

**MISTRESS HASELWODE, A
TALE OF THE REFORMATION
OAK. A NOVEL IN TWO
VOLUMES. VOL. I. PP. 1-117**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649441419

Mistress Haselwode, a Tale of the Reformation Oak. A Novel in Two Volumes. Vol. I. pp. 1-117
by F. H. Moore

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

F. H. MOORE

**MISTRESS HASELWODE, A
TALE OF THE REFORMATION
OAK. A NOVEL IN TWO
VOLUMES. VOL. I. PP. 1-117**

MISTRESS HASELWODE.

MISTRESS HASELWODE,

A TALE OF THE REFORMATION OAK.

A NOVEL IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

F. H. MOORE.



VOL. I.

LONDON:
REMINGTON AND CO., 5, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C.

1876.

251. f. 107



MISTRESS HASELWODE.

CHAPTER I.

IT was May-day in the old town of Windham — named by its Saxon founders “the pleasant village on a mount”—and a right gay and merry day the Windham folks clearly meant to make of it.

For the houses of the burghers in the chief streets were decked out with banners of varied coloured stuffs drooping from the lattices, and with festoons of green leaves, hung with garlands, stretching across the narrow road.

The peasants' cots, too, in the bye-lanes leading off the bettermost streets were smartly tricked with boughs, and wreaths of golden buttercups and silvery daisies, with here and there a bunch of bright blue-bells tied to the end of a pole projecting from the little dormers.

Nor had the old Abbey Church of S. Mary the Virgin been forgotten, but was vested in its annual May-day garb; there, from its great west tower floated lazily in the breeze the flag of merrie England. Many such days that church had witnessed, as it stood with its lines of bold-capped columns, and rounded arches of Norman type, zigzagged and tooth-moulded by the cunning hands of artificers, directed by the skilful monks, who lived in the adjacent Priory. Here, fraternity after fraternity had enjoyed undisturbed possession from the time of Prior Daubeney in the days of

the 1st Henry, and since till the 8th, who had turned them adrift and taken fast hold of their lands, but a few years before our story opens.

Beneath that Church—the monument of their art—rested in peace the silent dust of good Daubeney and many another prior, who had in turn served before its altars and with his monks expended the revenues in dispensing hospitality and charity to all needy comers.

Although the day had not long dawned, all the town was stirring; for in those times folks went early to bed, and early rose, either for work or pleasure. It was, however, quite evident that but little work was to be done on this day, for already at their cottage doors stood the comely housewives, or their sturdy spouses, peeping forth to see what the morning betokened.

And, in truth, it was an enlivening pros-

pect for that holiday which greeted their eager gaze. The sun had risen brightly, and was shedding his gilding beams on the moss-grown, thatched roofs and trim gardens of the cottages; on the flint-dressed walls, gurgoyled cornices, and crockets of the Church; and on the peaked gables, mullioned casements, steep red-tiled roofs, and carved oaken beams of the well-to-do burghers' dwellings; making the tiny lattice lights twinkle, diamond-like, with his glinting brightness in the soft grey of this May morn.

The neighbouring meadows and gardens, too, sent forth the sweet essences of the white-flecked bushes, and of the early flowers, which, wafted by the gentle wind, impregnated the air with delicious sweetness; while the warbling notes of thrushes and song birds, tickled the ears with melody.

Ah! May-day of old, with all thy merry light-hearted frolics, and all thy rustic joys and sorrows; how many a long year has since rolled by and buried these memories deep in oblivious shade! Yet, let the misty veil of time be for once uplifted, and that May-day frolic live again for a little space!

Soon the clang of the bells sounding forth from the church tower—those evangelist bells, dedicated long since when blessed by good Prior Daubeney—summoned from their homes the expectant revellers, who, coming out of their open doors, mingle together and exchange morning greetings as they wend their way towards the well-known Town green, where the May-pole will presently be reared.

Youths and damsels, gammers and gaffers, all are making holiday, with even the old grandsires, who, trudging on by the help of