

I can picture to myself the conquering hero returning home accompanied by his workmen—for would they not be certain to go in a body to see the match?—the whole village alive to welcome them back, and the Colwich bells ringing merrily (for bells in those days were not particular, and this was too great an event for them to keep silent). Some years ago, when Colwich Church was about to be warmed for the first time, it was found necessary to dig near to Richard Trubshaw's grave and a thigh-bone was brought to light, which proved him to have been a man of gigantic stature. His son Charles, thanks to an industrious father, inherited and also maintained a good position. He carried on a very extensive business, and employed a great number of workmen. He was a sculptor as well as builder, and we still possess a clever specimen of his workmanship in a head of Bacchus, crowned with vine-leaves and grapes, beautifully executed in white marble, with several other proofs of his talent. He was succeeded by my grandfather, who in the early period of his married life resided at Mount Pleasant, now Colwich Priory. My father and two of his brothers were born there, but my grandfather getting into difficulties, sold his residence to Thomas Selleck Brome. And now I will digress a little, in order to make mention of Mr. and Mrs. Brome. Kind, friendly and neighbourly, they were well adapted to adorn country life. Mr. Brome improved the house, lived in good style, drove a large yellow chariot and pair, and kept a conveyance for the accommodation of his neighbours, that far and near went by the name of "Brome's Caravan." How usefully it always came in to take my brothers to school, and fetch them home for the holidays, and sometimes to take us shopping to Stafford! Mr. Brome had an appearance of neatness most striking; he wore a suit of light-coloured kerseymere clothes of the best quality, with gaiters to match, and large shirt-frills of the very finest French cambric. We were accustomed to meet him on our way to school, as he was wending his way