

**A MEMORIAL OF THE PARISH  
AND FAMILY OF HANMER, IN  
FLINTSHIRE, OUT OF THE  
THIRTEENTH INTO THE  
NINETEENTH CENTURY**

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A Memorial of the Parish and Family of Hanmer, in Flintshire, out of the Thirteenth into the Nineteenth Century by John Lord Hanmer

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**JOHN LORD HANMER**

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To  
Lady Harriet Ward, if she will  
kindly accept this book, from  
her old friend -  
Hannah



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"Purum antiquæ locis adire jubar."  
MARQUIS WELLESLEY, *Primitia et Reliquia.*



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## PREFACE.

**T**HESE pages contribute to the domestic history of Wiltshire, to which they properly belong. I have confined them to the times coeval with our county, instituted by King Edward I., in whose reign we became a household and a race at Hanmer; and, as will be seen, I have not ascended into the Welsh pedigrees, however directly the early marriages lead up to them. Nevertheless, as I have observed that Sir David Hanmer, who sat among the judicial lords in Parliament in the reign of King Richard II., was descended from the Welsh prince and lawgiver, Howell Dha, I should have said that this was through Angharad, daughter of Howell, and wife of Tudor Trevor, ancestress of Sir David's mother Agnes, as well as of his own wife Angharad; and the same descent comes again into the family by two later lines. To turn to a different kind of pedigree, that of the white cattle in the park here, of which I often heard in my youth, the last of them having been killed by Richard Bateman of Llynbedith, after the Speakers' time, I think they were likely to have been of a breed I lately saw

in Caermarthenshire, supposed to have existed there ever since the time of the princes of South Wales. They might easily have been brought from thence, and their habits and character would have been much more suitable to the extent of this park than those of the fierce and shy wild cattle of the north, which cannot be kept in a space less than what is fit for red deer. How little adapted the latter are for any but a wide range of ground, was shown in my remembrance in the neighbouring park of Emral, where an unfortunate blacksmith, going to old Sir Richard Puleston's hunting stables, was knocked down by a stag and killed. The new Ordnance Survey has been completed and published for Flintshire since I began this book; it commences at the northern end of our parish, where the township of Willington and the cottages of Talarn Green adjoin the river Elf, a name which I do not perceive that it has preserved as it ought to have done, merely calling the stream there by the modern vulgar term of the Wych brook. The Survey then proceeds through Tybroughton, Halghton, and Hanmer, to Bronington and Bettisfield, and finds there are in all, less the decimals, 14,807 acres, but these include the Fens Moss. Among the changes which I can remember, I may mention the departure of adders from this pleasant wilderness; it was once so full of them that a sportsman could hardly walk across without seeing their curling necks and inquiring heads directed against his leather gaiters. Now there are few or none. I believe the railway whistle is the charm they have listened to; possibly also they have been scared by the engine-kindled fires.

The scale on which this great new map is drawn is such, that it shows the flower beds in the garden here, and grouped and single trees; among them I distinguish some walnuts, to

whose round and flourishing tops the West wind cries *Sparge nuces* now, which thirty years ago were nuts themselves, brought by me from the old Whitehall, at Shrewsbury. In nomenclature, though attention has been directed to it, the Survey rather fails; for instance, where was the name of Bryn Vechan discovered belonging to Gredington? They have not marked the Oaf's orchard on the Fens Moss; the stream is shown, but not the Roman name of the river Roden. There is a place called Cælica, which looks like a name attached to some new ritualistic establishment; it is, in truth, nothing of the kind, but perhaps was originally "Caer liky," which, I believe, may mean Lucy's bank or hill. I see no more traces of shortcoming in this fine work, for which we are under infinite obligations to those who directed it; the services it may render in the re-arrangement of fences, without disturbing necessary bounds, an agricultural improvement of some delicacy, though of primary importance, promise to be great. The number of small enclosures which it shows yet is remarkable; we have fortunately room for them of all sizes, and neither Bishop Latimer nor Mr. Arch could find fault with us in this matter. Over the fields thus inhabited and divided may each morning cry cheerfully, "*Avenir*"—may the breezes that hover about the sunset be mingled with freshness and repose.

H.

Bettisfield, October 3rd, 1875.