturday, the 6th of April, we departed from Tadcaster, and rode without any interruption until we came to Collingham, or Clifford Moor, as some call it. There the place being very fair, we alight to walk on foot; myself and my daughter walked alone, and Richard England, my servant, led after us the horses upon which we rode; the rest of the company were before us, about twelve score.* Jeffray's daughter said suddenly to those that were with her that she saw Dibb's wife and Thorp's wife pass by them, and that the strange woman went along the top of a bank, which is cast up there for a great space together, (the remains, as I take it, of the intrenchment of the rebels in that place encamped 12th Elizabeth)† and she looked after them and told them they went towards Hellen Fairfax, and stood round about her, and declared on which side of her each of them severally stood. At that instant I took my horse, not knowing anything of the matter, and my man offered to set my

* About 240 yards in advance, not that number of people, as has been erroneously supposed.

† In the rebellion of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland against the Queen's authority in 1569, commonly called "The Rising in the North." They were on this moor about the 20th of November in that year, which was the limit of their march southward, and thence they turned northwards, but we were not aware that they threw up any entrenchments here. See Wordsworth's "White Doe of Rylstone."

daughter up behind me, but she could not speak to him. I perceived she was in trance and alighted again, and sat down with her upon the bank aforesaid, where she began to talk to Thorp's wife and the strange woman. During this time the company that went before (having heard the words of Maud Jeffray) looked towards us, and perceived that my daughter was in some way troubled, therefore they sent back Francis Pullein to see how the case stood with her, who found her in trance, and reported unto us the former words of Maud Jeffray, who this while was very well. Then the women said to my daughter that they would leave her and go and cast down Maud Jeffray, which it seems they did; which we observing by the wench's word, I caused Francis Pullein to take my horse and to ride to the company with speed to see the event. He rode apace, and when he came there found Jeffray's daughter in trance, talking to the same women, in which state we took them up, and with much trouble carried them to the town of Collingham,* where they came to themselves, and rode on our journey very well until we came to the gate entering on Harwood Moor, at which gate (as my daughter told me) Dibb's wife stood. All the company present passed the gate, and left the woman there standing, who stayed in that place until Francis Pullein and Richard England came to the gate, (for they were behind amending a cloth bag which laid not well). At their coming the women came with them from the place, and in their company all the three women overtook us. The two wenches saw all they did, and laughed thereat and reported it unto us, not being in any trance until they came all unto us; then they fell in trance in which the women told them that Francis Pullein should go home on foot. Whereupon the women, sometimes one and sometimes another, were seen by the children to ride upon his horse behind him, which they talked of to the

* Collingham is a small parish town pleasantly situated in the valley of the Wharfe, on the southern side of the river of that name, about a mile west of Wetherby, and rather more than 6 miles from Tadcaster.

women, and by these words we understood what passed. The horse was suddenly so troubled and unable to go forward that the man was forced to alight, but then his case was worse, for the witches at once rode upon him, so that he could neither lead nor drive him but with much difficulty. Often he struck in the saddle and where the wenches said the witches sat; at such times the women avoided the blows and leaped from the horse, who as long as he was discharged of them went on, but he found not much of that ease. Thus with much trouble we came to Harwood,* to the house of Mr. Jackson, where they were presently well. From thence I certified Mr. Clifton, of Tadcaster, what had passed, as he requested, the day before. From Harwood we departed, and rode on till we came again upon the moors above Stainburn, where they fell in trance again, and so talked to the same women as before, and Francis Pullein's horse was used in the same manner again; so with much ado we got home to my house about the setting of the sun.†

* Harewood is one of the neatest villages in the county of York, about 5 miles west of Collingham, seat of the Earls of Harewood, to whom it gives title. Their magnificent mansion is situate in a large and beautiful park; the venerable church contains the tomb of the upright judge Sir William Gascoigne, and the dismantled castle is a memorial of the noble family of Aldburgh, once lords of Harewood.

† The route of the poet Fairfax and his companions is pretty clearly defined along this ride, and a wondrous ride it would be to those who had their eyes open and could see all the incidents of it. From York to Tadcaster, in a southerly direction, by a well-known road, 10 miles; then they turned westward, travelling up the southern side of the river Wharfe by way of Newton Kyme, over Clifford Moor, (Boston was not built then) to Collingham, 6 miles; thence to Harewood, 5 miles; here they turned a little to the right and crossed the river Wharfe at Harewood Bridge; thence by way of Dunkswick, Weeton, and Huby, to the unenclosed Forest of Knaresborough, on Stainburn Moor; thence by mere trackways in the heath past the rocks of Little Almas Cliff to Norwood, where we suppose they parted company with Maud Jeffray; thence by way of Rowton Wath across the river Washburn to Newhall, a further distance of about 11 miles, making about 32 miles in all. The other route from York by way of Knaresborough would be about 28 miles. The miles of Fairfax are long ones, he says. Leeds is ten miles distant from Newhall, whereas it is at least 15 miles.

This accident concerning Pullein's horse is such as the greatest adversaries the children have, I think, cannot tell what Bancks* could instruct him to play his part so well in the imposture; if he did counterfeit and combine with the children, he was justly punished for his knavery, for of this I am sure, he was very like to have died for many weeks after, but at the last he recovered in some measure. Ridiculous are they that think the horse could combine in the practice, and wicked if they question the truth of this particular, which so many oaths hath confirmed.

On Tuesday, the 9th of April, I was standing in the court yard before the porch of my house, and my eldest daughter was with me, who said she did see Dibb's wife come over the river, and Thorp's wife come another way down the hill. She told me they came nearer and nearer, and where they were until they came just to us, saying, "Now they are here." Then I took her by the arm and led her into the house. Instantly both she and her sister were in trance, in which Dibb's wife told Hellen that she would have the life of John Pullein's child first, then of

* Bankes was a celebrated horse trainer in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. His celebrated dancing horse Marocco, was in 1596 exhibited in Scotland, and in 1600 in London; he would not merely dance to music, but restore a glove to the proper owner after his master had whispered the man's name in his ear; he would also tell the number of pence in any piece of silver coin merely shown him by his master; and many other most remarkable and almost incredible feats. This horse was also shown in France, where by way of stimulating popular curiosity Bankes professed to believe that the animal was a spirit in equine form. This, however, had very nearly led to unpleasant consequences, in raising an alarm that there was something diabolic in the case. Bankes very dexterously saved himself for this once by causing the horse to select a man from a crowd with a cross on his hat, and pay homage to the sacred emblem; calling on all to observe that nothing satanic could have been induced to perform such an act of reverence. Sir Walter Raleigh thought Bankes worthy of mention in his "History of the World," saying that "If Bankes had lived in olden times he would have shamed all the enchanters of the world, for whosoever was most famous amongst them could never master or instruct a beast as he did." Sir Kenelm Digby mentions this horse in his "Treatise of Bodies," and Shakespeare alludes to him as "the dancing horse," in "Love's Labour Lost," Act I., Scene II.

Maud Jeffray; and that Slater's wife, alias Elizabeth Dickonson, did get blood of my little daughter, Anne Fairfax, by which means they did bewitch her to death.

Also the same day they saw the white cat, which then told Hellen that she was the strange woman's spirit, and so had been twenty years; that her name was Fillie, which she had heard once before, the 25th of February. Thorp's wife also in that trance appeared unto them, at which time two women from Leeds, being ten miles distant, came into the house. Thorp's wife was earnest with Hellen to tell her who these women were, and told her that one of them was fine, in a stuff petticoat; for she could not tell who they were, for she knew not of their coming, being in trance before they came in. Thorp's wife said she would know before she went. After a while her spirit the bird came to her, with which she had a little private speech, and then she said to the wench that one of these women was her Uncle Martin's wife, and the other a woman that did use to buy and sell butter: all of which was true. The women heard these things concerning themselves, and wondered at the manner of it; and Hellen when she came to her remembrance of them, wondered as much to see them there. This day my son William saw the hare again in the close called Birklands, as his little sister foretold the 4th of April.

That Thorp's wife at the first knew not these women, it sheweth that it was her person indeed which appeared unto the children, and therefore that her knowledge was not exceeding the capacity of any other women; being ignorant who the women were until her spirit informed her of them; for if she herself had been a spirit, she had not needed another devil to give her intelligence.

On Wednesday, the 10th of April, Dibb's wife came into the kitchen, and laid an egg upon my daughter Hellen's knee, and showed her six or seven eggs more, and told her she had taken four of them out of an ark in the chamber, and that she had got the other four at John Jeffray's house. Upon hearing of speeches to this effect uttered by

the wench, Elizabeth Moorhouse said that there were eight eggs in the ark spoken of; and therefore she went presently to see, and found only four left; the other four were taken away, as the woman said. In this trance they talked much, and Dibb's wife touched Hellen's arm, and said she should be lame thereof; and accordingly when she came to herself her left arm, which the woman touched, was lame for a time, and she had no use of it.

This taking of the eggs away, and the laying of one upon the wench's knee was a matter of fact and no illusion; neither could it be anything counterfeit, for the egg upon her knee was an egg indeed; and was taken and trial was made of it so to be; and the rest which Dibb's wife showed in her apron, were so also without doubt, for the want of them in the place where she took them appeared by certain knowledge of the servants to be true. The like was done by a single twopence which another time Dibb's wife showed, and said she took it out of my wife's desk, and that in the place where she took it there lay another single twopence, and four whole shillings. My wife knew this to be true, and went to look for the twopence which the woman showed, which was a new one, but she found it not with the other money. The like was done to John Jeffray, from whom a whole shilling was taken; which with the former twopence were together showed to Maud Jeffray. The woman said she took the twopence when my wife opened the desk; and that she took also out of the same two things which she did eat, but she knew not what they were, therefore she could not name them, but said they were things sent from Leeds to my wife for a token; which was true, for they were two sugar cakes which one of her brother's wives sent her. These cakes, the twopence, and Jeffray's shilling were indeed gone, and never seen more. The circumstances seem to prove that the woman herself, and not her spirit, did these things. For I doubt how the rich usurers could keep their monies in safety, if the devil had any such power to take it out of their chests. Also if he had taken the cakes he could have named them, which the

woman could not do, for that her rudeness had not made her acquainted with such things, so she spake according to her ignorance.

On Tuesday, the 16th of April, Dibb's wife appeared to my eldest daughter, and told her that she did show herself to her in the likeness of an old man, by the water side, when she was newly come to Newhall to dwell. She answered, "I remember well that I saw there a man with a long beard." The woman said she had a beard at home which she put on sometimes, as then when she appeared unto her by the river's side like the old man. At which time she had there four loaves of bread, two for her and her sister, and two for her brothers William Fairfax and Edward Fairfax. These loaves she set all upon the water, where the two that were for her and her sister sank to the bottom, and so she got on them; but the loaves for her brethren did swim, and because they would not sink she could get no power on them. Further she said that upon every loaf she put a drop of blood, and if the water had changed the blood, they would have had their lives; but the blood did not change but remained in the same state as when it was first put in the water, and therefore they could not kill them but only trouble them. Further she declared that she was one of them that bewitched to death Anne Fairfax, my little daughter, and reported that upon a Friday in October she came to the house where the child was nursed, and took a time when all the people of the house were abroad, and the child and another infant of the nurse's were left alone, lying in several cradles. She stood before them, she said, and showed herself to them with the beard upon her face, and a great knife in her hand: at which sight the children shrieked out, and were so affrighted that they took sickness thereupon, of which the nurse's child recovered hardly, and my daughter died the Tuesday after; indeed in strange sort by bleeding at whole and sound parts of her body, where the blood brake out to the admiration of all such as saw it.

I take the tale of Dibb's wife of the loaves, to be like the vision of Elizabeth Bentley of the women's washing clothes, and the shapes of the said children seen about her as aforesaid, and these to be ceremonies idle and needless, but in respect of the contract between the devil and the witches, it is like they were necessary circumstances to be observed by them, and limits upon the doing or omitting of which whereof their prevailing depended, for the issue showed the truth of that limitation of their power. The two boys, especially the younger, were attempted upon, as some particulars well showed; but they prevailed not, neither had they the power to kill my daughters, but only to afflict them in such strange sort as you have heard, and shall hear more: from which God in his mercy hath now, I trust, delivered them.

On Thursday, the 10th of April, the children were both of them made blind by the cat, and so continued until Friday at nine o'clock; then their sight was restored. They were told that all the witches had a feast at Timble Gill*: their meat was roasted about midnight. At the

* As this remarkable feast took place at Timble Gill, we determined to explore the glen, and see if we could find any place therein suitable for such a purpose. Selecting a day in spring, a little earlier in the year than that on which the witches' feast took place, we approached the spot from the village of Great Timble (from which it is distant about half-a-mile in a southerly direction), down a narrow lane called "The Bridle Road," and a very old road it is, and much in the same state as when the witches and their master passed along it to feast in the Gill. It has been frequented in old times by pack-horses only, and towards the brook is deeply worn into the ground, the banks on each side overgrown with wild flowers, and the hedges above almost touching each other, form an arcade of foliage. At the bottom is the brook, or beck, which is crossed by a ford, or wath. Immediately above the ford, three slender brooklets unite their streams, and even then the current is not a powerful one. This ford is the scene of a legend of the class which Edward Fairfax would have readily believed, and which holds a place in rustic belief even now. Many years ago, a man of the name of Wardman, was most foully murdered at this place by a blow on the head with the butt end of a gun. His restless ghost afterwards haunted the scene of his murder, terrifying travellers who were so unfortunate as to pass that way after nightfall. This ghost at length became such a nuisance (*flay-bogle* was the word used) that a determination was come to by the

upper end of the table sat their master, viz., the devil, at the lower end Dibb's wife, who provided for the feast, and was the cook : and therefore that she could not come to the children that day. It was true that the children that day saw her not ; but the next day, being Good Friday, they saw her, and the spotted cat Inges, Margaret Wait's spirit, which talked to the little child and told her whose spirit she was, and her name.

villagers to have it conjured down to keep the peace ; and a Romish priest was employed for that purpose, who overcame the simplicity of the poor wanderer of the night by the old trick of a burning candle. It consented to be bound down until the candle should be burnt, when the wily conjuror threw it into a deep hole in the brook, so that it never could be burnt, and the poor ghost never more have liberty to wander abroad. The Gill, or glen, is neither remarkably deep nor wide, the narrow strip of woodland which fringes the sides of the watercourse is seldom more than 100 yards across, while the depth of the ravine is only about 100 feet. It has evidently been worn by water at some remote period, chiefly through beds of sandy shale. The stream is very crooked and generally very rapid. The sides of the glen are clothed principally with a growth of native timber, in some places intermixed with larches. All the ground was overspread with a carpet of wood anemone in full bloom, intermingled with countless thousands of primroses, while the hyacinth and forget-me-not were springing up ready to supply a second bloom of beauty. A footpath crosses the stream in one place by means of a bridge made of the trunk of a single tree, without any handrail, resting upon abutments of masonry of the most primitive kind. A little lower down is the only place where we thought it likely that the witches and their master could have spread their table. There the stream runs close to the northern side of the glen, and has formed a cliff of black shale of considerable height ; overhung with oaks and other forest trees ; on the opposite side is a piece of level ground some twenty or thirty yards in each direction, which would afford them space to sit and eat ; but if they indulged much in dancing afterwards there is not room enough in the glen ; they would have to do it on broomsticks in the air above. We followed the glen and its streamlet until the sides of the first subsided and were lost in the wider valley of the Washburn, and the latter mingled itself with the same stream. A pleasant walk it was, the brook making music below and the birds pouring out much louder music above ; around were flowers, woods, and hills, all alike pleasing ; we could hardly conceive a scene more unfitted for the purpose by which it is said above to have been desecrated.

“O better were its banks assigned
To spirits of a gentler kind.”

On Tuesday, the 23rd of April, my little daughter, Elizabeth, was in trance, and Dibb's wife appeared to her, whom she desired to feel, and so did. The black cat came also, which she offered to feel, and could not, and said :— "Thou art a spirit, and but a shadow. I cannot feel thee." Then Dibb's wife offered her a piece of money which she refused. The woman said :—"If thou had'st taken it, I would have had thy life," After that she saw the bird appear, and said :—"Let me feel thee Tewhit." So she felt the bird, and said :—"Thou art Thorp's wife herself, therefore stand up in thine own likeness." Then the bird was changed into Thorp's wife. The child said :—"I wist so, for I felt thee, and thou could'st not deceive me." Shortly after, the bird came also, and she offered to touch it, but could not, and said, "This is Tewhit indeed."

If the incredulous or malicious be not yet satisfied that both the devil and his ministers, the witches, be actors in the afflicting of these children; and still object that it may be only spirits, and that their hearing and seeing may (for all that is said hitherto) be deluded; which yet no impartial judgment can think, let them now consider these particulars which follow. Of the feeling and handling of the women, let them note how often and infallibly the trials were made by the children, and how they were distinguished without effort, the women from the spirits at all times when they made the experiment; and to them apply the rule of Christ, St. Luke, xxiv., 39., upon which dependeth that main ground of faith the resurrection of the dead in the flesh. For Christ at that time came into the house where the disciples were assembled, the doors being shut, and He not seen till He stood in the midst; which seemed to them to be actions of a spirit, not of a natural body; therefore seeing so strange a thing, they were affrighted, and supposed they had seen a spirit. But the Lord, to give them infallible argument (which human reason and sense is capable of, and against which he was assured no suggestion of Satan or worldly wisdom could pretend or devise evasion), said :—"Feel me, and handle me; for a spirit hath not flesh and

bones." If it be true that the devil can take to himself a man's body, or can make one of several members for his own use (as I noted before that some divines think), then the incredulity of the Apostles had not thus been satisfied, but many objections might have hindered their belief, and it had not been sufficient for Christ to present himself to their touch : but he used it as the most powerful argument to persuade them, saying, "It is myself—feel!" And when the doubtfulness of Thomas required the like assurance, He came again, using the same means, and no other to confirm him. If there had been any colour of avoiding this certainty, no doubt he who sought to sift and winnow the Apostles would have presented it to their weak faith : but this stopped his mouth for ever.

So the feeling of these women by the children may nonpluss all pleaders for Baal, and make them either yield to truth, or for shame no longer bark against it.

On Wednesday, the 24th of April, Hellen saw Dibb's wife, who told her she had been at York to speak with them in the castle, and that all the witches did meet on Monday, to confer with the master in what sort to proceed in bewitching of the children ; but he could tell them no other way but what they now did. Hellen replied, "That is because God will not suffer him." That day again in the afternoon they were both in trance, and Elizabeth, the child, saw Dibb's wife, and desired to feel her, but could not, therefore she said, "Thou art not Dibb's wife, thou art the black cat in her likeness!" Then Dibb's wife came also in her own likeness, whereat Hellen looked up and said, "What? two Dibb's wives!" She felt the one and said, "Thou art Dibb's wife indeed!" Then she offered to feel the other but could not, and therefore said, "Thou art the black cat." At this time also appeared Thorp's wife, whom the children could not feel, and therefore said, "Thou art not Thorp's wife,—thou art the Tewhit!" Then Thorp's wife herself came, whom they felt, so for a time there appeared two Thorp's wives. Further, at the instant there appeared the strange woman,

but could not be felt. They said, "Thou art a spirit, not the strange woman." She then turned unto the likeness of a white cat called Fillie. Then the strange woman herself came also. But amongst these Thorp's wife's spirit went away in her shape, and turned not into the bird, and Thorp's wife said, "I shall not do as the other spirits did." But she said that she was very angry that she could not rule her spirit, but that it would come in her likeness. And Dibb's wife wept because the black cat took her shape; but the strange woman said she would not be known. Elizabeth said, "Thou art in a red petticoat, and a blue waistcoat, and a ruff band, and a cross-cloth on thy head."* The woman was angry because she described her apparel. Also Dibb's wife at that time showed something in her hand, and said it was poison. Hellen put forth her hand, and said, "Lay it in my hand," which my wife hearing, said, "Would she would lie it in her hand, that it might be showed before the judges." Whereat Dibb's wife refused to give it to Hellen, saying

* What a picturesque witch was this strange woman! She would surely be the belle of the evening, and first toast at the Timble Gill supper party. Dr. Harsnet's description of a witch is coarseness itself compared to her. He describes her as "an old weather-beaten crone, having her chin and her knees meeting for age, walking on a bow, leaning on a staff, hollow-eyed, untoothed, furrowed on her face, having her lips trembling with the palsy, going mumbling in the streets: one that hath forgotten her *paternoster*, and yet hath a shrew tongue to call a *drab* a *drab*. If she hath learned of any old wife in a chimney end *Pax, Max, Fax*, for a spell; or can say Sir John Grantham's curse for the millar's eels—"All ye that have stolen the millar's eels *laudate Dominum de cælis*; and all they that have consented thereto *Benedicamus Domino*." Why, then, beware, look about ye, my neighbours. If any of you have a sheep sick of the giddies, or a hog of the mumps, or a horse of the staggers, or a knavish boy of the school, or an idle girl of the wheel, or a young drab of the sullens, or hath not fat enough for her porrage, or butter enough for her bread, and she hath a little help of the epilepsy, or cramp, to teach her to roll her eyes, wry her mouth, gnash her teeth, startle with her body, hold her arms and hands stiff, &c., and then an *old Mother Nobbs* hath by chance called her *idle young housewife*, or bid the devil scratch her; then no doubt but *Mother Nobbs* is the witch, and the young girl is *owl-blasted*, &c." Strong language this for a divine to use, for such Dr. Harsnett was, and Archbishop of York from 1620 to 1631.

she does not because of the words her mother spake ; but Hellen heard not these words.

On Thursday, the 25th of April, the children in trance saw Thorp's wife and her spirit alive, and said that there were two Thorp's wives. And upon the Monday following they saw both Dibb's and Thorp's wife, who talked much to them, and complained that they could not rule their spirits. And (amongst other speeches) Dibb's wife said to Hellen that at the last day, both she and her master should be saved, and that Richard Dibb, her husband, could do some tricks in witchcraft, and that she did bewitch him to death, for they fell out one night about binding up the cartie, &c.

On Tuesday, the last of April, Wain's wife and her daughter came home from York, being hailed upon bonds with sureties, and the same night my little daughter Elizabeth in trance saw them both, and named them, although their coming home was utterly unknown to any in my house, until by inquiry it was found to be true. That night the witches lay upon the children in bed and greatly vexed them.

On Thursday, the 2nd of May, my daughter Hellen was taken away (as she afterwards reported) by Dibb's wife and Thorp's wife, who took her out of the entry, carried her to the river, and put her into it ; and Thorp's wife was in the water up to her knees to put her further in, but she got from them, and returning towards the house, in the way she fell in a deathly trance, in which I found her, and did marvel to see her clothes wet ; so I caused her to be brought into the house, and she came to herself, and told us as aforesaid. Shortly after my wife heard one cough in the buttry, of which the door was then shut, and sent Hellen to see who it was, and there she found Dibb's wife eating a crust of bread.

On Friday, the 3rd of May, Dibb's wife came to Hellen in the kitchen, and did show her an old silver spoon. It being perceived that she would fall in trance, her uncle Martin Laycock took the wench and set her upon his

knee; there for a time she was in a deadly swoon; at last she looked up and said to the woman, "That is ours—that is our spoon." Those who were present (hearing her name a spoon) desired Elizabeth Morehouse to look for the spoons that were commonly used in the house, who found them all and brought them in her hand, whom my wife met in the entry, and seeing all those spoons there, she went to the desk and there missed an old broken spoon which had been lost in a dunghill for many years, and being found again it was not used, but there locked up with another great gilt spoon. The gilt spoon lay still in the place, but the old spoon was gone; yet my wife returning into the kitchen said nothing thereof to any person. Hellen still talked to the woman, and said, "That is our spoon, thou shalt not carry it away! I will take it from thee!" Her uncle and the rest present saw nothing this while. At last she arose from her uncle's knee and went to the place where she saw the woman stand, and there the company saw her fight and strive with something. At last she said to the woman, "Wilt thou go away with it? Thou shalt not carry it away!" Then Elizabeth Morehouse went to the kitchen door and set her back against it. Hellen still contended with the woman for the spoon, and her hand went apace; yet she did not touch either table or wall, but something which the company saw not. At last she drove the woman into a corner, and there got her down, and after some struggling she held the woman's hand with her left hand, and with her right she took the spoon from her, rose up, and shook it at her, and said, "How sayest thou now, Dibb's wife? I told thee I would take it from thee!" Then all that were present saw the spoon in her hand, to their great admiration. Her uncle asked her how she got it. She said the woman held it by the start, and she took it by the mouth and by force did pull it from her; and in that sort indeed she held it when it was first seen, for until it was in her hand nobody else saw it. Then Elizabeth Morehouse, with the sudden amazement, came from the

door to look at the spoon, and Dibb's wife opened the door and ran away.

About the 13th, 14th, 16th, and 18th of May, the children in trance saw Elizabeth Fletcher, and the boy her spirit, and Margaret Wait, and the cat Inges her spirit, and the strange woman, the black cat, and the Tewhit; also a strange monster, and a bright and glorious person, who carried the little one away towards the water; but they had little talk with any of these.

On the 22nd of May, the black cat appeared to Hellen, and wept so sore that the tears ran down. Therefore she said:—"Thou art not the black cat, for the cat cannot weep, but the tears run down from thee, therefore be in thine own likeness." Also she felt the cat and said:—"Thou art not the cat for I feel thee." Then the cat was changed into Dibb's wife, who said she wept for her daughter, viz., Thorp's wife, who was sent to gaol that day; and the black cat came then also.

On Thursday, the 30th of May, being Ascension Day, Hellen Fairfax going out at the kitchen door was suddenly taken away by Thorp's wife and the black cat, and carried out at the back door, and so over a great quickset hedge behind the house, and so towards the barn. At that time she saw Thomas Forrest and Thomas Harrison, who also saw her and wondered at her going there alone. The women said, "They see thee, come back again;" and so brought her back towards the house. The men seeing her go back went away. When they were going, Thorp's wife and the cat carried her over the water above Rowton bridge, and over Ralph Holme's ground, then over the moor, and so through the fields again, and crossed Braime Lane, above Cryer's house, then over the great hill there, and so crossed the fields on the north side of Slater's house, and to the high moor on that side upon a hill.* There she

* This excursion of Hellen Fairfax and the witches was in an easterly direction from Newhall, down the valley of the Washburn towards Rowton bridge, there across the water, up the other side of the valley into Norwood, then passing near Bland Hill, where Ralph Holmes at

saw many women together, amongst whom was Dibb's wife and the strange woman, who had a great fire there. From that company came a woman in grey clothes, who passed by her and went into Slater's house, At that instant, it chanced that Maud Jeffray came to her, and marvelled to see her there in that state. Her brother came also, when his sister told him that she saw Thorp's wife and the black cat, one on one side and the other on the other side, bring her. Whereupon he went and took hold of her, and led her towards his father's house, which was not far distant. The cat left her and went to the company, but Thorp's wife followed them to the house, where both the wenches fell in trance; in which Hellen was in so great extremity of sickness, and wept so sore, that they thought she would have died, and called for company of some neighbours. Then Henry Jeffray came with all speed running to advertise me at my house of the accident; and found me with others in much care, seeking the woods and waters for her, least she someway perished, and sorrowing for her loss. This news comforted us. I took some with me, and went to Jeffray's house, where the children were both in trance; in which Thorp's wife told Maud Jeffray all the manner how she had carried my daughter away; which report I noted from her mouth there; and my daughter also when she was restored to her perfect senses, confirmed the same. Then brought I her home, and by the way she showed me the way she had passed; which was over hedges and difficult places, for the space of more than a mile. The time was also so short betwixt her taking out of the house and her being found on the moor, that it was not possible she should go thither in so short a space.

Also the same day, at night, my little daughter Elizabeth

that time dwelt; then across Braime Lane, which is the name borne by part of the high road leading from Pateley Bridge to Otley; then out upon the open moor, and finally to a high hill at no great distance from John Jeffray's house. The high hill might be the eminence now called The Bank, site of an old British village or entrenchment; and the distance from Newhall nearly a mile and a half in a straight line.

saw Thorp's wife, but making trial to feel it could not. Then it turned into the shape of her black cat; and beside it stood the bird: which upon like trial, she did feel, and said, "Thou art not the Tewhit,—turn into thine own likeness." And presently the bird was turned into the strange woman. On Tuesday, the 4th of June, the black cat came to Hellen in the kitchen, and upon trial she did feel it, and willed it to stand up in its own likeness, but it would not. Then my wife arose from her seat, and the cat sat down upon her chair and cushion; when the wench was angry and did baist her off it, and said that she would shut the door, that the cat, which she affirmed to be Dibb's wife, should not go away. Then the door was shut by Elizabeth Morehouse, who heard those speeches. In the end, the cat did climb up the chimney, as a cat doth climb up a post, and went out at the chimney's top.

On Wednesday, the 5th of June, Thorp's wife in the garden came to carry Hellen away, but the wench went from alley to alley, and so avoided her, and wept and made a noise withal; which I heard, and came to her help, and brought her the into house, where the woman told her that the time when she carried her away before she purposed to carry her to her mother's house, viz., Dibb's wife's house, where the witches have a feast;* and

* When the witches desired to be furnished with beer or wine, or any thing of that kind, they had merely to ascertain who in their vicinity was provided with these drinkables. This done, the witch stuck a knife into the wall, placed a pail underneath, cut a few capers and muttered some gibberish; thereupon whatever liquid was mentioned streamed plentifully from the knife handle until the vessel was full or the reservoir empty. And they supplied their other wants in similar fashion. The evidence of Edmund Robinson, of Pendle Forest, taken at Padiham, in the great Lancashire witch case, Feb. 10th, 1633, is so directly to the point that we give an extract from it—"Then immediately the said Dickenson wife tooke this informer before her upon the said horse, and carried him to a new house called Hoarestones, beinge about a quarter of a mile off, whither when they were come, there were divers persons about the doore, and hee sawe diverse others cominge ridinge upon horses of severall colours towards the said house, which tyed their horses to a hedge neare to the sed house, and which persons went into the sed house, to the number of threescore or

after some other the like words departed. And as the wench shortly after went into the kitchen, Thorp's wife again rushed in at the back door upon her, but with great force, and sore weeping, she escaped her into the kitchen.

On Saturday, being Whitsun Eve, Hellen was in the kitchen, and her little sister Mary, a child of five years of age, with her, and Thorp's wife came to her and offered to carry her away; when she took the child in her arms and said, "Thou shalt not carry me, except thou carry her also; and I know thou hast no power on her." Then Mary cried for help, and company came and brought Hellen into the hall, who still kept the child in her arms, and did embrace her and speak to her for a time; at last she fell senseless in all things.

On Monday, the 17th of June, the children were both in trance, and Thorp's wife hurt the feet of Elizabeth so that she wept sore; but her sister took her upon her knee, and did embrace her and kiss her, exhorting and encouraging her to defy the black cat which they saw then, and told her it was the devil, but they need not fear him. Then they asked him how he durst so to trouble them whom God had so blessed. At last they made signs for the bible which was given them. They offered the book to the cat, and willed it to read. Lastly Hellen read the 71st Psalm till light failed, and Elizabeth said after her every word. The like happened to them the day following, when they

thereabouts, as this informer thinketh, where they had a fyre and meate roastinge, and other meat stirring in the house, whereof a yonge woman whom hee, this informer, knoweth not, gave him fleshe and bread upon a trencher, and drinke in a glasse, which, after the first taste, hee refused, and would have no more, and said it was nought, and presently after seeinge diverse of the company goinge to a barn near adjoining, hee followed after, and there he saw sixe of them kneelinge and pullinge at sixe several roapes which were fastened or tyed to ye toppe of the house; at or with which pullinge came then in this informer's sight flesh smoakinge, butter in lumps, and milk as it were sylinge from the said roapes, all which fell into basons which were placed under the said roapes. And after that these sixe had done there came other sixe which did likewise, and duringe all the time of theire so pullinge, they made such faces that feared this informer, soe as he was glad to steale out and run home,"

read the same Psalm again; and by offering the book to the cat they drove it out of the house and over the river. And the next day again Thorp's wife carried away Elizabeth towards the water; but her mother and others followed, and brought her back.

On Saturday, the 20th of June, the children were both in trance; Hellen was working net-work, and her right hand was so taken that she held the needle only with her two least fingers. By chance she did wrong, and her mother offered to help her to set her right again. At last the bible was laid upon her knee which she saw, and presently left her work and sought her sister who was brought to her; then she read the 71st Psalm, and the child said after her verbatim; which being finished they were both well.

In this trance they saw the black cat; and that day at dinner Hellen saw the image of Thorp's wife's face in a silver bowl, as it stood before her on the table.

On Friday, the 20th of June, a stranger came unto me from London, a man who had never been in the country before, and was known only to myself, and to none else in these parts. This man coming in, the children in trance told from whence he came, and that his name was John Williams; which was true, yet no person there had heard his name but myself only. Mr. Williams himself heard this and was greatly amazed.

On Monday, the 24th of June, being Midsummer Day, my daughter Hellen coming through the entry, a white cat leaped upon her, at her face; which she beat down and followed her into the hall, and drove her into the chimney amongst the green boughs,* and with a rod kept her in and would not let her come forth at any end of them. At last she took a knife and stabbed with it at the cat, but the cat took the knife out of her hand, and laid it down in another place, a little distance from where she took it. Then a dog came into the hall, which the wench set upon

* It is yet the custom in country places to fill the grate or fireplace when not needed in the summer season with branches of some evergreen.

the cat. The dog rushed into the boughs but presently lay still, and she saw the cat catch fast hold of the dog's neck, who got from the cat at last, but would no more come near the chimney. Then the cat went away also ; and upon Friday after Thorp's wife took away Elizabeth, but company followed, and brought her again.

On Saturday, the 29th of June, being St. Peter's day, Thorp's wife in the morning came and peeped into the chamber where the children were in bed, and Hellen saw her face only, for she was all covered with a black thing made like a gown. She had in one hand a dagger, and in the other a great knife, with which she did assault Hellen, and threatened to kill her. She was making herself ready, and then fled into the great chamber ; the woman followed and chased her from place to place, and forced her into her own chamber again ; and then she cried so loud that myself and my wife (being in bed in another parlour below) heard her, and in great haste came to her, and found her weeping, praying and crying out that the woman killed her with a knife. Then she was fallen in trance as we perceived ; but she could not be appeased till I took the bible and read and prayed beside her, and so she shortly became quiet. She took the book and her little sister Elizabeth came to her, and prayed her to read, and at that instant she also fell in trance. After some time spent in prayer for them, they both looked up and began to talk to Thorp's wife and to her bird, and to the black cat, which they affirmed to be Dibb's wife, and not the cat. Thorp's wife put off the ill-favoured garment and was in her usual habit. She told them she would now, till the assizes, do the worst she could, for she would not be hanged for nothing ; and that they would accuse others in the parish that should hang as well as they ; that her mother was a witch, and that her sister at Timble, viz., Breaks' wife, was a witch, for her mother would not let her be quiet until she yielded to be a witch ; that Elizabeth Fletcher had been a witch ever since her mother died, but now she had given over, and prayed heartily to God to

take from her the spirit she had, which spirit she said she had now entertained: and that Elizabeth Fletcher doth pray for Elizabeth Fairfax, and will never be a witch again; and that therefore she would not be hanged. Also she said that Margaret Wain the younger had likewise left off to be a witch, and had done nothing since the time she asked Hellen Fairfax's forgiveness; that they did bewitch to death Ann Fairfax, and did slay her, and by pricking her with a great pin caused her to bleed so strangely, and that if she had not bled she had not died. Lastly, she told that John Jeſſray had been five times at a Wiseman's,* and then threw something in Hellen's mouth, which was bitter, and made her very sick. Then she went away, and trailed her ill-favoured garment after her; and her bird before she went sucked upon her face, and stayed behind her, and willed that somebody should follow and take her, and he would for the time forsake her.

* The Wiseman of that time hath been so well described by Butler in his "Hudibras," that we give his condensation of the cunning man's multifarious qualifications without any further remarks. Butler and Fairfax were contemporaries: the former being twelve years old when the latter was prosecuting old women as witches.

"——Not far hence doth dwell
 A cunning man hight Sidrophel,
 That deals in Destiny's dark counsels,
 And sage opinions of the moon sells;
 To whom all people, far and near,
 On deep importances repair;
 When brass and pewter hap to stray,
 And linen slinks out of the way;
 When geese and pollen are seduc'd,
 And sows of sucking pigs are chous'd;
 When cattle feel indisposition,
 And need th' opinion of physician;
 When murrian reigns in hogs or sheep,
 And chickens languish of the pip;
 When yeast and outward means do fail,
 And have no power to work on ale;
 When butter does refuse to come,
 And love proves cross and humoursome;
 To him with questions, and with urine
 They for discov'ry flock, or curing."

On Sunday, the 30th of June, the black cat and the white cat came both unto Hellen, and the white cat talked to her, and told her that Maud Jeffray went not to St. Mungo's Well,* on Friday, as she intended; for Slater's wife took her out of her bed and carried her to old Slater's house, so that she was not well and could not go; that the Wiseman gave her twelve peaches, and taught her to take them, three a day; with other such like speeches. Hellen was this while reading upon the bible, and had been very sick, and she turned to the 11th of St. John, ver. 4, and showed the place to the cat, and made signs to have it read. The words are, "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the son of God might be glorified thereby." Also she turned to the 8th of St. John, v. 44, and likewise caused it to be read, for she was in trance and could not speak. The words are, "You are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him." At the word "murderer" she pointed with her finger for the cat to see it, and nodded to her with her head. Then she spake again, and turned to Leviticus xx., 6. The words are these, "And the soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, and after wizards to go a whoring after them, I will even set my face against that soul, and cut him off from among his people." Then she showed some other places like, and lastly said to the cat, "I will

* St. Mungo's Well, is a copious spring of pure water situate at Copgrove, a small village between Knaresborough and Boroughbridge. About this time it was in high repute as a cold bath useful in many maladies, but we never knew before that it was a specific for witchcraft. Dr. Wittie, speaking of it, says:—"It is a quick spring, of great repute for curing rickets in children, whom they dip into it naked, and hold them in a little while; but they must observe to dip five, seven or nine times, more or less, according to the custom, or some think it will not do." Many cures of rheumatic and chronic complaints, by using its waters, are recorded in Sir John Floyer's "Essay on Cold Bathing." Thoresby, the Leeds antiquary, notes in his Diary, June 18th, 1681:—"Rode to St. Mungo's Well, at Cotgrave; the coldest of all waters I ever knew." He again visited and bathed in its waters in July, 1693.

under the words, "In the night of Exodus xxi, 18, 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.' At the reading whereof the men with went away, and she came to herself, but could never sleep till it found peace again. The next day she saw the same two men again, and took the bible, and turned it many places, as that of Abazarias sending it to Jerusalem: whereof the wench said, - That was an evil manner: - and it other places: and after said that a small while turned the book and brought to her.

After this they had divers troubles, but nothing happened in them which was remarkable till they went to York, to the assizes, but this - that on Sunday, the 21st of July, Helen saw the white cat under a chair in the hall, and saw the dog watch her, and said, - See how the dog watches the cat: - I asked, - What cat? - She said, - The white cat: - and then fell in trance; in which she set the dog upon the cat, which we perceived he saw. The cat was under the chair, and the dog did grin, and looked at her and offered to leap upon her. The wench encouraged him, and caused him to drive her from place to place, until he chased her quite out of the hall. None saw the cat but only Helen and the dog.

These are the particulars of the afflictions of my poor children, which they endured, of which no man, either christianly religious or morally honest, can doubt, for they are confirmed already by the oaths of myself and family, and of such neighbours and strangers as saw and heard. And they are also given in evidence in two sundry assizes and two several juries, consisting of knights, many justices of peace, and other gentlemen of quality, whose consciences were so well satisfied that the children were bewitched, and that these women were the offenders, that they indicted them and put them on their trials, and showed themselves fully persuaded that both the indictments and evidence did well accord with the words and intention of the statute of *primo regis*.* But it pleased

* This is the celebrated statute against witchcraft, passed in the first year of King James First, from which the following is an extract:—

mercy to interpret law in their favour, thereto moved as it seemed chiefly for that the children were presented in court alive and well liking. And I am not aggrieved that they escaped death, which, deservedly, they might perchance have suffered, for the lives of so many ought to be very precious in the eyes of Christian charity. Notwithstanding, the proceedings which made the way easy for their escape, I fear, was not fair; either the hardness of hearts to believe, which made some of the best sort incredulous, or the openness of hands to give in some of the meaner, which waylaid justice, untying the fetters from their heels, and unloosing the halters from their necks, which so wise juries thought they had so well deserved.

At the assizes, first the little one, then both the other, fell into trance before the judge, and were carried out, when some justices of the Bench followed, and made

"If any shall be convicted to have used invocation or conjuration of any evil spirit or to have consulted, covenanted with, entertained, employed, fed, or rewarded any such spirit, or taken up any dead person, or the skin, bone, or other part thereof, to have used in witchcraft, sorcery, or enchantment; or to have used any of the said arts to kill, consume, and lame any person, they, together with their accessories before the fact, shall suffer as felons, without benefit of clergy. If any shall be convicted to have by witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment, undertaken to tell where any treasure or goods lost or stolen may be found or are become; or to provoke any to unlawful love, or to destroy or hurt any cattle, goods, or person, albeit the same be not effected; they shall for the first offence suffer one year's imprisonment without bail, once every quarter of that year to stand six hours upon the pillory in some open fair or market, and then make open confession of the offence committed; and for the second offence, shall suffer as felons without benefit of clergy. But in these cases there shall be no loss of dower or disherison of heir. And a peer (being an offender) shall be tried by his peers."

This law continued in force until 1735, when it was repealed. The number who suffered for this crime, or supposed crime, in England alone, has been calculated at 30,000, while upwards of 4000 perished in Scotland. The last sentence of death pronounced on a witch in England was on Jane Wenham, in 1712, but she was not executed. In 1722 a poor woman was burnt as a witch in the county of Sutherland, by order of the sheriff, Captain David Ross, of Littledean. This was the last instance in Scotland.

experiments to prove if they counterfeited or not. Report said it was not so civil as I expected from such men, yet their curiosity found nothing but sincerity in my children. In Jeffray's daughter they related it was otherwise, which I leave to their consciences and hers who denied them, and still doth deny their reports to be true, even to death, which is so near her at the writing hereof, viz., August 28th, that of the many that go to visit her not one expecteth she would rise again from the bed she lieth on, except perhaps she can counterfeit dying. This was the issue of their inquiry, — that the wench's father was committed to gaol, and the testimony of him and the witnesses he brought never heard; yet he and they appeared upon bond to prosecute and give evidence for the king; and their oaths were taken but not their testimony; *quo jure* I know not; of this I am sure, they were material witnesses, and could have said much against the delinquents. And upon myself was put an aspersion, not of dishonesty, but of simplicity; for it was given out that Jeffray and his family devised the practice, to which they drew my eldest daughter, and she the younger, and that I, like a good innocent, believed all which I heard or saw to be true and not feigned. They add an end my children should aim at in this—to be more cherished.

I thank them that they wrong not my integrity, and for putting the fool upon me I could answer them as Gregory did Mauritius the Emperor for calling him a fool; and pray them to consider, that though they be so wise to think the children might deceive them, who saw them but once or twice in trance, and therefore could not collect much; yet we who conversed with them day and night for the space of ten months, and observed all before written, and much omitted, it is impossible, I say, that all we, by children of their small capacity be so long together, so besotted, that we could discover nothing to be feigned or counterfeited in so many occurrences.

For Jeffray's daughter I leave it to them to justify her, for I saw her not often, yet believe well of them,

carrying the report of honest persons and of good means: but that she and my daughter did combine, the supposal is foolish, as they would make me simple. They should first have inquired of the familiarity that was between them, that they might have some colour of the conjecture: for the truth is that they neither knew nor saw one another before the 22nd of February last, which day Jeffray brought the wench to my house before my brother Sir Thomas Fairfax (as before is noted), and my children had been in the estate they are, especially the elder, since the 28th of October before. So ill have these wise men grounded their conceptions of this combination.

But READER, observe I pray thee in proposing the particulars, some of their speeches in trance are far above their capacities; as those of the 14th and 15th November, and of the 11th of December, and others. Note their actions, in which the agents were more than natural; as in that of the 11th of December, of the 22nd and 23rd of February, the 10th of April, the 3rd of May, and 17th of June, &c. Also mark the things they told, which came to the intellect not *per sensus*, as on the last of December, 10th of February, 5th of April, 21st of June. Besides their distinguishing of the witches from the spirits by feeling them (Christ's infallible rule). Observe also that other persons, not bewitched, saw the spirits sometimes;—as Elizabeth Smith, and the mill-wright. Their afflictions of body also are so violent as cannot be counterfeited, especially by an infant. These observe, and they will be found more than sufficient to satisfy the sharpest sighted curiosity, though nothing can mollify the stony and senseless incredulity of some. The matter yet continueth as before, or rather worse, for their lives are now in apparent danger. What issue God will give unto it I expect with patience and prayer; to which let thy Christian charity add thy sufferage, 1622.

In the beginning of August, I went to York to the assizes, and carried with me my wife and two daughters. with some servants and others, which were witnesses fit to

give testimony and evidence for the king. John Jeffray, also, and his wife and daughter went thither for the same end. By the way my daughters were both of them sore troubled and long in trances, in which they talked to the devil and so. And with some difficulty we came to York.

Upon the 4th of August, I preferred sundry indictments against the women questioned, and myself and all other the witnesses delivered our evidence upon our oaths before the grand jury: who were all of them gentlemen of such wisdom and discretion, that they can hardly be paralleled by any jury for divers years past. Six of them were justices of the peace, and they received also a good caveat by a message from the judge to be very careful in the matter of witness: which message was delivered to them in my hearing. So they proceeded with much advisedness and diligence in questioning me, and all the other witnesses. So I think nothing was left undone or said which the wit of man could esteem needful for searching out of the truth, and in giving satisfaction of the certainty of so strange a case. In the end they were all so fully persuaded in their consciences, and so abundantly satisfied in all their doubts and curious demands, that without difficulty they found every indictment to be *villa reus*: and so the next day, viz., the 9th of August, Friday, the six women came all to their arraignment: during which as myself was giving evidence, and my little daughter Elizabeth stood before the judge, who did ask the child some questions, she fell in trance, and so did Jeffray's daughter, and lastly my daughter Hellen, who did spit blood there a great quantity; which the jury of life and death took special notice of; then as dead persons they were all carried forth. Sir George Ellis and some other justices from the bench followed, and made special trial of them; with intention, as it seemed, to find some imposture in the matter. What they did I saw not, nor any of mine. A man servant that attended the child they put from her, and committed her to gaol; not for any offence, neither for any other intention as I conceive, but to sever from the child all she knew,

How they proceeded with her I know not, but they found nothing in her which could cause them to think that her innocency should dissemble those things. Of her sister also they made some experiments more violent, whereof the marks remained for a time after: yet in her also their curiosity found nothing but sincerity. How they dealt with Jeffray's daughter, I will not examine, but they returning to the bench, reported that this was a practice confessed. Upon which words I expected that Maud Jeffray, whom they averred to have confessed the practice, should there in the face of the county have told the circumstances, and opened the truth of all the said practice (if it were so) that all men might have seen what part the wench had played in this practice; and how far she could have charged my children with being acquainted or consenting thereto; but they took not the fair course, but only committed to prison John Jeffray her father; and said that his daughter confessed she said nothing, but as her father and mother did bid her; which words the girl, both then before the judge and at all times since, utterly denieth. The truth of which difference I enquire not of, only I aver that nothing done or said either by the wench or her father, did or could justly cast any aspersion of practicing or counterfeiting upon my children, or any other of my family. But the Judge, on what occasion moved I know not, after some good plausible hearing of evidence for a time, at last told the jury that that evidence reached not to the point of the statute, and so withdrew the offenders from their trial by the jury of life and death, and dismissed them at liberty. At which manner of proceeding many wiser men than I am, greatly wonder. It hath been told me that one John Dibb, son of Dibb's wife, procured a certificate to the judge, that the women were of good fame, and never till that time ill-reported of for witchcraft; and that Henry Graver solicited and induced many persons to set their hands to the same, upon advantage of which certificate such magistrates as are incredulous in these things work their deliverance. Upon the dismissal

of the matter in Friday, the 10th of August. I returned homeward from York. By the way my little daughter fell in trance, and thereupon myself, my wife, and two men stayed with her all night at Knaresborough, but my eldest daughter and the rest of the company rode home that night, and she was very well till Sunday.

On Sunday, the 11th of August, Elizabeth, the child, being in the hall, said that she saw Thorp's wife, and said she was at the parlour door. Then she did both hear, see, and speak to her brother Edward, but to no other person, and said to him that Thorp's wife went into the parlour. Out of which parlour my daughter Hellen came shortly after, and stood at the table's end in the hall where we were, to whom divers of the company spake, yet she answered not, but looked somewhat amazedly and said, "Do you speak to me? I see your lips move, but I hear not." Then I caused my son Edward Fairfax to come close behind her, and to call at her ear very high; but she moved not at all, so that we perceived that she was very deaf; yet she had all her senses else perfect, and perceived that we spake unto her, and that she could not hear us. Then she said she did not hear herself speak; and that Thorp's wife came to her in the parlour, and put into her ears one after the other, something that was black, and so her hearing was taken away. Then she read upon the bible, and in short time fell in deadly trance, and was very stiff in all parts of her body, and trembled sore. At last she looked up and began to understand, but heard nothing. The child also fell suddenly under the table, and when she came to herself reported that Thorp's wife took her by the neck and pulled her down; and she felt her touch her with her hand upon her naked skin under her band. Hellen upon the night following did hear for a time, but in the morning was deaf as before. On Monday, Hellen, being deaf, went to the field to the haymakers, and there she saw the white cat Fillie, and about sun-setting as she came from the field she passed by Margaret Wait the younger, who was making hay with the vicar, Mr. Smith:

son, and there she saw the spotted cat Inges, stand by her dame. The woman saluted my servants as they went by, and Hellen heard her speak, and so her hearing was again restored for some part of the night.

On Tuesday, the 13th of August, Hellen was deaf as before, and the white cat Fillie, came to her and talked with her. At first she said to the cat, "I hear not," but after a little time she said, "Now I hear thee say 'Thou shalt be deaf till Sunday.'" Then the cat put something in her ears, and she said, "I cannot now hear myself speak." So then she forgot what day it was, and said it was Monday. The cat seemed to be angry. She said, "Art thou angry because thou wast carried to two assizes? May'st thou be carried to other two yet by such as we never dream on. Darest thou not tell by whom?" Then the cat threw something at her, and she said, "Thou hast hurt me upon the shoulder." Then she desired to feel the cat, and so did, and therefore said, "Thou art not a spirit—turn thee into thine own likeness." Yet the cat did not so, but offered to go to her little sister, who was playing upon the rushes,* but she called the cat from her again, who then departed. Hellen remained deaf and in such weakness that her head and arms fell down; yet she moved her eyes and understood such signs as usually then were made to her. Towards night she was well, and

* The floors of the best houses at this time were strewed with rushes instead of being overlaid with carpets; even the presence chamber of Queen Elizabeth was covered in this manner. The stage was strewn with rushes in Shakspeare's day. The poets of this age frequently mention rushes, they were as frequently used as flowers at marriages, processions, and festive occasions. Brown, in his "Briannia's Pastorals," says:—

" Others in wicker baskets
Bring from the marish rushes to o'erspread
The ground, whereon to church the lovers tread."

The eccentric Braithwaite in his "Strappade for the Divell," 1615, says:

" All haile to Hymen and his Marriage Day!
Strew Rushes, and quickly come away;
Strew Rushes, Maides, and ever as you strew,
Think one day, Maides, like will be done for you."

went to the barn;* being willed to go into the house again, she said, "No!" for she saw the white cat come down by the vicar's house again. Then she asked what that was that flew away from the door of the barn, and for that she was deaf and could have no answer. She proceeded, and said, "You will not tell me, but I know it is Tewhit, and I see it fly over the Bellbank, and over the tops of the trees." At that instant the child came forth of the trance and averred that she saw it also, and said, "I never saw it fly before; it flyeth like a bird, and now it flyeth over the church."

On Wednesday, the 14th of August, Hellen being still deaf, was persuaded that it was Sunday, and that she heard the bells ring to prayers, and desired to go to church; whereupon her gowns were brought her to put on one after another, but she refused them, and knew them not for hers. That day in trance she saw the strange woman and talked to her, and the child saw her also, to whom the woman showed something in her hands that was black, which she offered to put in Hellen's ears, but could not for her ears were covered.

On Thursday, the 15th of August, Hellen being still deaf, a woman appeared to her and moved her to kill herself. To whom she said, "I will not, for then I should not be God's servant. I will tell my father what thou dost bid me do. I said my prayers to-day, and can say them, I thank God! but thou canst not say thine. I shall be with God when thou art I know not where." About this time and for a long season after she was so weak that her head fell down and she could not bear it; but no pillow was laid under it, and she for the most part sat by the fire, underpropped with cushions and pillows; neither could she eat any meat, but only sucked upon a piece of meat given her as an infant doth, neither could she drink at all, but

* The barn was situate about one hundred yards distance from the house, and until 1868, (when it was rebuilt), was the veritable barn of Fairfax's day. The vicar's house and church of Fewston were distinctly visible from it on the opposite side of the valley.

beer being given her in a spoon she put forth her tongue and lapped a little of it, as Gideon's men did the water of the well of Hared; and her feebleness was such for a long time that she seemed to consume away, and we expected her death.

On Friday, the 16th of August, Hellen, being still deaf and weak, was brought to the bed where her father and mother used to lie, and there the witch lay upon her. At last she spake and said that the woman did peep in through the curtain; and after the woman in her sight took a pan, a dish, and a spoon, and made meat for her upon the fire, as is used to be done for such persons; and when it was ready brought it and offered it to her, but she refused it. The woman was angry, and said she would carry it while it was hot to them that would have it; and so in haste departed. The same day Elizabeth fell in trance in the hall and saw the black cat, the white cat, the bird, the strange woman, and another woman who was very fine, whom the child desired to feel and could not. The fine one said she was one of Dibb's wife's spirits. The child said, "What! and the black cat too?" Then she told her brother Edward that she saw the creeping thing, viz., Waite's wife's spirit, and a man who said he dwelt at Spinksburn.* Then came Thorp's wife and put somewhat in the ears of the child and made her deaf; but a bright thing stood there and said she should be soon well again. The child said the bright thing was the devil, and but a shadow. That day also about twelve o'clock Hellen began to eat meat, and did eat a good quantity of new butter which was in making, and she lapped some of the buttermilk, and she whispered to her brother Edward and said she would eat much to-day for she might never eat more. And her weakness was such that she was carried and laid down upon her father's bed, where she wept and complained that the strange woman urged her to kill herself, and offered her a knife. The child also being in

* Spinksburn is a brook and small hamlet about a mile north of Fewston, close to the Skipton and Harrogate Road.

trance at the same time saw the bright thing, and said she would come to it ; but her brother Edward willed her to defy it, and so she did, for she saw and knew him. And when she came to herself she reported that all that time she saw the strange woman stand upon the further side of the bed, and offer her sister Hellen a knife, and bid her kill herself with it.

On Saturday, the 18th of August, Hellen was still deaf and eat nothing, and Elizabeth in trance saw her brother Edward, and knew him, as she thought, but when she offered to feel him could not ; and then that apparition turned into the white cat Fillie, and with the same appeared the strange woman, whose spirit Fillie was.

On Saturday Hellen was still deaf, but on Monday, the 20th of August, her hearing was restored for a time ; but that continued not above a quarter of an hour, and in that space she was asked sundry questions, but she did not remember any of the witches, or anything that did concern the matter.

On Tuesday, the 21st of August, Hellen was in a trance in her bed, and being still deaf, no questions could be asked of her when she had her other senses again, so that we knew not what passed in that trance, but afterwards her understanding being restored in some measure, her parents and others of the family stood about her, and it was perceived that she knew none of them, for she said, " What folks be you ? Where is all our folks ? " After a while she knew her mother by feeling the ring upon her finger, and so by degrees she acknowledged all the rest. And that day she told her brother, William Fairfax, that Thorp's wife about a week before she went to the assizes foretold her that she might come home again, and then she would make her deaf, and as weak as ever was any, and then they could bewitch her no more. All which is found now to be true, for when she spake this to her brother she was deaf, so that no noise, no, not thunder could move her, and of her person so feeble that she could not go without hold. Her flesh was consumed and her

colour gone, so that her death was expected, and in that estate she continued for a long time. And nothing was more grievous than that she could not be instructed and encouraged as before she had been to resist the temptation, wherein the witches and their spirits were very busy, more than ever; and one day she found a knife naked in her pocket which was not put there by herself or any else.

All this while the child was in trance, and suddenly she came to herself and marvelled to see her in that place, and to see her father and the company above named stand about her. She was asked where she was, and who brought her thither? She said she was at Wait's wife's house, and she was brought thither by a bright thing who stood there, and she pointed with her finger to where it stood. At that instant Wait's wife herself came from behind the end of the house to us, at whose sudden being present we wondered, for she appeared not near the house on any side, and the place was plane every way for a great distance. The woman opened the door and went in; the child followed her and looked about in the house, and so came forth again. Not being satisfied she went in again. The woman in the same time cursed. At last the child and company came away, and she said she saw many cats in the house.

On Thursday, the 29th of August, Wait's wife and her spirit came to Elizabeth, and the woman told her that when she came so suddenly home to her house she had then been at John Jeffrays. And on Friday, the 30th of August, the child saw Wait's wife again, who came to her in her chamber and gave her pins, which she willed her to put into her mouth.

On Saturday, the 31st of August, in the morning, Hellen being risen and coming down the stairs, still deaf, but somewhat recovered of her weakness, the Tewhit came to her and told her that Ralph Thorp, husband to Margaret Thorp, was dead the night past, and that the bells did ring for him,—which was true; but she heard not the bells;

and in awhile after she went forth into the court, and her sister Elizabeth with her, and looked towards the church and said, "I see no sign of burying Ralph Thorp; I think the spirit did lie." Yet she waited still; at last she saw the vicar in his gown, and the bells did ring, but she heard them not. When the corpse came, both the children saw it, and spied Thorp's wife following the corpse, and reported what clothes she had on. But none else could discern the woman, the distance was so great. Then suddenly Hellen clapped Elizabeth Morehouse on the arm and said, "See, see, Bess, where the Tewhit comes flying after!" So the bird sat upon the top of the church porch when the corpse came into the church, and there rested till the company came out of the church again; then it followed the body to the grave and departed. Elizabeth also saw it, but was in trance all the while.

On Sunday, the 8th of September, Elizabeth saw Wait's wife and a little red thing no bigger than a mouse, which the woman said was her spirit. And then she moved the child to kill herself, but she defied her, and came out of her trance; and being well she saw the woman again, upon trial felt her; and shortly after the child being in no trance at all saw Wait's wife and a white cat, which she felt, and followed to the water side, and the cat turned to Dibb's wife.

On Tuesday, the 10th of September, Elizabeth saw Thorp's wife, who put her finger in her mouth and so caused her to spit a great deal of blood.

From Sunday, the 15th of September, until the end of the month, the children were often in trances, and saw at several times Thorp's wife, Wait's wife, Margaret Wait, and the strange woman; and the spirits, the black cat, the Tewhit, and the ill-favoured thing; and sometimes they saw many of them at once. Hellen remained still deaf, but began to recover from her weakness; but nothing extraordinary did pass during that month.

On Wednesday, the 2nd of October, Hellen in the kitchen was cast down with a violent fall, and was long

trance, in which sometimes she was in great agony, and her body was violently moved and contracted. Sometimes she would not suffer any to touch her, and sometimes she closed her eyes and lay as dead, and often again looked up. At last she came to herself, but reported nothing that she had seen or heard, neither could any question, because of her deafness, be asked her.

On Monday, the 7th of October, Elizabeth saw Thorp's wife, who told her that her sister Hellen should hear again before Christmas. And the day after being Tuesday, she carried the child away towards the water, but she was followed and brought back.

On Friday, the 11th of October, Elizabeth in trance saw the black cat, the Tewhit and the creeping thing, and Thorp's wife also, who told her they would have the life of one of them before the next assizes, and that should be Maud Jeffray. The creeping thing told the child that the bright thing which led her to Wait's wife's house was the black cat.

On Monday, the 14th of October, at night in the kitchen, Elizabeth was in trance, and was in great extremity in her throat and body, and after so stiff in her neck and arms that they could not be moved. At last she looked up and talked to one in bright clothing, who said that he was God. She did answer, "No! thou art the devil, and hell was made for thee, for thy pride, and thou art the same that came to my sister Hellen." Then he turned into a deformed shape, and the child said, "How ill-favoured art thou now!" Then she saw another deformed thing, which she said was the black cat; also, she saw at that time the Tewhitt sitting on the top of the kitchen, within the house, and talked to it. Also, she offered to feel the bright man, but could not, and therefore said, "Thou art not God, for I could have felt thee, &c., but thou art only a shadow." Then came Dibb's wife and let the black cat suck upon her head, which the child saw and said, "It hath lips and hair and all like a cat." And the woman's head was bloody. Further she said, "It

does not suck, it does but make a show, for it needeth not suck; it is but a shadow like my shadow in the sun." Then Dibb's wife told her the witches had a feast this night at the house of Wait's wife, and they had pies which they had baked in Wait's wife's oven. But she said, "There is not an oven in her house, for I saw none when I was there." At last, the bible was laid upon her, whereat she smiled and turned it often over until she found the 71st Psalm. This while her sister Hellen could not speak, for her teeth might not be opened. Then she also was brought to the book, and within a short time her mouth was opened, and she read the Psalm. But the child fell into a deadly trance, and heard it not, but when it was ended she began to come to herself, yet could not speak, but made signs that the things she saw were there still. In this trance, Dibb's wife told Elizabeth that her sister should be deaf till Christmas. She said, "I was told that before."

On Monday, the 21st of October, Elizabeth, in trance, saw Peg Wait and her cat, and she asked the name of the cat; the other said, "Inges." Also, she offered to feel the woman, but could not and therefore said, "Thou art not Peg Wait." Then it was changed into an ill-favoured thing which she did not describe. In this trance she was told that her sister should be deaf till Christmas, and then she would make her hear again. The child answered, "I have been told that before, and it is not thou that can make her hear, but it is God that will make her hear."

On Thursday, the 24th of October, Hellen took the bible and did seem to read, but spake not that was perceived. Signs were made to her to speak up that we might hear her read. She understood the signs and said, "I do read very high, for now I hear myself, which I did not to-day before." So she continued reading to herself, but spake not a word, and yet was persuaded that she spake very loud.

On Friday, the 1st of November, Elizabeth in trance saw Dibb's wife, Thorp's wife and the black cat; and had great

risings in her body, and other convulsions in extremity. Also Hellen the same night read upon the bible very well, but when prayers came to be read she was speechless and could not read them, and therefore we could not understand who they were which then troubled her.

On Monday, the 4th of November, Elizabeth fell in trance as she was learning her lesson, and wept and said, "Dost thou come now when I am learning to hinder me? Thou canst not of long—let me feel thee—if thou be the stranger, be in thine own likeness." Then as usually her eyes were closed, while the woman was changed into the black cat. The child asked the cat for Dibb's wife, his dame. The cat said, "She will come by-and-by." Then came Dibb's wife, whom the child sometimes mocked, and sometimes laughed at for her mumbling voice, and said, "What a mumbling makest thou." Then came Thorp's wife, and the Tewhit, and the women talked together. The child said, "What a mumbling keep you one to another, what is it about?" They told her they conferred what they should do with her. She said, "What will you do? God will not suffer you to make me deaf as you have done my sister." Dibb's wife said they could make her deaf, or lame, or blind, before Christmas. But she seemed to scorn their threats. Then she saw Wait's wife, whom she asked where she was at the time when she was at her house. The woman told her she had been for corn which she had in a poke; and it is true that she had corn in a poke when she came to her house and found the child there. Also the black cat in this trance spake something to the child of his master. To which she replied: "Hast thou a master?" And she further said: "You can do nothing but what God will give you leave, nor your master neither." Then Dibb's wife put something in her mouth, whereat she spitted; and Thorp's wife said she would give her some drink; but she said she would have none of her drink, she would have some of our drink. Then Hellen arose to fetch her some beer, having signs made so to do, and Dibb's wife followed her into the buttry, In the

meantime Thorp's wife told Elizabeth that her sister was gone for beer, and that her mother followed her and would put something in her drink ; but when the beer came she drank it off, and said : " Thou liest, there is nothing in the drink." At which words, she fell backwards in a deadly trance, and had some risings in her body, and was troubled in her throat.

On Monday, the same 4th of November, Elizabeth was in the barn, and, not being in any trance, she saw Thorp's wife and also Wait's wife come down the vicar's close, and when she came to the water-side, her spirit the black creeping thing took her by the hair of the head and brought her over the water, so that she did not touch it, and she came to the barn. All which the child saw, and told it to her brother Edward and Margaret Morehouse, and said : " She is now here." And at that word fell in trance, and so was brought into the house, where she talked with the women.

On Tuesday, the 5th of November, she saw Thorp's wife and talked to her, and said : " Thou wast in the little chamber with my sister Hellen." Which was true, for Hellen that morning was in trance in her bed, and could not speak, and her neck was feeble as before ; and that day Elizabeth in trance saw Peg Wait.

On Wednesday, the 6th of November, Elizabeth in trance saw a bright thing, to which she said : " Thou art a spirit for all thy brightness,—turn into thine own likeness." Then she fell dead a little as usual, and, looking up again, the bright man was changed into a deformed thing, which she offered to feel, but could not. Then came the black cat and the Tewhit. She offered to feel the cat but could not. Then she said : " Art thou come Tewhit ? This is the great devil, the cat is next him, and Tewhit is next." Then came Wait's wife whom she felt and said : " Thou art a woman." Then her father took pen and ink to write. The woman said, " I will away, for thy father will write what I say." Then she saw the appearance of Thorp's wife, and would have felt her, but could not ;

therefore she said: "Thou art not a woman; turn into thy own shape!" Then it turned into the creeping thing. The child said: "Thou art Wait's wife's spirit; thou dost stand there beside thy dame." Then they all went away except the Tewhit; and Thorp's wife came again, and with her appeared the boy; whom the child would have felt, but could not, and said unto him: "Thou art the boy which came to me first;—thou art Bess Foster's spirit." Then she fell dead again, and, looking up, she saw Dibb's wife, whom she mocked for mumbling. Then the woman put something in her mouth and offered her to drink, which she refused, and said: "Thou and thy daughter art the worst of them." The drink was fetched, but she could take none, and said to the woman: "Out upon thee! thou wilt not let me drink, wilt thou have some? I care not for thy spice." For the woman offered to put some spice into it. Also she said: "Let me feel thee." Which she did, and said: "Thou art Dibb's wife indeed." Also she saw the spotted cat Inges, and said also to the boy: "It is long since thou came,—thou didst come to me in Christmas." Then her brother Edward took the drink away to the further side of the hall, whither Dibb's wife went, and put something into the beer; after which the child would not touch it, but put it all forth, and scraped a wooden dish wherein they gave it to her with a spoon, and wiped it with her apron. Then she took the bible, and with it did drive away all the spirits. When they were together, and during the time of the trance, she sat upon the knee of Francis Pullein. After these things she was well a little, but could not speak; and so fell in trance again, and saw Dibb's wife and Thorp's wife, whom, with the bible in her hand, she followed to the door, and said she would see them go. And in this trance the boy told her that her sister should hear again before Christmas. Also the same day she went to fetch the bible, and returning through a dark entry there fell in trance, and her mother passing that way trod upon her hand, and did make it dirty, and with her foot hit her a blow, supposing that she had trodden upon a dog; but

perceiving what she had done, she caused the child to be taken up, who, after a little time, came to herself, and said that Thorp's wife cast her down in the entry; but she had no feeling what her mother had done to her, nor took any notice thereof.

On Sunday, the 10th of November, Elizabeth, in the kitchen, saw Thorp's wife, and said, "Thorp's wife is here." I asked, "Where?" She said, "There!" and pointed to the place with her finger, and then fell in trance. The woman told her she should not go to church. The child said she would. The woman said, "No," for she wanted her shoes; which was true; but presently the shoes came from the shoemaker, which the child being in trance perceived not; but the woman told her that her shoes were now come, and therefore she might go to church. So the woman departed, and she came to herself, put on her shoes, and went to church with us.

On Monday, the 11th of November, Elizabeth was in the barn with her brother Edward. The children were both placed on the top of a mow of hay, very high from the ground before, desirous to see a beeve* killed there, where they stood a good while beholding; in which doing Thorp's wife was suddenly on the top of the hay mow with Elizabeth, and threw her from thence to the ground, where she was dashed against a great stone, so that she lay as dead, in such sort as John Spence, the butcher,

* It was a custom at this time to kill fatted beeves in the autumn, salt, and then hang up the flesh for use in the winter. We cannot admire the taste of Fairfax in allowing his children to be present at the killing of the beeve. If the sight of a dying ox be amusement for children, "rib breaking may be sport for ladies." The hay mow in the barn may be shortly described as the hay stacked inside the barn, instead of outside, a practice still common in all the Yorkshire dales, where the green meadow lands may be seen studded with small hay barns, laiths, or lairs, as they are locally called, in one end of which is deposited the hay, while the cattle which consume it in the winter are sheltered in the other portion, an open space being left between. Very few haystacks are to be seen in Swaledale, Upper Wensleydale, Wharfedale, Nidderdale, or in the valley of the Washburn, where Fairfax dwelt, or the surrounding district at the present day.

Richard Matthew, and others that were present did verily think she had been slain outright. Myself being present was the first that came to her, for the rest were so amazed that they moved not. In short space she began to talk to the woman, and said, "Now thou hast killed me! O my heart! Thou art the worst of them all!" Then I felt her head, neck, back, and other parts, but found not any of them either broken or disjointed, for which I gave God thanks, and carried the child into the house, and put some *aqua vitæ* into her, and she talked still to the witch, and said, "If God had not helped me thou hadst killed me now." Then she complained sore of her heart. At last she recovered out of her trance, but spake not for a long time, which when she could do, she told the manner how Thorp's wife came up upon the hay to her, and with her hand set to her breast pushed her backward from the top of the hay mow, suddenly. And again that day in the afternoon she fell in trance, and talked to Thorp's wife and said, "If God had not loved me thou hadst killed me when thou threwest me down." The woman said, "They gave thee *aqua vitæ* and made a fool of thee." She answered, "I would thou hadst been made a fool so, and had been cast down in my room; but thou mayest see God will not let thee hurt me; for if God had not loved me thou hadst now killed me, but God will not suffer thee. Thou handlest me worse now than thou didst my sister Hellen."

On Wednesday, the 13th of November, I was teaching my little daughter to read and she said to me, "Here stands Thorp's wife!" The woman told her she should learn her lesson but once over, but she said she would, and she went over it twice with much ado; and being encouraged, she told the woman that she defied her in the name of God, and that she would not at this time cast her down into any trance. The woman said if she could not, yet her mother and Tewhit were at the door, and they would do it. Then she saw the bird and Dibb's wife come in, to whom she said that she defied them all,

and that she cared neither for all the witches, nor for all the spirits, but would say grace and dine in despite of them, and so she did. All the dinner time she talked to them, and they stood by in her sight, and whispered some time together. She asked them what they talked. They said they conferred on what they would do to her before Christmas. This continued about the space of an hour and a half, and they could not cast her into any trance. But she said grace again after dinner, and then she went to the place where they stood to feel them, but could not feel the appearance of Dibb's wife. She felt Thorp's wife and the bird also, whereupon she said, "Turn into your own likenesses!" Then she fell down a little, as usually she did, when they changed their figures. When she looked up again she perceived that the bird which she had felt was changed into Dibb's wife, and the shape of Dibb's wife which she could not feel become the Tewhit, Thorp's wife remaining as before, and so they departed and she was well.

Also, on the 16th of November she saw Bess Foster's spirit.

On Sunday, the 17th of November, my daughter Hellen remaining still in her deafness, but being perfectly recovered of her weakness, and in all respects well (that excepted) went to the church to the evening prayer, and many persons came to her to salute her, and wondered at the estate she was in, for she heard not any noise were it ever so great. After evening prayer she came home, and towards night, standing by the fire in the kitchen, she had a great pain in her ears, and her brother Edward making signs as before he used to do for something, she said to me, "No more signs, but speak, for I can hear you, I thank God." And so her hearing was at that instant restored, and she heard us all speak, and said that our voices had much changed, and that she had been deaf about a year as she thought, and that every Friday during that time she had heard herself speak, else not. Then questioning her of something which had

happened to her, we found that she had forgot all, and her memory was so quite gone concerning the business, that she could not remember any of the witches or that she did see them or their spirits, or that she was ever in any trance, or sick, or troubled at all, to our great admiration.

On Monday, the 18th of November, Elizabeth saw the black cat and the bright thing, to both which she talked in trance, in the presence of John Lindley and John Jeffray.

On Tuesday, the 19th of November, she saw Thorp's wife and Wait's wife. Thorp's wife had in her hand a great knife, with which she threatened to kill her. The wench did both hear and understand us, yet could not speak; therefore being encouraged by us, she defied the woman and demanded the knife from her. The day after Thorp's wife came to her as she was in bed, and told her she should die before Sunday, but the wench scorned her threatenings.

At this time my daughter Hellen was perfectly well, but her memory was gone concerning the witches, and when her sister fell in trance she marvelled at it, and demanded what she ailed, and asked what disease she had. We told her that she was bewitched, and that she herself had been so, and questioned her of the black cat and the other spirits, at which she laughed and said, "Jesus bless me! What tell you me of spirits and witches? I never saw a spirit!"

The 21st of November also, when the child was in trance and saw Thorp's wife, at that time her sister took her upon her knee, when she fell in deadly trance, at which Hellen did seem greatly to wonder, and could not tell, nor remember, that ever she was in that state herself, or anything troubled.

On Friday, the 22nd of November, Elizabeth saw Thorp's wife come into the kitchen and ran from her in great haste, and came to me and sat down beside me, and then fell in trance and talked to the woman, who threatened to kill her with the knife. Myself and my wife

did encourage her, which she heard, and said to the woman, "Give me that knife! I defy thee, and I care not for thee! Where is thy mother?" The woman said, "She is at home." And also said that her sister Hellen was nought, for now she could hear, and she did take a spoon from her mother, but her mother would get it again. Upon which words repeated by the child, my son William Fairfax went to look in the trunk in which the spoon was. The woman told the child that her brother was gone to look in the trunk. The child asked, "What trunk?" She answered, "The trunk in which they lay their fond* papers" (meaning the notes of these accidents about the witches). Then she said that her master was coming. And at that instant appeared a very deformed spirit, to which the child said, "Art thou come? I care not for thee—turn into thy prettiest shape. I will take the book, and thou dardest not abide that." So she took the bible, and turned to the 51st Psalm, which her sister read, and the spirit thereupon went away, and said he was the very same which came to her sister Hellen at the first. Thorp's wife tarried still, and Richard England said merrily, "I shall have her company over the beck." The woman told the child that he spake a fond word, and repeated what he had said.. Then prayers were made, during which, and for a long time after, she lay as in a deadly trance, but very quiet. Her sister observed all this, and was much amazed at it, but remembered nothing concerning herself.

On Saturday, the 23rd of November, Elizabeth was in trance in the kitchen, where Thorp's wife appeared to her with a knife, and told her she would then kill her. She said, "I shall never see thee again. If I do not I care not." Then she wept bitterly and took her leave and said, "Wilt thou kill me now? God be with you all!" Then she was cast down as dead, and yet held up her hands as praying. After a little time she spake again and said, "Wouldest thou have me to go with thee by myself

* Foolish.

behind the door, that thou there mightest kill me with thy knife. I will not go with thee!" Then she held her hands up again and said, "I do not hold up my hands to thee. I do hold them up to that other; that is a pretty wench. I would I were in the place where I should be ever, and where thou shalt never come. I have been every day in this grief. Thou makest me weary of this world. The wench is almost as big as I am. Is it my sister Ann sayest thou?" Then her brother took the bible and read upon it, and the wench went away, to whom the child said, "Stay, stay, I will go with thee! I have tarried long enough." Then Thorp's wife said, "There are three in the house that are nought, for they read upon the book, that is thy father and thy two brethren." Then the wench came again, and the child said, "Hang her! That is none of my sister. She did deceive me even now. I will not go with her! I know they are doing somewhat in the house, thou stirrest so fast. I thought so—are they reading?" Which was true. At last she fell dead in a trance, and after a long time came to herself and was well.

On Thursday, the 28th of November, Elizabeth was playing abroad with the other children, and Thorp's wife came to her with her knife, and did follow her and the other children into the great chamber, and there she felt her, and fell in trance and was brought down into the kitchen, where she talked to Thorp's wife and said, "Thou didst come to me abroad, and didst run into the chamber after the children." The woman said unto her that her sister Hellen was nought, for she took the spoon from her mother (viz., Dibb's wife). But they had not yet done with her, for they would have another bout with her. Again the child said, "You cannot, without God give you leave." The woman said further that her mother and Elizabeth Morehouse were nought, and that they thought to have bewitched them with the staff which they laid at the hedge. The child said, "Yea, but my sister burned the staff." Then came the black cat, and with her fore feet put somewhat in her mouth which was black, whereupon

she was in some extremity, and fell at last in a deadly trance.

On Saturday, the 30th of November, being St. Andrew's day, Elizabeth in bed said, "God bless me!" At which words one in bright clothing came to her bedside and said, "I am here!" The child said, "I will go with thee!" Her brother hearing her words said it would deceive her as the pretty wench did. She answered, "Nay, this is God, I will go with him!" Then he told her that he had gotten her sister Hellen; at which she wept, and he departed. And she still thought that he was God. Also that day in the kitchen she fell in trance, and a boy appeared unto her to whom she said, "Thou art Bess Foster's spirit." The boy said that his dame was a witch. She answered, "I did speak for her to my father, but I will never speak for her again." Then came the black cat, with whom the boy fought, so that she laughed to see them. The boy struck at the cat, and the cat with her teeth and claws did assault him to bite and scratch him. The boy before he fought with the cat offered her spice, but he would not give her it. At last the child desired to feel them, and could not feel the cat, and then said, "Thou art a spirit." But she felt the boy and said, "Thou art Bess Foster's spirit, thou art a body! Turn into thine own likeness!" Then she was cast down as commonly she used to be upon their transformation; and when she looked up again the boy was changed into Dibb's wife; whereat she laughed and said, "Art thou come? Thou hast the spice yet in thine hand!" Which spice was great raisins. Then they told her that if her father and brother Edward would go forth, they would tell her a thing. Upon which words repeated by her we went forth, and then the woman told her that they should be descried shortly, and that she would be well at the first day.

The same day she went to the beck-side and saw a cloth in the water which was frozen to a stone, which she pulled out and laid to dry, and thereupon fell in trance; and came into the the house, and went forth again to fetch the cloth,

which she took up, and let it fall again; and Thorp's wife came to her and told her she would be worse than ever she was; upon which words, she fell into a deadly trance.

On Sunday, the 1st of December, Elizabeth in the parlour saw the black cat, and fell in trance, and was in danger to have fallen in the fire; but her little sister Mary pulled her back, and my son Edward came and saved her. At that time she saw the black cat, which told her he was the thing that leaped upon her on twelfth day last, and that she would be well again on twelfth day following.

The same day again she was in trance in the kitchen, and a man in bright clothing appeared unto her, and said that he was God. The child said, "No, thou art not he whom I love; I love God but thou art not he. Thou goest to and fro seeking whom thou mayest devour." He said, "How knowest thou that?" She answered, "I heard it read; thinkest thou I cannot tell what I hear read? Thou art not God, for God loves not to have witches in his company, and thou hast them in thine." He asked, "What witches?" She answered, "Thorp's wife stands there beside thee. Thou wert so proud that God made hell for thee, and cast thee into it." Then he turned into an ill-favoured shape. The child said, "Now thou art like thyself; thou art as high as Richard England." So he departed and she was presently well.

The same Sunday, Elizabeth fell in trance at night, and complained that Thorp's wife pulled her heart. The woman told her she should not be well till prayers were said; so she was in agony till prayers began, at which time she left groaning and fell as it were asleep, and after prayers was shortly well. In this trance she saw Wait's wife stand before her, to whom she said, "Hast thou lost one of thine eyes?" The woman answered that her spirit put it forth. The eye which the child said she wanted was the left eye. None of the house knew anything at that time that the woman wanted her left eye; but upon enquiry we found it true.

On Monday, the 3rd of December, she talked to the

bright man, and said, "Thou didst deceive me! Thou didst once carry me to the water to put me in, but they followed and saved me." Then he said he would slay her, and turned into a very deformed shape. The child said, "Now thou art like thyself; but thou canst not slay me." Also, in another trance that day, she saw Dibb's wife, Thorp's wife, and Wait's wife all at once, and had many more trances that day.

On Tuesday and Wednesday she had many trances, and on Wednesday, at night, as she was in trance, her mother was talking of the rogue which appeared to my daughter Hellen in Christmas, when he showed her the pictures; at which time the child began to talk to Dibb's wife, and to three boys, who said they were the same that carried her sister Hellen away, 2nd January; and they showed her a picture of a little wench, fair and ruddy, which they pinched. She said, "Do not nip it; do not cut it with that knife! Whose is it?" They answered that it was a little child which they had bewitched. She demanded, "What child?" They said her sister, Ann. She replied, "It hath such a coat on as hangs up in the chamber, which coat, indeed, was Ann's coat; but this is bigger than my sister Ann. Let me feel it!" She felt it, and then said, "Do with it what you will, for it is nought." Also, that day again she saw Wait's wife, and talked to her of the eye she wanted, which was her left eye.

On Friday, the 6th of December, at night, Elizabeth in trance saw Thorp's wife and the strange woman, who said she would never be known, but she would trouble her when all the rest were hanged. The child said, "Nay but they tell me I shall be well on Twelfth day. You are mad now with me, now that my sister Hellen is well." Then she saw Wait's wife and talked to her of the eye she wanted, which was the left eye; at which William Bilton and James Sharpe did marvel.

On Saturday, the 7th of December, Elizabeth in the morning was in trance in her bed, and saw the bright man, who turned into a deformed monster. And again, in the

parlour she saw Thorp's wife and her bird, and did follow her and ask her what God is, and who made her. The woman said that God did not make her. The child replied, "Yes, God did make thee; but the devil will have thee." Then the woman went away. Again that day she was in trance, and saw Thorp's wife talk to her bird. She asked what they talked of. The woman said they conferred how they might kill her; and said she must die before Christmas. To which she answered, "Away fool — babbles! Tellest thou me that? I must die when God will!"

On Monday, the 9th of December, Elizabeth playing in the hall saw a man in scarlet cloak and breeches, and a green doublet. Afterwards falling in trance in the kitchen she saw the same man, and said unto him, "Thou art the devil, get thee hence to thy hell!" Then she saw Dibb's wife, who told her that the man in scarlet was her master. They said they would first kill Maud Jeffray and then her. But she defied them, and told them they could do no more than God would suffer them, and she might die when God would. She asked Dibb's wife for her, viz., Thorp's wife. She said she was at home, washing dishes. Nicholas Alison and some others present said it were well done to send to Thorp's house to see if the old woman said true or no, but that the place was so far distant. Then the black cat came, to whom Dibb's wife said somewhat in secret, and dismissed him away presently. The child asked what she said to the cat. She answered that she sent the cat to her daughter to bid her leave washing dishes; and so repeated the words which were spoken concerning sending some one to see if it were so. Then she said that Wait's wife came; to whom the child presently spake, and still talked of her eye which is put out. They said they would have another bout with her sister Hellen a week after she came home, for Dibb's wife said she was at Hampsthwait,*

* Hampsthwaite is a parish town in the Forest of Knaresborough, about 6 miles north-east of Fewston. A family of the name of Morehouse, originally of Clint, near Hampsthwaite, has been settled at Gill Bottom, in the township of Norwood, less than a mile from Newhall,

at the house of Margaret Morehouse's uncle, whose name was Walter. Which was true, but the man's name was not known to any of us. Then the child said, "I will have the bible, and then thou darest not tarry." Then the book was given to her, and in trance as she was, she turned to the Psalms 70 and 71, which her brother began to read. And she willed the woman to read; who answered she would be hanged rather. Then the child named some words in the 140th Psalm, and said, "If those words were read they durst not tarry." Then her brother read that Psalm, and at the reading of the 8th verse and some words following, the man in scarlet was so moved that the child asked the woman what her master ailed that he stirred so fast. This being observed, the psalm was read over again to make the trial; and at that verse and words the man was moved as before; and then did transform himself into an ill favoured shape and went away.

Then Thorp's wife came, and the child was cast into a deadly trance, and so remained long before she recovered.

The 9th of December, a child of John Pullein's, of Norwood, which had long been in great weakness, was buried; of which child the witches many months before had told my daughters in their trances that they had bewitched it, and they would first have the life of that child, and then of Maud Jeffray. That child died and was buried this day, and the next morning my daughter Elizabeth was a little troubled, and saw Thorp's wife, and since that time hath been perfectly well.

for a very long period, at first as tenants under the family of Fairfax, until Brian Morehouse purchased the farm he occupied; who on his decease was succeeded by his son Simeon Morehouse, who has left behind him the reputation of being a very learned man, a student of the occult sciences, an adept in astrology, and a most skilful penman. He collected a number of books on his favourite studies, and on his decease, in 1769, was succeeded by his son, John Morehouse, who dying without issue, in 1798, was succeeded by his nephew, Simeon, son of Simeon Morehouse, of Clint, who held the same until 1826, when he died, and was succeeded by his only son, Mr. John Morehouse, the present owner. The Leeds Corporation, for the purposes of their water supply, purchased the homestead and part of the estate.

Within a few days after, viz., on Sunday, the 15th of December, 1622, Jane Jeffray, and presently after Hellen Jeffray, the elder being a child of ten years, and the younger of eight years, being the daughters of one William Jeffray,* of Norwood, and Dionise Haber, a maid servant of his, did all fall to be in the same state that my children had been in, and are now in great extremities. So that God of his great mercy hath heard our prayers, and delivered my children out of the hands of the devil and his ministers, to our unspeakable joy and comfort. And the witchcraft seemeth to be removed to that man's house, to the wonder of many, who account it the more remarkable, for that the same William Jeffray was a special instrument to draw and persuade some in authority near him that my children ailed nothing, and that the whole matter in them was counterfeit.

On Wednesday, the 29th of January, Elizabeth fell in trance, and saw the similitude of Wait's wife, which she could not feel. So it turned into the black cat, to whom the child talked, and wept sore because she was troubled again. She asked the cat for Dibb's wife, who said she was at home. The cat turned into a deformed shape and departed. Then came Thorp's wife and the Tewhit, to whom the child talked, and defied them, and then the bible was brought, and the 70th and 140th Psalms were read. So Thorp's wife and the bird departed, and the wench was well. Presently after she fell in trance again, and her sister Hellen heard the noise as of a blow given upon her head with the clap of a hand. Then she talked to Thorp's wife, who frowned and seem displeased. The child asked her of Jeffray's children, but she departed and would tell her nothing. She had a trance that evening, and a short one in the morning in bed, and in both saw Thorp's wife.

On Thursday, the 27th of February, Elizabeth had three

* The surname of Jeffray was very common at that time in Norwood, so that identification of this individual is nearly impossible. In 1672 eight different householders of this name paid the hearth tax.

several trances, in which she saw Thorp's wife and Peg Wait, the black cat, and the Tewhit. They threatened to slay her, but she defied them, and said they would not leave until they were hanged. The cat told her that Dibb's wife would die shortly, and that Thorp's wife would be hanged. In these trances she had the stiffness of her members, and risings in her body, and the like passions as before.

On Tuesday, the 25th of March, Elizabeth was in a trance in her bed, and Thorp's wife came in at the chamber door; the woman gave her a blow upon the cheek, and lay upon her in bed, whereupon she was in trance for a short time, but neither of them spake to the other.

On Thursday, the 27th of March, Elizabeth fell in trance and saw Thorp's wife, who, in her apron, had a loaf of bread, which loaf her mother missed that day from the place where it lay. The woman said she took it out of the desk when her sister Hellen opened the same for some bread to give her brother Edward. About that instant of this trance my daughter Hellen came homewards from Fuystone Mill and did meet Thorp's wife upon the bridge.* They touched each other, yet passed without words.

On Friday, the 11th of April, 1623, Elizabeth was coming to me as I was walking abroad, and by the way in the court the black cat and the Tewhit came to her, and said they would put her in the water. When she came near me she was in trance, and fell to the ground at the corner of the garden. I took her up, and brought her into the kitchen, and she looked up and laughed to see the cat and the bird fight. They told her they fought for Thorp's wife,

* Fewston Mill has ceased to grind corn; the water that turned its machinery is now diverted and applied to another purpose. The bridge on which Helen Fairfax met Thorp's wife was, we presume from their not being able to pass without their skirts touching, a narrow arch only intended for pack-horses and foot passengers, was long ago replaced by one for carriages, and that in its turn has been superseded by a viaduct over the by-wash and a roadway on the top of the embankment of the Fewston reservoir of the Leeds Corporation.

which the black cat would have and carry to the devil, for it was now time; and they had done with her sister Hellen for ever, and would not have done with her yet this month. She defied them, and said they could not tell; for there was one knew better than they—that was God. Then she offered to feel the cat, but could not. The bird she did feel, and said, “Thou art not a spirit,—be in thine own likeness! You used to cast me down when you changed your shapes, but now I will see.” So she was not cast down. But the bird lapped itself close in a thing like a gown, which shortly it put off again; and then was Margaret Wait, the younger. She said, “How now, Peg Wait, is it thou?” Then the Tewhit came also, which she said was but a shadow. After a time they departed, and she fell into some agony, with risings in her body, and could not speak when she recovered.

The End.

* * * * *

The story in the manuscript breaks off somewhat abruptly, as if some portion of it had been lost, or the tale had not been fully told. At any rate, there cannot be much wanting, as one of the girls has already recovered, and the other has evidently nearly got rid of her malady, whatever that was,—for some malady it must have been. Medical science perhaps may be able to tell us something of its causes from its manifestations so minutely described, whether it was one of the diseases of the body, or of the mind, “not so sick, as troubled with thick coming fancies.” We cannot really entertain the idea that the young persons were guilty of a deliberate imposition, in order to be more cherished by their parents. As for Fairfax himself, there cannot be any doubt but that he was completely deceived,

and that he conscientiously believed that the manifestations which he saw in his children were not due to any natural or ordinary malady, but to the work of "Sathan and his wicked coadjutors," the witches.

At the present time we look back with surprise and wonder on the period when witchcraft was an article of popular, religious, and philosophical belief. Two centuries have only passed away since, to doubt what we now hold to be an impossible crime, would have subjected that doubter to be branded as an atheist, and probably also consigned him to an ignominious death. Will the lapse of two of the centuries which now form part of the future destroy our present creed in the same manner? We cannot answer—though we suspect that some of it will be cast aside as a thing outworn.

Fortunately, this age of superstition and cruelty has passed away—the age of witchcraft has gone, we hope for ever.

"Our witches are no longer old
And wrinkled beldames, Satan-sold ;
But young and gay and laughing creatures,
With the heart's sunshine on their features—
Their sorcery—the light which dances
Where the raised lid unveils its glances ;
Or that low breath'd and gentle tone,
The music of love's twilight hours ;
Soft, dream-like as a fairy moan
Above the nightly closing flowers."



THE FAMILY AND DESCENDANTS OF EDWARD FAIRFAX.

THE family of Edward Fairfax, so far as we know, consisted of four sons and four daughters. The sons were William, Thomas, Edward, and Henry ; the daughters were Helen, Elizabeth, Mary, and Anne, the last of whom died an infant, as already stated.

William, the eldest son, was a scholar, and is said to have been of the same temper as his father (with regard to studious habits, we suppose) but more cynical. He translated the "Lives of the Ancient Philosophers," by Diogenes Laertius, out of Greek into English, which was published under the name of his friend Mr. Stanley ; who also published an edition of the Greek tragedian Euripides, the greatest portion of the notes to which were supplied by Fairfax. He took the degree of B.A. at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, October 26th, 1675.

Thomas, the second son, is said on somewhat doubtful evidence, to have been a Jesuit. There was about this time a Thomas Fairfax, a Jesuit of St Omers, said to be of the Fairfaxian family of Yorkshire, and who was made a fellow of Magdalen College, by James II ; but we are not certain that he was the son of Edward Fairfax.

Edward was the name of the third son, and of him we only know that he was at Leeds (probably at school), in 1622.

Henry, the youngest son, was at home with his parents, at Newhall, on May 21st, 1622.

Dorothy, the widow of Edward Fairfax, was buried at Fewston, Jan. 24th, 1648. Her will is dated Jan. 18th, 1648, in which she is styled Dorothy Fairfax, of Newhall, gentlewoman, and by which she gives all her possessions to be divided into three parts: one to be given to her daughter, Ellen Yeates, wife of Christopher Yeates; one other part to her daughter Mary Scarborough, wife of Lawrence Scarborough; and the other part to Dorothy Richardson, her grand-daughter, and daughter of Philip Richardson; and we may add of her daughter Elizabeth, the little Bessie of the Dæmonologia.

Hellen, the eldest daughter of Edward Fairfax, so frequently mentioned in the Dæmonologia, was, as already stated, baptised at Fewston, in 1605, and married to Christopher Yeates, in 1636, as is proved by a licence granted in that year to Christopher Yeates, yeoman, of Pateley Bridge, and Hellen Fairfax, spinster, of the parish of Fewston; with liberty to marry either at Pateley Bridge or Fewston. The family of Yeates into which Hellen married was of good old yeoman stock, long resident at Padside, in the chapelry of Thornthwaite, and at Pateley Bridge. The surviving issue of this marriage appears to have been three sons and two daughters, who are mentioned in their father's will, made Feb. 1st, 1655, and proved in May, 1656. In which he describes himself as Christopher Yeates, of Padside, and gives to his dear wife Hellen for her life one half of the gaits he has on the stinted pasture of Dacre, and her full third of all the rest of his property not disposed of. To Edward Yeates, his eldest son, the second half of the gaits, &c., with the reversion of the half left to his mother on her death. To John Yeates, his second son, all that messuage, cottage, or ancient building, with land attached at Bracken-faw, in Bewerley, and in occupation of John Motterhead. To Christopher Yeates,* his third son, he leaves 40s. The two

* What became of this son in after life we know not. The following extracts from the will of a Christopher Yeates, of the parish of St. Clements, London, dated 1676, show beyond the range of reasonable

daughters were respectively named Elizabeth and Magdalen Yeates. A Magdalen Yeates was buried at Hampsthwaite, July 2nd, 1712. The family of Yeates appear to have had a partiality for the names Edward and Christopher, as they occur alternately until their extinction. Edward Yeates, the eldest son, succeeded to the family estate at Padside, of whom we find traces in the parish register of Hampsthwaite: "1674, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Edward Yeates de Padside, buried July 28th." "1674, Christopher, the son of Edward Yeates, baptized August the 18th."

The Court Rolls of the Forest of Knaresborough record that, in 1660, Edward Yeates surrendered four closes in Fewston called . . . Banke, Milne Holme, Little Holme, and Parke, to the use of William Gill.

"1677. Hellen, the daughter of Mr. Edward Yeates baptised, Decem. the 12th."

"1689. Edward, son of Edward Yeates, buried May ye 21st."

We have not ascertained the exact year of the death of Edward Yeates, who on his decease was succeeded by his eldest son Christopher, who, on May 1st, 1702, was married to Mary Day in the parish church of Hampsthwaite "by virtue of a licence." He died May 22nd, 1758, and was buried at Thornthwaite. He was succeeded by his son Edward Yeates, who on the 23rd of December, 1745, married Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Anthony Pulleine,

doubt that the testator was either of this family, or of one of the same name closely connected with this neighbourhood. He was evidently a bachelor, and moved in very high society. To the Countess of Clare and many others in good position he bequeaths £1 each for a ring. To the poor of the parish of St. Clement's, £5. To "my cousin Major Bradley, £500." To "my cousin Edward Bradley, £500."—With a charge to the two to suitably maintain their mother in case of their father's death. To my niece Alice, wife of — Thompson, £50. To my uncle, Christopher Yeates, £20. (A note in the margin states that the uncle pre-deceased the testator.) To Christopher Yeates, one of the sons of the above, £20. To my dear brother Major Bradley, of Stayneburne, in the County of York, £30."

The above extracts, with much further information on kindred subjects, were furnished by the Rev. Thomas Parkinson, Author of "Lays and Leaves of the Forest,"

of Timble, by whom he had an only son Christopher Yeates, who died Sept. 10th, 1773; whose premature decease so deeply affected his father, and having no direct heir, that he resolved to build and endow a school for the education of the poor children of the neighbourhood, as a monument to his memory. On his decease, Sept. 29th, 1777, he had provided for the same; and in the following year Braithwaite School was founded, and endowed according to the provisions of his will, with a master's house, school premises, twenty-three acres of land, and nine cattle gaits; and made free for all the poor children of Padside, and of all those who shall reside within twelve houses in Dacre-and-Bewerley; four of these houses being at Deer Ings, six at the Heights, three at Holebottom, and three at the Row. Thus, though the family of Yeates—the descendants of the poet Fairfax—have ceased to exist at Padside, the charitable benefaction of the last of the race yet continues to benefit and enlighten the neighbourhood where they dwelt, and we trust will continue to do so to the end of time.

"He had from his birth
Lyved soe, his fame must still inhabit earth,—
Hath left to earth his earth; his better part
Heaven keeps, his memory each good man's heart."

—*Old Epitaph.*

Laurence Scarborough, to whom Mary Fairfax, the third daughter of the poet, was married, was of the very respectable family of that name settled in Craven in the parishes of Kildwick and Carlton, one of whom married a Clapham of Beamsley. The marriage took place at Addingham, in 1641; and in the licence the parties are described as "Laurence Scarborough of the parish of Carleton, aged 29 years, yeoman, and Mary Fairfax, spinster, aged 23 years, of the parish of Addingham."

In the Carleton parish register, the following entries occur, evidently belonging to this family—

Baptisms 1651. Ellen, daughter of Laurence Scarborough.
——— 1653. William, son of Laurence Scarborough.

Of the further descendants of this pair we have no further direct information.

The last daughter, Elizabeth Fairfax, married in 1635 Philip Richardson, who was of Pateley Bridge, or Low Bishopside, in Nidderdale, by whom she had one daughter named after her grandmother, Dorothy. Elizabeth Richardson died before the making of her mother's will in 1648, wherein her portion is left to her only child. Philip Richardson afterwards married Grace, mother of John Beckwith, of Bewerley, whose wife was Mary, daughter of Charles Fairfax, of Menston.* Administration to the effects of Philip Richardson, at Low Bishopside, was granted to his widow (Grace), and to his daughter, Dorothy Richardson, August 17th, 1670. After her father's death, Dorothy Richardson was tenant of the Pateley Bridge mill, along with her stepmother, Mrs. Grace Richardson. In 1672 Mrs. Richardson paid Hearth Tax for the milne in Bishopside. In 1677, Abraham Pawson surrendered "a kiln belonging to a milne in Pateley Bridge" to the use of John Beckwith (son of Grace Richardson by her first husband,) and Dorothy Richardson, (Court Roll of Thornton and Bishopside.) From the above extracts, we see that Dorothy Richardson, grand-daughter of Edward Fairfax, was living at Pateley Bridge, unmarried in 1677, when she would be upwards of thirty years of age. The question is, did she marry? If she did not, the line of Fairfax there ends with her.

The family of Fairfax appear to have abandoned Newhall on the death of Mrs. Dorothy Fairfax, the poet's widow, in 1648, after a residence there of about twenty-eight years. In 1672, Mr. James Sikes was, we believe, occupier of Newhall, and was assessed to hearth tax in that year.

* He was the fifth son of Thomas, First Lord Fairfax, baron of Cameron, born March 5th, 1595, married in 1625 Mary, daughter and heir of John Breary, of Scough Hall. (Her grandmother was daughter and co-heir of John Beckwith, of Scough Hall, in the Forest of Knaresborough.) He was a colonel in the army, a learned antiquary, and compiler of the family pedigree, the "*Analecta Fairfaxiana*." He was buried at Bolton Percy, April 8th, 1664.

On the 3rd of September, 1878, the Rev. Robert Collyer, a distinguished Unitarian minister, then of Chicago, now of New York, in the United States of America, (a native of Blubberhouses, in the parish of Fewston,) delivered a lecture on "Edward Fairfax and Fewston, in 1621," in the Fewston Board School-room; from which we make the following extract descriptive of the era when the action of the *Dæmonologia* commences—"I wonder whether we can quite realize what a very old world it is in which Fewston can be seen when the poet tells his story. Just think of the time when there were great numbers still alive of those old sea dogs who had hung on the flanks of the Spanish Armada, when the monster bore down on us to crush the free life out of England, and beside the grand fighting they did themselves, could tell how God fought for us with the artillery of heaven, driving them to destruction with His mighty winds. Some of those men were alive telling this story when Fairfax sat at his desk to tell us about Fewston and the witches. And there were men living on the Washburn who well remembered Guy Fawkes when he had a farm some twenty years before this date down Scotton way. Shakspeare had only been about five years in his grave when the story begins, and as the writer takes care to tell us he was no Puritan, and must have been in London to see his book out about the close of the previous century, and kiss the hand of Her Majesty when she accepted the dedication; he might and probably did see Shakspeare in some of his own plays; met him possibly in company at the Mitre, if he did not think himself rather above the Stratford black sheep; and certainly could have told enough about him to stop the writing of a great deal of nonsense in our time as to the manner of man he was. Then, that Prince Rupert, who made such a racket up and down these dales, and came very near burning Denton Hall, was toddling about in 1621, a three year old child and a madcap, I warrant you; and Tom Fairfax, who was to give him about all he could do in the way of fighting, was a lad of eleven, trotting

between Denton and Fewston on his pony; Milton was about thirteen, and the handsomest lad as I think of him in the three Kingdoms; and Cromwell a silent young fellow of about twenty-two; while it still wanted five years to John Bunyan's birthday; and as Edward Fairfax, farmer, of Fewston, was getting in the last of the oats in this year when he tells his story, there was a poor little band thanking God for their first scanty harvest gathered on the edges of Plymouth Bay, in North America. That small colony of the Pilgrim Fathers had come there on the 21st of the previous December, and it was to be the first seed sown to any good purpose of a nation which now numbers more than 40,000,000 souls—a nation which speaks the English tongue, nourishes the grand and proud traditions of the Mother Land in its heart, has had something to say and done something of which the Old Mother may well be proud, I think; and is still in the morning tide, as we believe who live there, of such a day as the world has never seen." The lecturer styled Fairfax, "the master at Newhall, that delicate looking man with grey hair, a swart skin, and a student's stoop about the shoulders." "This man has touched Fewston with a light which rests nowhere else in these days on any town on the great road; and Fewston Church, made sacred through so many centuries of prayer and praise, your small secluded Zion—shall I say on the hill above the river—is in some sense a shrine because it holds his dust." After speaking of his translation of Tasso, he said—"But beside this book which has made him famous, he wrote others, and among the rest one about Fewston in 1621 and 1622, and this is one of the most curious and capital things I ever met with in my life. It is meant to be all about the way the witches tormented two of his children, and might be of great interest on this ground, as the story of the way a very good and learned man went all wrong in his judgment of some harmless women and men. But this is not where the real interest comes in, for as he goes on telling you his troubles he throws a light on old Fewston which seems to

me in the fire where the rest is only chaff. He lets you see Newton, as it stood then, inside and out."

The Rev. Thomas Parkinson in his recently published "*Days and Leaves in the Forest*," has the following eloquent appeal to the public to erect some public monument to the memory of Edward Fairfax, near the place where he passed a part of his lifetime and where he was buried.

—It remains but he matter of deep regret, not only to every forester, but also to every lover of his country's history and literature, that every memorial,—except the portions of his works herein described of this learned man—has perished. If he left a will it cannot be found. The portion of the parochial register bearing the record of his burial has been destroyed, or is lost. A marble slab, said to have marked the place of his interment in Fewston Church, if ever there, is not now to be seen, and must have perished in the fire by which that church was in part destroyed, about 1679. Even the house, which for probably 30 years was the home of himself and his family, has now—every vestige of it—been swept away. Is this to remain the case with the memory of Edward Fairfax? Is *he* to remain

"Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung?"

What say the rich men and women, or the Corporation of the great town in which for a time he dwelt, and who have now themselves swept away the last material memorial of him, viz., his forest home—the town of Leeds? This is the age of centenaries. And even a grateful country has ere now erected national monuments to less worthy—less talented—citizens than Edward Fairfax. But if these fail, will no wealthy forester, or Yorkshireman, or Englishmen,—no lover of his country's fame and literature—wipe away the reproach of the last resting place of the poet of the forest being left without a memorial to mark the spot, or to record his worth and his works? A window, a marble monument in the church, or, better still, the restoration of the whole, or a portion of

the sacred building in which he worshipped during life, and in which his remains now rest—awaiting the resurrection morn—would bring honour to the donor, as honour to the recipient of it. The act would be like mercy,

‘Twice blessed,

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes !”

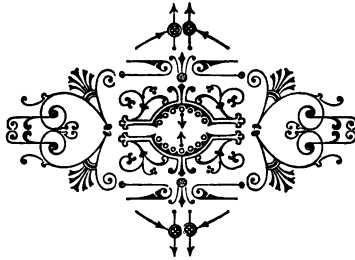
With these extracts we conclude our remarks on the *Dæmonologia* of Edward Fairfax, which may be styled an episode, or only a paragraph, in the history of witchcraft—that dark cloud of credulity and crime which overshadowed Europe, both before and after the period when it was written, and which we trust has now cleared away never to return.

“For look again on the past years,—behold

Flown like the nightmare’s hideous shapes away,

Full many a horrible worship, that of old,

Held, o’er the shuddering realms, unquestioned sway.”



THE ECLOGUES.

IT has been matter of regret to all scholars who have written on the subject, that the Eclogues of Edward Fairfax have never been published. There were three distinguished English poets, all living at the same time, writers of pastoral poetry. Edmund Spenser, he of "The Færie Queene," who wrote the "Shepherd's Calendar" in 1579. William Browne, of Tavistock, in Devonshire, who published his "Britannia's Pastorals" in 1613 and 1616, and his "Shepherd's Pipe" in 1614; and Edward Fairfax, whose Eclogues were not published. The little that is known of these productions was furnished by William Fairfax, son of the author, in his annotations upon them, preserved in a letter from his relation Brian Fairfax, to Bishop Atterbury, in 1704, and published in the correspondence of the latter. He says, "These bucolics were written in the first year of King James, and from their finishing they lay neglected ten years in my father's study, until Lodowic, the late noble Duke of Richmond and Lenox, desired a sight of them, which made the author to transcribe them for his grace's use. That copy was seen and approved by many learned men; and that reverend divine, Dr. Field, now Bishop of Hereford, wrote verses upon it; and these following were written by Wilson Scotobritannus:—

'Chaste is thy muse as is a vestal nun,
And thy Apollo spotless as the sun;
No wanton thought betray'd by word or look,
As blameless is thy life, as is thy book.'

But the book itself and the bishop's encomium perished in the fire, when the banquetting house at

Whitehall was burnt, and with it part of the duke's lodgings where the book was; but with my father's help I recovered them out of his loose papers."

From the manner in which Mrs. Cooper speaks of them, a complete copy must have existed in 1737. Her words are, "Mr. Fairfax beside the translation of Godfrey of Bulloigne wrote the history of Edward the Black Prince, and certain witty Eclogues which are yet in manuscript, tho' by the indulgence of the family I am permitted to oblige the world with a specimen of their beauties. A favour I am proud to say will in one sense, however, make this collection complete, since it was impossible it should be so without. He wrote also a book called *Dæmonologie*, in which, tho' the story is particular, he shows a great deal of ancient reading and knowledge. It is still a M.S."

Mrs. Cooper thus preserved one of the Eclogues (the fourth of the series), and gave it to the public; another has been recently discovered at the end of a manuscript book in the handwriting of Thomas, third Lord Fairfax, now in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, headed, "A Eclogue made by my uncle, Mr. Ed. Fairfax, in a dialogue betwixt tow sheapards." Since this discovery, we are not without hopes that others exist and may yet be found.

The poetry has all the sweetness for which Fairfax has been so highly praised, and is quite as melodious as that of his great contemporary, Spenser.

The Eclogues are allegorical pastorals, and on religious subjects—one on a perversion to the creed of a cruel and corrupt church; the other is in praise of rival churches. An immense amount of learning has been lavished upon them. Mrs. Cooper says, "The learning they contain is so various and extensive, that according to the evidence of his son (who has written large annotations on each) no man's reading besides his own was sufficient to explain the references effectually." There is certainly much truth in this assertion; in some of the stanzas of the fourth eclogue learned allusions are piled up on each other in such profusion, as to bewilder the reader and commentator and

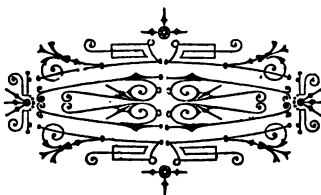
make them wish that the annotations of the son had accompanied his father's verses; it would also have saved us the trouble of appending an inferior series.

We now for the first time print these Eclogues in a popular form, so that they may be read by the dwellers in the valley of the Washburn and the "wilderness" of the Forest of Knaresborough, where their author resided more than two centuries and a half ago.

The fifth Eclogue of Edward Fairfax commences thus:—

"Upon Verbeia's willow-wattled brim,
As Maspas drest the wands and wickers trim."

On this his son has this note.—"Verbeia I take to be the ancient name of the Wherfe which watereth the native country of our family, and I am in this confirmed by an alter (*sic.*) so inscribed, which alter is observed by my father some years before Sir Robert Cotton and Mr. Camden came to this same monument where it stood at the town of Ilkley." (Woodford in Ward's M.S.) "It seemeth probable to me that Verbeia was the supposed nymph of the river, for the altar was erected to her *in water*, and there stood, as late as the memory of the parents of such as live yet in the house. In the steeple (of Ilkley Church) is a bas-relief, which Dr. Stukeley calls a figure of Hercules strangling the serpents, but the tradition of the place makes it a statue of the Goddess Verbeia anciently placed on her altar." Gough's Camden, III. p. 289, Ed. of 1806.



ECLOGUE THE FOURTH.*

EGLON AND ALEXIS.

WHILST on the rough and heath-strewed wilderness
His tender flocks the rasps and brambles cropp,
Poor shepherd Eglon full of sad distress,
By the small stream sat on a mole-hill topp,
Crown'd with a wreath of Heban† branches broke :
Whom good Alexis found, and thus bespoke :—

* We believe that when Mrs. Cooper transcribed this Eclogue from the family papers, she neglected to copy the "Argument" at the head of it, which would be something like the following quatrain, only much better :—

Eglon bewails his cruel loss,
His lamb seduc'd, entis'd away ;
Alexis kind advises him
To Christ in humble trust to pray.

The first four lines of this Eclogue are descriptive of the scenery of the Washburn Valley in its wild and uncultivated state, as when the author had his residence there.

† Ebony. Poets make trees and plants grow where they please.
Virgil says :

"far Ind dark ebon bears,
And incense floats on soft Sabæn airs."

The word is used by Spenser, where a "heban bow" is a bow of ebony, and the tree is styled, "heben sad." The term here is probably used only to signify something black, indicative that the wearer was mourning.

Aleris.

My friend, what means this silent lamentation ?

Why on this field of mirth, this realm of smiles,
Doth the fierce war of griefe make such invasion ?

Witty Timanthes had he seen ere whiles,
What face of woe thy cheek of sadness bears,
He had not curtained Agamemnon's tears.*

The black ox treads not yet upon thy toe,†

Nor thy good fortune turns her wheele away ;
Thy flocks increase, and thou increasest so ;

Thy stragling goates now mild and gentle playe ;
And that foule Love thou whip'st away with rods ;
Then what sets thee and joy so far at odds ?

Eglon.

Nor love, nor loss of ought that worldlings love,

Be it dress, wealth, dream, pleasure, smoke or glory,
Can my well-settled thought to passion move :

A greater cause it is that makes me sorry,
But known to thee it may seem small or none ;
Under his fellow's burden who needs grone ?

Aleris.

Yet tell me Eglon, for my ram shall die

On the same altar where thy goat doth burn ;
Else let these kids my olive trees lick dry,

And let my sheep to shag-hayr'd Musmons‡ turn !
All things with friends are common, grief and sorrow
Men without bond or interest freely borrow.

* This is a beautiful allusion to the work of Timanthes, a famous Greek painter, who flourished in the third century before Christ. His picture of the sacrifice of Iphigenia was highly admired, wherein he represented all the spectators in the extreme of grief, but covered with a veil the face of Agamemnon, the victim's father, deeming it impossible to express his sorrow by the pencil.

† This is a proverbial expression signifying the commencement of misfortune.

‡ The Musmon was a wild hairy sheep. If indeed it was ever anything but a creature of the imagination. Either it, or a similar nonde-

Eglon.

Sufficeth to each man his own mishap ;
 Yet for our friends our eye oft spends more tears
 Than for ourselves ; our neighbour in his lap
 Sometimes our grief, our losses never beares ;
 Fitter to weep than help when need requires !
 So soon the halting steed of friendship tires.

Thou know'st I had a tender lamb ; a cade,*
 Nourish't with milk and morsels from my table,
 That in my bosom its soft lodging made,
 And cherish't was and fed as I was able ;
 It was my child, my darling, and my queen,
 And might for shape a *Passover*† have been !

I kept it for an offering 'gainst the day
 That the great god of shepherds, Pan, shall come,—
 Not he whose thousand lambs did feed and stray
 On Sicil hills, one such at night brought home.
 Nor could the ram wonne by the lords of Greece,‡
 Compare his gilded with her pearled fleece.

script beast, is thus described :—" In the country of Sardinia, there is a certain beast which they call *Musto*, the like whereof (as some affirm) is not in all Europe. It hath a skinne and hairs like unto a deer or hart, crooked horns like unto a ramme, which bend backward about the eares. In bignes it may be compared to a buck ; he feedeth only upon grasse and herbs, and keepeth most about mountains ; is very swift in running, and his flesh is very good to be eaten." *Speculum Mundi*, by John Swan, 1643.

* A tame, soft, delicate, gentle thing.

† "A lamb without a blemish."

‡ An allusion to the expedition of Jason and his warrior Greeks to Cholcos, to win the golden fleece, finely described in the *Argonautics* of Apollonius Rhodius. This has always been a favourite subject with poets. The gate of Spenser's Bower of Bliss

"Of Jason and Medæa was ywritt ;
 Her mighty charms, her furious loving fitt ;
 His goodly conquest of the golden fleece ;
 His falsed fayth, and love too lightly fitt ;
 The wondred Argo which in venturous peece,
 First through the Euxine seas bore all the flour of Greece."

But when the sun with his burning ray
 Alured her forth from covert of my shade,
 Thence the ivy wall she shies away,
 Behind the corner stone, and thence she fled,
 Ambling along the meads and rivers shrill;
 And ye she thought she knew, she did no ill.

The fox, whose foot Malpasus murder'd nie,
 Shook from his knee the wandering innocent,
 That weary in the cooling shade did lye.
 Lest the hot hours her tender limbs might smite;*
 And soon he judged by her harmless look,
 It was a fawn would easily take the hook.

He husk'd him down, and on his sanded coast,
 He huskied close a shain kid's hairy skin,
 And wore the vizard of a smooth far't goat;
 All swim without, none spied the devil within!
 With wanton skips he bounds the harmless sheep,
 And with sweet words thus into grace did creep.

Dear sister lamb! queen of the fleecy kind!
 That opal flowers pick'st from these em'ald closes;
 Thy bombace,† soft in silver trammels bind.
 And crowd thy amber‡ horns with coral roses!
 This sabbath is the feast-day of thy birth;
 Come be thou lady of our May, and mirth.

Break from the prison of the austere cell
 Of thy strict master, and his cynick diet!
 And in sweet shades of this fat valley dwell,
 In ease and wealth! Here we are rich and quiet!
 Unto these bonds of awe and cords of duty;
 They be weak chains to fetter youth and beauty.

* An old word signifying hurt or harmed.

† Silk.

‡ Amber coloured.

With that he kissed her lips and strayn'd her hand,
 And softly rayseed her from the tender grass ;
 And squiring her along the flowry land,
 Still made her court, as through the fields they pass ;
 And that bawd love, factor of shame and sin ;
 Lent him a net to catch his woodcock in.

Close in the bosom of a bended hill,
 Of faire and fruitful trees a forest stood,
 Balm,* Myrrh, Bdellium, from their bark distill.
 Bay, Smilax,† Myrtle, (Cupid's arrow wood)
 Grew there, and Cypress‡ with his kiss-sky tops,
 And Ferrea's|| tree whence pure rose-water drops.

The golden bee, buzzing with tinsell wings,
 Suckt amber honey from the silken flower ;
 The dove sad love-groans on her sacbut sings,
 The throssell whistles from his oaken§ tower ;
 And sporting lay the nymphs¶ of woods and hills,
 On beds of heart's-ease, rue, and daffodills.**

* All these are fragrant gum resins exuded from a genus of plants of the natural order *Amyridaceæ*, all natives of the east, and used in medicine.

† The plant from which the medicine Sarsaparilla is obtained. The *Smilax* tribe are chiefly herbaceous plants or under shrubs, often with a tendency to climb, as in the *Tamus-communis*.

‡ The poet must here mean the ever-green upright Cypress. There are twenty-two species of this tree all natives of the south-east of Europe.

|| One of the Canary Islands, where a tree of this kind is said to grow, and from which the inhabitants derived their sole supply of water. See *Speculum Mundi*, p. 275.

§ This is a grand original poetic figure descriptive of a bird and tree which the poet had often heard and seen in his youth in his ever young and beautiful native Wharfedale.

¶ The nymphs of the old mythology were of three classes : celestial, terrestrial, and marine ; the terrestrial are here meant. In ancient days they were believed to preside over woods, streams, and trees in which they resided. The fairy sisters appear to have been the legitimate modern representatives of the ancient nymphs.

** The first of these plants is the *Viola-tricolor*, Pansy, Heart's-ease, Two-faces-under-one-Hood, and many names beside ; as well as Shakes-

Hither the traitor fox his mistress leads,
 Intising her with sweetness of the place,
 Till on a hidden net unwares she treads ;
 The silken threads their guileless prey embrace,
 Yet hurt her not ; the subtile fowler smil'd ;
 Nor knew the Dottrell* yet she was beguil'd.

Not that false snare, wherewith the cuckold-smith†
 Sham'd his queen and himself ; nor that sly gin
 Astolfo‡ caught the eat-man giant with,

peare's "Love in idleness." The second is the *Ruta-gravcolens*,—the herb of Grace — a plant according to old herbalists possessed of a thousand virtues. And the last is *Narcissus pseudo-narcissus*. Shakespeare's "Daffodil that comes before the swallow dares, and takes the winds of March with beauty."

* A bird of the Plover species, noted for its singularity and stupidity. The country people are said sometimes to go in quest of it in the night with a lighted torch or candle, and the bird on these occasions will mimic the actions of the fowler with great archness and falls a victim to its own stupidity. As silly as a Dotterell, is a common proverbial expression.

† Vulcan. This wonderful net is described by Homer in the *Odyssey*, Book viii :—

"Whose texture ev'n the search of god's deceives,
 Thin as the filmy threads the spider weaves."

Of its use, we say nothing, those who wish to know it must read for themselves.

‡ The net of the giant Cagliorant is thus described in Hoole's translation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*.

"To seize the wretch his glutton maw destroys,
 With cruel sport he first a net employs
 Of wondrous make, and near the cave with care,
 Hides in the yellow sands the fatal snare,
 Then toward the destin'd place with dreadful cries,
 He drives the stranger who affrighted flies,
 Till with loud laughter he beholds his net
 With tangling meshes every limb beset."

Astolfo at sight of the giant blew his magic horn, the sound of which so terrified the cannibal that he took to flight, and—

"Headlong he rushes on the toils, ensnared
 In his own toils for others oft prepar'd ;
 The net expanding drags him to the ground,
 And clasps in twining links his body round."

Nor that Arachne takes her* wild fowle in,
Nor those small toiles the morning queen doth set
In every mead, so fine were as that net.

Thus caught he bound her in a chain three-fold,
And led her to a shady arbour near;
The chain was copper, yet it seemed gold,
And every link a sundry name did bear,
Wrath, sloth, strife, envy, avarice, foul lust,
And pride: what flesh can so strong fetters burst?

An hundred times her virgin lip he kiss't,
As oft her mayden finger gently wrung;
Yet what he would her childhood nothing wist;
The bee of love her soft heart had not stung!
In vain he sigh'd, he glanc'd, he shook his head,
Those hieroglyphicks were too hard to read.

She did not, nay, she would not understand,
Upon what errand his sweet smiles were gone;
And in his borrowed coat some hole she fond,
Through which she spied all was not gold that shone;
Yet still his tools the workman ply'd so fast,
That her speed-wing his lime-twigg took at last.

Her silver rug from her soft hide he clipt,
And on her body knit a canvas thin,
With twenty-party-colours evenly stript,
And guarded like the Zebra's† rain-bow skin,
Such coats young Tamar,‡ and fayre Rachel's|| child
Put off, when he was sold, and she 'defil'd.

* The spider. For the story of Arachne see Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, Book vi. Spenser has the same thought in nearly the same words:—

“More subtile web Arachne cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets which oft we woven see
Of scorched dew, do not in th' ayre more lightly flee.”

† The skin of the Zebra is smooth as satin, and adorned with elegant stripes like ribbons, which in the male are brown on a yellowish white ground, and in the female black on a white ground. Natives of the scorching plains of South Africa.

‡ See II. Samuel, chap. 13, v. 18 and 19.

|| Joseph. See Genesis, chap. 37, v. 3, 23, 32.

There mourn'd the black, the purple tyranniz'd,
 The russet hop'd,* and green the wanton play'd;
 Yellow spy'd faults in such as love disguised;
 Carnation still desir'd, white lived a mayd;
 Blue kept his faith unstain'd, red bled to death,
 And forlorn tawney wore a willow-wreath.

All these, and twenty new found colours more,
 Were in the weft of that rich garment wrought;
 And who that charmed vesture took and wore,
 Like it were changeable in will and thought.
 What wonder then, if on so smooth a plate,
 He stampt a fiend, where once an angel sate?

Thus clad he set her on a throne of glass,
 And spread a plenteous table on the green;
 And every platter of true porcelain was,
 Which had a thousand years in temp'ring been,
 Yet did the cates exceed the substance fine;
 So rare the viands were, so rich the wine!

Lucullus† was a niggard of his meat,
 And sparefull of his cups seem'd Anthony;‡

* A similar signification of colours in flowers is described by William Browne, a contemporary of Fairfax, in his "Britannia's Pastorals." We extract a few specimens:—

"The spotless lily, by whose pure leaves be
 Noted, the chaste thoughts of verginity;
 Carnation sweet with colour like the fire,
 The fit Impresa's for inflam'd desire;
 The harebell for her stainless azur'd hue
 Claims to be worn of none but those are true,
 The yellow king-cup Flora then assign'd
 To be the badges of a jealous mind.
 The columbine in tawny often taken,
 Is then ascribed to such are forsaken;
 Flora's choice buttons of a russet dye
 Is hope, even in the depth of misery."

† Lucius Licinius Lucullus a Roman commander, celebrated for his military talents, but more for his extravagant and luxurious feasts.—Born about 115 B.C.—Lived to the age of 68.

‡ Marc Antony, the celebrated Roman triumver, famous for his military talents and amours, especially with Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, and his luxury. Killed himself, B.C. 30.

But in each morsel which the guests should eate,
 The cruel rats-bane of vile lusts did lye;
 Yet at that board, the little-fearing-sheep
 Eats, till she surfeit, quaffeth till she sleep.

Then drunk with folly, to his loather nest
 He brought his prey; and in a dusky room,
 All night he crouched on her tender breast,
 Till timely day spring with her morning broom
 Had swept the silver mores from heaven's* steel-flores,
 And at the key-hole peeped through theyr dore.

But such the issue was of that embrace,
 That deadly poison thro' her body spread,
 Rotted her limbs, and leprous grew her face;
 His bosom's touch so dire a mischief bred;
 So venomous was not the poysoned lip
 Of th' Indian king,† or Guinea's Cock's Combe-ship.‡

Pherecydes'§ small winged dragonets,
 Ferrontines's§ gentles, Scella's¶ swarm of lice,

* The stars. This a singular, and so far as we know, original description of the "day spring." Compare it with Milton's

"Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl."

How different, yet both are intended to describe the break of day.

† Muhamed, a king of Cambodia, or Cambia, in India, whose lip being poisoned by accident was said to kill all the women that he kissed.

‡ A seaweed like a cocks-comb, found floating on the coast of Guinea, so venomous as not to be touched without extreme danger.

§ Pherecydes was a Grecian philosopher, a native of Scyros, who flourished about 560 years before Christ. He is said to have been the first who wrote on natural subjects and the essence of the gods, and to have held the opinion that animals are merely machines. He lived to the age of eighty-five, and then is said to have died by being consumed by flies like little dragons bred in his own body.

§ A queen of Cyrene, who is said to have been eaten by maggots, here called *gentles*. They were probably the maw-worm *Vermicular Ascaris*.

¶ Lucius Cornelius Sylla, a distinguished Roman general, brave and licentious, and most outrageously cruel. He was eaten to death by lice

The Boghar-worm* that joynts asunder frets ;
 The plague that scourged wanton Cressed's† vice ;
 And that great evill which viper-wine makes sound‡—
 Compared with hers, are but a pin's small wound.

The gastly raven|| from the blasted oake,
 With deadly call foreshewed my lamb's mishap ;
 The wake-bird§ on my chimney well-nigh spoke ;

in the 68th year of his age, B.C. 78. This lousy disease, though now of rare occurrence, was not unfrequent among the ancients, as Herod, Antiochus, Callisthenes, and many others are said to have perished from this complaint.

* So named from a town in Bactria, where it is said to be abundant. It is also found in both the East and West Indies; also in Egypt where it is called the "worm of Pharaoh." Dampier tells us that these worms are no thicker than a large brown thread, but about five or six yards long. They must be drawn out of the flesh gradually an inch or two at a time, and rolled up on a piece of stick; if they are broken in drawing out, that part which remains in the flesh will putrify, be very painful, and endanger the patient's life.

† The ancient wanton of that name, said to have been the mistress of Troilus, one of the sons of Priam, king of Troy,—an heroine of Chaucer, and a character of Shakespeare,—of whom the latter says :—

"O Cressid! oh false Cressid! false, false, false!
 Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
 And they'll seem glorious."

‡ Leprosy, for which ancient physicians administered a medicine made of vipers and treacle in a wine called vernage.

§ From his extensive knowledge of loathsome diseases, Fairfax must have read the writings of all the old physicians. Like Chaucer's Doctor of Physicke :—

"Well knew he the old Esculapius,
 And Dioscorides, and eke Rufus,
 Old Hippocrates, Haly, and Galen,
 Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen,
 Averrois, Damascene, Constantine,
 Barnard and Gattisden, and Gilbertine."

|| The raven has been a bird of ill-omen from the most remote antiquity. The poor bird could never rest his weary wings, nor give vent to his feelings in his native language without striking terror to the heart of some rustic booby.

§ The owl, a bird as omenous of evil as the raven. Spenser strings them together thus :—

"The ill-faste owle, death's dreadful messenger,
 The hoars night-raven, trump of doleful dreere."

But I alas ! foresaw no after-clap !
 Yet crew my hens,* sure shepherd's sign of ill !
 But my fond heart in bird-spell had no skill.
 For help I sought the Leach, wise Mardophage,
 I try'd the English—Bath, and German Spaw ;
 To Walsingham† I went on pilgrimage,
 And said strong Charmes that kept even Death in awe !
 Yet none of these can her lost health restore ;
 Ah no, my lambs' recovery costeth more !

Alexis.

So vain a thing is man, what least we fear
 That soonest haps ; the evill we present feel
 Brings greater anguish than our souls can bear,
 Desprate we are in woe, careless in weal !
 Unfallen, unfeared ! if ill betide us, then
 Are we past hope ; so vain a thing is man !
 Great is I grant, the danger of thy sheep !
 But yet there is a salve for every sore ;
 That shepherd who our flock and us doth keep,
 To remedy this sickness long before,
 Killéd a *holy lamb*, clear, spotless, pure ;
 Whose blood the salve is all our hearts to cure.
 Call for that surgeon good to dress her wound !
 Bath her in holy water of thy tears !
 Let her in bands of faith and love be bound !
 And while on earth she spends her pilgrim years,
 Thou for thy charm pray with the publican !
 And so restore thy lamb to health again !

* The crowing of hens is an omen of evil, so much so that it has passed into a proverb that "A crowing hen and a whistling ~~wife~~ are as ill as a witch about the house."

† The town of that name in Norfolk, a famous place of pilgrimage in the old Roman Catholic day. An old ballad writer makes ignorance say :—

"But our lady of Walsinghame
 Was a pure and holy zaint,
 And many men in pilgrimage
 Did show to her complaint."

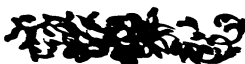
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Now increased Spring: for the sun sleeps low,
 And making grasses before my sheep-cost's dore,
 Now that in winter I see my Furze-crow,*
 Great things oft want the blessings of the poor.
 My heart is stout: my kitchen needs no clerk,
 Cuius Fannius:† come: let this Symposium‡

Pope very confidently made the assertion,

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,"

which has been quoted after him by many who thought they had a great deal of that article. Had they met with these satirists they would have found that a great deal of learning is a troublesome thing: so the would-be commentator, as well as increasing the labour and lessening the pleasure of the reader. Besides the obvious or surface meaning of these passages there is the allegorical or occult meaning, with which we dare not meddle. Had the associations of William Fairfax, the author's son, survived, they would probably have explained to us the theologic meaning of his father's writings.



* The ring of the door called a *Crow* which, when covered with white linen, denoted that the mistress of the house was in travail, from which will be seen the meaning of the following line.

† Caius Fannius Strabo, a Roman Consul in the year of Rome, 592, and B.C. 157. During his consulship, a law was made by the Senate for restraining the profuseness and cost of feasts, which from the name of the Consul was called *Fannia*.

‡ A Greek term signifying *Master of the Feast*.

ECLOGUE.

HERMES AND LYCAON.

The Argument.

Lycaon his false church extends
 Through all the world with pomp and pride;
 Hermes the Church of Christ commends,
 And to her spouse brings home his bride.

THE sweaty sithe-man with his razor keen
 Shore the perfumed beard from meadows green,
 And on each bush and every mossy stone
 Jarrèd Maie's little daughter Tettrigone,*
 When to the shadows of a mountain steep
 Lycaon drove his goats, Hermes his sheep.
 The shepherds both were lovers, both were young,
 Their skill was like in piping, like in song.
 The other grooms that heard, hid in the dales,
 Were dumb for shame, like conquered nightingales.

* The grasshopper, so styled from its Greek name, *Tettrigon*. Jarrèd at the beginning of the line seems like an attempt to imitate the sound of the song of the grasshopper. Jar appears to have been a favourite word with Fairfax; in his Tasso he translated *suono di tromba*, "the trumpet's jarre," which Hoole and others more tamely render, "trumpet's sound."

Oft came the nymphs, the fairy sisters oft
 Forsook their mossy beds and liards* soft,
 And oft the half-gods† at their music's sound
 Came, and their brows with ivy garlands crown'd.
 Ye sodgy lakes and pebble-paved wells,
 And thou, great Pales,‡ in these fields that dwells,
 How oft have you, hid in the shady sprays,
 List'ned Lycaon's songs, his loves and lays.
 And you high stretched pines and oaks of Jove,||
 Thou wanton Echo, tell-clock of this grove,
 How oft did you fair Psyche's praise resound,
 When Hermes charmed with songs love's bleeding wound?
 They sung by course, and praised their loves by turns,
 Each cricket loves the flame wherein she burns;
 And whilst their flocks browse on the shrubs and briars,
 They tune their pipes and thus they sing their fires.

Lycaon :

Flora, my queen, my joy, my heaven of bliss,
 See what my merit and deserring is.
 I build thee temples and I feed thy sheep,
 I bring thee gifts, thy words as laws I keep,
 My bed is ashes, sack-cloth is my weed,
 I drink with Rechab's sons,§ with Job I feed.¶
 For all my service and thus suffering long,
 Love me, sweet Flora, or thou do'st me wrong.

Hermes :

Psyche, my desire, my undefiled, my dove,
 O comfort me, for I am sick of love ;**

* Couches, places of repose.

† The half-gods were the demi-gods or heroes, such as Hercules, Jason, Theseus, Perseus, Achilles, Castor and Pollux, &c.

‡ Pales was the goddess of shepherds and pastures, by some called Magna Mater, and Vesta.

|| The oak was sacred to Jove, Virgil has "The oaken forest of Chaonian Jove."

§ See Jeremiah, chap. 35, v. 5—10.

¶ See Job, chap 2, v. 13.

** See Song of Solomon, chap. 2, v. 5.

Thy sacred temple is this wounded breast,
 Sin, error, folly, my service is at best :
 Foul leper-spots on all my body grow,
 Wipe out these stains, and wash me white as snow.
 Clothe me with linen, crown my head with gold,
 First make me worthy love, then love me bold.

Lycaon :

Flora was young, a fair few goats she kept,
 Ten kings espied her, loved her, with her slept,
 And in her sweet embrace such joy they found,
 That with three diadems her head they crown'd ;
 And on seven heaps* their wealth and treasure laid
 Set her thereon, fell at her feet, and pray'd.
 She forty months† and two their service proves,
 And takes them for her slaves and for her loves.

Hermes :

Psyche my virgin bore a blessed son‡
 The dragon chased her, she to desert run,
 The fiend a stream of water at her flings,
 Earth drunk the flood, she 'scaped with eagle's wings ;
 Crown'd with twelve stars, cloth'd with the glorious sun,
 She doth with roes and hinds in Eden run.
 There Psyche lives and reigns in safety blest,
 Till time and times, and half a time be past.||

Lycaon :

Out of the sea a scarlet beast appeared,
 Ten horns he had§ and seven heads proudly rear'd,
 His forked tail 'gainst all the world made wars,
 And smote the third of trees, of floods, of stars.

* The seven hills on which the city of Rome stands.

† "And power was given unto him to continue forty and two months." Revelation, chap. 14, v. 5.

‡ See Revelation, chap. 12.

|| Ibid. v. 14.

§ See Revelation, chap. 13.

Flora this monster caught and tam'd his pride,
And on his back as on a mule doth ride.

All nations fear the beast and serve the dame,
And sealed are with 's number, mark, and name.

Hermes :

Before the gates of Psyche's sheeppcote lies
Four wondrous beasts, * all full of wings and eyes,
And round about them four-and-twenty kings
Offer up gold and myrrh, and precious things.
All these do Psyche's lambs keep, cure, and feed,
And thousand thousands, clad in milk-white weed,
Sing hymns of love and faith, and never cease,
And on his brow each wears a seal of peace.

Lycaon :

Flora once found me sick and hurt to death,
Thrice did she cross me, thrice upon me breathe,
Three times she dipt me in a living stream,
And salved my wounds with spittle, salt, and cream.
A thousand saints she for my guard appoints,
And all my head with oil of balm anoints,
Then makes me master of her flocks and fold,
Her goats to keep, or kill, or sell for gold.

Hermes :

Psyche first took me soiled with mire and clay,
Washed in the well of life my filth away ;
Thieves robb'd me, slew me ; of a lamb new slain
On me she pour'd the blood, I lived again ;
Since that with bread of heaven, wine of grace,
She diets me, her lap my resting place.
Her sheep my playfellows, heaven our fold,
Her spouse the door, her voice the key of gold.

Lycaon :

It was the fiftieth year, Flora a feast
Made for all those that loved and served her beast ;

* See Revelation, chapter 4, v. 6.

Her guests were kings and lords of highest birth,
 All that were wise and rich upon the earth ;
 And all that land, or sea, or air afford,
 Her caters took and therewith fill'd her board,
 And drunk with wine suckt from her cup of gold
 Were kings and nations, rich, poor, young and old.

Hermes :

Psyche to supper called the weak and poor,
 The sick, the lazer from the rich man's door,
 And at her board set them with lords and kings.
 Her holy steward wine and wafers brings ;
 They eat and drink by faith, and thirst no more,
 Except some guests fore-charg'd with Flora's store
 Sit there, and spider-like, from roses new
 Draw poison, where the bee sucks honey dew.

Lycaon :

Flora an orchard had of fruitful treene ;
 She par'd the moss, she kept the branches cleane,
 She let the fountains in, she kill'd the worm,
 She scar'd the birds, she saved the blooms from storm ;
 Flourisht the trees, the boughs with apples bent ;
 She called—her servants to her orchard went ;
 Gather'd to eat, but when she cut the skin,
 The fruit was ashes, embers, dust within.*

* An allusion to the famous fabulous apples of Sodom. Milton best describes their effect.

“ Greedily they pluck'd
 The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew
 Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed ;
 This most delusive, not the touch, but taste
 Deceived ; they, fondly thinking to allay
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
 Chew'd bitter ashes, which the offended taste
 With spattering noise rejected, oft they assayed
 Hunger and thirst constraining ; drugg'd as oft
 With hatefulest disrelish writhed their jaws,
 With soot and cinders fill'd.”

Hermes :

Last year my Psyche had a field of corn ;
She scour'd* the ditches, stopt the gaps with thorn ;
She till'd the land enough, she sow'd good seed ;
She stubb'd the briars, pluckt up tares and weed ;
She fraid the crows, she kept the wild boar out ;
And when the sun turn'd the year's wheel about
 She reapt her crop, and when her gain she told,
 Found thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold.

Lycaon :

A flock of goats astray from Flora went ;
Doris, her handmaid, after them she sent ;
But whilst the lass with Thirsis sporting laid,
Her dogs ran forth alone, and soon they stray'd ;
And like the kind of wolves of which they sprung,
They slew and eat the goats and sucklings young.
 Yet some escapt, saved in the woods and rocks.
 Doris went home, but thus she lost her flocks.

Hermes :

What Doris left and lost, fair Daphne sought
And found, and to her mother's sheep fold brought.
There Psyche bound their wounds and stauncht their blood.
At first she gave them milk, then stronger food,
And soon restored their health. Shepherds beware ;
Watch, feed, your sheep-charge asketh care.
 All that is stolen or slain you must make good,
 And Flora's Hylax yet lurks in the wood.

Lycaon :

King Solomon a cedar palace built,
Thatched with tiles of Flora's tresses gilt ;
Her legs were silver posts the house to bear ;

* Cleaned them. A form of expression well known to the farmer.

Her glorious thoughts the purple hangings were;
 Her breast the presence, and her heart the throne;
 Her triple crown, as Lord, there sits alone.
 Her holy doors she opes to each that knocks;
 Her hands pure myrrh drop on the bars and locks.*

Hermes:

Psyche's fair locks wrapped in gold of proof,
 Of God's high temple is the gilded roof.
 Her eyes the crystal windows, through each light
 A smiling saint shoots in day's arrows bright.
 Her coral lips the doors that turn and twine
 On ruby hooks; her mouth the quire divine;
 Her teeth the ivory seats built even and thin;
 Her tongue the silver bell that rings all in.

Lycaon:

The royal town where Flora hath her seat
 Stands on seven hills, well peopled, pleasant, great;
 Rich in all blessings, all delights that can
 Be given by fortune or be wished by man,
 Quirinus† the large and Dorad the serene,
 Her handmaides be. She is the world's sole queen.
 Joy in her streets, life in her temples wide,
 And dead and lost is all the world beside.

* See Solomon's Song, chap. 5, v. 5.

† From Quirites — Romans — a name intended for "The Holy Roman Empire" applied to Germany. Dorad in the same line appears to be merely a contraction of El Dorado—a land of gold, often applied to Spain. These two powers at that time being the great supports of the Papal Church, and figuratively its handmaides. The text of this line was evidently corrupt as it stood. "Quinzy the large, Dorad yitt scene," a line such as Fairfax never wrote in his lifetime, so we ventured to alter it as above. We inserted the word "serene" after reading Isaac Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature," when speaking of the titles of the kings of Spain, he says, "They were usually addressed by the titles of *illustrious*, or *your serenity*, or *your grace*."

Hermes :

Psyche's clear city was not rais'd from dust,
 But came from heaven, pure, immortal, just.*
 Stands on twelve precious stones. Jasper the wall,
 Streets gold, gates pearl be, still ope to all
 Who taste the tree of life which there doth grow.
 About the town two blessed rivers flow
 Of grace and mercy ; over either flood
 Lies the fair bridge of faith, hope, doing good.

Lycaon :

O shrill Heptaphone !† thou daughter clear,
 Tell not these rocks of Flora's doubt and fear ;
 Write not Planetus in to-morrow's stars,
 Her future troubles, dangers, losses, wars,
 Lest Psyche's shepherds should fore know her doom,
 And kill her goats before her day be come.
 These woods are hers, these fields and folds about,
 Then keep them Flora till thy lease wear out.

Hermes :

Sitting on Isis' flowery bank, I spied
 On a white horse‡ a crowned monarch ride.
 Upon his thigh was writ his wonderous name ;
 Out of his mouth a sword two-edged came.
 Flora, her beast, and all her goats he slew,
 And in a lake of fire their bodies threw.
 This king is Psyche's spouse ; with him she went
 And rul'd the world, for Flora's lease was spent.

Thus much did Hermes and Lycaon sing,
 The heifer let the herbs untouched spring,

* See Revelation, chap. 21.

† The echoes of the seven hills of Rome.

‡ See Revelation, chap. 6, v. 2.

Forgot to feed. The stags amazed stood.
The silver river stayed her speedy flood.
Charmed was the adder deaf, tam'd was the lion,
So trees heard Orpheus, dolphins heard Orion.*



* The stories of Orpheus and Arion belong to the ancient mythology ; he first moved trees by the music of his lyre, as Ovid relates :—

“ The Muses’ son no sooner sings,
No sooner strikes his sweet resounding strings,
But distant groves the flying sounds receive,
And listening trees their rooted stations leave ;
Themselves transplanting, all around they grow,
And various shades their various kinds bestow.”

Arion equally charmed dolphins by the sound of his lyre, so that when thrown overboard from a ship in which he was sailing, one of them bore him safely on his back to land.

1

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