Ventnor Fringe / vfringe AnyWhens set

Tony "Monty" Hirst + The Anywhens

Rebellion Revolution

They were times of rebellion, and times of revolt.

A time of war, and a time of failed harvests.

A time when sons would follow their fathers onto troop ships and ships of war; when the women worked, and their children helped them; a time when intrepid explorers were opening up new lands to trade with, at least, until the blockades had started. And a time when poor harvests increased the price of wheat. And if pretty much all you ate was bread, then the pricier the bread , the less there was to go round of anything else at all.

It was a cold time, too. It used to be remembered that is was so cold, that winter, that even the largest rivers froze over.

And the late Spring? That in turn meant a slow start to the growing season. And *that* meant there'd be another poor harvest.

Before the machines came, life had never really changed much at all, not in my time, nor your time, nor your granparent's time, or... ever. Prices went *up*; then prices went *down*; and then up again, for a bit, then down again. And your parents paid pretty much the same amount for their bread as *their* parents had before them.

But with the never-ending war abroad, the loss of the commons at home - no more, an acre of your own, for a pig, and a cow, and your own crop of potatoes — and with the arrival of the factories and the new fangled machines inside of them, life was changing. Prices went up, and then up again, not down; and wages, if anything, they went down. And with a mad King on the throne, and a Government elected from the few, by the few, people started to take things into their own hands.

Now, one of the *benefits* of machinery is that it *can* do work for you, it can make life easier; but one of the *problems* of machinery is that a machine can cost you a lot to buy it in the first place. If you can actually afford to buy a machine, you can benefit from it. And if you can pay someone else to work it for you for less than it makes back for you, then you're quids in. And if you can force your workers to rent the machines from you that they have to use to do their work for you, and pay them in truck — vouchers that you can only exchange for goods in the overpriced factory shop — well, that's even better.

I have no idea whether or Benjamin Topham, of Pentridge, was necessarily doing all that, or even, any of that. But others were. And Topham *was* doing all right for himself. He'd built up a small fleet of machines that he could run out of his own shop, or rent out to others, and there was still a market for the good quality lace goods he was producing.

There were lace and stocking makers all over the place round there, of course. And machines. They'd been used for years. But it was all getting a bit different now. You knew where you were when you were selling stuff locally: there were only so many pairs of stockings anyone needed, after all. But when you're selling to a whole new world, where they don't really know hopw to make their own stockings, or don't have the wool to make it, well, business had grown like crazy. So while you *could* carry on making the traditional, crafty stuff, for use at home, you needed a quicker way to turn out the tat you could sell further away from home. That's where the wide knitting frames were pretty

handy: you could make flat pieces of material, cut it to shape, and then quickly sew it together. And you don't need seven years apprenticeship to do that. You can get the young colts on the case, the ones who'd bever make it as an appreentice, *and* pay them a fraction of the price. But then it all went bad. It'd probably be done as a trade war nowadays, but back then, it was a bit more physical: *blockades*. Ships in the way, and turn people back. Or get turned back yourself, as a tit for tat response. And when *your* tat couldn't be sold elsewhere, it came back home. And becuase it was cheaper, and no-one could afford anything anyway, the it took all the prices down. And gave the product a bad a name. And took the wages for what little work wsa left down too. The skilled workers did what they'd always down, appealed to the Government then appealed to the King. But they didn't care any more, of they ever had. So what else can you do, but smash up those damned infernal machines, and bring the trade back home.

By all accounts, Benjamin Topham had been paying a fair price for the lace being made on his machines. But that didn't stop the machine breakers calling. Luddites, they called themselves, followers of King Ludd. Apparently named after an apprentice lad called Ludd, Ned Ludd, or Ludlam, he'd been hauled up before the magistrate several years before for his workshy attitude, and whipped as a punishment. And in return, he'd taken up a hammer and used to smash his master's knitting frame to pieces.

It was soon after midnight when they'd first arrived at Mr Topham's. "Give us the key to your workshop" they'd said, and then gone in search of the wide frames. "Tell us where they are or we'll blow yer brains out" and they pointed three guns at his head. "I don't have any" he'd said, "I don't do any of that", meaning the cut up work, and he eventually placated them, and them talked them round, and they'd eventually left, cursing whoever had given them their dodgy information, and told them that there were frames in the house.

They'd then gone round some of the other shops, making similar threats, that the machines would be broken if things didn't improve — then came back the following night to check fair prices were being paid — and as they were, they left the machines unbroken, for now.

But then they came back again... Benjamin Topham had been in town that day, had got back to Pentridge village to find the Luddites had come calling, had smashed some of his neighbour's frames, and were now about to break into *his* house. There was no way he could stop them this time, so he did the next best thing he could: he rushed to the vicarage, banged on the door, "the key, the key, tke key to the Church"; then he'd rushed to the Church, fumbled with the key in the lock, eventually got inside, then up the tower, and started to ring the Church bells for all he was worth, as an alarm, as a call for help to the soldiers who'd been called in to patrol those parts in an attempt to keep the peace. Taking alarm, the Luddites had left the village, but not after breaking two of Topham's frames, and then several others in the shops and houses that lay on their route away from the village.

Understandably, Mr Topham wanted to see justice done. He wanted to see those responsible for breaking his machines, and those of his friends, and neighbours, and fellow manufacturers, subjected to the full force of the law. And that law was about to ratcheted up a notch. The penalty for machine breaking was transportation — sending you off on a hulk of a ship to some godforsaken place on the other side of the world. But no-one was talking, no-one was telling who it was that was roaming the countryside at night, hammers in hand, putting the world to rights by breaking those infernal machines. So the Government did what Governments do, and rather than try to alleviate the problem, they upped the penalty in the only way they knew how: to make machine-breaking a capital offence, with a sentence of death by hanging. One of the Lords in Parliament, who was soon to make a name for himself as a rock god, superstar, playboy poet, had made his first speech against the Bill; but it

was to no effect, and the new law was passed.

But it didn't prevent the Luddites from coming back to Topham's again, aggrieved not just at the frames he employed, but also at his calls for justice against the machine breakers. And it may even have encouraged them, to wreak as much havoc as they could *before* the death penalty came in. Whatever the case, this time, they threatened violence against Topham, as well as his frames. Hearing their shouts as they broke into his house, and fearful for his own safety, Topham followed the only course of action he could: he hid in a cupboard, cowering as quietly as he could as he listened to their threats, and to the sound of his windows being broken, and to more of his frames being smashed to pieces.

And once again, the men responsible escaped justice.

But then... the machine breaking stopped, in those parts at least. Or at least, it stopped for a while. Three or four years or so, all told. But then, it started up again. And whose frames would end up being broken again? Mr Benjamin Topham's...

There is another tale about that, of course, of how this time two men *were* captured and brought to trial, of how their lawyer managed to get them off using a new fangled defence of *alibi*, of how the judge and jury were perhaps aided in their decision-making by the mob that had assmebled outside and the crowd that had made its way inside the court-room, and who'd made it more than clear which way they expected the case to go. But as time is short, I shall have to leave that as a tale for another day.

Cropper lads - gallant lads

You could often tell a cropper lad: hard drinkers, they were, and well-paid for their jobs, the way they wielded the heavy cropping shears that cut the cloth clean, once the nap had been teasled and raised.

[Times were hard for them, too. But their resentment towards the the machines was a different one. The framework knitters had always used machines. Their upset was to do with fair pay, and a change in the way the machines were being used. But for the croppers, they saw the machines not just as taking work directly away from them, as replacing them, but as destroying their whole way of life, replacing the skilled workers in the small workshops with factories filled with unskilled workers. They'd heard the arguments, that the machines could make the work *easier*, and it obviously could. But that benefit wasn't shared back with you. The mill owners didn't buy in the machines, and say "there you go, lad, isn't that much easier now?" No, they bought in the machines, they crammed them into factories, they took *all* the work away from you, and then they paid your wife and your kids a pittance to work longer hours than you ever did, in miserable conditions, to the service of the blasted machines. And you were left with out, with nothing to show for it.]

At first, they'd attacked the smaller workshops that had taken on the shearing frames, small bands of men mounting midnight raiding parties through the valleys around those parts, around Huddersfield way, before disappearing back into the moonlight. But soon, they had bigger game in their sights. The larger mills. You couldn't attack those with a small band of men. You needed more. Tens of men. Hundreds of men. And an almost military style of discipline. So they learned to sound out a count, so you'd know everyone was there without revealing your name. They learned to use pistol shots as signals. And they learned how to gather, to and assemble, so they could mount an attack in force.

The mill owners knew the attacks were coming, of course, and responded in kind, by taking theor own defensive measures. Slots in the uppoer floors that you could fire through, vials of vitriol — sulphuric acid — you could pour down on to the marauders. Cannons. Even cannons.

The first big attack, by 300 men or more, on Foster's mill, a good 10 mile walk, each way, for some of the men, had undoubtedly been a success: the machines had been broken, the buildings torched, and job done. " 'Enoch hath made them, Enoch shall break them!' " as the song tells it, and so it was: the large, 30 pound sledge hammers carried by the men, and named after the blacksmiths, who had made them, Enoch and James Taylor, and who'd also made some of the infernal machines themselves, had done well that night.

Another attack was quickly planned. Once again, they'd approach from two directions: south-west and north-east. And this time, they'd take Cartwright's mill down. A barking dog gave the first warning, and was quickly dispatched. There was no sign of the men on the northern approach, but you can't stop what you've started, espcecially not when 150 men or so, armed and ready business, are concerned, so the hatchet men went in first, trying to smash through the doors that had had iron spikes driven into them to counter the hatchet blades. Cartwright had been sleeping in the mill for weeks, along with several soldiers recruited to provide a line of defence. One of the soldiers started to ring a warning bell mounted on the mill roof, and the rest took up their positions, and started to fire. The gun battle was as ferocious as any you might imagine, 140 shots fired from inside the mill, who knows how many from without. But this time, the Luddites could not break through, and were forced to retreat without having made it into the mill. They'd also taken casualties. Two of the men, one aged just nineteen, the other twenty-four or so, were so badly wounded, they had to be left, as the rest dispersed. Cartwright went out to survey the scene. One of his soldiers had refused to return fire — he'd be dealt with later — but for now Cartwright had more immediate concerns in mind. A local firebrand of a preacher turned up, a ranter against the Luddites, alerted by the alarm bell and the sound of gunfire, and together they took the wounded Luddites to a nearby pub. A surgeon was called for, but there was little he could do. The suggestion that vitriol was used to encourage the men to talk is probably not true. Another tale, that one of the young men called over the preacher, asked him "can you keep a secret?" to which the preacher enthusiastically agreed, "yes, yes, I can keep a secret", thinking the young man was about to confess an give up the names of the men who had joined him in the attack, was soon put back in his place: "so can I". And with that, the young man died, the other soon to follow him.

They were soon buried, early in the morning, before a crowd could gather.

For weeks after, months after, little progress was made tracking down the men who had attacked Cartwright's mill. For the soldier who'd refused to fire faced a court-martial, he'd been sentenced to more lashes than would kill a man. Sickened by the barbarity of the sentence, Cartwright called a halt to it after the first few lashes were adminstered.

Back in the cropping shops, the talk was now about an even more direct form of action: assassination. William Horsfall, another mill-owner and scourge of the Luddites, was the target. And so it was, after he had been to town one day, to visit the wool market, Horsfall had started to make his was home, stopped for a while, while still astride his horse, for a drink on the way, then on up the hill. From behind a wall, a shot is fired, then another. Horsfall, mortally wounded, falls from his horse, screaming "murder!". Four men leap up from behind the walls alongside the road, two from each side, and make their escape through the wooded plantation. Horsfall would die in the early hours of the following morning.

Again, no-one is talking. It's abvious to the authorities that many of the people thereabouts know who attacked Foster's Mill, and Cartwright's mill, and probably who killed William Horsfall, but still *no-one is talking*. When the Prime Minister was assassinated a week later, to great jubilation, it is said, the assassin then had been detained at the scene, sent to trial before the week was out, and

hanged three days after that. But of those who would kill this Yorkshitre mill-owener, the authorities were clueless. Rewards are offered. And pardons. Simple Game Theory at work, the Prisoner's Dilemma: do you co-operate or defect? Become a witness and claim the reward, or run the risk that someone else will implicate you and take a one way trip to the gallows. Eventually, one man cracks, one of the four men who shot at Horsfall. He gives a name, to save his neck, and for the reward that is never actually paid to him. And the arrests begin.

A trial date is set, for early in the new year. It will be a show trial. A Special Commission, to be held at the Castle in the County Town. The jurors have been picked and the court sits. Three men stand trial for the murder of William Horsfall, there alibis discounted, and they are all found "guilty". The other, the defector, whose evidence caused them to be here, watches on. Two days later, in front of a massed and largely silent crowd, the three men are hanged.

The following day, a further eight men are charged regarding the attack on Cartwright's mill: five are found guilty, and three are acquitted. Three men were found guilty of forcing entry into a house and demanding guns in the name of General Ludd. Two other groups of three are sentenced for breaking and entering into a property and then stealing money, one of these passing itself off as if it were a Luddite attack when it was just common theft. In all, seventeen men would be hanged at York that week, eleven of them Luddites.

Plug drawers

The plug drawers had a fantastic wheeze - pull out the plugs that empty the boilers, and break the furnaces as a result. The disturbances had started in the neigbbouring county, stalybridge, into Manchester, girl killed, spread to West Yorks; big meetings, riot act read, and... they also gathered as petitioners, carried blankets, recalling a time X years before im Manchester - and the March of the Blanketeers; let me tell you about it.,

Blanketeers tale TO DO

But that's not all they were getting up to.

There were rumours that folk were not happy up in Scotland, either, and that march had started that was going to make its way to London to take their protest directly to Government. No more faffing about with letters: a demand for change from the people themselves. *A barbarian hoard.*

There wasn't really any barbarian hoard, of course; but it got the people thinking. Maybe *they* could petition the Prince about the taxes they had to pay, the poor wages they received, the dire poverty in which they lived. Maybe *they* could persuade him to stop the Ministers taking the law into their own hands (they knew the King was mad, so it was pointless going to see him). And maybe *they* could lobby the Prince for a Parliament that represented the common people, "them that hasn't", rather than the Lords and Ladies and just "them that has".

So they had a meeting. And there was standing on carts, and rousing speeches, and they decided they *would* march to London, a week's walk away, and petition him themselves.

They all knew that the Ministers had no love for poor folk like themselves, of course. And neither did the local Magistrates, dirty smelly rabble that they were — the people, that is, not the Magistrates: they probably smelled beautiful and probably had a bath at last once a month — and everyone knew that the soldiers would as likely as not be set on them if they looked like a mob.

So they were a bit more clever about it: TO DO they would gather together in small groups of ten people or so, with a separate copy of the petition for each group, or even each person, even if that

meant each petition only had a few names on it, or even just one name on it, and they would march in small groups, because nobody could argue with that. > > Because the journey was long one, they would each take a blanket, to keep them warm at night as they'd have to camp under the stars; the one with petitions would pin them to the blanket, as a badge, to show their intention; and everyone who wasn't going on the march would raise what little money they could so the marchers could buy some small amount of food each day. > > So one morning, the people began to gather; thousands of them; a thousand or so set off on the march, "their bed blankets thrown over their shoulders, and fastened in front, over the breast, with a skewer. They were in full marching order; those who could not procure knapsacks or haversacks, had large bundles attached to their shoulders" as if they were soldiers, and leaving the rest to their speeches and fundraising. > > As emotions started to get heated in the crowd, in came the army, and arrested the ringleaders. > > And then they went after the marchers, who were expecting their leaders to catch up with them later that day with the money to support them. > > (As it was, I've heard it tell that the purseman with a pretty penny in funds to pay for food and accommodation along the way got lost himself, and only returned when all the money had been spent!) > > The soldiers came along on their horses, with swords and sabers and who knows what, and the marchers — well, a blanket didn't work so well as armour, so it's not hard to work out who came off worst. > > Some of the marchers were split up and sent this way, others were sent that way, and several hundred found themselves in jail for the night. > > The leaders of the march were given special treatment, imprisoned, and given a day in court. Their witnesses were made ready, and then: nothing; back to prison they went. > > The Ministers reacted in style, pushing through a law that banned unapproved gatherings of more than fifty people > > Several weeks later, a Special Jury was laid on. But when the time came to present the case before the Judge, on charges that included "begging", because the marchers hadn't actually done anything wrong — they had broken no law, and this was a land that was supposedly ruled by law — the lawyer for the prosecution just muttered something about it all being peaceful now, and there was no need to charge the men, so he wouldn't offer any evidence against them. > > And so they went free. > > As to the march to petition the Prince, it is said that one man, and one man only, actually made it to the city where the Prince lived. Maybe he got lost and didn't realise he was on his own. Who knows?

?? ANOTHER SONG

For our final tale, let us return to the village, and the town, to Pentrich, and to Huddersfield, where these stories began.

A month before, at the last of Luddite trials, nine men had stood charged with attacking Heathcoat and Boden's factory, in a neighboring county; nine men charged with shooting at one of the guards. Two others look on, having turned King's evidence, become witnesses for the crown. Of the the nine men in the dock, two are found guilty, but their sentences reprieved. One is sentenced to transportation. Another has his trial postponed, after falling ill at the moment the case opened against him. And of the remaining six? They were found guilty, and sentenced to hang, sent to the gallows as the last of Luddites.

But you should not necessarily weep for these men. They were working to contract, hired to attack the factory rather than being driven to attack it through a righteous anger driven by the threat of poverty and powerlessness, or a sense of despair, and their story, such as it is, is for another day.

Instead, let us look to Pentrich, and to Huddersfield, and to the tale that connects them, albeit with two very different endings.

There is still unrest, but for those in Government, they fear it is now of a different kind. Revolution. Revolt. Rebellion. Poverty is rife. While the war was on, well... now there isn't. And the troops

have come back, And there is nowhere for them to go, and nothing for them to do. As if that wasn't bad enough, they'd called the year before "the year without a summer". A butterfly flaps its wings in one place, and a hurricane occurs in another? Maybe. Or maybe not. But when a volcano blows its top in a big enough way, then the sun goes out. Not totally, perhaps, not like a total eclipse; but enough to bring on the gloomy days, enough to wreck another harvest.

A mass meeting is called, in the capital, demanding reform. The authorities call it a riot, and seek to bring the ringleaders to Justice.

An attack is made on the Prince Regent - the hawks make out it was an assassination attempt but it was really just stone throwing — and rights are put on hold: the Habeas Corpus Act, the contract between a govenerment and its people that guarantees you can only be arrestred if there is a bidy of evidence against you, is suspended. A sus. law, by omission, of the most extreme kind.

The date of the trial for the organisers of the mass meeting several months before approaches. The last of the Luddites have their day in court, and swing from the gallows.

Around the country: secret gatherings; meetings, and mutterings. Parliamentary reform; state aid; the people are suffering, and want representation; the people are suffering, and need help.

Across the country, a tall, fair-headed, red-whiskered man, well-dressed, attends many of the meetings. He brings news: of sentiment in the capital; of the planned actions elsewhere around the country. His name? Mr William Oliver. His conversations with two local committees in particular, are notable: one in Huddersfield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire; the other in Pentrich, near Nottingham.

The story told in each case is the same: as the State Trial begins in the capital, there will be: *an insurrection*; there will be: *a march*, to the metroplis, to the capital; and there will be: *change*.

Weapons will be required: in part, from the garrisons, the soldiers quickly captured, the militia rendered ineffective. But no blood will be spilled. Debts will be relieved; industries will be nationalised; and Parliament will be reformed. Reform will be the order of the day, not revolution. A popular uprising across the country, marchers from all quarters then coming together in the capital. The date is set: Sunday, June the 8th, 1817.

In Huddersfield, at the appointed time, on the appointed date, two dozen men meet at Folly Hall Bridge. Follow the river Holme out of town for three miles or so, out to Honley, and you'll find more armed men there, armed, and ready to march.

Meanwhile, sixty miles to the south, in Nottinghamshire, fifty men have set out from Pentrich, intending to take part in a co-ordinated raid on the nearby Butterley Iron Works; intending to steal arms, and munitions; and then, to make their way to Nottingham; and from there, to the capital, to London, building numbers all the while.

But somehow, somehow, it seems that the Magistrates and the Yeomanry know exactly what is afoot. Somehow, somehow, it seems that they know exactly where the insurrectionists will meet.

It seems almost as if they had been forewarned.

And so it was: in Huddersfield, in the early hours of that Monday morning, June 9th, 1817, as the Yeomanry came on that small band of rebels, a shot was fired: a horse was hit. The ball of shot was removed, and the horse recovered. Several of the insurrectionists were also lucky, dispersed by the soldiers, and made their escape; but others were not so: they were apprehended, imprisoned, and taken to await their fate.

Down in Pentrich, as the men left the ironworks and headed towards Nottingham, their numbers grew: to 500 or more. But the authorities had been playing a waiting game; now, they had the evidence they needed. The rebels were dispersed; but their leaders, oh yes, their leaders, they were identified by who knows what intelligence, and after a short period on the run, they were caught and arrested.

Over the coming days, and weeks, the Huddersfield men were charged to appear at the Assizes in the County towen, in the Castle, at York. You didn't need much of a memory to recall the Special Commission held there at New Year, not five years earlier, when 17 men, 11 of whome were Luddites, from the Huddersfield area, were sentenced to death. Eleven Luddite martyrs, as some choose to remember them, sentenced to death and promptly hanged.

The Folly Hall men must surely have feared a similar fate; but then, as they await their trial, a story breaks in a local newspaper: a Government spy has been found, reporting to a Secret Parliamentary Committee; and not just to them, but also to certain local magistrates. And more than that, it seems he has been claiming to be a reformer, a rather well-connected reformer, with contacts in the capital and committees across the country. Well-dressed, they say, fair haired, red whiskered. A delegate who has been working closely with the organising committees of the Midlands, and the North. Who has been promoting insurrection for the sole purpose of then "discovering" it. An *agent provocateur*.

Questions are asked in Parliament. Entrapment is claimed. There is public uproar, in the Northern counties at least. This is public service investigate journalism at its best. And the men on trial at York are acquitted.

Meanwhile, in the State Trials in the capital, the claimed organisers of the "was it a meeting in aid of reform, or was it a riot and incitement to violence?", six months earlier, are also acquitted.

Has the State finally lost its ability to prosecute those it sees not just as troublemakers, but as rebels and threats to the very fabric of society? Are the courts finding against the Government and for the people?

In Nottingham, the Pentrich rebels are charged to appear before a Special Commission. It will be held in the Autumn; the charges will be: of High Treason. Four men, in particular, are accused of being the leaders. Or perhaps, make that three. Because one of them, a man who had avoided action on the night in question, a man who had been in conversation with a certain Mr William Oliver over the previous few days and weeks, was treated differently. No-one claims he has defected, and turned Kings evidence, as happened in several of the tales already told.Rather, in this case, it would not do for *his* evidence to come before the jurors, let alone the public.

The trial begins. Then, as now, reporting restrictions were placed on the trial. Then, as now, demonstrators outside the court had something to say: graffiti'd messages to the jurors were daubed on the courthouse wall: "Jurymen – remember Oliver!" A reminder, to the jury, that they should do their duty. A reminder, to the jury, of their right to acquit.

The trial progressed, and certain elements of the press leaked certain details, quickly followed by the rest, in an attempt to set the public mood against the alleged conspirators. But the trial would only ever have one verdict, and was perhaps, a foregone conclusion: the three leaders from Pentrich, and sundry others, were found guilty of High Treason. For the others, a sentence of hanging. But for the leaders, a special punishment: a sentence of hanging; and then the severing of their heads from their necks; and then the quartering of their bodies.

Appeals were made to the Prince Regent for clemency; the men sentenced to a simple hanging would instead be deported. And for the men with the more creative sentences, for Jeremiah Brandreth,

William Turner & Isaac Ludlam, the Prince Regent also showed some leniency: they would not suffer the indignity of being publicly quartered. But the rest of their sentences would stand.

And so it was, at just after midday, on Friday November 7th, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventeen, just over two hundred years ago from now, the three prisoners were drawn on a hurdle around the prison yard in Derby. They were led up some wooden steps, and on to the platform. As he walked his final steps, some say they heard the leader muttering to himself: "OLIVER: has brought me to this." "But for OLIVER I should not have been here."What is not in any doubt are the words he cried even as the executioner put the rope around his neck: "this is all OLIVER and the Government." But of the well-dressed, and apparently well-connected man, the man with the fair hair and the red whiskers, there was no sign,

And with that, the three men were hung from the scaffold using the short drop method: rather than the long drop, which would kill a man by snapping his neck, the low drop was more of a lowering, to ensure a long, slow, lingering death by strangulation. THe sort of death where you could watch the body shudder, watch it writhe, and squirm. A lesson to the common man, who dared to challenge the authority of Parliament. And a good morning's entertainment for the rest. Or not, as the case may be. For half an hour the men hung there, the crowd stood in shocked silence, before their bodies were cut down, one at a time, and placed upon a block. For the executioner's task was not yet complete. First, it was the turn of their leader, the Nottingham Captain they'd come to call him. The executioner made himself ready, raised his axe to take the blow. But not hard enough, and the head remained attached to the body; the crowd groaned and looked on in horror. The executioner's quick thinking assistant, knife in hand, completed the job, and the head fell in the basket. The hangman seized it by the hair, held it up to the crowd, walked first to the left side of the platfrom, and then to right, then back to the centre. "Behold the head of the traitor Jeremiah Brandreth."

The process was repeated for the other two men: "Behold the head of the traitor, Isaac Ludlum". "Behold the head of the traitor, William Turner".

The three bodies were taken away, dumped into an unmarked grave. The crowd that had assembled, shocked, and stunned into silence, departed.

And that is the end of the tale of the Folly Hall affair, and the Pentrich Uprising, and with it, the end of this set.

There are many other tales that could be told, not just of those Ludding times, but of times before and after when the common man, and the common woman, stood up against the state. Of the Diggers and the Levellers, of Kett's rebellion and of Captain Swing.

But those are all tales for another time, and another place, becuase for now, our tales are done.

Farewell